

SHE GOES BIGGER

BDSM SIZE QUEEN HOTWIFE EROTICA

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

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by

Cynthia Sizemore

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cynthiasizematters@gmail.com

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Chapter 1: Date Night

I sensed something was different about Ashley during date night. It was our traditional night out without the kids. We always got a babysitter and tried a new restaurant. This time, it was different. Ashley asked if I wouldn't mind going to the same Asian fusion place as last week.

"No," I said, a little puzzled, "I liked that restaurant. But what about the new Peruvian food cart we we already talked about trying?"

"We can do that next week," said Ashley casually, "or we can go there when my parents visit this weekend."

"Sure," I said, "I guess that's fine."

That evening at the restaurant, Ashley seemed more excited than usual. Almost giddy. She'd also worn a very sexy short black dress – the kind of thing that she usually said a mom over 30 shouldn't wear. Although she was technically a "mom over 30," Ashley had turned into nothing short of a knockout in the last few years after she had shed not only her baby weight, but also the pounds she'd put on in college. She looked hotter than ever, and I was also beginning to notice how other men reacted to her. It was cool to have other men be jealous of me for a change, but I could tell that it was having an effect on Ashley, too. At first, she didn't know how to handle the flirtatious comments and meaningful looks, but she slowly developed a set of skills that most women who had been beautiful all of their lives had probably been using since puberty. She read the situation and either flirted back if the guy seemed harmless, or gave him the cold shoulder entirely if she felt at all uncomfortable. Sometimes, she liked to flirt with guys in front

of me, only to enjoy the expressions on their faces when she introduced me as her husband.

It all seemed like good, clean, harmless fun.

Until that evening.

"Hey," she said, looking up at our waiter, "don't I know you from somewhere?"

He smiled. He was a guy in his early twenties and seemed like he was probably in college.

"I know," she said, snapping her fingers, "the weight room at the gym, right? You spotted me on squats last week."

"Ok," he said, "I remember you now. I guess I'm not used to seeing this side of you."

That flirtatious remark, which clearly referred to my wife's attractive rear end, was not lost on me.

But at that point, it was still all harmless. Things got a little less so when the bill came.

"I'm going to the bathroom, ok honey?" Ashley said, touching my hand and giving me a sweet smile.

"Of course," I said, fumbling for my credit card.

"Great! I'll be right back."

But she didn't come right back. In fact, she was gone for much longer than she should have been. I began to get worried. Was she sick? Was it something she ate? I knew for a fact that she wasn't pregnant, and she wasn't on her period. What was going on with her.

When she finally came back, her face was apologetic.

"I'm so sorry," she said, "there was a line in there. You know how ladies are."

From what I could remember, the restaurant only had one unisex, handicapped-accessible stall.

"Sure," I said, shrugging.

"You're not mad at me, are you? I promise I'll make it up to you when we get home."

She gave me a playfully sultry look.

"No, of course I'm not mad," I said, "let's get going."

"Ok," she said, taking my hand as we walked to the front door.

I wasn't mad, but I was suspicious. Especially because my wife's lipstick and eyeliner were smudged, something that she normally would have taken notice of and corrected during an extended trip to the toilet. For a brief moment, I thought about her flirtation with the waiter.

Nah. It *couldn't* be. There was no reason to think it was true. It was just some light flirtation, that was all.

When we got home, Ashley pounced on me. It was normal for us to make love after "date night," but this was something else entirely. She dropped to her knees and sucked me with a passion that I hadn't known from her even before we got married. It was like someone had flipped a switch in her brain. I wasn't complaining, of course, but I did find it strange.

After a few minutes of this absolutely exquisite dick-sucking, I couldn't take it anymore, and warned her that she had to stop if she didn't want me to shoot my load in her mouth. She pulled away from me and lay back on the bed, hiking up her dress and pulling her panties to the side, inviting me to fuck her.

"Give it to me hard," she whispered, "I'm already so fucking turned on I don't care how long you last. I just need it as hard as you can give it to me."

I slammed myself inside her and pumped her with abandon. Already on the edge myself, I knew that there was no way I'd be able to hold off for more than a minute or so. As it turned out, I didn't even last that long. A couple of seconds later, I groaned and shot my load inside her uncharacteristically wet pussy.

"Fuck that was amazing," cooed Ashley.

It seemed to me impossible that such a short and explosive session could have possibly been "amazing" to a woman who normally required significant foreplay to become aroused, but I didn't ask any questions. As it turned out, I probably should have.

Chapter 2: The Discovery

I kept replaying the events at the restaurant over and over again in my mind. It was true that there was no real reason to suspect Ashley of any kind of wrongdoing. But at the same time, it seemed that something strange was going on. Why had she come back to the table after such a long time with her hair and makeup in disarray? And what had gotten her so worked up after dinner that she'd practically attacked me as soon as I got home?

I came home from work early that afternoon, while Ashley was at the gym. I decided to do a little snooping around. Not exactly on purpose, but not by accident, either.

What I found changed our marriage forever.

I logged onto the desktop computer that we shared under our family account, then navigated to MyFace, my wife's favorite social media site. As I suspected, she was still signed into her account in the browser. I took a deep breath and then opened up her home page, both excited about and afraid of what I might find. There, up in the corner of the screen, was an red indicator: Ashley had a new message from a younger man named "Jeremy."

"Hey babe, is your jaw still sore?"

I felt a lump form in my throat. All of my suspicions seemed to be confirmed. Why would Ashley have a sore jaw?

I scrolled through the rest of their conversation, my heart pounding out of my chest as I saw my wife's nude body and the stranger's lewd comments.

"That's one fine ass. Can't wait to see what it looks like bent over my bed."

Finally, I got to the messages from last night. "Date night."

"Meet me in the bathroom in five minutes," it read, "don't worry about your cuck husband. He's not going to bother us."

What the hell. "Cuck!?" Who did this guy think he was?!

Finally, I clicked over to his profile.

"Jeremy G., Bull. Discrete. Local. Hung. Guaranteed to please."

My wife was seeing a bull. A man who specialized in fucking other men's wives. To say I was shocked would have been an understatement. I could hardly believe that MyFace allowed this kind of content. But here it was.

I scrolled around his page. Everywhere there were comments from women who praised his "services." There were comments from husbands as well who wrote things like "Jeremy made our cuckolding dreams come true."

I couldn't believe it. I'd heard of cuckolding before of course. I even had to admit that it turned me on a bit. The idea of it, that is. I still wasn't sure how I felt about my wife Ashley on her knees in a restaurant bathroom servicing a stranger's cock.

Especially since, to all appearances, this particular stranger's cock was positively *gigantic*.

He didn't have a picture of his tool on his MyFace page. That would have been against the terms of service. It was even difficult to find a picture of his face through all of the pictures of his shirtless torso.

Finally, however, there it was: Jeremy G. local bull, and apparently also a waiter at Ashley's new favorite restaurant. I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. My wife was cucking me with a man who probably made less than a fourth of my income.

But instead of doing either, I kept scrolling. I found pictures of my wife in various poses and in various outfits. She wore a schoolgirl uniform in one shot. In another, she was a naughty nurse. I had no idea that this side of Ashley even existed. In fact, I had no idea where she'd gotten those uniforms. She'd never shown the slightest bit of interest in roleplay or anything remotely kinky except for the occasional time she might let me come on her face after a night at the bar. She was as vanilla as you could imagine.

At least that's what I thought. As I scrolled through the pictures she'd sent to her lover, I came to realize that she was vanilla only for me.

My cock was rock hard now. Without really considering what I was doing, I took it out and began to stroke it as I sat at the computer.

I found a short video of my wife fucking herself with a dildo.

"Oh yes, Jeremy," she moaned, "it's so much better than my husband's."

I was driven on by pure lust at this point. I no longer saw a cheating wife in the images before me, I simply saw an attractive young woman fucking a huge dildo and moaning for a virtual lover.

Then it happened. Jeremy logged on.

"Finally got it uploaded," he wrote, "just like you asked. It's on my private page. For now."

The next message he sent was a link. To a well-known porn hosting site.

I grabbed the mouse awkwardly with my left hand as my right remained wrapped firmly around my dick, and managed to click the link.

A new link opened in another browser window.

There, on her knees in a well-lit, surprisingly clean white tiled bathroom was my lovely young wife Ashley, looking adorable in her cute black dress.

Over her loomed the biggest, hardest cock I'd ever seen.

I watched in awe and absolute disbelief as the man wielding the cock (and "wielding" was the only appropriate term for a weapon of this power) smacked my wife across the face with it and asked her if she was ready to please him.

"Yes, Daddy," whimpered my wife submissively.

My own cock twitched, not so much at the words themselves, but at her incredibly submissive tone of voice. She sounded so incredibly aroused, and he'd only touched her face with his dick at this point. At least from what I could tell.

"Tell me what you want," the cameraman teased.

“I want the privilege of sucking your cock,” my wife moaned, almost beside herself with arousal.

He smacked her with it once more.

“Open up you cheating slut,” he ordered.

Ashley opened her mouth obediently, the camera showing a close-up of her perfectly made-up face.

“Good fucking whore,” Jeremy growled, pushing his visibly pulsating cockhead into my wife’s eager mouth.

He reached behind her and began to push her head down on his cock with his free hand.

“Choke on that big dick, bitch. We don’t have much time before your small-dicked husband gets suspicious.”

Ashley looked up at the camera with big eyes. He sensed she wanted to say something, so he pulled her off his cock, leaving a trail of spit leading to her lips.

“Don’t worry about him,” she smiled, “he’s clueless.”

Jeremy laughed, stroking my wife’s hair for a moment before smacking her in the face with his wet cock one more time. It was easy to see now how Ashley’s makeup had become so messy. Frankly, it was more surprising that she hadn’t been *more* of a mess when she finally emerged from the bathroom.

Once again, the sounds of slurping filled the room as my wife began to take Jeremy’s thick cock like a pornstar. I was too turned on to be as flabbergasted as I should have been as I watched my formerly demure wife taking this gigantic cock balls-deep into her eager throat.

“Show me that wedding ring while you stroke it,” growled Jeremy, taking a short break from fucking my wife’s face mercilessly, perhaps so that he could get more footage of my wife smiling up at him in devotion as she serviced his cock, “I want to remember what a cheating whore you are, and how much it turns you on to cheat.”

She smiled and shifted her wrist so that her wedding and engagement rings were clearly visible as she stroked him.

“Oh fuck,” he groaned, “I’m going to come. Are you ready to swallow my load?”

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned breathlessly, closing her eyes and opening her mouth, presenting her tongue to him.

I watched in fascination as Jeremy jerked his huge cock with fervor, directing its tip straight at my wife's welcoming mouth.

"Here it comes," moaned Jeremy, "I've been saving this load for you."

I watched with a mixture of awe and arousal as this man deposited four thick spurts of cum onto my wife's tongue and chin, following it up a moment later with three more.

"Better swallow it all," he commanded, "then get back out there. Your husband is probably wondering what you've been doing in here all this time."

Ashley swallowed and then smiled at the camera.

"Thank you, Daddy," she said.

I couldn't take it anymore. With absolutely no regard to where I was or what I was doing, I stroked myself to orgasm, shooting my own huge load all over my pants, and even splashing a bit on the computer keyboard.

"Fuck," I muttered, after a moment of recovery.

I knew I had to clean up. I stood, my pants still around my ankles, and started to hobble into the kitchen for a paper towel. That's when I noticed Ashley standing there, her arms folded across her chest.

"How long...," I stuttered.

"You've got some explaining to do," she said, looking me up and down.

I somehow regained my composure, despite the fact that I was tripping over my own underwear.

"*I've* got to do the explaining? You were the one who cheated, not me."

Ashely stayed on the offensive.

"You were snooping on my MyFace account. You had no right to violate my privacy."

"Violate your *privacy*? You were violating our *marriage vows* in a restaurant bathroom!"

“It doesn’t seem like it bothered you that much, from the looks of it.”

She smirked at my semen-covered hands and clothes.

“Was the video good? I haven’t seen it yet.”

“Ashley,” I started, “how could you...”

“Just admit it,” she said, putting her hands on her hips, “you loved it. You loved seeing me suck Jeremy’s big dick.”

“That’s neither here nor there,” I said, stooping to pull up my pants and regain a little dignity, “the fact of the matter is that you cheated.”

“But is it cheating if the other partner jerks off to it?”

“Yes.”

She laughed.

“You know what I think? I think that you know deep down inside that this is your biggest fantasy, but you’re too much of a pussy to just come out and say it.”

“Ashley, what’s gotten into you?”

“About 8 and a half inches,” she said, laughing.

“Don’t act so surprised,” she continued, “I saw all of the porn you look at. The cuckold sites. Those stories you read.”

“Yeah, but...,” I protested.

“Those were just fantasy? Is that what you were going to say? Well, did you ever stop to consider how I felt when I found all of those ‘fantasies’ in the browser history? It seemed like you were trying to get caught. Any idiot can use a different account or browse incognito. Just admit it.”

I was silent. I knew she was right, but I couldn’t say it.

“At first I was puzzled. Then furious. Here was my husband, with a huge fetish for something I’d never even heard of, and instead of telling me about it directly, like a real man, he resorted to leaving it on our home computer for absolutely anyone to find. My mother uses that computer when she comes to visit. How do you think she’d feel if she saw that her son-in-law was fantasizing about seeing her sweet daughter take big black cock?”

I stood there, crestfallen, as she continued.

"Like I said, I was furious. But then I started watching some of those videos. And reading some of those stories. Then, something strange happened. I stopped being angry, and started being turned on. Really fucking turned on. I did a quick search for local 'bulls', and I found Jeremy. The rest is history."

We stood there for a few moments in silence.

"Ashley," I said, "I don't know what to say. This is so unexpected."

"I know it's probably a shock. Sometimes having a fantasy come true is the worst thing that can happen to a person."

I nodded.

Or the best, I wanted to add.

"Well," said Ashley, "the fact of the matter is that I thought you'd be at work right now."

"Normally I would be," I said, not catching her drift at all.

"I'm not alone, Steve," she said.

"You mean?"

"That's right," she said, "Jeremy's here, and he's ready to finally give me the fuck I've been craving. He's upstairs – in the bedroom. You were so busy whacking off to our sex video that you didn't even hear us come in the house."

"Are you going to fuck him?"

"You want me to, don't you?"

I couldn't deny it, but I also couldn't admit it openly. All I managed to do was nod slowly.

"That's what I thought," she said, turning and walking towards the staircase, "I'm going up now. But don't worry, honey. I'm not totally heartless. I'll make sure he leaves the door open so you can watch if you want."

Chapter 3: She Goes Bigger

I stood in the kitchen, my pants around my ankles, for several minutes without moving. I was in total shock. On the one hand, all of my wildest fantasies had come true. My wife was about to be fucked by a guy with a huge cock, and I was being given the opportunity to watch them. On the other hand, I was unsure if our relationship – or our household – would ever be the same. What would happen after this? Would she leave me? File for divorce? Or was there some way to save our relationship. To integrate cuckolding into our lifestyle. I knew that other couples did it, so it couldn't be impossible. I just didn't understand the way forward.

In that moment, however, it didn't matter. All that mattered now was the primal scene unfolding upstairs. I pulled up my pants and fastened them before I tiptoed to the foot of the stairs. Up above me I could hear the faint sound of feminine moaning. Then I heard the crack of flesh against flesh, followed by a sharp cry, then another series of blows.

I heard Ashley say "thank you, Daddy!"

They were playing a kinky game. He was spanking her.

Another man was spanking my wife. In my bedroom.

I began to tiptoe slowly up the stairs, the sound of Jeremy's spanks echoing down the halls.

"I'm sorry for being a bad girl, Daddy," moaned Ashley, "I won't fuck my husband again without your permission."

She must have been talking about last night. What had seemed like a spontaneous act of passion on my wife's part turned out to be part of her kinky game with her lover.

“That’s right,” boomed Jeremy’s voice, “this pussy is my property now.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she moaned, “please claim it. Please take me.”

“Not yet,” he said, “I want you to show me what a good girl you can be first.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

The next thing I heard was the sound of slurping. It was absolutely clear what was happening. I walked up the rest of the stairs quickly and rounded the bend in the hallway that led to our bedroom. As she had promised, the door was ajar, and I had a clear view of what was happening.

There was my wife, on her knees, absolutely worshipping the biggest cock I had ever seen. It seemed strange to say, but Jeremy’s cock looked even bigger in person than it had on camera.

“That’s a good girl,” growled Jeremy, taking a handful of Ashley’s luscious hair into one hand as he reached down and gave her a few more spanks on her already-reddened ass.

After a few moments, he reached down and unfastened her bra.

“Let’s see how that cock looks between your tits,” he said.

Ashley had always had great tits, but now after she’d lost weight, they looked absolutely incredible. They were full d-cups that looked positively gigantic against her now-petite frame. I watched in awe as Jeremy’s dick began to slide up and down between my wife’s breasts as she pressed them together, looking up at him as if silently begging for his approval.

“That feels great,” he said, “I bet you couldn’t do this with your husband’s dick, could you?”

“What would be the point?” she said, laughing.

Neither of them had acknowledged my presence in the hallway yet, but they must have known that I was standing out there.

“You’re being a very good girl,” he said, “I think it’s almost time to finally break you in. To claim that pussy.”

“Please, Daddy,” she moaned, looking up at him in devotion, “break in this pussy. Claim it and take me from my husband forever.”

He pulled her to her feet, giving her a deep, demanding kiss before flipping her around so that she was bent over the bed, facing

away from me, but into the full-length mirror on the other side of the room. He pulled Ashley's head up by the hair, and she made eye contact with me through the mirror.

"Wreck my pussy, Daddy," she said, winking at me in the mirror, "I need that big cock so bad. I want you to wreck me while my husband watches."

Jeremy began to slowly work himself into my wife's vagina from behind. I was in a position where I could see the action from two angles: from behind as my wife's bull slowly penetrated her, and from the front through the mirror. Ashley's face alternated from a look of pain to a look of ecstasy and then back again as Jeremy slowly fed his monster into her tight, wet tunnel. Finally, he was inside.

"Oh God," she moaned, "I can't believe it. Oh fuck. I can't believe how good it feels to be filled like this."

"That's what all the sluts say," growled Jeremy, holding onto her hair as he began to fuck her, "all of you little whores love to take it hard from a big cock. You just don't admit it to your husbands."

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned, "God, I can't believe it, Daddy. I think I'm going to come..."

"Do it," he ordered, "come on this big fucking cock."

He reached down and slapped her ass, ordering her again to come for him.

"This pussy is mine now," he growled, "and I want you to come."

"I'm so close...," she moaned breathlessly, her beautiful face contorted in concentration.

She bit her lip and closed her eyes, rocking backwards onto his cock as he plunged it into her again and again.

"Here it... OH GOD.... OH GOD, YESS!!!"

Her cry filled the house as she collapsed forward onto the bed, her legs quaking visibly. Jeremey showed no mercy on her, however, climbing onto the bed and mounting her from behind, continuing his all-out assault on her tight pussy.

"I'm going to claim this cunt," he growled, "it's mine."

“Claim me,” she moaned, seemingly already on the verge of another orgasm, “I need it so bad. Why the fuck did I wait so long to find out what it was like to be fucked by a real man? I needed a cock like this so bad. I never understood how much size matters until now.”

“Tell me you love this dick,” he ordered.

“I love your dick, Daddy,” she groaned, “I love it so much, and I want you to come inside me. Please fill me with your cum and claim my pussy forever.”

“Fuck you’re tight,” he moaned, “I’m going to bust soon. Here it comes!”

And with that, he held my wife face-down on the bed as he pumped into her furiously for another five or ten seconds. Then, with a primal yell, he pressed himself into her for a final time and began to pump spurt after spurt of his hot, potent cum into her young womb.

“God that’s good,” moaned Ashely, “I need that cum so fucking bad.”

“I know you do, slut,” he said.

They lay like that for a few minutes, both basking in the afterglow. Then Jeremy slowly pulled his cock out and rolled over and sat up so that he was looking directly at me, his large dick swinging between his legs.

“Well, look at that,” he said to Ashley, “your cuck husband was watching us the whole time.”

“So he was,” she said, standing up and smiling at me, “I hope he understands now how a real man fucks a woman, and why I’ll never be going back to a small cock like his.”

“I think he probably gets the gist,” said Jeremy, “but why don’t we demonstrate again?”

“I’d love to, Daddy,” said Ashely, dropping to her knees and giving me a wink before taking his cock in her mouth yet again.

“Good girl,” said Jeremy, “clean me off and get me nice and hard again. We’ve got to get ready for the next round.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, looking up at him again in devotion, “I agree.”

“But I don’t think that he should be allowed to watch us this time,” said Jeremy, looking at me, “what do you think?”

“No, Daddy,” said Ashley, reaching behind her and pushing the door gently closed.

I stood out there in the hallway listening for a very long time afterwards. I heard Jeremy call my wife a “cheating slut” at least seven more times. I heard her call him “Daddy” around twenty-three times. And I heard her climax almost more times than I could count. Finally, I walked slowly down to the kitchen. They were clearly a long way from being finished.

Chapter 4: Aftermath

I'm happy to announce that Ashley and I were able to patch things up and are still happily married. It's just that now we define "happily" a little differently than we did before. Ashley sets the rules. She gets to fuck who she wants, when she wants. She changed permanently after being exposed to Jeremy's large dick. She doesn't only fuck him now, she fucks other guys, too. There's just one rule: no one under 7 inches need apply. My wife is a size queen now.

One thing hasn't changed, however. We still have our regular "date night." And we still try to go to a new restaurant each time. There is an added twist, however: Ashley also gets to choose a new guy to fuck every week after we eat. I wait at home most of the time. If she'd not too tired, she gives me a handjob while she tells me about it.

Once in a while, though, she'll take me along when she meets a new well-endowed lover. She'll even let me watch. But only once in a while. She doesn't want me to get too entitled, after all. We've found our perfect arrangement.

THE END

Losing Helen

By Cynthia Sizemore



At 32, Helen is in the best shape of her life. When her husband notices how her coworkers look at her, he encourages her to flirt with them. It's a harmless way to spice up their love life at home.

At least at first.

But when Helen begins to truly embrace her wild side, she discovers the answer to a question that will change her marriage forever:

Does size *really* matter?

For Helen, the answer is a resounding YES!

Unfortunately for her husband (the narrator of this 14,000 word novelette), her journey of self-discovery involves turning him into a cuckold.

Will he be able to accept, and even *embrace* both his wife's new proclivities and his new cuck status? Even when Helen reveals to him that she's been

engaging in kinky role play while taking it hard, rough, and totally unprotected from certain well-endowed pillars of the community?

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:



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

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

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

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

Who thought that losing Hannah could be so arousing?

About the author

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E-mail me at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.

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Cynthia