
My Wife
& her Students
CUCKOLD SIZE
QUEEN EROTICA
by
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

My Wife and her StudentS

Cuckold Size Queen Erotica

by

Cynthia Sizemore

Copyright © 2019 Cynthia Sizemore

cynthiasizematters@gmail.com

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embedded in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

This is a work of fiction. Names, businesses, places, and events are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. All characters are 18 years of age or older.

Chapter 1

"Well, I'm getting *fired*," announced Anna, throwing her messenger bag down in disgust as she waltzed through the front door, "the stupid dean accidentally did a 'reply all' to the whole department, announcing that the contracts of *all* contingent faculty will not be renewed next fall due to budget cuts."

She looked at me with a look of disgust, humiliation and rage.

"You know who's 'contingent'? *I* am."

I knew, of course. She'd been teaching art history as an adjunct professor at the local university for more than 10 years. In many ways, it was her dream job. Not only was she an effective instructor, she'd also gathered quite a following on certain websites for her fashion sense and her smoldering good looks.

That's right: **my wife was the 'hot professor.'** The girls loved her clothes and the boys all wanted to fuck her. I can't say I blamed them. Anna was gorgeous.

"So now the dean is calling everyone, trying to straighten it all out, but the fact remains that he fucked up. They're supposed to make announcements like this during the summer, not while the semester is still on. They have to prevent people from doing stupid shit like stealing equipment or fucking students or whatever."

I laughed.

"What's so funny?" she said, her eyes reddening, "this is my *career* we're talking about. There's nowhere else in town for me to work. And we can't move because of your job."

"Sorry," I said, reaching out to comfort her, "I was laughing about the 'fucking students' part. Is that really something a lot of your colleagues would do?"

She looked at me for a long time, a mischievous expression coming to her face.

"Maybe it's something *I* should do," she said, "really teach them something for once. I bet even the football players would start to learn a lot about art history if that was an option."

"Well if you do," I said, sarcastically, "just be sure to tell me all about it."

"I will," she said, "I know you'd like that."

We'd talked about my fantasy of her becoming a "hotwife" or otherwise cuckolding me for a long time. She'd always been happy to indulge me with roleplay scenarios and dirty talk, but she'd never been the least bit willing to try it in real life. Even though she loved playing the hot teacher, she was reluctant to cross ethical lines with her real students, and the idea of finding a friend or stranger to help fulfill my fantasy didn't appeal much to her. She simple wasn't comfortable with it, and I had to accept that. I could count myself lucky that she was even willing to talk to me about it in bed.

"Of course," I said, "anytime."

She gave me a long, sad look, then walked into the kitchen.

"If you really love me," she said, "you'll make me a drink. I think I deserve it."

"Of course, honey," I said, walking over to the bar.

It was terrible, of course, that Anna was going to lose her job, but it was hardly a huge misfortune for us as a family. She made less than minimum wage as an adjunct professor, but I was one half of a thriving architecture firm and made more than enough money for the both of us. I knew, however, that it would be devastating to her sense of worth.

"Here you go," I said, walking into the kitchen and setting the drink in front of her while I massaged her back gently, "this sucks. It's terrible. And it's normal to be upset and angry. I just want you to know that I'm here for you. However you need me. No matter what."

"Thanks, honey," she said, putting her hand on one of mine.

A single tear dripped down her cheek, gliding over her carefully applied foundation.

My wife truly was a knockout. Even when she was crying.

Chapter 2

The next morning, Anna headed off to the university as usual, making no mention of the dean's incompetent e-mail, or the events of the previous day. In fact, there was no trace that anything was out of the ordinary in our lives until she came home that evening, her mood in stark contrast to the previous day.

"Hi honey," she said, "that dean sure is an idiot. It looks like he might have to resign, too."

"So you're going to keep your job?"

"Ha," she said, "nope. None of us. And a lot of us are pretty upset about it, too."

"So did any of you fuck a student?"

She gave me a long look.

"No, but something did happen that might interest you," she said mysteriously.

My cock sprang to attention. It couldn't be...could it?

"Tell me," I said, coming up behind her and kissing her neck, "has my wife been naughty?"

"A little," she laughed, "I'll tell you after dinner. But don't get your hopes up. It's nothing too extreme."

"Ok," I said, "but I still can't wait to find out.

Dinner seemed to drag on. There was a delicious tension in the air. I couldn't wait to find out Anna's secret. Had she flirted with a student? Done something even more? It didn't seem possible that she would cross an ethical line so quickly, even under such difficult circumstances.

Finally, the dishes were done and the carafe of wine was down to the dregs. Anna had kicked off her shoes, and folded her legs

under her in the armchair in the living room, her glass of wine in one hand.

"So you know how we were joking about me fucking a student," she said, stopping to take a long sip of wine.

"Yeah," I said, trying to conceal the eagerness in my voice, "did you do it?"

"Ha," she said, smiling playfully, "not exactly. I didn't fuck a student. But I did see some students fucking."

"What, really? What do you mean?"

"It must be the unseasonably warm weather or something," she said, "after class I went to my office to drop off some stuff before I headed home. When I was walking out, I passed a classroom that I assumed was empty, but I heard some strange noises, so I opened the door just a crack."

"And?"

She stopped to cover her mouth in astonishment, as if she were only now discovering the sight.

"And," she continued, "I saw Jeremy and Rachel fucking. Like, hard. No lovemaking. Nothing at all tender. This was just straight up, porno-style fucking. She was bent over the desk with her yoga pants around her knees, and he was just railing her from behind. And of course he was filming it with his phone. This generation can't just experience something. They have to document it at the same time. And who's actually going to watch it afterwards?"

"Though…," she added, "I actually wouldn't mind watching that video. They make a pretty good looking couple. Jeremy has kind of an indie look. He might be in a rockband or something. He's one of the few straight guys that take my classes out of interest. The other ones are football players who are hoping for an easy grade."

I nodded.

"So did you just stand there watching them?"

"What else could I do? I didn't want to stop them. Maybe if I wasn't going to be fired next semester I would have thought about it. But they were having so much fun, I didn't want to be the one to spoil it."

"So what happened next?"

"Well, eventually he pulled out, and Rachel turned around and dropped to her knees like a good little slut and took his load all over her face. Where do these kids learn how to do this stuff?"

"They're in college," I reminded her, "I'm sure you were just as filthy-minded as them."

"Filthy *minded*," she corrected, "but it took me a long time to actually act any of the stuff out that I imagined."

"Oh?" I said, intrigued, "are you interested in trying out a fantasy in real life?"

"Maybe," she said, sliding off the chair and sitting next to me on the couch, "maybe I could confront Jeremy after class tomorrow, and tell him I know all about his big secret."

"Is he big?"

"Huge," she said, giggling, holding out her hands (one of which still held her wine glass) to indicate a length of about 10 inches.

"Bullshit," I said, "no one is *that* big."

"Ok, maybe not," she laughed, "but he was huge. *Extremely* well-endowed."

"I believe you. What would you say if you confronted him?"

She reached down and patted my bulge, happy to see that I was almost fully erect.

"Well," she said, "I might tell him what I saw. And I wanted a chance to play, too."

"Oh God," I said, "that would be so hot."

"Maybe I'd tell him to treat me just like he treated Rachel," she continued, unbuckling my belt and then making short work of my button and zipper, "maybe I'd tell him he could get extra credit by bending me over the desk and fucking me with that big, hard cock of his."

"Fuck yes," I whispered as she closed her hand around my shaft, lubing it with the precum that was leaking from my tip.

"I'd even let him film it of course," she said, "if that's what he's into."

She was playing with my balls now, leaning into me and letting me look down her shirt.

“Maybe I’d just jerk him off,” she said, “like this. Tell him it doesn’t really count as cheating on his cute little girlfriend. Then slowly escalate. Get him to do more and more things with me...”

I groaned in arousal as her hand circled around my shaft, teasing it expertly.

“I’m pretty good at handjobs, don’t you think? I bet I’m a lot better than Rachel. She can’t have had much experience at her age.”

“Shit,” I moaned, as she began to play with my balls, “you’re going to make me cum. I don’t think I can stand it anymore.”

“You don’t have to,” she said, stroking me faster, “just cum for me. Give me all of that cum right now. I need it so bad.”

In that moment, I lost control. Not just in the sense that I reached orgasm and sprayed my wife’s hand and blouse with cum, but also in the sense that it was the moment that Anna began to make good on my cuckold fantasies. I never would have imagined how far she actually took it.

Chapter 3

The next day flew by. I had plenty of work to do at the firm, and so I'd almost completely forgotten about our encounter yesterday, and all of Anna's dirty talk about her students.

That is, until that evening, when Anna was in high spirits. Almost giddy, in fact.

"Boy do I have something to tell you," she smirked, bouncing over to me and giving me a kiss as she came through the door, "but let's wait until after dinner again."

"Ok," I said, feeling my cock already start to stiffen in my pants.

Could it really be true? Had she really made a pass at a student?

"Well," she said, after the dishes had finally been cleared, "I think for this one, we're going to want to go to the bedroom."

I loved the direction this was moving in.

She slowly began to undress. First her blouse, then her skirt, finally her stockings. As she did, she began her story:

"So you remember how I was telling you about Jeremy?"

"The guy with the big cock."

"That's him."

"Did something happen?"

She nodded at me, giving me a mischievous look.

"It certainly did."

She came over and pulled me close, kissing me before leaning up to whisper in my ear.

"I told him that I'd seen him in a...compromising position yesterday," she said, "and he turned red. He was totally embarrassed. It was cute."

She reached down and began to unfasten my pants.

"I said he had nothing to be embarrassed about. Quite the contrary."

"Oh fuck..."

"You better believe *that* got his attention," she laughed, "I asked him if he'd like to discuss this in my office."

"And did he?"

"Oh yeah," she said, "he was so eager. He followed me down the hall and into my office."

"Fuck," I groaned as she dropped to her knees and took my shaft in her mouth.

After sucking for a bit, she looked up at me.

"I'm so fucking wet, honey. I want to ride you while I tell you the rest."

I nodded quickly.

I lay on the bed and she slipped me inside her as she straddled me.

"I told him to shut the door. He did. I could already see the bulge in his pants, honey..."

"I asked him how long he and Rachel had been dating. He said they were more like friends with benefits, not boyfriend and girlfriend."

She began to bounce up and down on my cock slightly more quickly.

"And I laughed and told him that with a cock like the one he had, he probably made a lot of girls happy."

"Fuck, honey, you're so bad..."

"I know. I'm such a fucking slut, aren't I?"

I nodded and ran my hands over her tits.

"That's just what he did, honey," she said, put his hands all over my breasts after I took out his cock and started stroking it, right there in the middle of my office. You know that I keep hand lotion on my desk, and it really came in handy. Mmmm I loved the look on his face as he watched his sexy professor stroking his big hard cock. I kept telling him how big he was and how much I'd loved watching him fuck his cute little girlfriend, even if she wasn't really his

girlfriend. I told him that if he was lucky he might get a blowjob next time...”

“Shit, honey,” I groaned, reaching out and grabbing her hips to guide her as she rode me ever more quickly, “I’m going to cum.”

“Mmm, just like he did, honey. He shot a nice big load all over my tits. Fuck I love watching a guy that age come. He had so much of it and it came out so forcefully. Come for me baby. Come inside me.”

“God yes,” I groaned, thrusting up into my wife while imagining the incredibly slutty scenario she had described.

Was she telling the truth? I had no way of knowing. But I knew that I loved this new side of her. What’s more, it didn’t seem like she was doing any of this solely to fulfill my fantasy. She was leading me further down the path of cuckoldry because it was what *she* wanted. And that made all of this a thousand times more exciting.

“I love you honey,” I said, after she’d collapsed onto me.

“I love you too,” she said, “now what should I try tomorrow?”

“I bet Jeremy would like a blowjob,” I suggested.

“You’re probably right,” she said, “I could invite him into my office and give him a nice, long sloppy blowjob right there on my knees. What do you think – should he come on my face and take a picture to send you?”

“Oh wow,” I said, my cock starting to stiffen again already, “that would be a dream come true!”

“I know it would, you perv,” she laughed, rolling off me.

“I’m going to take a shower now,” she added, “but after that, maybe we can choose my outfit for tomorrow together.”

Chapter 4

The next morning Anna spent longer than usual on her makeup. When she finally emerged from the bathroom, my jaw dropped. She was always stunning, but her new look simply oozed sex. Her smoky eye shadow and red lipstick made her look less like a professor and more like a pornstar.

"You're really going for it, aren't you?" I asked, admiring her.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" she laughed, "to see your wife look and act like a total whore?"

"Yes," I said, "it sounds so dirty when you put it like that."

"How should I put it then?"

"That was totally fine," I said, giving her a peck on the cheek before she headed out the door.

◆◆◆

This time, my day at the office seemed absolutely interminable. I couldn't wait for Anna to reveal the salacious details of her next erotic encounter. I arrived home early and started dinner, checking my phone compulsively in hopes that Anna would make contact.

Five o'clock rolled around; no Anna.

Then it was six. I put the food in the oven to keep it warm.

At 6:15, I texted her.

How are things? Are you coming back soon?

Finally, around 7:30, I got a message. It was a picture.

I opened it, my heart pounding. My eyes fell on Anna smiling up at the camera. In her hands was the biggest black cock I'd ever seen.

I guess she'd decided to follow my instructions and give Jeremy that blowjob.

"Wow, you weren't kidding when you said he was big," I wrote, "I guess I won't expect you back for a while."

She responded with a smiling face emoji, then said "It's not Jeremy. See you in an hour!"

Fuck. This was a *different* well-hung guy from her class? Just how many of them were there?

Little did I know, this was only the beginning of Anna's slutty behavior. She was truly cutting loose now.

Finally, around 9:30, she came tumbling through the door, slumping into the chair and throwing her messenger bag to the ground.

"*That* was *crazy*," she said, "I think I'm going to go upstairs and take a shower. Would you like to join me?"

I immediately sprang to attention.

"Yes!"

"Good," she said, standing up wearily and taking me by the hand, "I've got quite the story to tell."

We went upstairs to the master bathroom, and Anna began to undress.

"So there's this guy who's taken a couple of my classes," she began, "his name is Jamal, and he's on the football team. He's super muscular. I think he's an offensive lineman. Anyway, unlike some of those guys, there's not an ounce of fat on him anywhere. He's totally ripped, as I found out first hand. Ha ha."

I watched as she unhooked her bra, letting her generous tits spill out. She turned towards the mirror and examined her makeup for a moment, then began to slide down her panties as she continued.

"So he's this huge brute whose job it is to tackle other guys," she said, "but he's really soft-spoken and perceptive in class. He actually wrote this incredible paper about French art nouveau, comparing some of the figure drawings to the early Italian renaissance."

“I’m guessing the incredible story you have to tell me isn’t about his academic performance.”

“No,” she said, “it’s not at all.”

“So what happened?”

“Let’s get in the shower and I’ll tell you,” she said, turning back to me.

Right before she turned back around, I noticed the clear outline of a handprint on her otherwise pale ass.

“Looks like Jamal spanked the teacher.”

“Oh yeah,” she said, “he put me in my place. It was sooo good.”

My cock sprang to attention.

“Ha,” she said, looking down at me, “it’s funny how small you look now in comparison. But I guess there aren’t many guys who could compete with someone Jamal’s size.”

“Just how big is he?” I asked, the blood running completely to my dick.

“Huge,” she laughed, turning on the water and then stepping inside.

“Come on in and I’ll tell you.”

My cock stood at full attention as I stepped into the shower next to Anna, who lathered her body, looking at me with a smile.

“It feels so good to get clean after being so filthy.”

“You’re keeping me in suspense!”

“I know,” she laughed, spinning in the spray and rinsing her body.

Then she moved in towards me, gripping my shaft lightly as she began her story.

“So I told Jamal I wanted to discuss his latest essay,” she said, “and it wasn’t too hard to start getting flirtatious once we were behind closed doors. But I could tell he was reluctant to make the first move. Younger guys are so cute like that. They have no idea what they’re doing.”

“So you made the first move?”

“I took out his cock, if that’s what you mean. And he didn’t seem at all eager to stop me.”

“Oh God,” I said, “so you just dropped to your knees and took it out?”

“Pretty much,” she said, giggling a bit, “we were discussing the aesthetics of the male body in ancient Greece, and how they considered large genitals ‘barbaric.’ I just asked him if he leaned more toward the barbaric or the civilized side.”

“And?”

“He laughed and told me he was a total barbarian. So I asked to see his club.”

“God damn, I can’t believe you actually did it.”

“Mmm, is this worse than the handjob I gave Jeremy?”

“You still haven’t even told me what you actually did!”

“Well,” she said, turning off the water, then dropping to her knees and starting to suck my cock, “I took him in my mouth, like this. And I told him that he should pretend like he really was a barbarian. Not spare me at all.”

“Fuck...”

“Mmm-hmm,” she moaned into my shaft, then came up for air again.

“I was actually a little shocked at how rough he was at first. But I quickly adjusted.”

“What did he do?”

“He told me that if I was going to act like one of his little cheerleader sluts, he was going to treat me like one. Then he grabbed me by the hair and shoved his cock in my mouth.”

I imagined my wife on her knees in her office, in front of this brutish yet sensitive black athlete.

“He told me to open up like the good little whore he knew that I could be,” she continued, after slobbering over my cock and lubing it liberally with her spit, “but I honestly couldn’t deepthroat him. He was just too big!”

“But he grabbed the back of my head and kept trying to force his cock into my mouth. When he realized I just couldn’t do it, he told me that he was going to have to use one of my other holes instead.”

My cock was twitching in anticipation of what she was going to reveal. She took it into her mouth again for a few moments of eager sucking, before releasing it again and stroking it while she continued her story.

"I was so wet at this point. I have always *loved* the idea of being treated rough by an athlete with a big black cock, so I was more than ready to surrender all of my holes to him. I was soaked. The next thing I knew, I was on all fours on the carpet of my office. My skirt was hiked up above my waist, and my panties were down around my knees. My student was behind me, ready to brutalize my poor tight little pussy with his enormous black cock."

"Oh God," I groaned, feeling my own orgasm building, "keep going."

"You look like you're getting a little too excited," she said, releasing my cock for a moment and then moving my hands to her breasts, "why don't we give you a break while I finish my story?"

I could only nod. My wife's tits felt amazing, as usual. I imagined what they must have felt like to the college football player who was finally getting a chance to fuck his hot MILF professor after lusting after her for so long.

Her hand reached between her legs and she began to play with her clit as she continued.

"He just grabbed my hips and pounded me, calling me all kinds of names. I was so fucking turned on I was moaning in my office, but since I'm getting fired anyway, who cares, right? He told me I was his bitch, and that I was going to fuck and suck him whenever he wanted."

She began to tease her clit slightly more quickly now, and her breathing accelerated.

"I told him he could use me whenever and wherever he wanted, and that he could bring his friends if he wanted to."

"Oh God," I said, grabbing my cock and stroking it.

I simply couldn't help myself. She slapped my hand away.

"Let me do that," she said breathlessly, taking control of my shaft while she continued the story.

"He just kept pounding me, honey. He was relentless. I lost track of the number of times I came. He told me over and over again to come on his big, black cock."

"Oh fuck," I groaned, "I'm close..."

She began to stroke me faster and faster, aiming the tip of my cock for her lips and chin.

"When he was finally ready to come," she continued, "he made me turn around and beg for it. Can you imagine that? Your wife on her knees begging for cum from a big black cock all over her face?"

"Uhhh..."

The feeling in my balls was growing. I was going to shoot a huge load.

"And then he just grabbed my hair and held me in position while he hosed me down with cum. It was so wonderful, honey. I loved being coated in his thick, creamy cum. Totally owned and marked by him."

I watched as my cock twitched several times, shooting three streaks of cum across my wife's face and chest. Surely it wasn't as impressive as her young student, but it was still the hardest I could remember ejaculating in years.

"Fuck," I groaned, "that was amazing. Did that really happen exactly like you said?"

"Mmm-hmm," she smiled, licking some of my cum from her fingers, "in fact, he took a few pictures. If you want, I can ask him to send them to you."

"That would be amazing."

"I thought you might think so."

"Are you going to fuck him again?"

"Do you think I should?"

"Absolutely."

"Maybe I'll have him bring some friends along next time..."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Was my wife, the serious academic, really saying that she wanted to be **gangbanged** by the *football team*?"

"Maybe they could come over here."

"Now *that's* an idea! Think of the scandal it would cause. But what are they going to do – fire me?"

She couldn't really be serious. Could she?

Chapter 5

On Friday evening I had to work much later than usual. Anna knew in advance, and told me she'd be home early and would have a surprise for me. For some reason, I assumed she was alluding to a special dinner, or perhaps another filthy story about her and her students. Over the past few days, the dirty talk had subsided. She hadn't had any more encounters with students – that I knew of – and her old angst about losing her job had come back with a vengeance. Most nights, she simply seemed depressed.

That had all changed on Friday morning when she kissed me goodbye.

"Don't be too late," she said, smiling at me, "or you'll miss all the fun."

Now, here I was, driving up to the house. The first thing I noticed were the cars in the driveway. There were three of them. I didn't recognize any of them.

When I stepped through the front door, I was greeted by a towering man who almost certainly must have been my wife's star student, Jamal.

"Hi," he said, a little shyly, "I'm Jamal Thomas. Nice to meet you. Professor Adams – uh, I mean, Anna – said you'd be here soon."

I shook his hand.

"Nice to meet you," I said, "where's Anna?"

"She's uh –," he said, looking around him a bit nervously, "she's in the living room."

I became aware of a low moaning emanating from the living room.

"I think I can hear her."

He nodded, smiling a little.

"She said you were into this."

"I am indeed," I said, walking through the foyer and rounding the corner.

There, I saw the real-life fulfillment of all of my cuckold fantasies.

Anna, my beautiful, hot MILF of a wife was on all fours in the middle of the room, taking it hard and fast from a skinny guy with glasses who could only have been her student Jeremy.

On the couch, watching them, was an attractive read head who was completely naked except for a blue lace bra.

"Hi honey," panted Anna, between thrusts, "this is Jeremy and Rachel. I assume you met Jamal. We're all going to fuck, and you're going to watch."

She paused for a moment as Jeremy pulled out of her pussy very slowly and then put it all the way back in.

"There's just one rule," she continued, regaining her composure, "you are not allowed to join in. This is just about me and my students. Got it?"

I nodded, flopping down in the armchair and smiling at Rachel. She was an attractive young woman, but my particular kink was focused entirely on watching Anna get off with other men, not on me cheating on her, no matter how attractive the other woman might be.

"Oh fuck," moaned Rachel, "you're giving it to professor Adams so good."

"Yeah, you love this big cock, don't you, bitch?" growled Jeremy, slapping my wife's ass and eliciting a high yelp.

"Fuck," moaned Anna, "I'm going to come again."

"Come for him," moaned Rachel, rubbing her own clit even faster, "it's so hot to watch him fuck you like this."

I felt my own erection tent my pants, and a few moments later, I was stroking myself as I watched Jeremy pound my wife.

"Here it comes," he groaned, "where do you want it?"

“Inside me,” she groaned, “I need you to come inside me. Fill me the fuck up.”

“Yes, professor,” he moaned, slapping her ass and thrusting forward in ecstasy as he pumped his load inside her.

I wondered if he was wearing a condom. Anna had stopped taking birth control a couple of years ago after I got a vasectomy. Surely she wouldn’t have been so careless?

As if reading my mind, she looked over at me, just as Jeremy was pulling his completely unprotected cock out of her swollen pussy and said, “oops!”

What was happening? Was this some kind of game?

I immediately felt myself get even harder. This was a huge fantasy of mine, but not something I’d ever expected to see play out in reality. Least of all between my wife and her students.

“Clean him off and get him ready for the next round,” she said to Rachel.

“Yes, Professor Adams.”

I watched as Rachel crawled on all fours towards Jeremy, smiling up at him as she took his cock into her mouth, gently cleaning every trace of cum off of it.

In the meantime, Jamal had reappeared on the sidelines, and he was looking much less shy now. Completely nude, he was stroking his cock, which looked even bigger in real life than it had in the pictures Anna had shown me.

“Come here,” moaned Anna, “I need that monster in my mouth.”

“Yes professor Adams – I mean Anna,” he said, striding across the room and unceremoniously shoving his dick into her mouth.

“Fuck yeah,” he groaned, looking down at her, “this bitch loves rough treatment. Don’t you?”

Anna could only moan in agreement.

“Get those hands behind your back, whore,” he ordered, looking down at her as she choked on his enormous rod.

Jamal seemed to have suddenly lost all of the shyness he’d exhibited earlier when we’d first met.

“Fuck yes,” he laughed, as he forced even more of his large prick down my wife’s throat, “your wife loves this big black dick, doesn’t she?”

He looked over at me and smiled. All I could do was nod.

In the meantime, Rachel had Jeremy back at full attention, and he was turning her around and mounting her from behind as he’d done to Anna.

“Good little fucking slut,” he growled, sliding himself into her tight coed pussy, “take this big dick like a good girl.”

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned.

“Save that cum for me,” groaned Anna, “I want as much as possible.”

I marveled at what a slut my wife was being. Jamal had pressed her against the carpet now and was sliding his thick rod slowly into her while she moaned in pleasure with each stroke.

“Fuck, honey,” she groaned, “his dick feels so fucking good. It’s so fucking huge...”

She looked over at me, making eye contact. She looked almost drugged. Cock-drunk.

“I hope you like your surprise,” she continued.

“I love it,” I said breathlessly, stroking my own cock as I watched Jamal work over my wife with his gigantic tool.

In the heat of the moment, I didn’t stop to consider the consequences of what was happening. All I could think about was the fact that my wife was taking two huge unprotected cocks right in front of me – totally without protection.

“God damn this pussy is good,” groaned Jamal, clearly on the edge of his own climax.

“Shoot it inside me please,” moaned Anna, “give me all of that creamy cum.”

“Fuck yes,” moaned Jamal, thrusting into her harder and faster.

That was the moment it all became real to me: I was about to watch another man possibly impregnate my fertile wife. And there was no way to stop it now.

“God yes,” he grunted, thrusting forward and emptying himself into her, “that feels so fucking good.”

Rachel immediately crawled up to him and greedily began cleaning his cock with her mouth as Jeremy took his place for the second round.

"Yes," moaned Anna, "I'm going to come again. Please fill me again Jeremy. I need your cum so bad."

This time, Jeremy was in no hurry, having come once already. He was also not feeling particularly gentle. It was thrilling to watch him manhandle my wife, treating his professor as if she were little more than a porn star, a fantasy slut designed to fulfill his carnal desires. He slapped her ass hard, laughing when she cried out, then he gripped a handful of her hair and impaled her on his throbbing spear.

"Fuck yes, teach," he laughed, "this is for all of those bad grade you gave me on my essays."

"You deserved those," moaned Anna, "but yes, please punish me with that big fucking dick!"

He answered her with a slap, then continued to plow her from behind while he held her head securely by the hair.

"Oh God," moaned Anna, her eyes starting to roll back into the back of her head as she approached yet another climax, "please give it to me. Please knock me up in front of my cuck husband!"

Part of me wanted to step in, to tell him to stop – if only for the sake of appearances. The rational part of me understood that it was pointless, of course (she'd already taken at least two other loads in her unprotected cunt), but another part of me wanted to act out this masquerade in order to save my own dignity as a man. Especially in front of these other two clearly alpha men.

The irrational side of me won out, of course. Internally, I was cheering Jamal on. Shouting my approval as he inseminated my wife before my very eyes. I realized that *I* wanted this. I wanted this **badly**. There was nothing I had wanted quite as much over the last few years.

I spilled my own seed all over the living room floor, in precisely the same instant as Jamal filled Anna.

◆◆◆

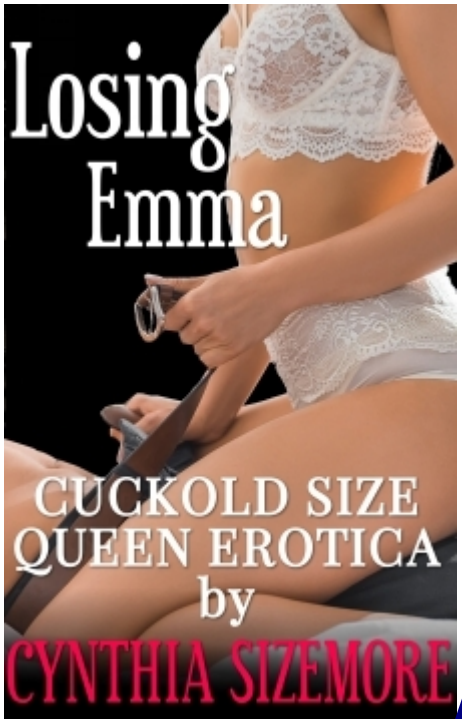
The rest of the semester seemed to fly by. Anna finished the rest of her contract with class and panache. (Except, of course, for fucking at least two other students, and sleeping with both Jamal and Jeremy several more times to boot).

She, and all of the other temporary academic staff at the university did in fact lose their jobs. But everything ended up being only half as bad as it seemed. When the fall semester finally rolled around: we had bigger things on our mind:

Anna was in her second trimester. She was having a girl.

I couldn't have been happier – either with the unborn child herself, or how she was made. I was only curious as to whether she'd be white or black – Jeremy or Jamal's. I knew for certain that she couldn't be mine, of course!

THE END



ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

Matt's marriage to the **beautiful, sexually repressed** Emma is tested when they both meet Jason, a talented college athlete who is moonlighting as a yoga instructor for the summer.

After Emma accidentally confirms the **big secret** that Jason's bugling basketball shorts have only hinted at, she begins to attend his weekly yoga classes.

Matt quickly suspects that Jason may be teaching his **innocent, fertile wife** more than yoga. When he tracks her phone in a fit of jealousy, the signal leads him not to a yoga studio, but to a mansion on the edge of campus where a wild party is taking place.

A party with **Emma as the guest of honor**…

Matt is shocked at what he discovers, but he still can't tear his eyes away. The next morning, only one thing is clear: their marriage has been changed forever.

Come along as Matt learns the pains – and the joys – of *Losing Emma*.

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE



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

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

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

About the author

Dear Reader,

Thank you ***so much*** for purchasing or borrowing this book! Every time someone buys my book it helps me support myself as a writer and allows me to produce even more of your favorite smutty size queen stories. It is truly appreciated.

You can follow me on amazon to leave feedback and find out about new releases, special offers, and more!

E-mail me at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.

--XX

Cynthia