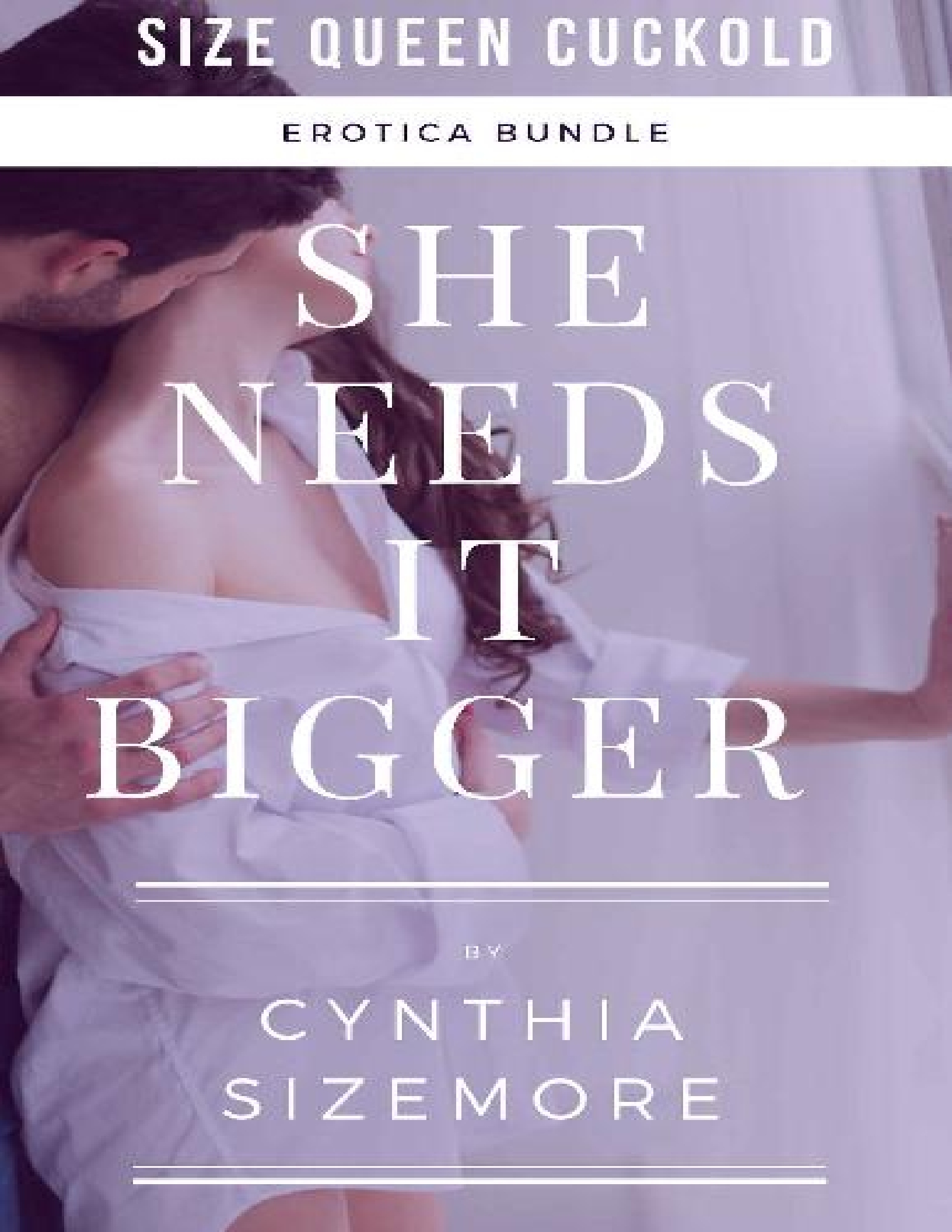
SIZE QUEEN CUCKOLD

EROTICA BUNDLE



SHE NEEDS IT BIGGER

BY

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

She Needs it Bigger:
A Size Queen Cuckold Erotica Bundle

by

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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.

This collection includes the following stories, previously published separately:

1. Becoming a Size Queen

2. A Country Wife’s Hot Past

3. Ashley Learns that Size Matters

4. Measuring up to her Ex

5. Watching his Wife

Becoming a Size Queen

Amy heard John, her boyfriend's roommate, before she ever saw him. At first she couldn't tell what the sound was that was coming from the other side of her boyfriend Kevin's wall that Friday night.

"Is that your roommate?" She whispered to him, "is he having phone sex or something?"

Kevin rolled his eyes.

"It's probably not *phone* sex," he whispered, "that guy juggles like three or four girls at a time, and one of them is here almost every night. He meets them all online. Some of them come back again and again. It's like they can't get enough of him."

"What, really?" Amy's face lit up, "what juicy gossip. Now I can't wait to meet this stud," she smiled.

A look of concern flashed across Kevin's face.

"Oh come on, I was only teasing," she said, punching her boyfriend's arm, "that's totally gross, of course."

Now the low, masculine moans coming from the other side of the wall were unmistakably sexual in nature.

"Shh..," said Amy, "I think I can understand what he's saying."

The young couple held their breaths together remaining absolutely silent.

Slowly, the muffled words became comprehensible.

“Lick those balls honey,” whispered the gruff male voice, “show me how much you love that big fucking dick.”

Amy covered her mouth, suppressing her amusement.

“Oh. My. God,” she mouthed to Kevin, shushing him again quickly before he could respond.

“Are you ready for daddy’s big fucking dick?”

Amy blushed, still, covering her mouth in disbelief.

“Yes, sir,” a feminine voice replied.

There was a sharp slap like the sound of leather against skin.

The girl yelped sharply.

“Yes, *daddy*,” she corrected herself.

“That’s so *filthy*,” mouthed Amy, her eyes wide.

Kevin seemed even more pained.

“I’m putting on some music,” he said, pulling out his phone, “I don’t think we should be listening to this.”

As the downbeat music filled the room, Amy closed her eyes and concentrated.

Underneath the beat of the music, sometimes in sync with the beat and sometimes in syncopated contrast, she began to pick up the unmistakable sounds of human coitus.

Fucking.

Raw, aggressive, passionate and animalistic fucking.

She felt herself getting wet as the yelps of the young woman on the other side of the wall increased in tempo and frequency.

“Oh Daddy, Daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy…,” the young woman groaned.

Amy blushed. She’d never thought the whole “Daddy” thing was hot, but now she was starting to reconsider. Maybe for the right guy…

Kevin went into the bathroom to get ready for bed. Amy instinctively turned the stereo down the moment he left the room.

At first she was afraid that the sudden change in volume had spooked the two lovers next door, but she was soon relieved to discover that they continued unabated.

Now that she could experience the sounds even more directly, she began to imagine what she was seeing in her mind’s eye.

At the same time, her hand drifted down between her legs.

She closed her eyes and imagined a tall, handsome man with brown eyes and black hair holding back the legs of a poor pretty young thing as he pounded her mercilessly with his giant cock.

This scene corresponded in fact quite well with its real-life audio accompaniment.

A few short moments later, Amy's pussy clenched down around her hand and she bit her bedsheets, crying into them as she had the hardest orgasm she'd experienced in months.

From then on, she became obsessed with the idea of catching her boyfriend's roommate having sex. And it turned out not to be difficult at all.

He was fucking. *Always fucking*. Different girls, too. Sometimes Amy ran into them in the hallway or the kitchen. It never seemed awkward. They usually had a smile on their face and a sex-tossed look about them that Amy envied.

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Finally, one day, it happened. She came to see Kevin but he wasn't back from work yet, so she knocked on the door and John opened up. After months of hearing him fuck, Amy finally saw the man himself.

And he was gorgeous. Tall and built, with a confident air even as he stood there.

"Kelly?" he said, "you looked taller in your pictures."

Amy blushed. Did he mistake her for one of his hook-ups?

"Oh no," she said, "I'm sorry. My name is Amy."

"Hi, Amy. I don't remember chatting with you."

He looked her up and down and smiled.

"But I certainly won't turn you away…"

"Oh no," she said, blushing, "I'm Kevin's girlfriend."

"Oh? I didn't know he had one. Nice to meet you, Amy. Go ahead and make yourself comfortable."

He gestured to a couch.

"Thanks," she said, taking a seat.

Just then, there was another knock at the door.

"That must be Kelly," she laughed, looking nervously at the door.

"Yes indeed," he said, "you're going to have to excuse us. Kevin told me he wasn't coming back this afternoon, and we'd been planning on being alone."

Any blushed. She knew *exactly* what that meant.

"Of course. I won't bother you. I'll just be doing some homework."

That was when Kelly stepped through her door, shaking John's hand briefly and giving him a kiss on the cheek.

"Oh…," she said, looking at Amy in surprise, "is there a line or something? I didn't want a threesome."

Amy turned beet red.

"No," she stammered, "I'm not…"

"It's ok," laughed John, "she doesn't have to join in. But she can watch if she wants."

Amy was too shocked to respond.

"I'll leave the door open," he laughed, winking at her as he ushered Kelly down the hall, "in case you change your mind."

Amy blushed in fury. What kind of right did he have to suggest such a thing? Where did he get his cocky attitude. She was going to make sure that Kevin gave him a talking to as soon as he got home.

Another part of her wondered, however, how it was that he attracted so many women so effortlessly. What did he have that other guys didn't?

It took her several minutes to gather her courage as she sat on the couch, waiting for the sounds she knew would come. She didn't have to wait long, however.

"Good girl," she heard John say, "get that big dick nice and wet."

God, thought Amy, he's so crude.

One thing that he'd said did in fact catch her attention. Some he'd said often. He always called his dick "big." That's not something that Kevin would have ever said about his own dick. And not something that she would have said about it either.

Amy had never actually been with a guy with a big cock. Could that be the reason that all of these girls were beating down his door?

Could it really be *that* much better?

Just then, Amy got a text from Kevin.

"Sorry babe, I'm running about an hour late!"

Great, she thought, now I'm going to have to listen to those two fuck.

But what she was really afraid of was that she was going to be tempted to watch them fuck too. And that's exactly what happened.

A few minutes after John's "cocky" outburst, she heard the unmistakable sound of feminine pleasure. This, in turn, caused an unmistakable physical response: Amy's panties were soaked.

She decided that it wouldn't be so bad if she went to the bathroom to masturbate while she waited for Kevin to come home. After all, she'd gotten off on listening to John fuck several times before.

She tiptoed down the hall, past his bedroom door. Her heart leapt as she saw that it was, indeed, ajar.

She paused for a moment and turned her head to look. From the darkened hallway, she had a good angle on the action. And what she saw both shocked and aroused her.

Kelly straddled John, facing him, away from Amy. She slid up and down the largest prick Amy had ever seen, or could even imagine. It was at least 8" long, and as thick as her arm. Amy felt her knees weaken as she heard the other woman's moans.

"Oh god, John, yes. Yes."

"You love this cock, don't you?"

"Yes, I love it."

The girl's voice was desperate, hungry.

Amy's hand was in her pants now. She couldn't take her eyes off of the site of the young woman sliding up and down John's thick dick.

Slap! Slap! John reached behind and spanked the girl's ass, causing her to help in delight.

"Yes! Spank me, I'm a bad girl," she moaned.

"You're fucking right you are. Taking this big cock behind your boyfriend's back."

Amy froze. So this girl had a boyfriend too? God that's hot.

"I can't help it," she moaned, "I'm a sizequeen!"

"That's right you are you little sizequeen slut. You'll do anything to get a dick like this."

"Fuck yes," she moaned, bouncing on him even faster now, "I'm going to come!"

“Come on this big fucking dick you little whore. Your pussy is my property now. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, John…” she squealed, reaching a climax that stole her breath for a few seconds as her hips bucked against him uncontrollably.

Amy’s pants were unzipped and part way down her thighs. She fucked herself with two fingers as she watched the other woman climax.

God, she thought, why does this turn me on so much?

Kelly slowly pulled herself off of John’s cock and then slipped the condom off, looking up at him as she stroked it with one hand.

“I’ve never come that hard with my boyfriend,” she said, smiling at him, “his dick is so small compared to yours.”

“Well you never have to see that dick again, honey,” he laughed, stroking her hair, “now be a good girl and show your appreciation for this big dick.”

Any watched as Kelly, kneeling next to John on the bed, began give him a long, slow and sensual blowjob, as if his cock had been coated with an irresistible flavor of some sort.

She licked up and down the shaft, flicking her tongue against his head, kissing it, taking in her lips and then slowly into her mouth, and, with a lot of warm-up, her throat.

Soon, her head was bobbing up and down on his cock, her throat bulging slightly with each stroke.

Amy has never deepthroated anyone, and had certainly never seen something this incredibly obscene in real life. Why did it turn her on so much? She was on the verge of an incredibly powerful orgasm…

Just then, Kelly paused, coming off John’s cock and taking a moment to catch her breath.

“I’m going to come soon,” he panted, “but I want it all over your slutty face.”

Amy has heard that guys liked that sometimes, but she’d never considered it a turn-on. Until now.

She watched as Kelly dropped to her knees, looking up at John as he stood over her. She was facing away from Amy now, and John was facing right in her direction.

His eyes closed and seemed to roll back in his head as Kelly began to jerk his cock, licking at the underside and massaging his balls at the same time.

“Oh please,” she begged, “give me your cum.”

“Oh yes,” he groaned, one leg visibly trembling as his orgasm built.

“Fuck yes, please coat my slutty face,” moaned Kelly, licking her lips as she stroked his gigantic cock.

“God yes,” he moaned, “here it comes, slut!”

Amy gasped as she saw the first few ropes splat in thick sloppy lines across the other woman’s face. It was so humiliating and so hot at the same time, the idea of being used like that. And it was clear that Kelly loved every second of it.

John wiped the last few strands of cum on his young partner’s face.

“Good little slut,” he laughed, “stay right there and we’ll take a picture.”

He grabbed a phone and snapped a picture.

“Maybe we’ll send this to your boyfriend sometime,” he laughed, “if we feel like showing him what a sizequeen slut you really are.”

Then, almost without pause, he looked up and out the door of the bedroom, directly into Amy’s eyes.

“You’re next,” he mouthed, giving her a sly smile and a wink.

Amy was shocked. He could see her? How long had he known that she was watching? She slammed the door instinctively, panting as she tried not to panic.

This can’t be happening, she thought, I went from faithful girlfriend to total slut in the space of a few days. All for what? Some guy’s dick?

Fuck, fuck, fuck. It wouldn’t be long before Kevin would be home. How was she going to look him in the eye after being caught by his roommate perving out on a huge cock?

She quickly tried to pull herself together and tidy up her appearance. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

There was a knock at the door. It was Kelly. Of course it was — she was still coated in spunk!

“Hey, just a second!” said Amy, knowing she was going to face the music now.

She opened the door and the other woman quickly slipped past her, muttering a “thanks,” before shutting the door behind her. Amy turned and found herself face-to-face with John.

“You liked what you saw, didn’t you?”

“Get the hell away from me,” she spat back, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

He placed a hand on her wrist and then cupped her cheek in the other, gently guiding her gaze towards his. Amy’s resistance melted with that dominant move. She was all his now.

“Quit playing around. Let’s discuss this like adults. Tell Kevin you’re leaving, but wait in my room. Close the door.”

Amy felt like she was in some kind of dream. Without knowing how or why, she managed to nod in assent.

“Good girl,” he whispered, swatting her ass as he guided her into the bedroom.

What am I doing? Amy thought as she closed the door to his room and took a seat in the only chair she found, which happened to be next to his computer.

She got out her phone, and with trembling hands, texted Kevin.

“Sorry something came up and I can’t stick around any longer. Maybe we can hook up later :(.”

On the other side of the door, she heard the shower start. Great, were they going to fuck again? And what was she doing there anyway? What could they possibly talk about?

She started to look around his room. She couldn’t help it. Most of his stuff looked pretty unremarkable. He had a couple of bookcases filled with old college textbooks and some fantasy novels. He had a dresser with a picture of what must have been his mom and dad.

Then she glimpsed at the closet and saw something interesting: a single leather strap hanging down and preventing the door from closing completely.

She opened the door and gasped as an automatic light came on, exposing several rows of odd-looking tools. There were several wooden paddles of various sizes, cuffs of various sorts, a few ball gags, some riding crops and canes, a few small whips, and some other things that Amy had never seen before.

What the hell? This guy is not only hung, he's also into all of this perverse stuff too?

But Amy had actually been into the same stuff for as long as she could remember. She'd even tried to bring it up with Kevin a few times, but it was clear he was completely vanilla. Now here she was, in the room of a guy who obviously loved it as much as she did, and was extremely experienced to boot.

She felt herself getting wet again as she ran her fingers across the smooth surface of one of the paddles.

What was she doing? She had to stop this. She was a good girl. A faithful girlfriend.

She sat down in his chair again and then stood up. She was about to leave the room, when she heard someone come in the front door. The shower was still on so it had to be Kevin.

Fuck. She couldn't leave now. If he saw her coming out of his roommate's room, it would be impossible to explain. As long as he was out there, she was trapped.

The showered stopped. A few minutes later, the bathroom door opened. She heard muffled conversation and then the front door open and shut again. Kelly must be gone.

After a couple more minutes of conversation, the door to John's room finally opened, and he slipped inside, closing it behind him, giving her a huge grin.

"So…," he said, "what did you say your name was?"

Amy was furious. She was risking her whole relationship on a guy who didn't even remember her name?!

“It’s Amy, you son of a bitch,” she growled, folding her arms defensively.

“Ok, sorry,” he said, “I really did remember your name. I was just teasing. Relax.”

His quick admission threw her off guard. Her arms fell and she smiled.

“I don’t believe you,” she said, “but I guess we’ve also only met once.”

“Don’t worry about it,” he said, smiling at her, “now why don’t you relax and have a seat on the bed? As long as Kevin’s out there, I don’t think you’re going anywhere.”

She relaxed, happy to give up her will to someone else in this tense situation.

“I know you probably have a lot of questions,” he started, “and it’s totally normal. I’d wonder what was going on here too, if I were in your position.”

Amy nodded. He went over to the computer where she’d been sitting and logged in.

“I have a very special gift,” he said, “and I’m not just talking about my cock.”

“Ha!” said Amy.

“I’m serious,” he said, opening a browser window, “I’m an expert at turning normal women into sizequeens.”

Amy was silent for a moment. She had to admit that she believed him.

“And just how do you do that?” she asked, not too flirtatiously, she hoped.

“The truth is this,” he said, showing her a website with his profile, “almost every woman these days is at least a bit curious about what it would be like to be with a really big guy. Only a few of them actually have the courage to seek me out. And those that do have more than a mere curiosity. They have a burning desire.”

“So these women just click on your profile? There must be hundreds of guys out there with big cocks. What makes you so special?”

“Because they know exactly what they are getting with me. They can read testimonials, and even watch video…”

“And how does a woman know she’s a sizequeen if she’s never had a big dick before?”

“She knows it, deep down,” he said, smiling, “and I think you know it too…”

“I don’t know what you mean,” said Amy, feeling dizzy all of a sudden.

Was this really happening?

It was. John clicked on a video, and Amy watched as a petite young redhead got the dicking of a lifetime. She couldn’t take her eyes off of that long, thick, slick pole and the way it disappeared all the way into the small woman’s hungry pussylips.

“I,” she said, “I think I need to get going. Kevin’s waiting for me.”

She stood, but he stopped her with a gesture from his hand, raised authoritatively.

“If you go out there now, you’re going to have a lot of explaining to do. But if you stay in here, you’ll get to try it out. No strings attached.”

“Try what out?”

He smirked, then gestured toward the screen, where the young woman was now stroking his dick next to her face.

“That,” he said.

Amy gulped. She almost couldn’t believe what she said next.

“He can never know.”

“Of course not. All the girls say that. At least at first.”

She did her best to give him a withering look.

“Ok,” she said, “what are you waiting for? Let’s get started. Let’s see how you ‘convert’ these girls, hahaha.”

She hoped her nervous laugh would cover up how horny this encounter had made her. She was ready to fall on her knees and beg, no, worship him.

He grinned and began to pull down his boxer shorts, letting his huge dick swing free in front of him. Amy paused and looked at it. Even though she had seen it before, nothing had prepared her for how good it looked up close. Her mouth began to water.

“The first step,” he said, “is to get acquainted with it. Make friends with the cock.”

“How do I do that?”

“Get on your knees,” he said.

Amy felt herself obeying, without even understanding why.

“Good girl,” he said, “now go ahead and touch it. Gently.”

She reached up and gingerly began to stroke the shaft.

“Feel its weight. Its heft,” he said, “this is part of the appeal. Most women want to be submissive to their male partner,” he went on, stroking her hair, “and it’s difficult, psychologically speaking, for them to truly submit to a small-dicked guy. Only a few women understand this consciously, but almost all understand this at some level,” he continued, as Amy felt his cock rapidly expanding.

“A woman wants to be overwhelmed by cock. Taken up to the limit. Not every woman realizes this, but almost everyone one of them grows to love it once they experience it.”

His dick was completely hard now. Any couldn’t believe it. It had to be as long as her arm!

“Go ahead and play with it,” he said, “kiss it, lick it. Get to know what’s about to change your life forever.”

Amy laughed. This guy had a lot of nerve.

“You sure do think highly of yourself, don’t you?” she scoffed, stroking his dick and then giving its oversized mushroom tip a kiss, “where did you get this confidence?”

“I’m simply applying the principles of psychology,” he said, “there’s nothing magical about it.”

She smiled and began to tease the underside of his cockhead with her mouth. She could already taste his salty precum, and it tasted delicious.

“You can probably already feel yourself falling under its spell, can’t you?” he said, running his fingers through her hair.

What was she doing there? On her knees sucking her boyfriend’s roommate's cock with her boyfriend only a few feet away?

Amy realized two things in that moment: first, that she was a bad girlfriend and second, that she was a sizequeen. There was no

more denying it now.

She started to moan in pleasure instinctively as she worked her tongue and lips up and down his turgid rod.

“That’s it,” he said, “you’re getting the hang of it now. Such a good little sizequeen slut.”

Amy blushed, but she knew he was right. She was a slut.

“Ok,” he said as she slurped his cock, looking up at him for his approval, “I’m going to take control now. I want you to say ‘red’ if you need me to stop, and if your mouth is full, you can tap on my leg three times. Ok?”

“Ok,” she said, smiling.

“Good,” he said, taking hold of her head with one hand while he brandished his dick with the other, it’s time to really break you in.”

“Open wide for me,” he commanded, “relax your jaw. And don’t be afraid to gag. It’s normal when you’re learning to take a big cock for the first time.”

What was she doing there? Amy couldn’t believe it herself. She opened as wide as she possibly could, and let John take control. He was surprisingly gentle at first. He slipped his gigantic phallus between her lips and to the back of her throat several times, very slowly, almost as if he was making love to her mouth.

“That’s a good girl,” he said, encouraging her in soft tones, “you’re going to be taking this whole cock before you know it.”

He began to push just a little further into her throat with each thrust now. It hurt a bit at first, but she soon became accustomed to his size, and came to enjoy the sensation of his gigantic prick impacting her tonsils.

“Good girl,” he said once more, “now I’m going to push you a little further. Are you ready for this?”

He pulled out to give her a chance to answer. She nodded, looking up at him obediently. She felt almost hypnotized, completely at the mercy of this superior man with his superior cock.

“Have you ever deepthroated your boyfriend?”

She shook her head.

“This is going to be a challenge then.”

“If I wasn’t up for a challenge, I wouldn't be here,” she said, smiling up at him.

God, she thought to herself, what’s gotten into me?

At the same time, she heard Kevin go down the hallway and into his room. He’d be able to hear everything that happened from here on out. Except he’d have no idea that it was his innocent-seeming girlfriend who was being transformed into a sizequeen slut on the other side of the wall.

But she didn’t have any time to reconsider what was happening; not that she would have wanted to. Soon, John’s gigantic prick was pushing into her throat, stretching her open more than she’d ever thought possible. She strained her jaw to the utmost to accommodate his girth. She felt her eyes begin to water, and soon tears slid down her cheeks. She wasn’t suffering, however: she absolutely loved it. Of course it hurt a bit, but the feeling of being absolutely overwhelmed by a masculine man with a huge cock was exhilarating.

“Such a good little fucking slut,” he moaned, “you’re going to take my cock in your pussy next, right?”

“Mm hmm,” she groaned between thrusts that made her throat distend.

“Good girl. Get that pussy wet for me. Play with it.”

Amy’s hands shot down between her legs. She slipped a finger under her panties. Fuck she was wet.

His balls slapped into her chin as she opened her throat entirely, taking his entire length. She’d never have thought it possible even a few minutes beforehand, but here she was: deepthroating nine inches of the most delicious cock she’d ever encountered. All while her boyfriend listened from the other side of the wall. He had no idea it was her, of course. He thought she was just another sizequeen slut looking for a good hard dicking.

She was beginning to think that that was exactly what she was. And she loved it.

“Ok,” said John, taking his cock out of her mouth and slapping it across her face a few times, “I’m ready to stretch that pussy. Is it nice and wet for me?”

Amy nodded.

He reached down and spanked her ass, hard.

“I didn’t hear you, slut.”

“Yes, sir,” she said, “my pussy is wet for you.”

“That’s much better. Take off your clothes and lay on the bed.”

She removed her clothing quickly.

“Hand those panties to me,” he ordered.

She did what he said. Soon, she was lying on the bed, almost trembling with anticipation and desire as he slowly stripped off the rest of his clothes as well, exposing an athletic, muscular torso and abs. There was no way that Kevin could ever compete with him. He was the perfect specimin of a man, and not just “downstairs.” No wonder he had a constant stream of women coming and going.

But the going didn’t interest Amy. She was more keen on the coming. She wanted to finally find out what it felt like to be filled with a huge cock.

She didn’t have to wait long. John climbed onto the bed and pushed her legs apart, positioning her so that she was spread obscenely for him. She felt vulnerable, as if she were on display. She loved the way he positioned her exactly where he wanted her before he put the head of his cock right at the entrance of her tight tunnel.

“Ready for this big dick, you fucking whore?” he laughed, “you’re not going to be able to go back to your boyfriend after this.”

Just then, her phone buzzed. John picked it up from the nightstand and read the message, smiling. He then passed her the phone. It was from Kevin.

“Hey honey,” he’d written, “he’s at it again. He’s banging some slut who has a boyfriend. Typical.”

“OMG,” she replied, “so gross. He must have a big dick or something.”

John smiled as he saw what she wrote, then he thrust foreward, eliciting a cry of pain mixed with pleasure as he penetrated her with about the first two inches of his length.

“God that’s big!” she sighed, “fuck, I already...I’m already so...”

Her eyes rolled back into her head as he strained for a moment and pushed into her again, this time sinking almost half of his length.

She licked her lips and looked up at him, smiling, then down at the gigantic prick slowly disappearing between her legs.

“You feel amazing,” she said, “I didn’t think it was possible to feel this full. I think you’re going to have me cumming in no time at all.”

Her phone buzzed again.

“Do you really think that might be the reason? That his dick is big?”

She showed the screen to John.

“I really do,” she wrote back, moaning in pleasure as John pushed all the past her final resistance, bottoming out on her cervix.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned, “oh God...I can’t believe it...I’m about to come ...”

“Yes,” groaned John, not even thrusting yet, “come on this big fucking dick.”

“Oh God,” she moaned, “I’m going to...”

In that moment, he reached down and stroked her clit gently, with the skill of a man who know exactly what he was doing.

“FUCK!!” she groaned, her legs seeming to fall out from underneath her as a slow-moving wave of pleasure began to pulsate from her insides outwards.

“God damn,” he chuckled, “you really are a born sizequeen.”

A full thirty seconds later, when she had almost fully recovered, she looked up at him, her eyes glazed in a sex-drunk stupor.

“Shut up and fuck me. Give me that big fucking dick.”

“That’s what I wanted to hear, you whore.”

Her began to pound her, slipping a hand around her throat as he did. He didn’t press down too much, it was more a gesture of control. Amy loved it.

“Oh God, John,” she moaned, “this dick is so good. God I love it.”

“Tell me you love my cock, slut. Tell me exactly what you love.”

“I love your cock,” she moaned, “fuck I can’t believe how big it is.”

“Look down and watch that monster disappear between your legs.”

“I am,” she moaned, “God it looks so good. I want you to pound me with it. Just break me. Ruin me for my boyfriend.”

Amy would have considered the kind of language she was using, or the amount she was talking, if she’d been able to think rationally at all. Kevin was just on the other side of the wall, and he knew her voice intimately. The more she talked, the likelier he was to figure out exactly the game that was being played.

In the meantime, however, Amy’s breath had been taken away by the short, shallow fuckstrokes that John was meteing out with his dick.

“That’s a good girl,” he whispered, “take that big dick. How big is your boyfriend’s cock, honey?”

“Too small,” she moaned.

He slammed into her even harder. She was on the edge once more, about to float off again in the sea of big-cock bliss.

“How small, exactly?”

She didn’t have time to think, she just blurted.

“Four inches, maybe. Maybe five.”

He pressed her legs back and began to pound her cervix directly. It hurt, taking her breath away in an overwhelming, but not unpleasant way. She felt her orgasm spreading once more. She was so close.

“Please make me come again,” she moaned, “I’ll do anything, just don’t stop...”

“Anything?”

“Yes,” she pleaded, thrusting up with her hips to meet his strokes, “anything. I need to come on your huge prick so fucking bad.”

“Tell me your name, slut.”

“Amy,” she whispered, not quite ready for Kevin to hear her.

He reached up and slapped her face, not hard, but hard enough to get her attention.

“You rememeber the safeword, right?”

She nodded.

“Good. Now tell me your name. Say it loud.”

“Amy,” she said, a bit louder than before.

“That’s right,” he grinned, “your name is Amy. And what’s your boyfriend’s name?”

“No...,” she moaned, trying to get him to start to fuck her again, “I can’t...”

“If you really want me to stop, you’ll say the safeword, slut. But you don’t really want me to stop, do you? You really want to tell your boyfriend the truth, don’t you?”

She nodded.

“Do it. I want to hear you tell him the truth. Right now, with my cock buried in your pussy. If you do that, I’ll let you come.”

“Ok,” she stammered, “my name is Amy, and my boyrfriend’s name is Kevin.”

“Good girl,” said John, picking up the pace once more.

She groaned in ecstacy, too much in her own world of pleasure to feel any guilt whatsoever about the immense betrayal she’d just committed.

“God yes, John. My name is Amy and I’m dating a small-dicked guy named Kevin who can’t satisfy me,” she moaned, a bit shocked at what was coming out of her mouth.

“That’s fucking right that tiny-dicked wimp can’t satsify you,” growled John, fucking her harder and more animalistically now, “I’m going to turn you over now so that you can tell him even more clearly.”

He grabbed her and flipped her onto her stomach, slipping into her pussy again from behind and then railing her so that the entire bed slammed into the wall. It was a sound that Amy had heard many times from the other side of the wall, where she knew her boyfriend was listening.

He grabbed her hair and pulled her head up.

“Tell him,” he ordered, “tell him what you need.”

“I need John’s cock, honey,” she groaned, “I’m addicted to this big prick. He fucks me better than you would ever be able to.”

“Oh god, yes,” she continued, arching her back a bit as she felt the orgasm become inevitable, “ruin my tight little pussy with that big cock.”

“YES!!”

Her orgasm carried her away again, for what seemed like a full minute of absolute bliss, and when she returned to herself, John had pulled out and was turning her onto her back once more.

“Let’s do something fun,” he said, grabbing her phone, “unlock this for me.”

She grabbed it an input her code, fairly certain of what was coming next, or at least the general outline of what he had in mind.

“I’m going to coat that pretty face of yours with my cum,” he announced, stroking his oversize dick right above her face, “and I’m going to send a picture to your boyfriend.”

“Fuck yes,” she groaned, reaching up and playing with his balls, “show him what a woman will do for a guy with a real dick.”

“Here...it comes...,” moaned John, shooting rope after rope of cum from across her face and hair.

She closed her eyes at the last minute and didn’t dare open them. She heard the “click” of her camera phone.

“You look perfect,” said John, “like the perfect sizequeen whore.”

She scooped his cum up with her fingers and began to slowly eat it, putting on a show for him.

“Fuck this tastes so good,” she sighed, still basking in the considerable afterglow of the orgasm.

Finally she was able to open her eyes.

“I filmed all of that,” smiled John, “maybe we can watch it together with Kevin. When we tell him the truth about what you really are: a whore for big cocks. Just like every woman who tries one.”

Amy smiled at him.

“Only if you promise to fuck me while we watch it. I’m not sure if Kevin’s earned the privilege to see that yet. Maybe if he’s really lucky.”

“I guess you’re right,” said John, “we’ll have to wait and see.”

And so it was that Amy was able to admit her true nature, both to herself and –indirectly – to her boyfriend.

THE END

A Country Wife’s Hot Past

Life on the farm was tough sometimes for a girl like Maggie. She was used to the city life, and missed a lot of the amenities. There were the shopping malls just a subway ride away, the fun restaurants and bars and the people that went to them.

Maggie missed **those** people. The strangers in bars. The **men** to be exact.

Come to think of it, that was pretty much **all** Maggie missed about the city. The men. The string of different types of men, and all of the surprises that they held when she...got them behind closed doors.

Maggie hadn’t moved to the country for her health. Well, at least not for her *physical* health. Her *financial* health was another matter entirely. She’d been lucky enough to score a millionaire farmer in his 70s. He was old enough to be her grandpa, but also rich enough to be the president. Or almost, anyway. In any case, Maggie didn’t have to worry at all about money, and that felt great.

But there were some things that money couldn’t buy, and some itches that cash couldn’t scratch. Maggie felt an absence in her life, a hole of sorts that almost felt physical at times.

You see, before Maggie had become the wife of a formerly lifelong bachelor farmer, she’d been quite a promiscuous woman. A slut, even. Maggie hated that word if she was in a nonsexual situation, but the moment that her panties got wet, nothing seemed hotter.

Slut. Size queen. Whore.

Why not own those words, she said to herself, you were a *slut* in the past. There's nothing wrong with it, after all. Men get praised for scoring with lots of women, so what was so bad about a woman having sex with lots of guys?

If the question of her slutiness was still an open one, the question of her preferences was not. Maggie liked alpha males. Big, strong daddy types with big swinging dicks. Guys who knew how to keep girls like her in line. All of that was certainly the direct opposite of her geriatric husband Peter who, even in his prime, had always relied more on his money than his sexual prowess when it came to wooing women.

That's why when she saw their new farmhand, Dave, Maggie felt almost like she was in the city again. She immediately set her sights on getting him alone.

Dave was around 45, that is to say, a good deal older than Maggie. He had a weather-beaten face that made him look handsome and distinguished, but not as "distinguished" as her husband. He was good with the horses, which Maggie appreciated, because as beautiful as she found the creatures, she was in no way accustomed to caring for them.

There was something else that Maggie appreciates about Dave, though. Something that she found quite significant about his physique.

She'd spied on him a few times during hot days when he'd taken his shirt off down by the pond where swam to cool off. She'd watched him from a grove of trees and admired his chiseled abs and biceps. But those weren't the main attraction. Not at all. The main attraction was what swung between his legs one day when he thought he was all alone: his big, fat, long, heavy cock, which even in

its flaccid state outmeasured her husband's by several inches. Maggie always loved a show-er.

Oh, yeah. There was something else that Maggie had discovered about herself during her wild youth. She was what's known as a "size queen." She liked big cocks. Loved them in fact. A big dick would have her dropping to her knees instantly in a state of worship, while a small one would leave her indifferent, or even amused. Her husband Peter's dick fell into that last category. Not that he'd even be able to use it if it had been longer. She'd long grown sick of riding him gently once a week after he took his little blue pill. As outgoing as she was, she needed to give up control in bed. She craved it. She may have been a sizequeen, but she was submissive as well.

That's why it was so great to meet Dave, a guy whose dominance was readily apparent in his every interaction. Even though he was technically her subordinate, he oozed masculine authority in his every word and gesture.

Soon, it was as if she was obsessed by him. Every morning she'd get up early and go out into the balcony in her dressing gown so that she could watch him do his chores in the stables. Sometimes she even used binoculars, telling her husband that she was only birdwatching. The best times were during the summer when he'd go shirtless due to the heat.

It was during one of those long, sultry summer days that Maggie finally got a chance to make her move. Her husband went into town for his usual haircut, and she knew he'd be tied up in the barbershop and getting the oil in his truck changed for at least two hours. He always took his time when he went to town.

"Dave," she called out across the field, "why don't you come in and cool off with me for a moment?"

Dave approached the house slowly, as if coming inside had been his idea. God he looked great.

Maggie had made sure that she looked great, too. She was wearing her dressing gown, a sheer number with her bra and panties clearly visible under it. She'd done her makeup even though she wasn't dressed. She hoped that Dave would notice this and understand what she had in mind.

It didn't take a genius to know what she was up to. And Dave was no idiot.

"Ma'am," he said, taking her hand and then stepping just inside the house, "shouldn't you be wearing some clothes at this time of day?"

"The heat has been so terrible. I think there's something wrong with the air conditioning."

Dave smiled. He wasn't buying her story in the least.

"Do you know what I'd do if my wife met a man at the door in a gown like that wearing that much makeup and told him the air conditioning was broken?"

She returned his sly smile with one of her own.

"I think I'd like to find out."

"I'd give her a nice long spanking with one of her hairbrushes," he said, matter of factly.

"Well I guess you might be interested to know that I keep one of my favorites in the cabinet over there," she said, pointing out the drawer, "it's available if you'd like to go get it."

He smiled, “I’m going to have a seat in that chair over there. You will go to that cabinet, bring me the brush.”

“Oh really?”

“Only if you want to know exactly how I’d treat a woman like you.”

Maggie felt her panties soak through. She loved how authoritative he was. She needed this kind of treatment. She needed it so bad.

But even more than a spanking, she needed his big, thick cock. But it was clear she was going to have to earn it first. And that was a huge thrill.

She went over to the cabinet and removed her favorite hairbrush, a family heirloom made of polished mahogany. She looked at it for a moment, turning it over in her hand. She wondered if it had ever been used to warm her mother or grandmother’s backside. Something about that kind of old-fashioned discipline really appealed to her. Her husband could never provided it.

“Thank you,” said Dave, taking the brush from her and flicking some dirt from his trousers, “now get over my lap you little slut. You’re not fooling anyone with this innocent wife act.”

She tried to act surprised.

“I don’t know what you mean!”

But at the same time she was protesting verbally, she was obeying physically. She bent down over his lap, wiggling her ass seductively at him.

“Let’s get these out of the way,” he said, grabbing her panties in both hands and ripping them off of her bottom.

“Hey!” she protested, “those were my favorite pair. You sure are rough, Mr.”

“Your husband has enough money to buy you plenty more of those and you know it,” he laughed, “and I couldn’t help but notice that these are soaked through. Now what kind of woman gets this wet from being taken over the lap of the hired help?”

“Oh, I’m sure I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she protested, wiggling her now-bare ass at him, “I’m a very good wife.”

He ran the hairbrush over her buttocks, letting her feel the smooth wood.

“I’m going to enjoy showing you your place.”

“Well then why don’t you get started?” she asked, a note of challenge in her voice.

She soon regretted challenging him. He rained down a volley of blows on her poor, vulnerable buttocks, turning them both a light shade of pink and causing a pleasant burn to permeate her nether regions. Her pussy felt like it was on fire, but he didn’t give her any relief. If he had stopped to finger her even for a moment, Maggie would have certainly come.

But he was taking his time with her. Teasing her. He knew exactly what he was doing.

She cried out from each blow, less from the pain than from the delicious feeling of finally submitting to his strong masculine presence after so many weeks ogling him, and so many long months with a husband who simply couldn’t measure up. She knew that she

was only a few minutes away from the deep-dicking of a lifetime, and her body ached for it.

When he finally stopped punishing her, tears were running down her cheeks.

“I’ve learned my lesson,” she panted, “can I please show you what a good girl I’ll be from now on?”

“You certainly can,” he said, throwing the brush to the side and helping her to her knees in front of him.

She grabbed at his belt buckle, eager to finally experience what she’d been dreaming about for months.

“You’re one cock-hungry slut,” he laughed.

“Are you going to satisfy my hunger?”

“I sure do aim too, ma’am.”

She succeeded in unbuckling the belt and unzipping his fly. She licked his lips as he helped her lower his pants and underwear, finally revealing his erection in all its magnificent glory.

“Wow,” she said, awestruck.

“Big enough for you?”

He smiled.

“It’s just. I don’t know what to say,” she said, gripping his shaft and slowly rubbing the precum from the head onto its length.

“Have you ever had one this big?”

“I’ve been with hung guys before,” she said, “but you make even them look tiny.”

“Then there must really be no comparison to your husband.”

She laughed dismissively.

“Peter’s like four inches on a good day,” she said, “you’re more than twice that.”

“That’s right,” he said, running his hand through her hair, “but that’s enough talk for now. Why don’t you get that monster in your mouth. Get me nice and wet.”

She didn’t have to be told twice. She licked the shaft hungrily, lubing it as best she could while she used both hands to form a ring, jerking him up and down into her open mouth.

“Mm,” she said, looking up at him, “I can’t wait for you to break me with this big fucking dong.”

“You’ve got a very filthy mouth for such a pretty lady,” he laughed, “but what did I tell you about talking?”

He grabbed her head and pushed her down on his dick, controlling her now with both hands as he began to fuck her face.

Maggie put her arms behind her back, instinctively giving over control of the act to him. This was exactly what she’d been craving, what she’d been missing for so long being married to an older guy and stuck out here in the country. She wanted nothing more than to be used as his personal fucktoy for as long as he wanted to use her.

“This is a much better use for that pretty mouth,” he said as he pushed her even further down on his huge cock.

She couldn’t answer, but she happened to agree. Her punished backside was so deliciously sore. She’d never forget who was in charge when he was around.

He pulled out for a moment, letting her catch her breath.

“Look up at me,” he demanded.

She did so, a look of absolutely worship on her face. She felt herself entering a mental state that she could only describe as “cockdrunk.” It was a feeling that she’d experienced perhaps once or twice in her life up to that point, always with a dominant alpha male who knew how to show her her place.

Dave has managed to induce this state in her by fucking her face. God only knew what it would be like when he finally fucked her pussy.

He slapped her face with his erection, once across each cheek. God it felt so good submitting to a man who deserved it for once. A man nothing like her husband.

“What do you want, slut?”

“I want you to fuck me. Please.”

“Keep begging,” he laughed, slapping her again with his oversized dick.

“I want you to break me open with your big prick,” she pleaded, “I want you to ruin my tight pussy with that monster.”

“That’s more like it,” he grinned, “bend over and grab your ankles. You can do it. I’ve seen you do yoga.”

She didn't have to be asked twice. Shedding her robe, she stood up and bent down, grabbing her ankles and offering his big prick a perfect target.

"Ok," he said, guiding his cock to her pussy, "this is going to be a tight fit at first even though you're so wet. It might hurt."

"Yes, please," she purred, "I want you to hurt me with that big prick."

She loved how her was brushing up against her raw spanked ass as he worked his big prick between her folds and into the first few inches of her tight tunnel.

"This is a very tight pussy," he remarked, "I can tell it's been too long since you've had a proper dicking."

"Too fucking long," she sighed, "please put it in me. Fuck that pussy like you own it. Because you do."

"God you're such a slut," he growled, finally succeeding in penetrating her completely, "tell me how you need it."

"I need it fast, hard and deep," she urged, "give it to me good."

He began to fuck her hard, grabbing her hips for leverage as he slammed her down on his big prick.

She loved the sensation of his thighs slapping against her sore ass as his prick stretched her in ways she hadn't felt in years — if ever. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head up.

"Look out the window you little whore," he growled, "it looks like your husband's car is coming down the driveway. If you want me to stop fucking you I will."

“Don’t stop,” she pleaded, “I don’t care. I want him to see. I want him to see how I need to be fucked. How a real man fucks a woman.”

“Good girl,” he laughed, “let’s show him what you’ve been missing all these years.”

He moved to the couch and sat down, lowering her onto his prick as she straddled him. The first thing Peter would see when he came through the door would be his wife riding an absolutely gigantic cock, and having the time of her life doing it.

It serves him right, thought Maggie.

She bounced up and down on Dave’s dick, riding his slick pole with abandon as he pawed at her sore asscheeks, using them to guide her on his prick. He was slamming upward into her as well, pounding her so fast, hard and deep. Exactly what she needed.

She didn’t even hear the door open. All she knew was that right before she was about to reach orgasm, she became aware that her husband was standing next to her, a look of total shock on his face.

“Hi honey,” she moaned, breathless from the hard dicking she was receiving, “I’m so close. I’m going to come…”

“Come on this big fucking dick you cheating slut,” growled Dave, “show your husband what a whore he married.”

“Oh god,” she moaned, “oh fuck yes…”

Suddenly, her entire body tensed for a few moments, then experienced a slow-moving intense explosion of pleasure that left her shaking as she collapsed into Dave’s arms.

“Oh Dave. It’s so good. Yes. Fuck. Yes.”

The orgasm had almost robbed her of her speech. Slowly, however, she came to herself and realized that she owned her husband an explanation for the scene.

Dave beat her two it. He lifted her off of his dick slowly, pulling her onto his lap, where she turned and faced Peter.”

“Hello, Sir,” said Dave.

The older man simply nodded slowly, his eyes wide in wonder.

“I guess you’d like an explanation,” he continued.

“It’s simple, really,” Dave continued, “she met me at the door dressed like a total whore. So I had no use but to treat her like one. I think you can judge for yourself how much she enjoys it. She needs it.”

Her husband said nothing.

“Honey,” she said, “I’ve been meaning to talk to you. It’s not what it looks like, I can explain everything.”

He smiled meekly, as if he understood. She was a little surprised that he wasn’t furious. He seemed thoughtful. Maybe even a little eager.

“Look,” she said, “I’m sorry. You must have known for a long time that you weren’t really enough for me. I’ve had a lot of experience. And you can take the girl out of the city, but you can’t take the city out of the girl.”

He nodded.

“I needed something bigger, honey. And, as you can see, there’s just no way you can compete with this.”

She grabbed Dave’s cock which was still rock hard and hitting up next to her thighs. It was about the length of her forearm.

Then her eyes fell on her husband’s pants.

“Sweetie pie,” she said, “I think your little teenie weenie is all hard from watching your wife play with a big dick.”

He turned red, but nodded.

“Maybe you’d like to watch us continue? Poor Dave here hasn’t even come yet.”

Her husband nodded enthusiastically.

“Wonderful,” said Dave, “I have an idea. Let’s go upstairs to you bedroom. I think it’s only fair for your wife to be satisfied by me in the place where you’ve failed to do it so many times: your marriage bed.”

Her husband eagerly agreed, leading the way up the stairs. Dave picked up Maggie in his powerful arms as if she were his bride and he were carrying her across the threshold.

When they got into the bedroom, he threw her onto the bed, and was about to mount her, when Maggie stopped him for a moment.

“Are you sure this is ok, honey? We can talk about it if you want.”

He nodded, smiling as he took a seat in an armchair near the bed.

“Of course,” he said, “this is something I’ve wanted for you — for us — for a long time. Why do you think I hired to biggest-dicked farmhand I could find?”

“So you…planned this?”

“‘Fraid so, ma’am,” said Dave, smiling at her, “your husband knew you’d had a bit of a slutty past, and was looking around for someone to make you happy. He wanted you to really want it, though, and that’s why we let you make the first move.”

“Oh honey, you’re the best!” she exclaimed, jumping up and hugging him and giving him a peck on the cheek, “I love you. I just need more big dick in my life.”

“I know, sweetheart. And I want to help you get it. Now are you going to help this poor man come or what? He’s been waiting a long time to unload in your sweet young pussy.”

She smiled, absolutely overjoyed that her husband understood her inmost need.

“I want him to come inside me, honey.”

“Gladly,” said Dave.

Peter nodded, agreeing.

“I know you’ve been deprived of alpha cock for too long,” he said, “and I want to make it up to you now.”

“I’m not on birth control,” she reminded him.

“That’s ok,” he reassured her, “I want him to have you unprotected.”

“I want that too, honey,” she said, “so, so much!”

“Well then,” said Dave, stroking his angry-looking erection, “what are we waiting for?”

Dave kissed her forcefully, pushing her back onto the bed once more and spreading her legs, ready to mount her and shoot his potent seed deep inside her.

“Oh god,” moaned Maggie, “I’ve been waiting for this moment for so, so long.”

He smiled down at her, adjusting the angle of her hips as he prepared to penetrate her. Peter looked on, reaching into his pants now and stroking his cock.

Maggie bit her lip and looked first at her lover, then at her husband.

“I’m so glad you’re here to see this, honey,” she said, her eyes full of big cock-induced bliss, “your wife finally getting what she needs.”

“Ok,” she said, looking back up at Dave with a mischievous grin, “are you going to ruin that little pussy or what?”

Instead of answering, he pressed his cock into her, penetrating her with the first four inches or so. Already she was fuller than Peter had ever made her.

“Oh god,” she said, looking down at the gigantic cock ready to split her in two, “just look at it, Peter. Watch how it stretches my tight little pussy so much better than you could ever do…”

“Ugh,” she cried out as Dave succeeded in pushing himself into her from the hilt, “please just fuck me already.”

He pressed her legs back further to facilitate entry, then leaned down to give her a kiss.

“You too,” she said, calling Peter over and giving him a smooch, “I love you so much for helping make this happen, honey.”

“I love you too, sweetheart,” said Peter, taking hold of her hand, “I just want you to be happy. I think we can all benefit from this relationship.”

“If you don’t mind,” said Dave, clearly feeling impatient, “I’d like to fuck this slut now. My balls feel like they’re about to explode, Sir.”

“You’re in charge, of course,” said Peter, stepping back but still holding his wife’s hand.

“He definitely is,” grinned Maggie devilishly, playing with one of her nipples with her free hand, “please just fuck me.”

His first strokes were hard and deep. He was a man who knew how to show that he meant business when he fucked. Maggie gasped as the headboard of the bed slammed into the wall and sent incredible vibrations through her entire body.

“God yes,” she moaned, “give me that cock you fucking stud. Show my husband how a real man fucks.”

She looked at Peter and winked, knowing how much he would love her talking like that.

“Give me your cum,” she continued, “I need cum so bad.”

He grunted in exertion as he pounded her tiny pussy, causing Maggie to wail in pleasure.

“God yes,” she moaned, “I’m close again honey. Are you ready to watch your wife come on this young stud’s cock again?”

“Go ahead,” said Peter, stroking her hand lovingly, “come for us, sweetie. You look so beautiful when you do.”

“Oh god, oh god,” she panted, right on the edge of climax, “it feels so good honey. I need this big fucking cock.”

“Take it you little size queen whore,” growled Dave, his face determined as he pounded into her, slamming her hard into the mattress with long, powerful strokes, “You wanted a big cock and now you got it.”

“Fuck yes,” she squealed, “I’m coming!”

The entire world seemed to melt away as she came hard on Dave’s cock. Her pussy clenched down around him as if trying to pull his entire body inside hers. She bucked her hips involuntarily again and again. It felt like the orgasm would last forever. Finally, it was over.

Dave, however, was not yet finished.

“Come inside me,” she encouraged, looking up at him with a look of pure lust, “I’m totally unprotected. My pussy is yours to claim.”

“Do you want to see that, honey? Do you want to see another man claim your sweet, fertile wife? Do you want to watch him breed me? It’s only natural that a younger, stronger, big-dicked guy should be the one to knock me up,” she added, looking into Peter’s eyes and clenching his hand as Dave fucked her faster and faster.

“Oh god, sweetie. I know he has a big load saved up for me. Don’t you, you big stud? Do those big balls have a nice creamy load

to fill me?”

“Uhhh,” Dave exclaimed, grabbing both her thighs and thrusting forward, holding himself directly on her cervix as he sprayed it with more than a dozen shots of his thick cream.

“That’s it,” she encouraged, “Get it in there nice and deep. I need to be filled so, so bad.”

“Shit,” said Dave, “you have such a filthy mouth. I couldn’t hold out any longer.”

“Thank you so much,” she said, looking up at him, then pulling him in for a kiss with her free hand, “I feel so full now.”

“You should. That was the biggest load I think I’ve shot in my entire life.”

“Mmm,” she said, reaching up and grabbing his balls and giving him a sultry glance, “are you sure you don’t have any more in there for me? I really want to find out what you taste like. I think Peter might like to watch me eat your cum, too. Wouldn’t you, honey?”

“You know I just want to make you happy,” said Peter.

“Well,” said Dave, “I guess we know what we’re doing after lunch!”

She grinned. Finally her lust for big cocks had been satiated. At least temporarily. And with two guys like these in her life — her cuckold and her bull — Maggie didn’t miss the city anymore. She had everything she needed. Right there in the country.

The End

Ashley learns that Size Matters

"I'm telling you," said Kate, giggling a bit at the obscenity of what she was about to say, "size really does matter. If you'd ever been with a really big guy, you'd already know that."

Ashley blushed. This was the most intimate conversation she'd ever had with her new friend who she'd met only recently, in her sophomore year of college. Kate was nowhere near as shy about these topics as she was. That was because, unlike Ashley, Katie had been with numerous guys. She was always talking about a new one in fact.

Ashley had only been with one guy: Matt. And Matt was great. He was very good to her: sweet, romantic, thoughtful. She even lost her virginity to him. It hadn't been as awkward as she'd feared, but it hadn't been exactly fun either. In fact, sex with Matt was always a little disappointing, but that didn't really matter, did it? A relationship was built on something more than just physical compatibility.

"But…how big is big?" she asked, finally summoning the courage to ask.

"I'd say seven inches and above qualifies," laughed Kate, "but the guy I'm seeing now is even bigger than that."

Ashley's heart pounded at the thought. The idea of facing down a huge cock made her mouth go dry and her hands shake just a bit. It was so intimidating, but also so exciting.

She had to stop herself from thinking like this. It wasn't fair to Matt. There's nothing he could do about his cock size, after all. But how big – or small – was he even?

She couldn’t just get out a ruler in bed, right? Why was she so curious?

Kate got a worried look on her face.

“Don’t tell me that Matt is small…”

Ashley shrugged her shoulders.

“I don’t really have any means of comparison. He’s the only guy I’ve ever been with.”

“Ok,” said Kate, “here’s a banana. Show me what he looks like in comparison. Is he bigger or smaller?”

“Oh Kate,” said Ashley, blushing, “I feel bad talking about him like this.”

“It’s ok,” she assured her friend, “it’s just us girls. I won’t tell him, I promise. But it must be really small if you’re afraid of showing me.”

Ashley nodded and pointed to a place about halfway up the banana.

Kate laughed.

“Oh my god. Can you even feel that inside you?”

“Yes!” said Ashley defensively, “I mean, I’m pretty sure I can.”

“You’re pretty sure? Oh my god, you poor, poor girl.”

Kate was laughing now. Ashley was beet red and more than a little angry.

“I love Matt just the way he is and nothing’s going to change my mind,” she snapped.

“That’s exactly what I thought,” laughed Katie, “until the first time I was taken by a real man.”

Ashley thought it was a strange choice of words: taken.

“Taken?”

Her curiosity had overwhelmed her anger at the slight against her boyfriend.

“Yeah, most of these guys with big dicks are total alpha males. They fuck you long and hard and give you multiple orgasms. The thing is, they usually do it for their own pleasure, but in the process you end up coming over and over again. The guy I’m with now, Carl, actually specializes in turning girls into sizequeens.”

“What’s a sizequeen?” asked Ashley, confused.

“Ha ha, you’ve never watched Sex and the City?”

She shook her head.

“A sizequeen is a woman who loves large cocks. The bigger the better. Carl claims that actually all women are sizequeens. Some of them just don’t know it yet.”

Ashley gulped. Could it be true about her, too? She tried to resist the feeling that was rising in her gut: a strange mixture of arousal, intimidation, shame and pure animal lust.

“So how does he…’turn them’?”

“He just fucks them so good that they’re forced to admit that his cock is superior to their boyfriend’s,” laughed Kate, “I’ve listened to it happen before. You can’t understand how correct he is about all women being sizequeens until you hear some sweet little thing moaning like a slut and calling him ‘Daddy’ while he pounds her poor little pussy into submission.”

Ashley flushed red.

“It looks to me like you might enjoy that kind of treatment yourself,” chuckled Kate, “Don’t worry —I don’t mind sharing. I wouldn’t be with him if I did. And he’s very discreet. There are lots of girls with boyfriends who he sees regularly. It’s almost like he has a rotating harem. A harem of sizequeen sluts!”

“No,” said Ashley, shaking her head shyly, “that’s not really something I’m interested in. I could never cheat.”

“Carl has a philosophy that I follow too,” said Kate, “it’s not really cheating if your boyfriend’s cock is less than six inches. Because if it’s less than six inches, you’re fucking a boy, not a man. And every girl deserves to be fucked by a man.”

Ashley thought for a while and looked at the banana.

Kate followed her gaze.

“Carl is nine inches when he’s fully erect,” she said, “next time you’re in bed with sweet little Matt, see if he’ll let you measure him. Then you’ll get an idea of what you’re missing.”

She winked and stood, “sorry, I’ve gotta go meet Carl now. I’ll text you about when to come over tomorrow for our group project.”

“Ok,” said Ashley, “see you tomorrow!”

That night, Matt came over. They were supposed to study together, but Ashley wasn't in the mood. Neither was Matt.

Soon, they were on her bed making out. Ashley was really aroused after the conversation she'd had with Kate. She also wanted to prove to herself that Matt was more than enough for her. She moaned softly as he kissed down her neck slowly. He always waited for her to escalate things. He never just tore her clothes off or started pawing her. Ashley appreciated that. It was very gentlemanly.

But something inside her that had been awakened by her conversation with Kate caused her to wonder if that was what she really wanted. She decided to do an experiment.

After they'd made out for a few minutes, she'd taken the lead by putting his hands on her breasts and then unzipping his pants. She took his cock out and played with it, feeling how hard it was in her hands.

"Hey," she said, smiling at him mischievously, "have you ever… you know…measured it?"

He blushed, "I guess I'd be lying if I said I hadn't."

"That's what I thought," she laughed, "I think all guys have measured at least once. Let's see how turned on I can make you. I'll measure you, then blow you for a while and we'll see if I can make it even bigger."

Matt seemed both concerned and aroused.

"I like the idea of you blowing me, but you always said that bigger isn't better, right?"

"Oh of course," said Ashley, "I was just having a conversation about that with Kate. I told her that size really doesn't matter to me.

Or to most women."

"That's good," he said, "Ok, go ahead."

Ashley giggled and opened a drawer on her desk. She pulled out a ruler and pressed it to her boyfriend's pubic bone.

"Ok," she said, "it looks like you're at about 4 ½ inches, big boy."

"It's not that big," he stammered, "but you still like it, right?"

"Of course," she assured him, "but let's see if we can make it even bigger!"

He sighed as she took him into her mouth. It was a bit like sucking on a finger, she thought. Even though it was her mouth and not her pussy, she couldn't help but feel a bit unfulfilled.

It was clear that Matt was enjoying her efforts, however.

"Oh yes, Ashley," he moaned, bucking his hips up towards her mouth.

"Don't come yet!" she laughed, "we have to measure you again!"

"Ok," he said, "do it quickly because you've got me so close to coming."

She measured him again.

"4.6," she said, "I made you grow by 0.1 inches, just by sucking. That's pretty amazing!"

She did her best to pretend to be excited about this number, which she now understood was unimpressive.

She smiled up at her boyfriend, jerking his small cock next to her face as she urged him on.

“Come for me,” she said in her most seductive voice.

He groaned and shot his load all over her hands and his own chest. She couldn’t help but be a little disappointed at how little cum there was. He’d probably been jacking off again.

A few minutes later, he brought her to a small orgasm using his fingers. Even though she had come, Ashley couldn’t help but feel unsatisfied. Her mind kept wandering to that banana, and the ruler…

“10 tomorrow,” said the text message from Kate.

That’s when they would meet to discuss the group project.

—-

The next morning at 10, Ashley buzzed Kate’s apartment. The door opened without Kate saying anything on the intercom. A few minutes later, Ashley was on the doorstep, knocking at the door. She was shocked to find Carl, Kate’s big-dicked boyfriend, whose only job seemed to be convincing women that bigger was better.

She was clearly flustered as she shook his hand.

“Sorry if you’re surprised to see me,” he said, “Kate had to step out for a few minutes unexpectedly. She told me to make sure that all your needs are taken care of before she gets back.”

A delicious shiver went down Ashely’s spine at this turn of phrase. All of her “needs?” That clearly had to be an innuendo.

Carl was tall, dark-haired and remarkably handsome. He was also about ten years older than Ashley. All of this alone would have been enough to set her heart aflutter under normal circumstances, but combined with his reputation, Ashley was positively on fire with anticipation. Why was Kate gone? Had she told Carl about their conversation? Was he going to try to “convert” her?

Ashley didn’t know what was worse: the idea that he would try to get her to cheat or that he wouldn’t.

“Come on in,” he said, “Kate said to wait in her room. Let me take your coat first. And can I get you anything to drink?”

Ashley blushed.

“No thanks,” she said, trying not to meet the hot, hung older man’s gaze.

Just then, she got a text from Kate.

“Go into my room and look on the computer. There’s a surprise for you there.”

She walked down the hallway and into Kate’s room. She closed the door behind her and sat at the computer desk. There, as promised, was a note in Kate’s handwriting.

“Dear Ashley,” it began, “use the headphones on the computer to watch the video and see what you’ve been missing.”

Ashley gulped and felt her palms begin to sweat and her knees grow weak. Her heart pounded as she clicked on the play button on the computer.

She almost forgot to put her headphones on.

At first she couldn't tell what she was seeing. Then she realized that she was watching a video made in the very bedroom where she was sitting. A pretty young woman sat on the edge of the bed, waiting anxiously. It wasn't Kate, but Ashley recognized her as Nadine, a smart, nerdy type of girl who had been in a few of her classes last semester. Like Ashley, Nadine had a serious boyfriend. So what was she doing there?

A few seconds later, the door opened and Carl walked in. He said something to Nadine that Ashley couldn't quite hear. Nadine reacted immediately, nodding her head and looking up at him with an expression that seemed like concern. Then she stood up and bent over the bed, looking almost directly into the camera.

"I'm sorry, Sir," she said, "please punish me with your big cock."

Ashley flushed in embarrassment. She'd never imagined that Nadine could be so…slutty. She had to admit at the same time that this little roleplay was making her wet. Carl was so commanding and masculine. It was only natural for a younger woman to call him "Sir."

She watched as Carl began to spank Nadine, first with his open hand, then with a belt. The young woman's face began to contort in a mixture of pleasure and pain.

"Please spank me, Sir," she moaned, "make me your good little girl."

Ashley was wet. Her hands were trembling and her panties were totally soaked. What was she going to do? She had to leave.

But she was rooted to the spot.

She knew what she wanted to see. What she needed to see.

His cock.

Finally, after Nadine had been reduced to tears and was begging for a taste of “Sir’s” dick, Ashley finally saw it. She watched as Carl slowly unzipped his fly and then took down his boxer shorts. She couldn’t help but gasp as it sprang free.

“Oh my god,” she said out loud, forgetting she was alone.

She was transfixed by the sight on the screen. The sight of Carl’s large, veiny cock that seemed to have a personality all its own.

She felt her pussy start to throb as she watched Nadine start to pleasure his huge member, trying in vain to wrap both hands around it as she pumped it in and out of her mouth.

“Umph gmph gmph,” she moaned, choking on his cock as she tried to take him deeper.

“Such a good little slut,” growled Carl as he reached down to spank her ass while she sucked him.

God damn it. Ashley wanted this. She wanted it so bad. She decided right then and there that she would find out what a big cock felt like, her boyfriend be damned. Besides, he’s never have to find out. If Carl was really as discreet as he said he was, there was nothing to worry about. It would be almost as if it had never happened.

On the video, Carl was slapping his enormous erection across Nadine’s face, telling her that she was his dirty little slut.

I’m real life, Ashley had her hands between her legs, hiking up the tartan skirt she was wearing in order to push her panties aside and play with her clit. She could no longer stand just watching this girl please a gigantic cock and simply had to touch herself.

“Looks like you’re enjoying yourself,” said Kate, who was suddenly standing beside her, “so what do you think? Want to try it? I’m here to help so you won’t get nervous.”

Ashley was so aroused that the embarrassment of the situation didn’t register. She merely nodded.

“That’s great. Don’t worry,” said Kate, “he’s good at taking control. He’s going to make us both feel incredible. But just in case, the safeword is ‘yellow’ if you want him to slow down, and ‘red’ to stop. If you can’t talk, just tap his leg three times.”

Ashley bit her lip when Kate mentioned not being able to talk. She knew there was only one reason that that might happen...

Ashley nodded to signify that she understood the ground rules.

“And don’t worry,” said Kate, “this is just our little secret. At least for now.”

“For now?” Ashley was confused.

“Well, let’s just say that a lot of girls end up telling their boyfriends about how much fun they’ve had with a big cock. It’s sort of a side effect of becoming a sizequeen.”

“I don’t think...”

“They never do, honey,” said Kate, laughing, “until they experience the power of a big cock for themselves. Let’s get you ready for Carl.”

She looked Ashley up and down.

“Very nice skirt. He loves the schoolgirl look,” she said, noting her friend’s plaid skirt, “take your shoes off and lay down on the bed

there."

Ashley did as she was told.

"Now let's put your hair up in pigtails. Carl is a big fan of those."

Ashley nodded. Kate went to a drawer and got out two rubber hair bands and secured her friends hair into a pair of pigtails.

"Beautiful. You look so sweet and innocent. Ready to be absolutely ruined by a huge cock. This is going to be so much fun!!! I'm really excited for you," she exclaimed, almost giddy with excitement.

"I'm a little nervous," confessed Ashley, "I've never done anything like this before. I've only every been with one guy."

"There's no reason to be nervous," Kate reassured her, "he's broken in dozens of girls exactly like you. And even though he can get rough at times, it's all in the spirit of fun and pleasure."

Ashley nodded, folding her legs up under her as she lay on the bed.

"Uh-uh," scolded Kate, "spread those legs for me, honey. Keep your skirt on, though. I have the perfect way to get you to relax. But first, I'm going to tell Carl that we're ready for him."

Ashley spread her legs apart on the bed, very self-conscious about exposing herself like this to her friend, but also so horny that she didn't care enough to protest.

"Very good," said Kate, opening the door and calling for Carl.

"He'll be here in a minute," said Kate, shutting the door and turning back towards her friend, "in the meantime, let me help you

get ready."

She climbed onto the bed and knelt down, giving Ashley a sly grin as she prostrated herself between Ashley's legs.

"Just relax," she said, "if you're not comfortable with a girl doing this, you can pretend I'm your small-dicked boyfriend. What was his name?"

Ashley couldn't answer. She drew in her breath sharply as Kate gently pushed her panties aside and inserted a finger into her warm, wet folds.

"I've got to make sure you're as aroused as possible or he's never going to fit," she explained, bending down to kiss her friend on the labia, "and besides, this will be fun for both of us."

Ashley nodded and gasped again as Kate began to lick and tease her clit while slowly working a finger in and out of her tight tunnel. She'd never even thought about the idea of being with a girl, but the sensations that Kate caused to course through her body muted any kind of protests that she possibly could have made. The feeling of her tongue, lips and fingers was absolutely incredible. Ashley closed her eyes and put her hands above her head where she grabbed the bedsheets as she gave herself over to Kate's talented caresses.

Soon, moans of feminine pleasure filled the room. They came not only from Ashely, who was bucking her hips up to meet Kate's mouth as the tempo of her efforts increased, but also from Kate, who moaned into the other woman's cunt as she pleasured it, sending delicious vibrations throughout her entire body.

"Fuck yes," moaned Ashley, "I've never...been with a girl… but this is… incredible..."

“Mmmm,” moaned Kate, directly into her clit, “mmm...”

Then she paused for a moment, removing her lips.

“But if you think this is good, wait until you feel what Carl’s dick can do.”

“I want it so, so bad…,” moaned Ashley, her eyes still closed, “I want to be filled with cock...”

“Your wish is my command.”

A low male voice startled her out of her reverie. It was Carl.

“Oh fuck,” exclaimed Ashley, “I didn’t know you’d come in.”

She blushed and averted her eyes after glancing at him briefly.

“I’m here,” he said, stroking her hair as his girlfriend continued to lick her clit, “and I’m ready to break in that cute, pink little pussy.”

“Oh God,” moaned Ashley, “I want that so bad.”

She looked down at Kate, blushing. Kate paused and pulled away from her, sitting back on her haunches and giving Carl, who was standing next to the bed, a long kiss.

“How do you want to take her, honey?” she asked him.

“I like her just like this,” said Carl, “on her back, with her legs spread. Panties on.”

“Yes sir,” replied Kate, who hopped off of the bed to make room for Carl, “would you like me to help you at all?”

“I think it would be nice if you would hold her arms down while I push inside her for the first time. It might make her feel more secure. What do you think about that, Ashley?”

“I’d...I think I’d like that,” stammered Ashley, her cunt absolutely ablaze in anticipation of the orgasm which Kate had so expertly brought her to the brink of.

“Good,” he said, “then let’s do it.”

“Oooh, this is going to be so fun!” squealed Kate, moving forward to hold her friend’s wrists to the bed while her boyfriend began to mount her, “I just love watching you break in innocent girls with your big fucking dick.”

Ashley smiled up at her friend, trying to wipe the look of worry off her face. She was extremely aroused and wet, her cunt absolutely aching to be penetrated by Carl’s huge cock, but she was also more than a little concerned about just how it would feel to have her insides stretched by his monster.

“It’s ok,” reassured her friend, “he’s going to be gentle. At least at first. Right, Carl?”

“That’s right, babe,” he said, putting his cockhead at the entrance to Ashley’s wet, eager young pussy, “but I’m going to give this little cunt a workout after that. That’s what you want, isn’t it? To really understand what it’s like to be with an alpha?”

“Yes sir,” whispered Ashley, looking up with watery eyes.

“Go ahead and watch it go in,” urged Kate, “it’s an amazing sight. That thing is as long as your arm and it’s about to disappear inside you.”

Ashley looked down and gasped in surprise. She had seen his cock on video before, but nothing could prepare her for the reality of watching this monster dong prepare to penetrate her. She felt like she was losing her virginity.

No, it was even better (and worse) than that, because she'd barely been able to feel her 4-inch boyfriend the first time he'd fucked her. (Ok, her 4.6-inch boyfriend. But these minor distinctions barely made a difference now that a cock as long as her arm and as big around as her wrist was being forced inside her).

"Go slow, please," she moaned.

"As if I have any other choice," laughed Carl, "you have one tight little pussy."

"Mmm," said Kate, licking her lips at the sight, "you look so good in that cute little schoolgirl skirt with your legs spread for my boyfriend's big fat cock. What would Matt think if he saw you like this?"

Ashley blushed, but didn't respond.

"It's ok," she continued, as Carl pushed the tip of his head past her resistance and coaxed a soft moan from Ashley's lips, "he'd think his sweet little innocent girlfriend was a total slut. And you know what? He'd be right."

"Oh God," was all Ashley could answer.

She closed her eyes and bit her bottom lip as Carl pushed himself even further inside her. Unlike with Matt, she could feel every single millimeter of his delicious rod as it slid into her, bit by wonderful bit.

“Oh God,” she moaned again, “it’s so big. I can’t believe how big it is.”

“Does it feel good, baby?” asked Carl, his hands resting on her thighs to ensure that she was stretched as wide as possible for him.

“Fuck yes,” she moaned, “I need more of it. Please give me the whole thing,” she cried, “please fill me up.”

“Now that’s what I like to hear,” said Kate, reaching down and tweaking one of her friend’s nipples, “a girl who knows what she wants.”

“Fuck yes,” groaned Carl, finally bottoming out in her sweet, tight tunnel, “you love this big dick, don’t you, you little bitch?”

“Ugh,” moaned Ashley, “I love it. Please give me your cock, Carl.”

“Yes,” urged Kate, “break that tight little pussy. I want to watch you ruin her.”

Carl grinned and began to fuck her hard. Ashely barely had time to react or adjust to the waves of overwhelming pleasure that began to surge through her tight young body.

“Oh god,” she cried, almost shrieking in pleasure, “it’s so big. It’s so amazing...”

“Is it as good as you thought?” asked Kate, holding her in place as Carl rammed his entire length into her greedy cunt.

“It’s better. Oh fuck. Oh fuck oh fuck,” moaned Ashley, “I’m going to come.”

“Yes you little slut,” growled Carl, “come on this fucking prick. This is just what girls like you need. You’re never going to even be able to feel your small little boyfriend again when I’m done with you.”

I never could feel him to begin with, Ashley thought to herself, but was too caught up in the oncoming orgasm to verbalize that thought.

“I think she’s coming, honey,” cooed Kate, “she looks so cute...”

Carl didn’t let up in the slightest as Ashley grabbed him with her legs, hungrily pulling his gigantic dick into her as she tensed down on it with her pussy lips.

“God yes!” she cried, “oh fuck, I love fucking this big dick...”

Her orgasm caused her to leave her body for a moment – at least that’s what it felt like.

“My god,” she said, when she had finally recovered, “that was incredible.”

“Had enough?” teased Kate, smiling down at her.

“Fuck no. I need more.”

“I knew she’d say that,” said Carl, “I want to fuck this little whore from behind. That way I can really give it to her.”

“Yes sir,” said Kate, helping Ashley get into position, “how can I help?”

“I want you to spank her with the paddle while I ruin her tight little pussy. We’re going to punish her for being a cheating little sizequeen slut, and send her back to her boyfriend with a red ass and a cunt full of cum.”

“Oh fuck,” moaned Ashley, who had always wanted to be spanked during sex.

She was a little worried about how much the paddle might hurt, but another part of her didn’t care at all. All she wanted was more of that huge fucking dick breaking her tight little pussy.

A moment later she was bent over the bed.

“Give her a couple of spanks first so that the slut knows we mean business,” ordered Carl.

“Yes, sir,” said Kate.

Ashley closed her eyes and grabbed the bedsheets as Kate brought the wooden paddle down hard across her ass.

“Ooowww,” she moaned, “that hurt.”

“Good, that’s the idea,” laughed Kate, “but you remember the safeword, right?”

“Yes,” panted Ashley, tears coming to her eyes, “please keep punishing me.”

“Give her one more,” said Carl, “then I’m going to fill that little schoolgirl cunt.”

WHACK! WHACK!

Ashley cried out in surprise as Kate disobeyed Carl’s orders and spanked her not once, but twice.

“Fuck that ass looks good,” laughed Kate, “have fun destroying her cunt again from another angle.”

“I aim to,” said Carl, pushing his gigantic prick into Ashley.

“Oh god,” she moaned.

The sensation of the spanking caused a warm glow to suffuse her entire backside which blended perfectly with the sensation of Carl’s enormous member pushing its way into her swollen cunt.

“I love to watch you violate her like that,” whispered Kate, “I hope you’ll let me be next.”

“Only if you’re lucky,” he laughed, grabbing a handful of Ashley’s hair and pulling her head back.

“Look at yourself,” he ordered, “look in the mirror and tell me what you see.”

Ashley opened her eyes and saw herself bent over the bed, Carl’s shirtless torso and gruff face, concentrating hard on giving her the fucking of a lifetime.

“I see you fucking me,” she moaned.

Carl nodded to Kate, who smacked her ass with the paddle once more.

“No, you see a slut cheating on her small-dicked boyfriend.”

“Oh fuck,” moaned Ashley, both from the pain of the spank and the pleasure of Carl’s long but rapid strokes.

“Tell me what you are, Ashley,” he ordered, slamming his prick into her mercilessly.

“I’m … I’m… just...”

WHACK!

“Tell him you’re a slut. A cheating slut who loves big cock,” ordered Kate, brandishing the paddle once more.

“I’m a… oohh...I can’t say it...”

WHACK! WHACK!

Kate spanked her even harder as Carl began to absolutely slam her into the bed. Her entire cunt was on fire and she felt herself on the edge of another immensely powerful orgasm.

“Ok,” she groaned, “I’m a slut. I’m a cheating slut...”

WHACK! WHACK!

“And?”

“I...oh my God…,” Ashley felt her entire body tense.

The feeling of taking such a long and sustained pounding had almost caused her to lose her mind.

“Oh god,” she groaned, “I’m a cheating slut who loves big cock. I can never go back to my small-dicked boyfriend.”

“That’s it,” urged Kate, “keep going. Just let all of those feelings out and come on Carl’s nine-inch prick. Just keep telling us how you feel.”

“Matt’s cock will never satisfy me,” she stammered, surprised at what was spilling out of her mouth, “he can’t give me what I need.”

“That’s right you little sizequeen slut. All women love it big,” laughed Carl, reaching down and slapping her ass with his hand.

“It’s true,” screamed Ashley, so close to coming, “I will never be able to come again without a big dick inside me… please fill me...I need your cum so bad Carl. Claim me with your seed. My pussy is all yours now...”

“Oh fuck,” moaned Carl, “this little bitch has a seriously filthy mouth. It’s always the innocent-looking ones, isn’t it?”

He smiled and started fucking her with several short, shallow strokes followed by several more deep ones.

“Oh god,” he groaned, “it’s time to give this little whore what she wants.”

Ashley felt a flood of semen spurt against her cervix just as she reached heights of bliss she’d never felt possible. His cock had found places inside of her – both physically and psychologically – that she had never known existed. She could never go back to the way she was before. She could tell that even as she felt her entire body contract and her cunt flex around his member, greedily milking it for every last drop of the magical liquid that drained from his heavy balls.

“That was...” she moaned, falling forward onto the bed in a heap, “the most… incredible...”

“Open up, slut,” said Carl, smiling as he dangled his dick in front of her face, “I need you to clean me up.”

“I want to help!” pouted Kate.

“I guess I can’t say no to that,” he grinned.

Ashley felt like she was under his spell now. Her punished cunt still filled with his seed, she dropped to her knees next to Kate and looked up at him in worship.

“This is how guys like Carl deserve to be treated,” said Kate, stroking his dick while she looked up at him, “and guys like Matt...well...”

“They don’t even deserve to watch,” laughed Ashley.

“Now you’re learning something,” laughed Kate, taking the first few inches of his beautiful fuckstick into her luscious lips.

Ashley immediately buried her face in his balls, sucking and licking them as her friend worked his rod. She would have never done this for Matt, but this was something different. It felt so natural. So perfect.

“Your turn,” said Kate, coming up for air, “I want you to feel what it’s like to suck a real man’s cock.”

Ashley opened wide and eagerly devoured as much of his cock as she could possibly fit in her petite mouth. As she was doing this, Kate’s head had disappeared somewhere below her, licking his balls.

Carl grabbed Ashley’s pigtails and began to use them as handles to fuck her face.

“I think she should come clean to her boyfriend and tell him the truth,” he laughed, “what do you think? Would he like the idea of his cute little innocent girlfriend on her knees worshiping a big fucking dick?”

“Mmm,” said Kate, coming up for air, “I think he might. He’d know that he’d never be able to satisfy her the way you can. And that’s ok. It’s only natural.”

“Fuck yes,” said Carl, fucking Ashley’s face so hard now that slurping sounds filled the room, “I’m going to coat her cute little face. I want you to lick it all up.”

“Mmm,” moaned Ashley, nothing else on her mind but pleasing the dominant, hung man who she knelt in front of.

A second later, he pulled his cock out and Kate grabbed it, stroking it right in front of her young friend’s face. Ashley closed her eyes as shot after shot of warm hot semen sprayed onto her skin.

What would have been degrading if done by another man felt wonderful done by Carl.

“That’s it, honey,” said Kate, “claim her. I’m going to take a picture. Is that ok, Ashley?”

“Yes,” she said, swallowing some of the cum that coated her lips inadvertently as she did so.

“Good.”

She heard that click of a camera phone.

“That’s a good shot,” Kate said, “I even got Carl’s cock in it too, for good measure.”

“Perfect,” laughed Ashley.

“Clean her up now,” ordered Carl.

“With pleasure,” said Kate, who began to compete with Ashley for the warm sticky cum that coated her face.

Ashley had never thought that cum could taste so good. After it was gone from her face, she and Kate kissed passionately for a few

minutes, savoring the sweet and salty aftertaste.

“I love his taste,” said Kate.

“So do I,” laughed Ashley.

“You’ve earned it,” said Carl, “you both did a very good job. Thank you.”

“No, thank both of you,” said Ashley, looking up at him in adoration, then turning to Kate, “for teaching me in the best way possible that size truly matters.”

“Our pleasure,” said Carl.

“Mmm-hmm,” agreed Kate.

She left the room for a moment, then came back with a stack of towels.

“Let’s get cleaned up,” she said, “then you can go home to Matt. I think you have a lot of thinking to do. Maybe you’ll even show him that picture we took...”

“Maybe…,” said Ashley.

A lot of new, confusing feelings were coursing through her now that she had a moment to think. What exactly would she tell Matt, if anything?

No matter. For now, all she wanted one more shot at pleasing Carl’s big cock. And in the shower, she got it…

The End

Measuring up to her Ex

Chapter 1: The Beginning

"Yes. Ok? Are you finally satisfied?"

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

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

"So which guy was it. James?"

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

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

"Just how much bigger was he?"

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

"He must have been pretty big, then."

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

Jessica folded her arms defensively.

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

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

"It turns me on, ok?"

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

He laughed casually.

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

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

"If you want to."

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

“Just how much bigger?” he insisted.

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

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

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

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

“Oh? Is it someone interesting?”

“You might say that,” he said, slyly.

“Ok, why the suspense? Do I know him.”

He nodded slowly.

“You know him very well.”

She looked at him blankly.

“You’re intimately acquainted with him to be precise.”

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

“James.”

“James who?”

“James Haverford.”

“You’re kidding. That James?”

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

“I want to have him over for dinner. He knows we’re married.”

“What? Absolutely not!”

Jessica was blushing.

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

“I don’t know, Mike...”

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

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

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

She paused for a long time.

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh yeah, of course. We can make tacos. That’s always a crowd-pleaser.”

Chapter 2: Escalation

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

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

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

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

Jessica went to the loveseat in their bedroom, just a few feet away from where her husband slept, then squirted some of the lube onto the enormous dildo. She stroked it up and down, ensuring that the entire shaft was covered. She felt herself getting even wetter, imagining it was James' cock, and he was about to take her. There was something unsatisfying about a piece of rubber standing in for

the real flesh she craved, but it was all she had, so it would have to do for the time being.

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

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

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

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

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

Finally, she was fucking herself with the full length of the dildo, the molded plastic balls of the dildo colliding with her taint. She paused for a moment from time to time to enjoy the sensation of the well-lubed balls of the dildo rubbing against her asshole. She'd never done anal before, with James or anyone else, and she'd never really thought about it one way or another, until now. It was as if she was experiencing some kind of sexual awakening, one that had been occasioned only by the pure fantasy of fucking James again. But

now he was coming to dinner...soon. Why did the idea excite her so much?

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

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

"Were you thinking about James, honey?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mike smiled as well.

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

Chapter 3: The Encounter

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

"That means –," said Jessica.

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

Jessica blushed.

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

"Right," said Mike.

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

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

Ding-dong.

She gulped as she heard Mike go to the door.

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

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

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

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

She blushed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“So you’re totally sober?”

Jessica was surprised.

“Yeah. For almost 15 years now.”

“Well then,” she said, “I guess I’ll put away the wine glasses.”

“Oh no -,” he said, “I don’t mind at all if you and Mike want to.”

“No,” she said decisively, “I’ll get out the sparkling water.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Only by three years."

"Isn't that enough?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She couldn’t walk now, with her panties around her thighs. She didn’t need to, though, because he simply lifted her in his powerful arms and bent her over the kitchen table, where not fifteen minutes ago they’d engaged in polite, yet awkward conversation with her husband.

“I know you’ve missed this,” he growled as he unzipped his pants.

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

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

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

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

“Please, James. Put it inside me.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fuck no,” she groaned, “I need a big cock. I understand that not. Fuck me, James. Hurt me with that big prick, please. I want you to do anything you want.”

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

unrelenting rhythm.

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

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

“God yes. I’m a fucking size queen, and I love cheating with a big cock.”

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

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

“It’s not,” she groaned, “I need it big. I understand.”

“Tell him. Tell him he’s not enough for you.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She climaxed at the exact same moment, having the strongest orgasm she could remember having in the past decade. It was as if her entire body were involved instead of just a few single parts of

her. She remembered what it felt like to be really and truly fucked. To be made love to. What it really felt like to be with a man, not a boy.

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

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

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

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

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

“Wow, have you actually gotten bigger?”

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

“Just how big is it, actually?”

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

“I think we should measure. Don’t you, Mike?”

Mike nodded eagerly.

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

Chapter 4: Measuring up

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“God, Mike,” she said, “I swear it’s even bigger than I remembered.”

Mike nodded eagerly, stroking his cock from the couch.

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

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

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

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

“You love this cock,” he groaned, “just admit it.”

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

“You’re doing a great job.”

He reached down and cupped her ass with one hand.

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

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

“How long has it been since you’ve been spanked. I mean really spanked by a real man.”

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

He clicked his tongue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He was all too happy to oblige. The first few spanks were gentle, almost firm touches, really, but his rhythm became more regular and the blows harder so gradually that she couldn’t have said herself where the transition between playful slapping and full-blown

open-hand smacks had occurred. All she knew was that being taken in hand like this drove her wild in a way that nothing in the many years of her marriage to Mike ever had. The more her punished her, the more intent she was on pleasing him. The more often his hand fell across her ass and pussy lips, the more her ache to be filled with his cock intensified.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Let’s start with little Mikey’s,” she said, knowing that her husband would enjoy the humiliating nickname.

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

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

Reading the mark on the ruler, she said, “it looks like you’re about 4.6 inches, honey!”

“Four point six,” mumbled Mike, his eyes transfixed by James’ monster dong.

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

She let out a low whistle.

“8.57 inches. You’re almost twice as long as my husband.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

now?”

“Are you wet enough? I want you to taste yourself.”

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

“I’m so ready for you, James,” she said, “please, please let me ride it.”

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

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

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

“Oh God...”

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

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

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

“You want me to fill that little cunt?”

“Please. Please,” she wailed, riding him harder.

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

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

“God that’s hot,” he panted.

“Looks like you won’t be giving her a baby tonight,” laughed Mike.

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

“God yes,” gasped James, “I’m so close...”

She began to ride him faster, moaning his name.

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

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

“Oh God,” moaned James, “here it comes...”

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

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

“Just give me a quick break,” he laughed, “then we’ll try again.”

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

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

“I’m so glad you’re back, James.”

James nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

“Just some water,” said James.

“For me, too,” said Jessica.

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

THE END

Watching his Wife

Tim’s adrenaline was pumping as he pulled up to the hotel. He checked his watch. It wasn’t quite time yet. But it soon would be. Soon it would be time for him to witness something that he’d been dreaming about for a long time: his wife was going to cheat on him with another man.

Well, was it really “cheating”? Yes and no. Yes in the sense that she was involved both mentally and physically with a man outside their marriage. No in the sense that they had discussed it together, and decided that the best thing they could do was to have Tim there to watch – when both he and everyone else felt prepared.

Tim had felt prepared earlier that day, when he’d come home from work and picked up the babysitter who’d be watching their son during the “big night.” Now he wasn’t so sure.

As he checked his watch again (only to see that there were still five whole minutes to go before he would be allowed to go inside), he thought back to how it had all begun.

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The first few years of his marriage to Cynthia had been happy. They'd done a lot of fun things together, built their careers, and had their first child. After Cynthia gave birth, she'd been a little self-conscious about her body. Their sex life had become a little more inhibited. The lights were out more often than they were on, and no matter how many times he told her it was ok and actually turned him on, Cynthia didn't want him to see her naked.

Things began to change, however, after she started going to the gym regularly. After a few months, she was not only back to her original, pre-baby weight. She looked even better than before! Her tummy was flat and toned, and her breasts and hips took on new, even sexier curves. She had transformed from a typical suburban housewife into what he could have only called a MILF.

The probably was, while he still wanted to fuck her, she didn't want to fuck him. He tried hinting around about it, but she found ways to avoid the subject. But finally, one night after they'd been drinking at a party, things came to a head.

"Do you want to know the truth about why I don't want to have sex anymore?" she asked, point blank.

"Yes," he said, "I do want to know."

"I'm not sure if you're ready to handle it," she said, laughing to herself, "and besides, I don't want to hurt your feelings."

"So it is something about me? Come on, honey," he said, taking her hand, "you know I'll do anything for you. Whatever it is, I can change it."

"I'm sorry, Tim," she said, "it's not so much something you are, as something you're not. And I don't think you'll ever be able to change it."

“Something I’m not?” he was confused for a moment.

“Do I have to spell it out?” she laughed, “take a look in your pants.”

Tim turned red. He was humiliated, but at least the truth was finally out.

“But you always told me that size didn’t matter. And that I was the biggest guy you’d ever been with anyway.”

Cynthia laughed.

“I told you that because I didn’t think telling you the truth would accomplish anything. But now, since you’ve insisted, I thought it was time to come clean.”

“So you really have been with bigger guys?”

“Mmm-hmm,” she said, nodding.

“Just how big?”

“About twice as big.”

“Twice as big as me?”

“That’s right, Tim.”

Tim was shocked. His eyes were wide and his knees went weak.

“I have to sit down.”

“Go ahead,” she said, pouring him a glass of water, “ask me any questions you need to.”

“So I’ve always been to small for you?” he asked after taking a drink.

“Well yeah,” she said, “you probably knew that deep down, didn’t you?”

“But you always have an orgasm.”

“Yeah, but only after you’ve gone to sleep and I have a moment to myself with my vibrator.”

Tim was devastated.

“Really? That’ s it?”

“That’s it.”

“I’ve never made you come?”

“With that little thing? Don’t be silly.”

Tim was angry now. He flushed red and stood, pacing the room in a rage.

“You’re just saying this to make me mad. You’re jealous of me for talking to Diana too long at the party.”

Cynthia merely laughed.

“Go ahead and talk to Diana all you want. Maybe she wants to be with a guy who’s only four inches long. As for me, I’d much prefer something quite a bit bigger.”

“So you really want to sleep with another guy?”

She nodded gravely.

“I really do. I need it. I crave being filled.”

“I don’t know,” he said, “this is all too much. Let’s get some sleep and talk it over tomorrow.”

They did exactly that.

In the cold light of the next morning, she told him everything. About her history in college. How she’d slept with at least 14 guys, and sucked more dicks than she could count. About how out of all of the guys she’d sucked, his cock was undoubtedly the smallest.

“So why did you choose to marry me?” he asked.

“Because I love you, silly. You’re so much more to me than just a dick.”

Tim smiled. At least there was that.

“So you don’t want to leave me?”

“No.”

“But you do want to have sex with other guys. Other guys with bigger cocks?”

“Not just want to, honey. I need to. It’s something that you can’t understand if you’re not a woman. I have an urge to submit to a powerful man with a big dick. And you just can’t fulfill that urge.”

Tim nodded. He was beginning to understand.

Over the next few weeks, they talked about it more and more. Cynthia reassured him that their marriage would never be in danger.

That she loved him for who he was, and that nothing would ever change that.

As time went on, Tim became more and more turned on by the idea of Cynthia having sex with another man. Soon, he agreed to let it happen.

It didn't take long for Cynthia to come home with stories of her conquests. She'd met a few guys at the gym. All of them had bigger cocks than Tim, but none of them were big enough to really scratch her sizequeen itch.

That is, until she met Mark.

Mark was a few years younger than her. He was actually a college football player, a second-string quarterback, which meant that he was in great shape without being too beefy. He was exactly the type that Cynthia went for.

Soon, Cynthia was leaving on dates with him more than twice a week. She'd come home and give Tim long, slow handjobs while she explained the ways in which Mark had fucked her. She'd make Tim cum all over himself while he heard about how superior Mark's cock was to his own.

He came to love it.

Then came one day last week. She'd come home after one of her encounters. Something was different this time.

"He says you can watch next time, honey," she explained, "he wants you to. He says you need to see how a woman really needs to be fucked. And I couldn't agree more."

Tim's heart raced and his cock grew hard in his pants.

“He told me I’m not allowed to touch you until he gives me permission. And you’re not allowed to touch me, either, unless he tells you it’s ok. Those are the ground rules.”

“For when I’m watching?”

“No. For all the time.”

Tim nodded. He knew that Mark had out-manned him. There was nothing to do but obey.

Now, waiting outside the hotel room, he remember the instructions. He was to enter the darkened suite with the keycard at precisely 9:05. He looked at his watch. It was 9:04. He got out of the car and entered the hotel, quickly finding room 121.

As the time switched to 9:05, he opened the door and stepped inside, taking a seat in the armchair in a dark corner of the room as he’d been told.

He sat there for a few minutes in the dark, listening only to the sound of his own blood pumping hard through his veins. He wasn’t entirely prepared for what the night would bring. He knew that much for sure. But there was also no turning back now!

Then, just when he was about to get out his phone to check for a text, there was the sound of laughter in the hallway. Cynthia’s voice was unmistakable. It was the same high, clear voice of the woman he’d fallen in love with so long ago. And her laugh — her laugh was actually beautiful! Not as beautiful as her eyes of course. It almost hurt him to realize that she wasn’t laughing at one of his jokes, but rather at something that Mark had said.

Then the door finally opened and the two lovers spilled into the room. They’d already told Tim that he was allowed to watch, but not

interact with them in any way. They would pretend like he wasn't there. And they'd make no attempt to censor themselves. Not even to spare his feelings. Mark had been very clear on that, and very keen on making sure that Tim understood in no uncertain terms that he, Mark, called the shots that evening.

Now there they were, Mark and Cynthia, standing in the darkened corridor of the hotel suite, their bodies illuminated only by the light cast from the light in the bathroom. Tim could tell they were kissing. Cynthia let out a low moan of lust the likes of which he'd heard only years ago, if at all. Mark was already drawing things out of her that he'd forgotten were there.

They embraced and kissed passionately for several minutes. Then, without warning, Cynthia dropped to her knees in front of Mark.

"Ready for me to suck your cock, big boy?" she asked.

"Since you asked so nicely," the young, muscular man said, "I guess you can go for it if you think you can take it."

"Oh I can take it," she laughed, "not that it won't be a challenge of course. But I love a challenge. I somehow don't get many of them at home."

Tim winced a bit at this obvious reference to his size, but he tried not to let it bother him. He remembered the rules they had set out, and that he was there to watch his wife enjoy herself.

"Oh god yes," groaned Mark, "you're such a good little cocksucker."

The sounds of obscene slurping continued for a few more seconds, then Cynthia stopped and looked up at her lover again.

“I’m only this enthusiastic when it’s really big.”

“Then mine must be the biggest one you’ve had in a while.”

“Mmhmm. It might be the biggest one I’ve ever had. I haven’t measured every guy I’ve been with though. Just the ones that really wanted me to.”

“Well maybe we can measure me later,” laughed Mark, “but first I want to explore that I crest body of yours.

Tim watched from the darkness, his emotions in turmoil and his cock tenting his khaki pants as the two lovers moved past him and into the main bedroom area. Mark turned on the light, but Tim’s position remained bathed in darkness. They couldn’t possibly have missed him, but they were both acting exactly as if they couldn’t see him.

Cynthia’s blouse was already open, her full breasts spilling out of a pink lace bra that Tim had never seen before. God she was a beautiful woman.

Tim felt a pang of regret at not being able to please her sexually, but then reassured himself that this was the next best thing. He watched as they kissed again, Mark’s hands wandering down and pawing eagerly at her breasts. Soon, her bra was unhooked, and she wriggled out of her blouse as well, letting it fall to the floor.

When she stepped aside for a moment, Tim caught his first glance of Mark’s cock. It stood, angry and erect, jutting out what looked like a full foot from his muscular torso. It was probably more like eight or nine inches, but that distinction barely mattered to Tim, who couldn’t help but feel emasculated in the presence of this man who was clearly his superior.

Cynthia was wriggling out of her pants now, letting them drop to the floor in a pile next to her clothes. Then she set to work on Mark's shirt and pants. Soon, he was completely naked and she was only in a cute pink pair of panties that matched her new bra.

"Do you like them?" she asked, grinning at Mark, "I got them just for you."

"I love them," he said, "turn around for me and let me see that gorgeous ass."

The smile on her face was infectious as she turned and wiggled her ass for her younger lover. Tim couldn't help but delight in the feelings that he knew his wife was experiencing. Even if she wasn't experiencing them for him.

"Take those panties down for me. Slowly," Mark commanded in his deep, masculine voice.

"Yes, sir," she said, slowly and sensuously pulling her panties down over her round bottom.

Mark stroked his massive erection and nodded approvingly.

"Does your husband appreciate this ass enough?"

"No," she said, stepping out of the panties and turning again to face him, "he certainly doesn't. He can't even fuck me from behind. He's so small he just slips out."

Tim wriggled uncomfortably in his chair. The truth hurt.

"Mmm, well I'm going to have to give you the doggy-style deep-dicking you deserve," said Mark, leaning down to kiss her.

He gave her a sharp slap on the ass.

“Ooo,” she said, “that hurt.”

“Mmm,” he said, “just wait until Daddy gets his belt.”

“Oooh,” she said, “I like that. Would you like it if I called you ‘Daddy’?”

“I’d love it,” said Mark.

Even though Mark was younger than Cynthia, it still seemed totally logical for her to call him “Daddy.” After all, he exuded more masculine authority than Tim, the real father of her child.

“Mmm, Daddy,” she said, her voice high and feminine, “can I please play with your cock some more?”

“Of course you can, honey,” he said, taking a seat on the edge of the bed, “just hop over here and start stroking it.”

She knelt on the bed next to him, and Tim realized that they had probably chosen the position specifically so he could have a perfect view of his wife pleasuring Mark’s monster cock. She bent down and took it in her mouth for a few minutes, bobbing up and down and licking it as if savoring a tasty treat.

Then she came up for air and simply stroked it with one hand, looking up at Mark adoringly.

“Do you like it when I stroke your big prick, Daddy?”

“Oh yes,” said Mark, reaching around and under her to finger her pussy from behind, “I bet you never do this for your husband, do you?”

“No, Daddy,” she said, “he’s not allowed to touch me anymore. Remember?”

“Yes,” he said, “I remember. You’ve been abiding by our agreement, right?”

“Of course, Daddy,” she said, returning to sucking and licking his massive cockhead while her petite hands slid up and down his slick shaft.

“That is,” she said, coming back up for air once more with a look of concern on her face, “I did have a slip-up last week. I gave him a handjob after we fucked in the gym parking lot.”

“Well well,” he said, clicking his tongue in disappointment, “I guess I have to teach my little girl a lesson.”

“Yes sir,” responded Cynthia, “are you going to spank me?”

“Yes I am,” he said, “get over my lap.”

It was an easy matter for Cynthia to assume the position he’d requested, but it was another challenge entirely for Mark to force his enormous cock into a position that allowed her to lay across his lap. Finally, he managed to force it down so that it rubbed against her stomach as she offered her ass to his open hand.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

He began to punish her, his palm cracking down on her pristine white flesh, leaving angry red hand prints in its wake. It was an erotic site to behold: this woman, so completely submissive to this younger man that she allowed him to punish her as if she were a naughty child.

Tim could see the look on her face after every smack. It was a look of blissful pleasure that seemed to be at odds with what must have been a painful punishment.

“Oh yes, Daddy,” she moaned, “spank your little whore. I’m sorry for touching my husband’s cock without your permission.”

“You’d better be, slut,” he growled, dealing a flurry of blows across her ass and pussy, “and now you’re wet. I think it’s time for me to remind you who this pussy belongs to.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she cried, “please reclaim my pussy. It’s all yours.”

“You’re damn right it is.”

He pushed her aside for a moment, then directed her to get on all fours on the bed, with her ass up to the edge. Then he stood on the floor behind her. He was tall enough (and his prick was big enough) that he easily slid into her from behind. Tim could see the entire thing in profile: this muscular college football player deep-dicking his innocent-looking wife.

“Oh Daddy,” she moaned, clutching the bedsheets, “I need your cock so bad. I’ve missed being filled like this so much.”

She pushed her hips back toward him, absolutely desperate for him to give it to her faster and harder.

“Did you learn your lesson about touching your husband’s cock without my permission, you little whore?”

“Does it really count, though, Daddy?” she pouted as he began to fuck her with slightly faster strokes, “he barely has a cock at all. It’s like three inches.”

Tim squirmed again, but felt precum leaking out all over his boxer shorts. He would have to start touching himself soon if this kept up. He didn't even have time to be mad at her for understating his length. He was so turned on it didn't matter.

"It counts because I say it does. Even if your husband's cock is pathetic, he's still a man, and I don't want you near him or any other man without my permission, understand?"

He slapped her ass as if to emphasize his point, then used his other hand to grab her hair.

"I understand, Daddy!" she yelped, her face flushed with desire as he began to pound her.

"Oh yes," she moaned, "give me that big dick. This cock feels so fucking good."

He pulled her head back and pounded her pussy mercilessly. Tim had a good view of the action, and unzipped his fly to gain access to his almost painfully swollen member.

"I bet your cuck husband jerks off thinking about you getting fucked like this, doesn't he," laughed Mark, his balls bouncing off Cynthia's ample ass.

"He...probably does…," she panted, too much out of breath from the fucking she was receiving to think too much about what he was saying.

It was as if he'd been watching Tim, but he wasn't even looking in his direction. She must have told Mark a lot about him, he thought, pumping his cock in his fist as he watched his wife being manhandled by the hulking young stud.

“Who does this pussy belong to?” growled Mark, slapping her ass again, hard.

“Ouch!” she exclaimed, “it’s yours, Daddy! It’s all yours.”

“That’s right it is, slut,” he laughed, “and I never want you – or your pathetic little husband – to forget it ever again.”

“I promise, Daddy,” she moaned, “I need your big dick so bad. Oh my god, I’m going to come.”

“Come on this big cock,” he encouraged, grabbing her hips now with both hands as he slammed her back onto his rod.

Tim watched in a strange mixture of shame and delight as he witnessed his wife reach climax through vaginal intercourse for the first time. Of course it wasn’t the first time for her, but since she’d never been able to do it with him, it was the first time he’d ever witnessed it.

“Oh god,” she moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head and her face flushing as her hips bucked, her inner muscles contracting around her lover’s prick, “it’s so good. So...good… DADDYYYYY!”

Mark allowed her a moment to catch her breath as she fell forward onto the bed, face down in the sheets, his cock still buried to the hilt in her clenching pussy.

Slowly, he began to fuck her from behind once more, her body firmly pressed into the bedspread now. A few moments later, the hotel room was once again filled with the sound of flesh slapping against flesh.

He took a few long, slow strokes now, pulling his cock out all the way, as if to give Tim a chance to admire the way it glistened in the light of the hotel room, coated with his wife’s juices.

It was only in that moment that Tim had the presence of mind to realize that Mark was not wearing a condom.

Cynthia had never gone back on the pill after she'd had their child. And since she'd given up breastfeeding, they'd been using condoms at home. That is, of course, until she stopped having vaginal sex with him altogether, which had happened relatively recently.

Tim thought back to when she'd last had her period. He couldn't be sure, but it seemed like several weeks back, which meant she might be fertile.

Oh God, he thought, if he comes inside her, he might knock her up. And I'd be here to see it.

On the bed, Mark continued to give Cynthia a long, slow, deep-dicking. She was moaning in time with his strokes, as if expressing verbally the way in which his member reached parts of her pussy that had never before been stimulated.

"Oh...Daddy...yes…," she moaned, burying her face in a pillow as Mark continued assaulting her unprotected cunt, "you're so deep. Keep going deep. Get all the way inside."

"Mmm," moaned Mark, "this pussy is so fucking good. I fucking love fucking your tight little pussy like this. I'm getting close though. Where do you want my first load?"

Tim's heart leapt for joy. Mark was giving her a choice about where he would come. That meant that she might tell him to shot it somewhere – anywhere – else, not directly into her fertile womb. There was still a chance that she wouldn't go all the way. He may have a small cock, but he was still the father of their first child, and wanted to be the father of their second as well.

“Oh Daddy,” she moaned, sticked her ass up higher into the air as her head continued to rest on the pillow, “I want you to come inside me. Fill me with your cum, please.”

This spurred him on to even rougher fucking. He was absolutely slamming into her now, clearly on the verge of his own orgasm.

“You want this fucking cum in your tight little pussy, whore?”

“Yes, Daddy!” she groaned, apparently on the verge of her own orgasm, “I need it so fucking bad. Fill me up, please. Give me a baby.”

She’d actually said it. She’d spelled it out. His wife was begging to be knocked up by another man. Right in front of him. While he watched. They’d never discussed this possibility before, and frankly Tim hadn’t even considered that it could happen. But in retrospect, it made perfect sense. It was the logical culmination of the process that had begun in their marriage a few months ago. First it was his cock that had been called into question, and now it was his biological fitness to be a father.

As he watched Mark pound his wife into the hotel bed, his face a mask of deep concentration, Tim understood why. There was simply no way he could compete with this man’s sexual prowess. And now he wouldn’t even get a chance to.

Suddenly, Mark let out a loud groan and held his cock deep inside her. Tim could see his groin muscles contract, and almost thought he could detect the cum itself traveling from out of Mark’s big heavy balls and into Cynthia’s fertile, unprotected cunt.

“Oh God,” moaned Mark, as he shot his load directly against Cynthia’s cervix, “you little cheating slut. You love having your cunt filled with Daddy’s cum, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she moaned, “I want to make you a real daddy. I hope you knocked me up!” she exclaimed.

Tim noticed that she hadn’t cum for a second time yet. Mark, however, was clearly spent for the moment. His huge erection was now drooping, a blob of white cum visible at its tip.

“Damn,” he said, “I’m going to need to rest for a moment, but I have an idea.”

“I’m all ears,” she said, grinning back over her shoulder at him.

“I want you to clean me up,” he said, gesturing towards his cock, “and he can clean you up.”

He pointed directly at Tim. Tim’s heart raced.

“That’s right, cuck,” he said, “you can come over here and eat your wife’s pussy while she sucks my cock.”

Tim nodded, pulling his pants up enough to make it over to the bed.

“Hi honey,” said Cynthia, “have you been enjoying yourself?”

Tim nodded.

“I’m sorry about letting him come in my unprotected pussy like that. It seemed like the right thing to do at the time!”

She laughed.

Tim shrugged his shoulders.

“Of course, honey. Whatever you want.”

“What I want is to come again. And since the only dick that can make me do it isn’t hard yet, I think you’re going to have to go down on me while I get it hard. Sound good?”

Tim nodded, dropping to his knees and burying his face in his wife’s mound. He could taste Mark’s salty cum as it intermingled with his wife’s juices.

In the meantime, Cynthia was sucking the last bits of cum out of her lover’s dick, which was slowly returning to its erect state.

“God I love this cock,” she moaned, clearly also responding to Tim’s tongue on her clit and pussylips, “just look at how fucking magnificent it is. This is what a real man’s cock looks like.”

She began to lick his balls as well.

“Such a good girl,” he said, “you’re making Daddy really happy.”

“Thanks, Daddy,” she mumbled, her mouth filled with one of his balls.

“Mmm,” she moaned, “I think I’m going to come again, Daddy. Do I have permission to come?”

“Not yet,” he said, “I want to coat your pretty face first.

“Get out of here,” he said to Tim, “we’re done with you now.”

“You mean?”

“You can go jerk off in the bathroom. We need to be alone now,” said Mark, gesturing for Tim to leave.

Tim nodded. He stood up and looked at Cynthia one last time before turning to leave. She looked at him with a mixture of pity and amusement.

“Bye, honey,” she said, “see you back at home.”

Tim nodded, then ducked into the bathroom and took out his cock. As he stroked it furiously for a few seconds, he could hear his wife begin to moan once more. Mark was clearly fucking her again.

“It’s so big, Daddy!!” she cried, as Tim shot his load all over the bathroom floor.

He quickly cleaned up the spunk while Cynthia’s moans grew louder. He washed his hands, and decided there was nothing else for him to do now but leave.

He went back to the darkened corridor, and was about to exit the hotel room, but he couldn’t stop himself from turning around and tiptoeing back, one last time.

Peering out from the darkened hallway of the suite, he saw his wife on her back in the bed with her legs wrapped around her lover, who penetrated her in missionary position with long, slow, smooth strokes, each one of which seemed to shake her to her very core.

“Oh God. Oh God, Daddy. You give it to me so deep. I need it just like that.”

Far from shooting his load on her face as he had promised, Mark seemed on track to inseminate Tim’s wife once again.

Tim was rooted to the spot, watching the muscular young man’s buttocks flex as he pumped his full length into Cynthia’s tight cunt, which looked absolutely tiny in contrast to the mighty rod that stretched it.

“Tell me what you want, slut. Tell me what you need.”

“I need your cock,” she groaned, “I need you to breed me. Knock me up, please. Give me a fucking baby. Fuck, I need your cum inside me so bad, Daddy!”

Tim couldn’t believe the words he was hearing. This time, there could be no question of this being a charade for his benefit. For all the lovers knew, he was long gone. This was just between the two of them, and Cynthia clearly was merely following her instincts.

It seemed so natural, so right, what he saw there: a dominant, virile young man, about to deposit his seed into a fertile woman. It was the way of nature, and Tim was relegated to a completely passive position as he received this difficult lesson.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “I’m so close.”

“That’s it, slut,” he groaned, “I’m going to fill your little cunt. I’m going to knock you up. Tell me what you need.”

“I need your cock. Fuck I love it so much.”

Tim thought he could see tears coming to his wife’s eyes as she reached climax.

“I need your cum inside me,” she moaned again, squeezing him to her with her legs as if to pull him even further inside, “I love your fucking dick. I love your dick more than I love my husband.”

Those last words hurt Tim, but they also made him rock hard again. He pulled out his cock once more and stroked it furiously as he watched Mark groan one final time and slam his entire length into Cynthia’s pussy, holding his prick against her cervix and filling her once more with his seed.

“I love you, Mark,” Cynthia shrieked, her hips bucking as her pussy milked the last bit of cum from his balls, “I can’t wait to have your baby.”

Tim shot his load quietly into a Kleenex, wiped himself off, and quickly sneaked out of the hotel room, closing the door very softly behind him.

He didn’t mention to Cynthia that he’d stayed in the hotel room longer than instructed. And she didn’t tell him anything either.

Everything remained as it did before, until a few weeks later, when she missed her period. A few days after that, she emerged from the bathroom, waving a small white stick.

“It’s positive!” she said, giving Tim a big hug.

Tim never asked who the father was. He didn’t have to.

THE END

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:



In the form of a letter, a wife finally tells the truth -- the *whole* truth -- about her past relationships, both before and after she met her husband in college. She has a prescription for the survival of their relationship. But only if he can face the truth -- the l*ong, hard* truth -- about her preferences when it comes to the male endowment.

About the author

Cynthia Sizemore is the pseudonym of a real-life sizequeen who has been in a cuckold relationship with her husband for over five years. All of her erotic fiction is based on her real-life experiences of cuckolding her husband.

Follow her on amazon to leave feedback and find out about new releases, special offers, and more!

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