
SHARING HER
WITH HIS
BEST FRIEND
CUCKOLD SIZE QUEEN EROTICA
BY CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

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Cuckold Size Queen Erotica

by

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Chapter 1

My wife Lauren and I had always been close to my friend Leo. Leo and I had known each other since high school, and so it only made sense that after Lauren and I got married that he would remain an important part of our lives.

Now, after Leo's divorce, his relationship with us became all the more important. During his divorce, Leo discovered that his ex had been cheating on him, and this fact was not only devastating to his psyche, it also caused Lauren to feel more sympathy towards him than ever before.

Before I go on with the story, I should tell you one more thing about Leo. Something that I couldn't help but know about him, having grown up playing sports on the same teams.

Leo had a huge cock. Like, **gigantic**. I'm not small myself – on the larger side of average – but Leo's endowment absolutely dwarfed mine. I wasn't insecure about it. More like in awe. And of course a bit curious about what it might look like "in action."

That's the set-up for what I'm going to tell you next: the story of how my sweet, innocent wife went from only ever having slept with me, to becoming a self-described **size queen slut** for Leo's huge cock.

In the end, I had to admit: **it was all my fault**. I'm the one who got the ball rolling, so to speak.

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It started one night after Dinner. Leo had been eating with us more and more often after the divorce.

"You really need to just go out and meet someone else. What about trying one of those dating apps?" asked Lauren, her blue eyes sparkling with concern, "there are so many women out there who would be lucky to have you."

She reached out and touched his arm – a sure sign of her interest, I thought.

"Thanks," said Leo, "but I'm just not ready for a relationship yet. I still need some time to sort things out."

"Maybe Lauren's not talking about a relationship," I teased, "maybe she just means that you need to get laid."

"Mark!" Lauren punched me in the arm, "you know that's not what I meant."

"What do you think people use those dating apps for, anyway?"

"I assume they use them to find true love," she said, "I'm not joking!"

"Well," said Leo, "now that you mention it, it has been a pretty long time for me."

"You poor guy," said Lauren, sympathetic once more, "just hang in there. I'm sure you'll find the right girl soon."

"I think he just needs to find the right girl for one night," I said, laughing.

"I wouldn't say no to that right now," said Leo.

"You guys only think about one thing," scolded Lauren, "I think sex is so much better if it's with someone you know well."

"I think so too," said Leo, looking wistfully off into the distance, "you know, when I was with Amy..."

"Forget about her," said Lauren, grabbing his arm and looking into his eyes, "you just need to stop thinking about that cheating bitch."

She dropped her hand from his arm, but I saw how her gaze lingered on his bicep.

"Maybe Mark's right after all," she continued, "maybe going out and having a good time is what you need to take your mind off her."

"It's *exactly* what he needs," I said, "and some lucky girl is in for the surprise of her life when she finds out what he's packing."

Leo smiled. He secretly (or not so secretly) loved the fact that people knew about his large cock. I'd never mentioned it to Lauren, however. She looked over at me in astonishment.

"What does that mean?"

Leo chuckled, looking down in embarrassment.

"It's an open secret," I said, "that our friend Leo is hung like a horse."

Lauren blushed.

"Ok, Mark. That's a little TMI. I think you're embarrassing him!"

"No, it's ok," said Leo, looking back up at us, "it's true. But there's more to me than just a big dick."

"Of course there is," said Lauren, touching his arm once more.

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That night after Leo had gone and Lauren and I were getting ready for bed, she brought our previous conversation.

"Poor Leo," she said, "I still can't believe what Amy did to him. I hope he finds someone to take his mind off things soon."

"You mean you hope he finds someone to fuck."

"If that's what it takes," she said, turning towards me, "do you know anyone who might be interested?"

"Just one person," I said.

"Who?"

There was a note of excitement in her voice.

"She's standing right in front of me."

Her face fell for a moment as she realized what I was saying.

"Stop it, Mark," she said, slapping my arm, playfully, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Look," I said, "I'm not kidding. It would be perfect. Weren't you just saying that sex is better with someone you really know?"

She looked at me in astonishment.

"You think I want to sleep with him?"

"I think you might like it," I said, "I saw the way you were touching his arm."

"Look…," she said, her voice trailing off, "if you're jealous of the fact that he has a big cock or whatever, you don't need to be. Women don't really care about that stuff as much as men do."

"No," I said, "I'm not jealous at all. I honestly think it might be fun for you to help him get over his breakup."

"By sleeping with him?"

"Yes."

There was another long silence.

"You want me to cheat on you?"

"It's not cheating if you have my permission," I said, "it's called cuckolding, or hotwifing."

She looked stunned.

"And...you think you could handle that? Knowing that I was sleeping with your best friend?"

"Handle it? Hell, I want to watch!"

She smiled at me.

"You're fucking with me now, aren't you? Is this a joke between you and Leo?"

"No, babe, I'm serious."

She walked over towards where I sat on the edge of the bed, smiling seductively.

"You really want to watch your cute young wife take your best friend's big cock?"

"You certainly seem to have embraced the role quickly," I teased, puling her onto my lap, "but yes, that's exactly what I want."

"I'm beginning to warm up to this idea," she said, whispering in my ear, "but how will we do it?"

"We can invite him over tomorrow night again," I said, nuzzling her, "and I'll leave you two alone for a while. You can flirt with him

and then tell him everything. I'll come back in and let him know that I'm ok with it."

"And what if *he's* not ok with it?"

"Look at you, honey," I said, running my eyes up and down her gorgeous body, "do you think any straight guy is going to pass up sex with a girl like you?"

She giggled.

"Ok," she said, "I guess guys like the way I look, or whatever."

"Yeah they do. And Leo's a guy. He'll want to fuck you. I'm sure of it."

"Ok," she said, "I'm getting excited now. I hope it doesn't hurt..."

"You mean..."

"His cock..."

"I'm sure he'll be gentle."

"Not too gentle, I hope," she said, "I'd kind of like to try it a little rougher."

Now it was my turn to be surprised.

"Lauren!" I said, "I had no idea my innocent wife was such a slut."

For a moment I was concerned that she might take offense at the word I used, but then she leaned in and whispered in my ear.

"Would you like that? Would you like to see your wife be a dirty little slut for your best friend."

My cock immediately sprang to attention. She felt it and laughed.

"That was the only answer I needed," she whispered, "let's take care of you right now."

She dropped from the bed onto her knees and pulled my boxers down.

"Let me show you just how slutty your innocent little wife can be," she purred, winking up at me before taking my cock in her mouth.

I closed my eyes and imagined her doing the same to Leo. She moaned on my cock, stroking it lovingly as she'd done hundreds of times before.

"Oh God," she said, pulling off for a moment, "you're so fucking big. Just imagine how big Leo's cock is going to look sliding in and out of my mouth. Do you think I can deepthroat him?"

All I could do was groan in response. She'd never even tried to deepthroat me! Where was this slutty version of my wife coming from?

"Does it surprise you that I'm being so naughty?" she asked, as if reading my mind, "I have to admit I'm surprising myself a bit."

"Fuck," I moaned as she took my cock into her mouth once more, "I love this. I can't wait to see you fuck Leo..."

She slurped on my prick for a few more seconds before coming off again and grinning up at me.

"I want him to use me, honey. Take out all of that anger about his break-up on my poor little pussy. Would you like to see that?"

I couldn't help it. Hearing my wife talk that dirty sent me over the edge. As she stroked my cock, waiting for my answer, I shot a huge rope of cum directly onto her mouth and chin.

"Wow," she said, as my cum continued to spurt, "that certainly got you excited."

She licked the cum off of her fingers, slowly. *Where* had she learned to do that? What had happened to the sweet woman I thought I'd married?

"Now that you've come, I guess your mind is clearer. So tell me this: do you still want to watch me fuck Leo?"

"Yes," I said, without hesitating.

"Ok!" she said, "I just wanted to make sure this wasn't some kind of horny fantasy that you'd forget the second you got off."

"It's not," I said, "I really want to try it."

"Ok," she said, "why don't you text him and ask him to dinner tomorrow right now?"

That is exactly what I did. He responded enthusiastically almost immediately.

I had trouble sleeping that night. Finally, close to dawn, I dozed off with images of my best friend balls-deep in my wife…

Chapter 2

Dinner was unusually tense. Or perhaps that was just my imagination. After all, Leo had no idea what we had planned for after dinner.

Maybe he really could sense something, though. He seemed more at pains to entertain us than usual. To make jokes and lighten the mood as if to insist that he really was ok, that he really was getting over the break-up. I did my best to play along, but the truth was that I was totally nervous. What if he got offended? What if tonight ruined our friendship forever? Was it really worth risking a friendship just to fulfill a sexual fantasy?

"Can I help with those dishes?" Leo asked Lauren as she cleared away a plate.

I looked at her. We were both thinking the same thing: this would be the perfect opportunity for them to be alone.

"That sounds like a good idea," I said, "I think Lauren would love the help. Maybe I'll go down to the bodega on the corner and grab us some ice cream for dessert."

"Perfect, honey! Leo and I should be finished by the time you get back.

Or just getting started, I thought.

The entire way down to the corner store I tried to imagine what was happening back in the kitchen. Her flirting with him. Joking around – touching his arm like she had last night. Then things escalating a bit more. Lauren making some kind of double entendre about his package. Him not being sure what to make of it at first. Her getting even more explicitly sexual until she spilled the beans about our plan. Him deciding whether or not it was all too good to

be true, whether or not his friend's hot wife could really be offering herself to him in such a direct and obscene manner…

I was in such a dreamlike state I left my change on the counter after I paid for the ice cream. The clerk yelled after me. "Sir!!"

I nodded dreamily and slurred a quick thank you as I swiped the bills into the bag, on top of the ice cream. I watched them cling to the moisture on the outside of the package. My eyes registered the image in front of me, but my mind was focused on what was happening at the apartment. Finally, I broke my reverie and dashed back down the street to our building, taking the stairs so quickly that I was out of breath by the time I finally reached our door. I paused for a moment, straining to detect some clue about what was happening inside.

Nothing.

Finally, I unlocked the door and went in. There, in the middle of the living room, stood Leo.

Lauren was on her knees in front of him, pulling down his shorts.

"Mark," she said, looking past his legs towards the door where I stood, "why don't you put that in the freezer? Unless you want to eat it while you watch us. I think Leo and I are going to be busy for a while."

"She told me everything," said Leo, looking over his shoulder, "thanks so much, man. This is exactly what I need."

"I know," I said, "what are friends for, right?"

He grinned and flashed me a thumbs-up sign as Lauren dropped his boxers to the floor.

"Oh my fucking GOD!" she exclaimed, "it doesn't even look real!"

"Oh but it is," laughed Leo, "and it's about to be very happy to see you."

I dashed into the kitchen and threw the ice cream in the freezer, eager to get a better view of the action.

I took a seat on the couch along the wall so I could watch Lauren's handiwork from the side. My heart was pounding out of my

chest. I couldn't believe it was really happening, but here it was: my petite blonde wife was stroking a cock as long and thick as her arm.

"I want you to take out all your stress on me," she said, looking up at him as she kissed his shaft, "I want all of that frustration. All of that anger. I need you to hatefuck me. I need it rough," she cooed, licking his balls.

"I want you to treat me like a little slut. Just use me for your pleasure. You deserve it after what she's done to you. I know it hurts so bad. I want you to make me feel that. Transform your anger into passion. Let's use those negative feelings to make a positive experience for both of us."

"Oh God," he said, groaning as she began to take the head of his cock into her mouth, "I want that *so* bad."

Then a tone of concern entered his voice.

"You remember the safeword, right?"

"Yeah," she said, giggling a little, "yellow to slow down and red to stop. And I tap three times if I can't talk...for some reason."

She winked up at him.

"Good girl," he said, running his fingers through her hair and pushing his cock into her mouth, "now I want to see you choke on this big fucking dick. You want to be treated like a slut, and that's exactly what I'm going to do."

"Mmm…," exclaimed my wife, moaning onto my best friend's shaft as he forced it to the back of her mouth.

"Fuck, Mark," said Leo, looking over at me, "I never in a million years thought that Lauren was this freaky. But I'm fucking glad that she is."

"I had no idea either," I said, "but I want you to know that I'm 100% ok with this happening. No matter what happens."

He nodded, giving me a grin, then he grabbed his cock and pulled it out of Lauren's mouth, rubbing it against her face and then slapping her with it. She shrieked in surprise, but then smiled.

"Beg for it, slut," he commanded.

"Please give me your cock, Sir," she stammered.

"That's a good little whore," he growled, forcing his cock back between her lips and into her throat.

My wife's face turned red and her eyes began to water as my best friend used her face mercilessly, moving her head up and down on his shaft as if she'd been some kind of human sex toy. Then he pulled out and slapped her again.

"Tell me you're my personal fucktoy," he ordered.

I felt a strange sense of humiliation and arousal, watching my wife being handled so roughly yet so clearly enjoying it. She was moaning in pleasure as he reached down and hiked up the sundress she was wearing, exposing her thong.

SMACK!

He brought down his large palm across my wife's shapely ass, leaving an angry red print.

"I didn't hear you, whore."

"I'm your personal fucktoy, Sir," she said eagerly, "please spank me again, Sir. Please spank your whore."

He reached down and spanked her again several times, then slapped her face with his erection again.

"Crawl over to the couch," he commanded, "and take off those panties."

"Yes, Sir," she moaned, obeying him immediately.

She was right in front of me now. I could sense her arousal, excitement and anticipation. What was going to happen next?

She took down her panties easily, looking back over her shoulder at Leo.

"What should I do with these, Sir?"

"Give them to me," he ordered.

"Yes, Sir."

He grabbed the panties and tore them.

"Hey!" she protested, "those were my favorite!"

"I promise to buy you a new pair, slut," he said, grabbing her arms and holding them behind her back.

He was tying up my wife with her own panties. It was so humiliating. So incredibly hot. And she loved it.

"Sluts like you don't need to use their arms," he said, "I don't want you getting away from me while I'm fucking you."

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” she said, her head right next to me where I sat on the couch.

“Are you ready for this cock, whore?”

“Yes, please,” she moaned, “please fuck my little pussy with that big fucking prick. I want you to make me forget my husband’s cock forever...”

I looked down at her in shock. Even if this was all a game, that last comment hurt! Still, I couldn’t deny that I absolutely loved hearing her talk like a total whore. I wouldn’t have stopped her for anything.

He smacked her ass again, hard. Then I watched as he slipped one of his beefy fingers into my wife’s tight slit.

Her entire body shivered as she let out a low moan.

“Oh, God…,” she stammered, “I need that cock so bad. Please fill me...”

He spanked her again a few times.

“Fuck, the longer you make me wait, the hornier I get…,” she moaned, “please just put it in. I really want to feel what it’s like to take a big one.”

I watched as he began to work his huge, oversize head into the folds of my wife’s petite pussy. It looked like there was no possible way it would fit. But Leo was in no hurry, even as Lauren taunted and begged him.

“Fuck,” she moaned, looking over at me, “I can’t believe how big he is, honey. It’s like… oh shit...oh yes...”

Her eyes glazed over in pleasure as he pushed himself a few inches further inside her.

“Fuck, Mark,” she moaned, “I don’t understand what’s happening. I’m going to come and he’s not even all the way inside me yet.”

“Go ahead and come, bitch,” growled Leo, grabbing a handful of her hair tightly.

He punctuated his order with another couple of sharp spanks, making my wife’s fleshy bottom jump in a most pleasing way.

“Oh God,” she shrieked, “here it comes. Please put it in me. Please...”

Her voice dissolved into a series of inarticulate moans as he shoved his cock all the way to the hilt.

"YES!"

Her cry of ecstasy was unmistakable. She'd only made a sound like that with me maybe one time before, if ever. I watched as her pussy contracted around his cock, drawing him, impossibly, even further inside her. It was a marvelous sight, and one that seemed almost like something out of a porno: here was my petite wife, on her knees, bent over our couch, having a powerful orgasm due to being fucked with a cock the size of her arm. I couldn't wait to see how the "porno" continued. I knew that Leo wasn't done with her yet.

Chapter 3

From that moment on, it was like I wasn't even there. My wife and best friend were completely wrapped up in themselves, in their personal sexual encounter. I watched with a sense of awe but also mixed feelings of arousal and humiliation. It hurt a little to be forgotten about so easily, but, then again, I wasn't the one fucking or being fucked, so I didn't really have much of a role to play.

After Lauren came just from the feeling of Leo's cock entering her, Leo slowly began to fuck her in earnest. The aftershocks from her earthquake of an orgasm were still visibly coursing through her body as he slid his enormous rod in and out of her, muttering obscenities under his breath.

"Take this fucking dick, bitch," he snarled, "I know you want me to hurt you with this cock."

"Punish me, please," moaned Lauren, looking back over her shoulder at him, "take all your aggression out on my little pussy. It feels so good to be abused with your big, hard dick!"

I pulled out my own cock now and started stroking it. I couldn't help it. It was like watching the hottest porn movie imaginable, made even better by the fact that the two protagonists were people I knew intimately.

"Ugh, that ass looks so good," groaned Leo, "it's been too long since I've seen an ass like that."

Lauren began to throw her ass back against him, twerking on his dick. He paused and kept still as she became the one fucking him for several minutes, sliding back and forth on his cock, its entire length shimmering and glistening with her natural lubrication. He

slapped her ass now and again as she pushed it back onto his cock, and she squealed in surprise and delight each time he did so.

"Fuck," she moaned, "I need you to fill me so fucking bad. I need your cum in my pussy. Don't pull out, please."

Adrenaline shot through my veins. We hadn't discussed birth control at all, and in that moment, I realized that while I had had a vasectomy years ago, Leo had not. Lauren might be completely fertile at the moment. In fact, **the chances were extremely good**, given how horny she'd been the past few days and how slutty she was acting now. Her body was probably crying out to be impregnated.

I didn't know what to do. To be honest, I didn't *want* to do anything. Even though it was an totally unforeseen wrinkle that complicated our entire arrangement (at least as far as I was concerned), I couldn't help but find the idea of my best friend filling my wife with his potent semen more than a little appealing.

"Oh God," he groaned, "I'm not wearing a condom. Are you sure?"

"Fuck yes," she moaned, "I want it all. I don't care about anything else. Just fucking fill me, please..."

She was about to come again. That much was clear. And it looked now like Leo couldn't be far behind.

"I'm sorry, honey," she said, acknowledging me for the first time in several minutes, "I just want to be filled by a big-dicked alpha male. I can't help it..."

What could I say? She wouldn't have heard me or understood me anyway, because right at that moment Leo growled and shoved himself to the hilt, finally reaching his own climax at the same time Lauren had her second. He held himself inside her as his balls contracted visibly, pumping three, four, five, six, seven powerful streams of cum into my wife's fertile pussy. There was no going back now. Nature had taken its course, and my wife had possibly just been knocked up by my well-hung best friend right in front of my very eyes.

The idea of it, and the sight of my beautiful wife, the love of my life, lying there bent over the couch, her hair disheveled, her face

flushed and with such a look of satisfaction on it as I'd never seen before caused me to lose control myself. I groaned and shot cum all over my hands, and then, immediately seized by a sense of embarrassment, retreated to the bathroom to clean up.

I stayed there for several minutes, trying to sort out my feelings about what had just happened. I decided to try to remain calm and not disturb the mood by bringing up the fact that he'd just come inside her without birth control. After all, there were all kinds of other things that could be done, right? Plan B, for starters. And there was time for that.

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When I emerged from the bathroom, I walked back into the living room and was a bit startled to discover that the two lovers were nowhere to be found. There were still wet marks on the couch, but Leo and Lauren weren't there.

A few moments later, however, I heard giggling coming from the bedroom.

They weren't finished yet.

I crept to the door just as Lauren's giggles turned into low moans. I peeked through the crack in the door and was immediately seized with jealously.

All I could see of my wife were her two legs and her stretched, swollen pussy, which Leo was spearing with every inch of his thick cock. If the sex before had been rough, crass and degrading, the sex now was tender, loving even. He was taking his time, kissing her as he stroked his full length into her in an irregular tempo, heightening her arousal as he kept her guessing. I knew Lauren, and I knew that this was exactly the kind of romantic sex that she usually liked.

I couldn't hear exactly what she was saying to him, but I could tell that she was telling him sweet things now. Maybe they were also nasty, but her tone had completely shifted from the one she used before during the rough encounter they'd had in the living room.

The pace and intensity of their fucking slowly reached a crescendo, until the room and hallway were filled with the sound of

flesh slapping against flesh, accompanied by my wife's moans of ecstasy.

"Fill me up again," she groaned, "put your seed in me. I want to have your big-dicked babies!"

My cock, rock-hard in my hand as I stood in the hallway, twitched as I heard this final insult. Even if it was something she had uttered only in the heat of passion, it still hurt. Terribly. But I was also so close to another orgasm of my own that I just kept stroking as I heard and saw my friend pump the contents of his balls into my wife's unprotected womb for the second time in the space of half and hour.

Once again, I retreated to the bathroom to clean myself off, this time taking a shower. When I emerged, Lauren was there, wrapped in a bathrobe and eating some of the ice cream that I'd bought.

"Leo's gone," she said, "he said he'll be back in an hour or so. I hope he's got some energy left, because I could really go for another round."

I nodded. Even though I could see that something had changed in the way that she was looking at me, I didn't want to break the spell. I had to admit that I was addicted to seeing my wife fuck my best friend's big cock, and I didn't want to do anything to jeopardize that from happening again, even if it meant endangering my marriage for good. It was simply too arousing.

"I think I'll have some ice cream too," I said.

It was going to be a long evening, but I wasn't tired at all. I knew that I was going to love being a cuckold.

THE END

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**.

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE: LOSING LENA



Mike and Lena run into some trouble on their way to the Bahamas to celebrate the completion of their graduate degrees. Trouble, in this case, in the form of Carl, **a tall, handsome and hung** African-American corporate mediator with an *unconventional* approach to conflict resolution.

When bad weather grounds their flight and confines all of them to a hotel in Washington, D.C., Carl helps Lena and two other women learn the **true meaning of "BDE."**

Soon, Carl is giving Lena one-on-one lessons in submission in his hotel room. What he and Lena don't know, however, is that Mike is watching them the whole time. He can't take his eyes off his **innocent girlfriend** who, as it turns out, is **not as inexperienced as she seems**.

Come along with Mike as he watches his girlfriend in the experienced, dominant arms of a well-endowed black man. Mike already knows he can't compete. But will it matter to Lena? Will he lose her for good, or will they be able to come to some kind of arrangement that grants her the freedom she so obviously needs and desires?

Find out in this **14,000-word novellete** that chronicles one woman's descent into submission while her boyfriend watches.

About the author

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E-mail me at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.

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Cynthia