SHE NEEDS IT EVEN BIGGER



Cuckold Size Queen Bundle

by

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

She Needs it Even Bigger: A Cuckold Size Queen Bundle

by

Cynthia Sizemore

Copyright © 2019 Cynthia Sizemore

cynthiasizematters@gmail.com

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

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

About this book

This book contains the following stories by Cynthia Sizemore, previously published separately:

Confessions of a Size Queen Wife
Diary of a Wandering Bull
Losing Hannah
Watching Emily
Snow Bunny Size Queen
Taken by Her Black Professor
Cheating College Size Queen (Book 1)
Cheating College Size Queen (Book 2)

Confessions of a Size Queen Wife

Hi, honey. Now that I'm out of town for a while I thought it might be a good opportunity for me to come clean about some things. In the past, you've pushed me to tell you the truth about my past. And about my...preferences. You ***promised*** that you'd love me ***no matter what*** I told you.

I believe you, honey. And I hope you believe me when I tell you that ***I still love you***, whether you "measure up" to the men in my past — and present — or not.

I hope by the end of what I have to tell you, you'll see that our marriage can be even better than before if we acknowledge certain needs of mine that you can't come close to fulfilling, and discuss how I can be fulfilled – that is to say, ***filled*** – outside of our relationship.

◆◆◆

Things began my first year of college. You already know that I was raised in a very religious family. They succeeded in keeping me away from anything sexual all through high school. I had an idea of how sex worked, but I didn't really understand the mechanics until I was a lot older.

I arrived on campus as a naive, innocent 18-year-old. It was a big state school, so I was in for a shock. The first week of freshman year I went to a party with my roommates. Becca was a sweet-looking blonde like me, and Rachel was a petite yet busty redhead.

They were both *much* more experienced than I was, and made no secret out of the fact that they were looking to get laid that night.

Get laid. It sounds so stupid to me now, but I had no idea what that even meant! That's how naive I was.

At that party freshman year which would have such a momentous effect on my sexual development, it was getting late. Becca and I wanted to go home. We had promised we wouldn't leave without Rachel, but she was nowhere to be found!

We asked around a little bit, and one of the guys told us that she'd disappeared upstairs with Michael, a tall African-American football player who was a senior. Not understanding exactly what was going on, I volunteered to go upstairs and look for both of them. I didn't understand the smiles and laughs of the other partygoers when I announced my intention.

I feel so silly telling you all of this now! But I hope it will help you understand how I developed my preferences.

I walked up the stairs confidently and found myself in a dark hallway. The music from the party was a muffled boom through the floorboards.

I realized that I had no idea which room was Michael's. Luckily there was a light coming from a crack in the door at the end of the hall, so I walked down towards it, only stopping when I was finally able to see what was happening inside.

There, on her knees, was my cute little redheaded roommate, Rachel. She was still fully clothed, but Michael had his shorts around his ankles and was stroking her hair and encouraging her in soft tones as she did something that I had never even imagined possible before that moment.

You have already guessed that she was sucking his cock. And I know there are lots of frankly racist stereotypes about black guys having big dicks, but in this case it was **absolutely true**. It might have had to do with the fact that Rachel was so small, but in any case his cock seemed like it was as long and as big around as her forearm. It was **huge**, **intimidating** and **absolutely gorgeous**.

A strange mixture of arousal, awe and fear filled me in that moment. As if I were witnessing something sacred, and not just a

sordid college hookup. Of course I couldn't interrupt them; I stood there fixed to the spot as I watched Rachel worship that big black dick.

I marveled at how she managed to take his cock into her throat. It didn't seem possible, honey! I had ***no idea*** that women had to do this during sex. I knew that the penis went into the vagina, but not that it could go anywhere else. Or even that a guy would like it.

But what surprised me even more was how much my roommate was obviously loving it. Rachel was slurping on the head of his dick as if it were an ice cream cone. Licking it, teasing it with her tongue and thoroughly enjoying it.

Maybe that was part of the reason I eventually came to believe that my purpose as a woman was to serve alpha males with large cocks. Because of the pleasure that I thought it would give me as a woman.

Michael, for his part, started getting a bit rougher with her. He was guiding her head more and more firmly as she bobbed up and down on him. Eventually, he was full-on fucking her face with his huge black monster.

His language got cruder, too. He called her his "good little bitch," and asked her if she liked choking on his big black dick.

That was a question I was curious to know the answer to as well. It didn't surprise me at all, however, when she looked up at him and said "yes." I'm not sure why, but it was readily apparent to me that she was having **the time of her life** pleasing his big cock.

"I want to feel that tight little pussy," he said.

Luckily, Rachel was wearing a sun dress, and it was easy for her to slip it off over her head so that she stood before him in nothing but her bra, panties and a pair of heels.

"Get those off too," he ordered.

While she was stripping out of her clothes, he kicked off his shorts and pulled his shirt over his head, revealing a well-trained torso.

Soon, they were kissing, and I watched as he started to finger her pussy. To my surprise, I felt my own pussy get wet, too.

It may sound strange for me to say this, but up to that point I had never masturbated before. My parents had taught me that it was sinful to please myself in that manner. The church I had grown up in had believed that only a woman's husband was allowed to touch her between the legs.

That was the first time I can remember having the urge to try it myself, but I didn't get up the courage to actually do it until later, when I was alone.

The next thing I saw shocked me almost as much as watching Rachel service Michael's large cock. As they were making out, Rachel played with his cock, grabbing it between her two hands. Her fingers barely fit around it. It was *that* girthy.

After a few minutes of foreplay, it was clear that they were both ready to take things further.

"I want to ride you," I heard my roommate say, pushing the much larger man gently onto his back on the bed.

His big prick stuck in the air obscenely. I had a perfect view, watching as Rachel slowly impaled herself on his large erection, one centimeter at a time, until it had totally disappeared into her petite body.

"Oh God," she groaned, "I can't believe how big it is. This feels so fucking good."

Hearing and seeing things like this led me to believe that the sexual pleasure produced by a man's cock was directly proportional to its size. I have since discovered for myself that this is *undoubtedly* the case.

I watched as Rachel began to bounce on Michael's dick, sliding up and down it as if it were a greased pole.

"Fuck yes," she moaned, "I love this big fucking cock."

"Ride that cock, bitch," said Michael, betraying no signs of losing control of the situation, "I know you've never had one this big. I'm going to stretch that pussy out so much you'll be ruined for white guys forever."

Michael obviously believed in the racist stereotype, too. But in that moment, I had no reason to doubt it.

He reached behind her and began to spank her pale white buttocks as she fucked him, calling her a “nasty little slut” and “bad girl” as he did. I was a little confused by why he seemed to be insulting the woman he was having sex with. It was called “making love,” wasn’t it? So shouldn’t it be loving?

Or was this something else? Something more raw and primitive?

Even if they weren’t “making love,” it was clear that Rachel was loving it. She had her eyes closed now and was biting her bottom lip as he took control now, grabbing both her hips and slamming her down onto his big prick. She reached down and played with her clit for several seconds before screaming his name and then stopping entirely as her entire tensed, then shook from head to toe. She let out a high-pitched squeak and flushed bright red, before opening her eyes again and slowly regaining her original color.

“That’s it you little bitch,” he growled, “come on that big fucking cock. I know you love it.”

“Oh God,” she purred, collapsing onto his chest, “that was amazing. Your cock is soo good.”

I was jealous of the look of absolute contentment and bliss on her face. I had never been told that sex could be so much fun for the woman before. My mother had always strongly implied that sex was something that women did to please men. And I’d believed it.

“I’ve gotta get my nut now, you little snowbunny slut,” said Michael, kissing her tenderly.

I was a bit confused by his mixture of passion and coarse language, but I’ll never forget what happened next. He picked up my roommate and flipped her over onto her hands and knees, then mounted her from behind, skewering her on his enormous dick in one long slow stroke.

“Aaah,” she moaned, “I’m still so tight…”

“That’s right, bitch,” he growled, grabbing a handful of her luscious red hair, “and you’ll never be this tight again.”

The whole scene was so incredibly raw and primal: the large, muscular black man pumping his dick in and out of my petite roommate, who struggled to support herself on her hands and knees

under this absolute onslaught. He slapped her ass and called her names like “slut” and “bitch” as he stroked in and out of her tight wet cunt. The sounds of her moans and his filthy language filled the room as she seemed to approach yet another orgasm.

“Yes, you little bitch,” he yelled, “come again on this big black dick. I know you love it.”

“Oh yes,” she moaned, “I love your cock so much...”

And I watched as her face flushed again and her eyes seemed to roll back into her head as her body was once more overtaken by waves of pleasure.

I wanted to experience that type of pleasure. I wanted it **so much**, honey.

Then he did something else that I’ll never forget. He pulled his cock out of her tight pussy and stripped what I later realized was a condom off of it. I hadn’t even realized he was wearing one somehow; he must have slipped it on when she was stripping off her clothes.

Then he said “come get this nut, bitch.”

I had no idea what that meant. I was very naïve, remember?

She immediately turned around and looked up at him as he stroked his dick a few inches from her face. Before I understood what was happening, he unleashed a fountain of white, sticky-looking fluid from the end of his cock, absolutely coating my poor roommate. I had never known that sexy could be so messy. I was both attracted and a little disgusted at the same time. I think that's probably normal the first time a girl sees cum. I had no idea how much I’d come to love it. Especially when it comes from big-dicked alpha male...

My roommate Rachel absolutely loved being covered in this man’s cum. She licked every bit of it off of her face, then used her fingers to make sure that not a trace went to waste. Michael snapped a picture of her on his phone while she did it, and she scolded him for it.

“Don’t worry,” he said, “it’s just for my collection. I promise not to show it to anyone.”

“Ok,” said Rachel, “just as long as you promise to give me more of that wonderful cock the next time I need it.”

“We’ll see,” he said, smiling at her, “if you deserve it.”

If she “deserved” it? This whole world of sex was very strange to me. I wasn’t sure at all what to make of it.

◆◆◆

Over the next few months, I tried to sort out the experiences that I’d had. On the one hand, I had been taught that sex was about love and commitment, and it was something you should only do with the man that you married. On the other hand, however, I had seen my roommate experience **unimaginable** pleasure with a man who she clearly didn’t love at all. It seemed like an amazing experience, totally without commitment.

What was the truth about sex?

I started talking more and more to my roommates Rachel and Becca, who were both much more experienced than I was. I couldn’t ask them directly at first, because it was simply too embarrassing for me to talk about, but I eventually started to form a theory about sexuality.

It seemed to me that **small-dicked guys were the ones that would love you, and guys with big dicks were the ones that could make you feel incredible**. This seemed to be the consensus based on the stories that they told me. Not that you couldn’t have sex with a small-dicked guy. It was just never going to fulfill you – or fill you – the way a nice big cock would.

To me, these girls were not “size queens.” They were just normal woman. And so was I.

It took a while, but I finally got a chance to encounter a large cock in real life. I was still naïve and still only a freshman.

My friend Becca brought home two guys one night: Aaron and Liam. Liam went to a nearby school and I had never met him before; Aaron was kind of fooling around with Becca off and on, without any kind of commitment.

It was just the four of us that night, and since Aaron and Becca were already a couple, it was only natural that after a while they left us and disappeared into Becca's room.

"Here we go," said Liam, as Becca's moans began to issue from behind the door, "they get to go in there and have fun while we wait out here."

"Hey," I said, suddenly feeling bolder, "who says that we can't have a little fun of our own?"

"What did you have in mind?" he asked mischievously.

I leaned in and looked up at him innocently.

"I don't know," I said, tracing a finger along his collared shirt, "I keep hearing about how great making out is, but I've never tried it. Want to show me?"

"You've never made out?"

"No. I had a sheltered life," I said truthfully.

The next second, we were all over each other. I was hungry to finally try to be sexual with someone, and it was an amazing feeling when his lips met mine for the first time. After a few minutes of very heavy kissing, he picked me up and set me in his lap. I could feel a very large, distinct bulge in his pants.

Part of me was a little disappointed, to be honest. If he really did have a big dick (so my reasoning went) he would be great as a one-time hook-up but bad as a boyfriend. In that moment, I wasn't sure if I was ready for sex yet, but I definitely wanted a boyfriend.

But I quickly got over that minor disappointment when he slipped a hand down my top and started playing with my nipples. I'd never had a man touch me there and I had no idea how good it would feel. He didn't have to talk to me long to convince me to move into my bedroom and take off my shirt and bra entirely so that he could lick and fondle my breasts.

I'll never forget that feeling. After about half an hour of nipple play I was so horny I would have let him fuck me right then and there had my moral scruples not stood in the way.

I pawed his cock through his pants.

"Do you want to see it?" he asked.

I nodded eagerly. He was more than happy to show it off.

My jaw dropped on the floor when I saw it.

“Just how big is that thing?” I asked in surprise.

“It’s about 8, sometimes 9 inches if I’m really aroused.”

“Are you really aroused now?” I asked eagerly, absolutely transfixed by the sight of his monster dick.

“I think I might be,” he said, “looking at those cute tits of yours.”

I blushed.

“I’ve got an idea,” I said, going over to my desk, “let’s measure it.”

He smiled. I’ve since learned that really well-hung guys absolutely love it when girls want to measure their dicks.

I grabbed a measuring tape I’d used for clothes and pressed it to his cock, giggling in delight as I pulled it tight and read the number on the end.

“It’s 8.4,” I said, “I guess that means you don’t really like me.”

He laughed, “it just means you have to provide some other kind of stimulation.”

My heart pounded. I wanted nothing more than to submit to a well-hung man. But I wasn’t quite ready to go all the way.

“I don’t know…,” I said, feeling my mouth go dry and my pussy moisten.

“It’s ok,” he said, “a lot of girls are scared of it at first. Grab some of that lotion over there and I’ll help you get acquainted with it.”

I smiled and grabbed the bottle of hand lotion on the dresser. I squirted some onto my hand and then slowly began to massage it into his enormous erection. I loved every sensation of stroking that huge dick: the way it responded to my touch, getting even harder and even slightly longer and thicker than before, the beautiful sight of his enormous head that pulsed with every stroke. His two gigantic balls, which seemed to be filled with that magical fluid I knew would shoot out if I did a good enough job.

“I need a better angle,” I said after a minute.

I remembered what I’d seen Rachel do.

“Let me get on my knees and stroke it,” I said.

I saw a look of delight pass his face.

“Yes, please,” he said, “let me see your tits, too.”

I blushed a little, but was happy that he liked my body so much.

“Ok,” I said, “but I’ve got lotion all over my hands. You’re going to have to help me.”

He was all too eager to assist me in removing my blouse and bra. I knelt in front of him, completely bare-chested. You remember how perky my tits were when I was 18, don’t you honey? You won’t be surprised, then, when I tell you that I felt his dick grow another few centimeters while he stared at them as I smiled up at him, jerking his big cock.

“You love that big dick, don’t you?” he moaned, grabbing a nipple in one hand.

“Mm hmm,” I said, “do you think it’s nine inches now?”

“Fuck,” he groaned, “at least. But if you keep this up I’m going to cum.”

“That’s what I want!” I exclaimed, a little surprised at the excitement in my voice, “I want you to shoot it all over my face and breasts!”

Remember, honey, I thought this was just the normal way that encounters with big dicks ended: the guy spraying down the girl and the girl showing her appreciation by licking up all the tasty gooey cum.

This clearly excited him because not a split second later he was shooting his load all over my face and chest.

“Oh God,” he moaned, “that’s so fucking *slutty*.”

I didn’t really understand what he meant. I knew that girls who did “bad” things with guys were sluts. That was pretty much everyone according to my parents. But according to the new rules I’d learned from talking to (and watching) my roommates, making a guy cum all over you and licking it up wasn’t particularly naughty – it was just what girls do. For guys with big cocks of course.

That’s when I decided that I must be a slut. A slut for huge cocks, and a nice girl for everyone else.

For guys like *you*, honey.

Would you believe that the night I jerked off Liam all over my face and tits, then slowly ate his load, was the same night that I went

on my first date with you, honey?

Remember how I told you I had to get home early to study?

Now you know the truth.

A few months later, I finally let you fuck me. *Only* after you told me that you loved me. The truth is, ***I loved you too. And I still do!*** I just never lost my fascination with — and need for — huge cocks. You were the small-dicked guy who loved and cherished me at home, while I went out and satisfied my needs (discreetly, of course!) elsewhere.

I know this might come as a shock to you. But admit it: you suspected it all along. Maybe even hoped for it a little. Otherwise you wouldn't always be pressuring me to tell you about my hot past.

I guess you want to know how many there have been. The truth is, I don't actually know for sure. There are of course a few that stick out in my mind. There was Liam, of course. Naturally we couldn't stop with a handjob, but since I was dating you it took a while before I got a chance to be alone with him again. All he had to do was tell me to come over to his dorm room one night, and I left you at the library where we were studying and knocked at his door.

All I had to do was tell you that I needed to go to bed early because of the test I had the next day. You bought the lie: hook, line and sinker. Your angelic, virginal and very religious girlfriend would never be responding to a booty call made by a guy whose only redeeming quality was what hung between his legs. This truth would have shattered you back then, honey. I hope you can understand why I kept it to myself.

That night, as soon as he opened the door, I didn't give him a chance to say anything at all. I simply pushed him back to his bed, then got on my knees and took out his huge dick. This time there was no shyness on my part about sucking that monster. I'd been fantasizing about nothing else but his huge cock the entire time I'd been seeing you.

Do you want to understand how big his dick really was, and why yours can never measure up, honey? How your cute little guy can never compare to the big, hard tool that a real man packs. Get out a

ruler or measuring tape. I know that you're hard right now, imagining your innocent wife in college pleasing big-dicked guys.

Take a look at the 9" mark. Now look at where your cock falls. Do you see how I would consider your cock cute and a little bit pathetic after encountering a 9" prick? Your penis doesn't even really deserve to be called a "cock," if you ask me, since to me the term "cock" conveys masculinity and power.

Anyway, you can look at that ruler while I tell you the rest of what happened that night while you were studying at the library, imagining your sweet future wife resting her pretty blond head.

In reality, I was giving head. Doing my absolutely best to please Liam's huge prick. Slobbering all over it. Worshiping it, even though I could barely fit the head in my petite mouth.

He absolutely loved it.

"Fuck yes you little slut," he moaned, "you sizequeens are all the same."

That was the first time I'd ever heard that term. I didn't have a good idea of what it meant, but later I came to realize that it described me perfectly. That's who I was: a sizequeen slut.

"I've seen you with that little boyfriend of yours," he said, slapping my ass and making me yelp a bit as I pleasured him, "he clearly isn't giving you what you need."

I didn't know what to say. I didn't know how to tell him that I could barely feel it when you were inside me and that I was desperate to be filled by a real man.

That's right, honey. I still can't feel it when you're inside me. I told you that I just can't come from penetration, but that's actually only partially true. The fact is, I absolutely can come from penetration — from a big-dicked alpha male. Your little cock doesn't even register as a cock. It's not personal, honey! It's just biology.

Liam smacked my ass and then started fingering me. I was wearing a short sundress and all he had to do was push my panties to the side and slip a finger inside my tight wet cunt.

Soon, I was absolutely begging him to take me. I'd had sex with you a few times, honey, so I wasn't afraid of losing my virginity anymore.

He wasn't the romantic type, honey. Not like you. He knew that a girl like me doesn't need kisses and caresses if she's really turned on. All she needs is a big cock in her tight little pussy. And that's what he gave me. He bent me over his bed and pulled my panties to the side, then slowly slid his gigantic, oversized dick into my wet eager young hole. I bit my lip and grabbed his sheets for dear life as he stretched my poor little pussy to the limit, hitting places that I never thought a cock could go before.

By the time he bottomed out in my pussy, I was right on the edge of experiencing the deepest, most profound orgasm I'd ever had in my young life up to that point. I couldn't form a coherent thought. All I was able to say was three words you will never hear me say about you, honey:

"It's so **BIG**!!"

He just laughed and told me to come on his cock like the cheating slut I am.

I did come. I came super hard. And by the time that I returned to my body, I felt him slamming into me hard from behind. Just absolutely stretching your tight little future wife's pussy. I was never that tight again for any man.

Not that you would have noticed, honey.

And do you know where he came? I was too swept up in the moment to jerk him off all over my face and tits like I had before. Instead, I just let him do whatever he wanted to do with my body.

He didn't wear a condom, honey.

And I wasn't on birth control.

I just didn't care. This is the general rule with all women, honey: ***if the guy's dick is big enough, the risk is worth it***. Always.

I came again when he finally shot his enormous load directly onto my fertile young cervix. I squeezed his cock with my inner muscles, milking absolutely every last drop of his potent seed from his beautiful member. I wanted it all.

After he came inside me, I sucked him completely clean. He got hard again from my enthusiastic efforts, and I ended up swallowing yet another load before heading home to my dorm room, sore, satisfied and absolutely filled with cum.

The next morning, we had coffee together. I knew then that you were the man I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

If Liam had knocked me up, you would have thought it was yours. We probably would have gotten married even sooner, but what difference would it really have made who actually impregnated me? None at all of course.

That night was just the start of my sizequeen slut life. I cheated on you with plenty of other guys. *Lots* of other guys. Like I said, if you really stop to think about this, it won't come as a surprise to you. The signs were all there from the beginning: your inability to bring me to orgasm, my coyness about my sexual past. All of those business trips and late nights at the office.

I've fucked a lot of guys. Lots of guys you know. I've got quite a reputation, which I've never felt guilty about because you've always emphasized how much you want me to be happy. How important it is to you for me to be sexually fulfilled.

This is it, honey. This is how I find sexual fulfillment. By fucking guys with huge cocks behind your back.

But since you hinted at your…proclivities…I thought it might be time to come clean and tell you everything. And to propose a new dynamic for our relationship. The rules of this dynamic are very simple: I get to continue to be a sizequeen slut, and you get to hear about it from me afterwards, or maybe even (on very special occasions) **watch as one of my well-endowed lovers pleases me**. You might be allowed to jerk off if he says it's all right.

Those are the ground rules, honey. What do you think?

Remember, no matter what you answer, **nothing is going to change what I need**. Or what I **do**. So let me know what you choose, honey. I'll look for your answer to this e-mail after I get back from my dinner appointment. It's with a guy named Greg. He's only 25. Tall, dominant, handsome. And most importantly, hung like a fucking stallion.

Whatever you decide, honey, you should decide quickly. Greg told me he wants to take videos and pictures of us fucking. I might let you watch them together with me while I give you a handjob. But only if he allows it.

I love you, honey! Please let me know what you think. I just **know** that our marriage can be better than ever, now that we can face the truth together.

Sincerely,

Your loving wife, the Sizequeen Slut

Diary of a Wandering Bull

Please allow me to introduce myself. My name is Marcus A. Carver, but I usually go by Mark. I like to consider myself a man of both wealth and taste. Actually more *taste* than *wealth*. Sure, I make plenty of money in my job as a management consultant, but I know I could make even more if I wanted to. *Money* isn't the reason I love my job – and besides, there are some things that money can't buy.

I love my job because it allows me to pursue my real passion: cuckolding other men. Because I travel almost constantly for work, there is a never-ending supply of women who want to step out behind their husband or boyfriend's backs and find out what all the fuss is about. To answer that age-old question: does size matter? Sometimes they do it with their husband's permission, but it's actually much more common for these women to be cheating. That makes it even hotter for me. I love being the "back door man" – in more ways than one.

I find that the women I have to work to get into bed are so much more fun than those that just throw themselves at me on Tinder or Facebook. That's how I met the girl I was screwing before I met Cynthia, who is the woman I really want to tell you about. This girl (not Cynthia) was named something like Jessica or Jessie – I really don't remember much about her to be honest. Mainly that she was 19 years old, a college student in Long Beach, and sucked my cock like an absolute pro on the balcony of the hotel where I was staying. She was a petite redhead with curly hair and a large bust that her skinny frame barely seemed capable of supporting. She looked like the platonic ideal of a cute co-ed, an innocent girl ready to break free

from the strictures of her parental home and cut loose with older men. I was certainly ready to help her do that. I remember her begging for my cum all over her face. Though I had reservations about performing such a debauched act with such an attractive young woman, I decided it wasn't my place to police her desire, and gave her exactly what she wanted.

Just after coating Jessie or Jessica's cute young face in warm spunk, I looked down into the hotel courtyard and saw Cynthia for the first time. I stared at her so long that Jessie or Jessica actually asked me if something was wrong with her performance.

Normally I never lose my cool when I'm checking out women, especially right after I've blown my load. It's usually the clearest thinking a man ever does. But even in the state of nirvana I found myself in after coming, something about Cynthia awakened my desire. She was certainly older than the girl whose face I'd just finished splattering, but there was something alluring, almost sad about the way that she carried herself, as if she had a dark secret of some kind. Of course, it didn't hurt that her body was absolutely amazing: she had the curves of a mature MILF but still retained the tightness of a 20-year-old.

I decided I had to meet her.

"Hey Jess," I said, "mind if I get you an uber?"

She sneered at me.

"What? Done already, old man?"

I laughed.

"I'll give you a call tomorrow sometime. I've got an early meeting, and I want to be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed."

She rolled her eyes and headed for the bathroom.

"Whatever," she said, closing the door.

A few minutes later, she was gone. I decided it was time to go for a swim. Time to meet the woman I'd seen from the balcony.

◆◆◆

Luckily, she was still there. She was reclining in a deck chair, reading on a kindle. It was completely dark now, but the pool area

was lit from several angles, and the lights cast striking shadows on her face, making her features appear even more angular than they really were.

“Hi,” I said, using my all-time most successful opening line, “I’m Mark.”

“Hi Mark,” she said, looking up from her kindle, “so I guess we’re the only ones who like late-night swimming.”

“Sure,” I said, giving her my best mischievous smile, “if you consider lazing around on a chair sitting.”

She was surprised, but also delighted by my teasing. Her face lit up with mock reproach.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” she said, “I’m just trying to relax while I have a few moments alone.”

So she was a mom. Or at least a wife. Either way, I now had some interesting information about her.

“If this pool is the only place you can go to be alone, I feel sorry for you. I mean look at it: terrible lighting, cracked concrete, and what’s worse, you’re not really alone. I’m here!”

She sighed and smiled, looking back at her kindle.

“Well if there has to be someone else here,” she muttered, loud enough for me to hear her, “at least he’s good looking.”

I was already facing the pool, ready to climb in, but I smiled when I heard her say that. I knew, in that moment, that it wouldn’t merely be possible to seduce Cynthia. She herself would be the seducer. All I would have to do is react correctly.

Part of that proper reaction would be not to rush anything. Cynthia needed to feel like this was all her idea.

After a few minutes of swimming laps, I went to the end of the pool to take a break. Cynthia put down her kindle once more and looked at me.

“It seems like maybe you are also taking a chance to spend some time alone,” she said, “if you don’t mind me saying so.”

“That’s right,” I said, “I’m actually here alone on business. I do a lot of traveling.”

“Oh, is that right?” she said, “you didn’t seem so alone before, when you were watching me from the balcony. In fact, it seemed like

you were very much engaged in a certain act of...shall we say, ‘social intercourse’? with a very young woman.”

I let out a low chuckle, careful not to let her rattle me. I knew this was all part of the test.

“Why shouldn’t a man my age have a little fun when he gets the chance? I’ve earned it. She’s 19 years old. Besides, it’s not like I have a spouse at home. I don’t know if I can say the same about everyone in this pool area right now.”

Once again, she was shocked, but clearly in a pleasant way.

“Ok, Mark,” she said, “I might have a spouse, but that doesn’t mean that I automatically want to fuck you, ok?”

“Hey, lady,” I said, standing in front of her with my legs apart, under the light of one of the lamps, with my hands at my side and my bugle prominently displayed in my wet trunks, “you’re the one who’s talking about ‘fucking’ now. Those are *your* words, not mine.”

“Well…,” she said, at a loss for a moment, “well…,” she said, “where are you off to next?”

I smiled.

“St. Louis,” I said, “then on to Omaha.”

“I’m from St. Louis!” she exclaimed.

“Is that so?”

“Yeah! It’s such a great place to visit.”

“I’ve been there a couple of times,” I said, “but I have to admit I find the city a little boring. It’s no Kansas City.”

I had really gotten to her this time.

“What?!” she said, flinging her kindle onto her bag, “now you’ve really crossed a line, Mr. Why don’t you give me your phone number, and I’ll show you exactly how exciting St. Louis can be. Much more exciting than Kansas City.”

What did I tell you? Cynthia was doing the seducing. I was just reacting. And so far, I’d reacted exactly right.

◆◆◆

I took Cynthia’s phone number and excused myself for the night, promising to text her before my trip. Part of me wanted to make a

play for her that night, but another part of me knew that fucking her would be much better if I drew it out for a while. Cynthia also seemed like a gal who thrived on the taboo nature of fucking behind her husband's back, and everyone knows that if there's no risk of getting caught, it's not nearly as hot. I had a feeling that if she'd fucked me in a hotel room hundreds of miles away from her family, she wouldn't have been nearly as into it as if her husband were upstairs.

I didn't know then how right I was. I finished my time in Long Beach, appropriately enough, with a long run on the beach the next morning before my meeting. Then I texted Jess or Jessica and told her thanks for the good time last night and that I'd hit her up again the next time I was in town. Then I hailed an uber to the airport and texted Cynthia. I knew I had to have a good opener.

"My flight to STL leaves in a few hours," I said, "I'm preparing to be incredibly bored."

I wasn't sure if the same joke would work on her again, but she responded immediately. People from the Midwest sure are sensitive about being called boring, I guess!

"As if," she wrote, "unless you call this boring."

A picture began to download. I was hoping that she was going to show some skin, but alas: it was a picture of the Gateway Arch.

"I guess if the year were 1907, that would be pretty exciting," I wrote.

She sent back an emoji signaling exasperation.

"Well," she said, "just text me your hotel address, and I promise to make STL very exciting for you."

I purposefully waited a long time to answer, as if thinking it over. I decided to tease her a bit more. She seemed like the kind of woman who responded well to that.

"Wait a second," I finally wrote back, "I don't know you at all. What guarantee do I have that you're not going to kill me and throw me in the back of your suburban Mom SUV?"

She didn't take long to respond.

"You guessed correctly what kind of car I drive. And I do want to show you the back seat, but for that I need you alive, not dead ;)."

It was on. This woman needed cock, and bad.

***

The plane landed fifteen minutes late after a fairly turbulent ride. I would be lying if I said that the flight had put me in the mood for sex, but I quickly changed my mind when I saw a text from Cynthia as I rode in the taxi to my hotel.

“I’m going to be a little late,” she wrote, “have to do some stuff at home before I can sneak away.”

“Alright,” I said, “but I don’t like to be kept waiting. There will be consequences for this, young lady.”

She responded with an emoji expressing shock, but I knew that I had just succeeded in ramping up the sexual tension even more.

Finally, I arrived at the hotel and checked into my room. I took a shower and changed into a shirt and sport coat. Nothing too flashy, but not too casual either. I didn’t know where the night would lead us.

My phone buzzed a few times as I was getting dressed. I checked it out. It looked like I’d matched with a very cute co-ed from Washington University. She apparently had a “daddy” fetish that she wanted to explore. I swiped through her pictures and nodded approvingly. She was the perfect size for me to manhandle. I knew I could probably have a lot of fun with her, but she would have to wait. Cynthia had top priority. I wrote the girl – her name was Madison – a quick, flirtatious message, and then closed the app. I’d let her stew while she waited for my next message. With any luck, I’d go balls deep in two very different women before the visit was over.

Once I was dressed, I texted Cynthia.

“Where’s my tour guide?” I wrote, “I’m dying to find out what you’ve got planned for me.”

She texted back immediately.

“Actually, I just pulled into the parking lot at your hotel. I’ll drive up to the front and pick you up. Are you ready to go?”

“Yes,” I wrote, “be right down.”

It wasn’t at all difficult to spot Cynthia’s car. She was driving a large SUV, definitely a “mom” car. But she didn’t look at all like a mom, or at least not like a mom who was ready to spend an evening with her kids. She was wearing a low-cut blouse and a knee-length

black skirt accompanied by tall “fuck me” boots. She was definitely out to get laid.

“So,” she said, after shaking my hand and giving me a quick peck on the cheek, “are you hungry at all?”

“Sure,” I said, “but you’re not going to take me to someplace like Panera, right? I hear that’s popular around here.”

She punched my arm.

“We don’t call it Panera. It’s Bread Company! And no, we’ll go somewhere a little classier.”

“Alright,” I said, “but I’m still a little skeptical about the cuisine in this city.”

She shot me a withering look.

“I’m going to make you regret saying that.”

“I’d like to see you try.”

***

After an absolutely delicious Italian meal, and another hour of suggestive conversation, I had to admit that I’d been wrong.

The waiter came, and I grabbed the check.

“No,” said Cynthia, putting her hand on my wrist.

It was the first sustained physical contact we’d had, and her touch was electric. I knew it wouldn’t be long now…

“I’m the hostess. I pay the bill.”

“But I insist,” I said, “I’m the one that was such an asshole about the food here. Clearly I was wrong. Even about the toasted ravioli.”

“How about this,” she said, “you can pay for dinner, but I get to decide what we do for dessert.”

I noticed her choice of words: “what we do,” not “where we go,” or “what we eat.” The innuendo was unmistakable.

“Alright,” I said, “it’s a deal.”

I handed the waitress my AmEx card and then reached under the table and put my hand on her leg.

“Weren’t you going to show me the back of that vehicle of yours? Or are you really planning on killing me first?” I whispered with a smile.

Her eyes filled with lust. She smiled back at me.

“Patience. We have to get your card back first.”

It seemed like it was taking an eternity for the waitress to run my card. I kept my hand on Cynthia's leg and extended my own leg under the table to rub against hers.

"I think it's more about what you're going to show me when we get back there," she whispered, her hand groping for my crotch, "I've been thinking about that bulge in your swim trunks ever since I saw you next to the pool."

So she was a size queen. Or a wanna-be size queen. In either case, she was going to get what she wanted. In my experience, there are two kinds of women out there: those who are size queens, and those who just don't know yet that they're size queens. Every woman – if properly prepared to take it – prefers a big cock. It's only natural. The girls who already know this about themselves can be especially fun.

"Well," I said, "I suppose I might show it to you. But you're going to have to earn it first."

She liked that.

"Oh," she whispered, "come on, don't tease me! I've been thinking about nothing but riding you for the past few days."

"You're getting way ahead of yourself," I teased, "I need to see if you've got what it takes before I let you ride anything."

She gave me a faux-exasperated look and slapped my wrist. Just then, the waitress came back with my card and receipt. I signed the slip, writing in a healthy tip, before grabbing Cynthia by the hand and leading her out the door. The time for her to be the seducer was over. My dominant side was out now, and I knew that I would have free reign to do whatever I wanted to with her.

"Ok," I whispered in her ear as we walked to her car across the parking lot, "we're both going to get in the back seat, and you're going to show me if you deserve to ride my cock. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir," she replied breathlessly, her former assertiveness now replaced with a solicitous submissiveness.

"Sir," I said, "I like that. But maybe you'll earn the right to call me 'daddy.'"

"Oh fuck," she whispered, "I'd love that."

"Then you'd better prove yourself, Cynthia," I said.

I heard the doors of the car click open as we approached it. I opened the door to the backseat and guided her inside first. Luckily, one row of seats had been taken out, so there was actually a considerable amount of space. The other lucky thing was that the rear windows were tinted black as night, and we were parked under a burnt-out streetlamp. In short, nothing would give away what was going on inside, except, perhaps, for the motion of the vehicle once things got going strong.

“Stay on your knees,” I ordered, following her into the vehicle and closing the door, “I’m going to sit down.”

I slid onto the back seat and immediately undid my belt buckle.

“You want to see what I was packing in those trunks?”

“Yes, daddy,” she sighed.

“I don’t know if you’ve earned the right to call me that yet,” I said, “I don’t even know if you know how to suck dick.”

“Well let me prove it to you,” she said, leaning forward and grabbing my trousers and briefs, pulling them down to my knees.

“Good girl,” I said, “I think you’re going to be a fast learner.”

“I want you to teach me,” she said breathlessly, just before grabbing my shaft and enclosing her warm, moist mouth around it.

She began to moan in pleasure as my cock got harder and harder and longer and longer. She worked her mouth on my head, using her hands as well as my shaft got wetter and wetter with her saliva.

“That’s it, Cynthia,” I encouraged her, “show me how good you can suck that cock and you just might earn the chance to take it in your tight little pussy.”

This clearly had the effect of encouraging her. She moaned in satisfaction as she used both hands to work my shaft now. I reached down and flipped up her skirt, giving her ass a few sharp slaps. I love spanking a woman when she has my dick in her mouth. Not only does it remind them who’s in charge, it also causes a great reaction. This time was no different. Cynthia yelped in surprised delight, sending vibrations through my shaft.

“Such a good girl,” I said, “you’re doing a really good job, but I think it’s time you put those balls in your mouth.”

She immediately popped off my dick and looked up at me. I could barely make out her face in the dim light of the backseat, but my eyes were slowly adjusting.

“I can’t believe how fucking big this is,” she said, panting from exertion, “I knew you were big when I saw your bulge. But this...”

She held up her forearm as a means of comparison. She wasn’t the first woman to do that.

“...is as long as my arm. And thicker in places.”

“You’re not scared, are you? I thought you seemed like a woman who could handle herself.”

“I have to admit, I’m a little scared,” she said.

“Aww,” I said, taking the shaft in one hand and rubbing it across her face and lips, “don’t be afraid of the big, bad, cock. Submit to it, but don’t fear it.”

“I’ll do my best,” she said.

“Good girl. Now suck those balls.”

She began to massage my balls with her tongue eagerly. I held my shaft in my hand and used it to slap her face a few times. I wanted to see just how submissive this woman could get.

“Thank you for slapping me with your cock,” she said, “I love being treated like a dirty little slut.”

That was all the permission I needed to really start the dirty talk.

“Alright then, you little whore,” I said, grabbing her hair, “it’s time for Daddy to fuck your pretty face.”

“Oh I finally get to call you that?”

“Mm-hmm.”

“Thank you so much, Daddy. Now please fuck my face.”

I pulled her down on my dick and began to use her mouth like a pussy. I loved the filthy slurping sounds that filled the car.

“Oh yes,” I moaned, “choke on that big fucking dick you cheating slut. What would your husband think if he knew his wife, and the mother of his children, was in a parking lot choking on a stranger’s cock in the back of a car like a prostitute.”

“Mmm mmm mmm,” I could tell she was enjoying the mind game.

I reached back and slapped her ass a few more times, then grabbed her head with both hands once more and began to fuck her face again.

“You’ve never had a cock this big, have you, slut? I know that your husband must be a lot smaller or you wouldn’t be here now, would you?”

“Mmm-mmm,” she moaned.

I pulled my cock out and slapped her with it.

“No, Daddy,” she gasped, “I’ve never had a cock this big. My husband is really small. I need to know what I’m missing.”

“Does your husband know about any of this?”

“No, Daddy. He thinks I have a work meeting.”

“You’re a filthy little whore, aren’t you? Exactly what I like.”

“Mmm-hmm.”

I gave her a playful slap on the cheek with my hand and then pulled her in for our very first kiss. The feeling was electric.

“Is that pussy wet for me, slut?” I whispered.

“Oh yes, Daddy,” she whispered, “so wet. I’ve been wet since the second we started texting. Since the moment we met at the hotel. I need to feel your dick inside me so bad.”

“Alright you slut,” I said, “take off those panties and hand them to me.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, working as quickly as she could given the close quarters of the car.

She reached for her boots as well.

“Leave those on,” I said, “I like them.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Just the panties.”

“Yes.”

She pressed the pink, sheer lace thong into my hand. It smelled of sex.

“I’ve got an idea,” I said, “we don’t want you making too much noise in here. Why don’t you open your mouth for me?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, still on her knees in front of me, now opening her mouth obediently.

I pushed the panties into her mouth.

“Bite down on these, whore.”

“Mmm...” she moaned.

I knew women like Cynthia. I knew exactly what they were looking for when they strayed from their husbands. Especially if it was a big cock that made them stray.

“Now turn around and get that ass in the air,” I growled, “it’s time for me to properly break in that pussy.”

She spun around instantly, wiggling her ass up at me as if desperate to be fucked. I climbed onto the floor behind her, squatting on one knee to get my cock aligned properly. It was a cramped space, but I wasn’t going to let that stop me from giving this hot little slut the fucking of a lifetime. If she was going to cheat on her husband, it was my job to make sure she had the best time possible. She might have all kinds of reasons to regret this later, but bad sex wasn’t going to be one of them.

It didn’t take but a second to find her warm, wet pussy in the dark. I slipped a finger in, astonished at how tight she was, despite being completely soaked.

“This is going to be a tight fit,” I laughed, “but that’s exactly what Daddy likes.”

She groaned at me through the gag, wiggling her butt at me again, as if begging to finally be penetrated.

I fingered her pussy for a few minutes, very gently at first, just one finger slipped inside her to the first knuckle.

Her muffled moans filled the car. I loved hearing the sounds she was making through the gag.

Then I remembered one thing that a woman like Cynthia was bound to like. Something I should have done to her already. Spanking.

While I fingered her pussy with my left hand, I began to massage her as cheeks with my right hand.

“We haven’t addressed the issue of you keeping me waiting at the hotel,” I said sternly as I slipped yet another finger inside her.

She moaned in pleasure.

“I thought the best thing to do would be to give you a nice long spanking,” I continued.

She moaned even louder.

“I knew you’d like the sound of that, you little whore.”

I smacked her ass hard, letting my hand linger in place for a moment before lifting it and smacking her again in the exact same spot. I smacked her four or five times in a row there, leaving what I knew would be a red hand print. I wanted Cynthia to feel claimed. I knew that’s what she needed. What was missing from her life with her husband.

“Cheating sluts like you need to be punished,” I growled, fingering her pussy faster now.

She kept wiggling her ass in the air at me as she whimpered in pleasure and frustration into the panty gag.

I slapped her other asscheek hard, a few times fast, then I switched back to the one that I had left a hand print on, causing her to practically scream into the gag.

“Mmm,” I growled, “your ass looks so good when I spank it. I love putting women like you in their place. Showing them what submissive sluts they can be.”

She shrieked her approval into the gag.

I started spanking her in a rhythm now, first slowly and steadily, then faster and faster and harder and harder. Soon her entire ass was red and tears were running down her cheeks as she whimpered with desire.

“Ok,” I said, pausing for the moment and rubbing her asscheeks gently, “I think that’s enough foreplay. Get ready to take my cock now, slut.”

She nodded vigorously. My eyes were now completely adjusted to the dim light of the car, and I could see the mixture of desire and submission that had spread across her face.

I re-positioned myself and stroked my cock a few times to make sure I was as hard as possible, then I grabbed one of her hips as I pushed my cock inside her. Slowly. Just a centimeter or so at a time. When I was finally all the way inside her, I remembered that I wasn’t wearing a condom. Shit. How had I forgotten to have that conversation with her? I was usually totally responsible about stuff like that. I decided to make the best of the situation; to make it into a

kind of kinky game. I used one hand to pull her head up by the hair, then reached forward with the other one and pulled the panties out of her mouth. I relaxed my grip on her hair, and she looked back at me in a mixture of desire and confusion.

“Before I fuck you,” I said, my cock pressed into her as deep as it could possibly go, “I need to ask you a question. How many men have been inside this pussy?”

“Just my husband,” she moaned, “and he’s so small, I’m not sure that even counts.”

“And before him?”

“Why does that matter?”

I spanked her again a few times.

“I need to know what kind of slut I’m dealing with,” I said, loving the expression of pleasure mixed with pain that had flitted across her face as I spanked her.

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, “in college I had sex with four guys, and sucked five other guys’ dicks.”

“You little slut!” I exclaimed, “you deserve a spanking with my belt. But that’ll have to wait for another time. You have, however, earned the right to be fucked.”

I grabbed her arms and pinned them behind her back with one hand, while I used the other hand to control her head, gripping a full handful of her luscious hair.

“Take this cock you little slut,” I groaned.

“Yes, Daddy!” she moaned as I began to piston into her tight cunt with increasing speed.

“Tell me what you are,” I commanded, “and what you want.”

I spanked her to accentuate the urgency of my order.

“I’m a cheating whore,” she wailed, “and I just wanted to be fucked with a real cock.”

“What’s real about my cock, whore?”

“It’s… so… fucking… big,” she groaned.

“That’s right you whore. Did any of those guys you fucked in college have a dick this big?”

“No...Da...dee…,” she panted as I fucked her harder, “yours is the biggest. It’s so fucking big. I think you’re going to make me

come. May I please come for you, Daddy? Please?"

"Not yet, you little whore. First tell me who owns this pussy now."

I slapped her ass.

"You do, Daddy!" she exclaimed in desperation, "please let me come..."

"I what?"

I spanked her again.

"You own my pussy now, Daddy," she said obediently, "it's your property."

"That's more like it," I said, "you may come now. Come on this big cock like the cheating little whore you are."

She bounced back on me know, fucking herself on my massive rod. Then, suddenly, she held her incredible ass against me, her pussy flexing and squeezing my cock as she climaxed. She screamed into her mouth, barely able to contain the cry of passion that seemed to originate deep inside her.

"Now I'm getting close, bitch," I growled, "I'm going to be the first man to come inside you since you've been married. How does that make you feel?"

"Like a total slut, Daddy," she moaned, "please fill me up. Please shoot a big load inside me and claim my tight pussy. Make me never want to fuck my husband again."

I had to give it to Cynthia: she had a talent for dirty talk. I respected that. I also knew from experience that I was very susceptible to the types of things that she was saying, and wouldn't be able to hold back much longer.

"Oh Daddy," she moaned, "your cock feels so big. I've never been filled like this. I want you cum, please. Please cum inside me..."

Fuck. I couldn't take this anymore. I grabbed her hips with both hands and slammed myself to the hilt, shooting a gigantic load directly against her cervix and holding myself in place for a few seconds as waves of pleasure passed through my body.

"That was great," she said, "can I clean you off, please, Daddy?"

I chuckled, then sighed in satisfaction.

"I insist on it, Cynthia."

She spun around and took my cock in her mouth, greedily sucking out the last drop of cum with several moans of satisfaction.

“God,” she moaned, looking up at me, “if you had just one more load for me before I go home, that would be great.”

“I think that could be arranged,” I said, smiling at her.

“I want to try something,” she said, grinning up at me and playing with my rapidly hardening dick, “I have to admit that I loved catching you with that young college student on the balcony. I love the fact that you seem to be able to get any woman that you want.”

I nodded, amused.

“I want you to tell me about fucking other women while I suck you off,” she said.

“Ok,” I said, “I’ve got plenty of stories. What kind of thing are you interested in?”

“How about the girl you fucked before the one on the hotel balcony. Just tell me about her. I’ll just suck your dick and play with my pussy while you talk. Does that sound good, Daddy?”

“That sounds like a lot of fun,” I said, and I wasn’t lying.

I loved it when women admitted that they enjoyed the competition. And the fact that she was kinky enough to get off on it, too, made it even better.

“So the girl before the girl on the balcony,” I said, closing my eyes and remembering.

“Her name was Hannah. She was petite, around 23 years old. She had curly brown hair that was about shoulder length, and light brown eyes. Her skin was pale and smooth. She was in great shape physically. She worked out all the time and it showed.”

“Keep going,” said Cynthia, coming up for air for a moment before continuing with her expert blowjob.

“She worked at the bar at a hotel where I was staying,” I said, “it was a slow night – the middle of the week in summer – and only me and one other guy were drinking there. We were both talking to her, but the other guy was really wasted and started saying all of this inappropriate stuff to her. I could tell she was upset and didn’t know what to do, so I told him to stop it. It seemed like he was going to start trouble, but he finally backed down, paid his bill and went to

bed. She was so happy not to have to deal with him anymore that she offered to buy me a drink, and invited me to have it with her back at her room. It seems that she slept at the hotel on nights that she closed, because her apartment was like an hour away."

"I love the detail you're giving," said Cynthia, moving down to lick my balls while she stroked my shaft.

"I guess I should get to the good stuff," I said, "it didn't take long until we were making out. Then, the next thing I knew, she was on her knees with my dick in her mouth. She was really surprised by the size at first of course. All girls are."

She stopped licking my balls and took another break, stroking my shaft.

"I love the fact that you turn all these girls into size queens," she said, "me included. I don't think I'm ever going to look at my husband's cock the same way again."

"You're not the first woman to tell me how hot it is to hear about this stuff," I said, "maybe I should start a podcast. Just of me telling stories about turning good girls into total sluts."

"Mmm," she said, licking my shaft, "I'd listen to that."

She reached down and started playing with her pussy.

"Mmm, please keep going, Daddy. Tell me about fucking Hannah's tight little cunt."

"Good girl," I said, "get that dick in your mouth and I'll tell you all about it."

She began to bob on my cock again, and I continued my story.

"So at first she panicked when she saw it. She was super horny, though, so she said she'd give me a blowjob, but not fuck me. I was fine with that, of course. She was a great little cocksucker, and I am all about taking things slow. I never try to talk a woman into doing anything she doesn't want to, and I never have to, either. It's amazing how easy it is to get a woman – even a taken woman – to drop her moral stance. All it usually takes is for them to get this cock in their mouth."

"Yes," she said, popping off again and stroking me, "that's all it took for me."

She giggled a bit, as if intoxicated, then returned to her efforts.

“So Hannah did a great job sucking me off. I ended up shooting a load all over her face, then taking a picture. If you give me a minute, I think I can find it.”

I reached for my phone and flipped through the pictures on it as Cynthia continued to work her pussy with one hand. There it was. Hannah’s cute face covered in my spunk.

“Oh God, that’s hot,” moaned Cynthia, playing with her pussy with one hand, moving it faster and faster around her clit while she stroked my cock in the same rhythm, “keep going. That wasn’t all that happened, was it?”

“No it was not,” I said, “she made a big show out of licking all of my cum off her face while she played with her pussy. She looked so good doing it that I was hard again within a matter of minutes. It took a little convincing to get her to try fucking me, but after I went down on her for about 15 minutes she was finally ready. She was on her back, her legs up in the air and spread as far as she could spread them. She looked so amazing like that. It’s really wonderful introducing girls her age to big cock. There’s something so magical about the first time.”

“Fuck,” said Cynthia, “I’m so close...I want you to come too, Daddy!”

“I’m getting close,” I said, “let me finish the story, then I’ll finish in your slutty mouth.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

She took my dick in her mouth once more, moaning on it as she bobbed up and down, her hand still racing around her clit.

“It took a long time to get my big cock inside that tight little cunt,” I sighed, “but the moment I finally bottomed out, she had a huge orgasm. She was actually crying because it felt so good, and I had to stop to make sure she was OK. She told me that she was better than ok, but that the feeling of being filled so completely was so overwhelming that she couldn’t contain her emotion.”

“Mmm,” moaned Cynthia. I knew it wouldn’t be long.

“Once I was sure she was ok, I started fucking her. Really slowly at first, but then she told me that I could be rougher. She wanted to be really broken in. Shown what rough sex was like. So I pounded

her. I pounded her really hard until she came a second time, crying again. This time I just kept going until I couldn't take it anymore, holding her down on the bed and filling that tight pussy with a huge load of cum. I stayed inside her for a very long time afterwards."

"MMMMM."

Cynthia trembled as she climaxed, but didn't break rhythm as she sucked my cock.

I was almost there. I grabbed her head and pushed my cock deep, then let out a long groan of satisfaction as I shot my load directly into her throat.

"Fuck, Cynthia," I said, "that was definitely the best head I've had this month."

"Better than that little slut on the balcony?"

She looked up at me with a smile. There was a bit of cum on her upper lip that she wiped away with her finger. Then she licked her finger clean.

"Well thank you for giving me one more load before I go back home."

"And thank you for proving me wrong about St. Louis."

"Of course. Now that you know how wrong you are, I hope you'll be back soon."

"I actually will be," I said, "in about three months."

"Maybe I'll come by your hotel next time," she said, "it's going to be hard to wait that long, but I'm sure you'll collect a lot of filthy stories to tell me when we get together again."

"I'd really like that," I said.

It was the truth.

"You always know how to get in touch with me," I said, tapping my cell phone.

"Of course," she said, grinning at me.

Oh, if husbands only knew what their wives were *really* doing when they're supposedly "working late"!

"I can't wait," I said.

"Me neither."

She took me back to the hotel and said goodbye again. I checked my messages. The girl from Wash U had written back.

Maybe she'd be up for meeting up tomorrow after my meeting. It would be a great way to finish up my visit. But I knew that no matter how fun this girl was, she couldn't possibly compare to Cynthia.

I looked at my calendar. The next city on my itinerary was Minneapolis. I ended up having a lot of fun there, too. Fun that I told Cynthia all about on my next trip to St. Louis. But that's a story for another time.

The End

Losing Hannah

It started out innocently enough. Hannah asked if I liked the outfit she was wearing to the office Christmas party. It was a short black dress, the kind that pop culture has told us that every young woman looks great in. Hannah did too. The thing was, she didn't think she was young anymore.

"You're 30," I said, "and you're beautiful. Your coworkers are going to love it. The women will be jealous, and the men will all want to fuck you."

"Ha," she laughed, "very funny, Bill. It's not like I'm some young knockout. Not like all the 22-year-old interns we get."

"Trust me," I said, pulling her close, "all of those interns are nothing compared to a confident older woman like you."

"Older?!"

As soon as I'd opened my mouth I knew I'd made a mistake.

"Um, but you said…"

She looked at me for a long time, and for a moment I thought she would cry or explode in anger. But then a smile spread across her face.

"Don't worry, honey. I'm just messing with you. You're so cute when you're upset."

"Ok," I said, straightening my tie in mirror, "let's get going."

I hate going to my wife's office. She's in Human Resources at a large company, and I'm an IT guy who works remotely. Her coworkers are all outgoing and kind of loud; I'm the kind of guy who enjoys solitude. But over the years, I'd learned to tolerate spending

time with them. I even liked some of her male coworkers. We talked about football or movies. It wasn't so bad.

But this wasn't a normal event. This was the office holiday party. And the HR people loved to cut loose. Maybe because they spent the whole year making sure everyone else stayed out of trouble, they tended to create opportunities to get into it during the party.

That's where Hannah's obsession began. At least from what I can tell. I remember that we split up and were talking to other people. I was chatting with Tim, a coworker of hers who I had known casually for about five years, without ever going beyond exchanging banal small talk. This time was no different. As he prattled on to me about the upcoming playoffs, I watched my wife from across the room. She was looking at her friend Molly's phone, holding her hand over her mouth in a gesture that seemed to convey either astonishment or disgust — possibly a mixture of both. When she lowered her hand, however, it was clear to me that she was in awe of what she was seeing.

I'll never forget the words I read on her lips from all the way across the room:

"It's so BIG!"

I'm not a professional, or even a very experienced lipreader — this message was as clear as could be. And it fit with her expression perfectly.

I got a sinking feeling. On some level, even then, I knew what she had been looking at. But it wasn't until later that I found out the truth.

"Molly's got a new boyfriend," she said to me as we were getting ready to go to bed that night.

"Oh? Is that what you were talking about with her? I saw the two of you laughing about a picture on her phone."

"Ha, oh *that*?"

Her tone was casual.

"She showed me some pictures. He's got some…rather interesting qualities."

"Good ones, I'm sure," I said.

"I'm not so sure about that," she said.

“Well, What exactly are you talking about?”

“He has a really big…you know.”

“Nose?”

“Don’t be silly,” she said, blushing, do I really have to say it?”

I knew, of course, what she was referring to, but I enjoyed teasing her.

She rolled her eyes.

“He has a really big dick, ok?”

“And you’re not sure if that’s a good thing?”

“Molly definitely thinks it is. But I think it’s scary looking. I’d never want something like that near me. I’m much happier with your little guy, honey,” she said, kissing me briefly on the lips.

Her term of endearment didn’t exactly comfort me. No man wants to hear his penis called “little,” even if it happened to be the truth. I wasn’t insecure about my performance in bed, but I knew that my cock was slightly below average. It never seem to bother Hannah before.

But despite her assurances, I began to find more reasons to be insecure. Hannah didn’t do much to assuage my fears, because she started to behave a little strangely. At first it was just little things. I noticed her using a tape measure – the one she used for sewing sometimes – to measure household objects. When I caught her measuring a vase, I asked her what she was doing.

“Oh, just curious about how tall it is. I’m thinking about putting it on the bookshelf upstairs in the guest room.”

She never ended up putting it there, though.

Another time I saw her measure a pencil.

“So that’s how long six inches is,” she said.

Of course my mind went the same place your mind is going, but that’s not what all of this was about. At least not at first. At least I don’t think so.

I asked her point-blank about it one night after we’d just finished making love.

“So is Molly still with that hung stud?”

“Who?”

“Molly’s boyfriend. The guy with the really big...you know?”

A look of confusion crossed her face for a moment, as if she really had forgotten about the distinguishing characteristic of Molly's boyfriend.

"Oh," she laughed, "yeah. Apparently they're still together, and the sex is absolutely incredible."

She rolled her eyes.

"I just don't get it. I mean it can't possibly be fun for her to be with a guy that size. He must hurt her."

"I guess," I said, "I wouldn't know."

"Ha," she giggled, "no, of course you wouldn't."

That remark hurt. But it didn't start to bother me until other things started to change as well. A few days after that, though, she asked me something that I never thought I'd hear her ask.

"Hey, honey. You watch porn sometimes, right?"

"Um…," I said, eyeing her suspiciously, "is this a trick question? If I say no, you'll say I'm lying, and if I say yes, you'll get mad at me?"

"No, silly," she said, smiling at me, "the thing is...I've been kind of curious about it lately, and I thought maybe we could watch something together."

"Wow," I said, "I guess that would be fun. What kind of thing did you have in mind?"

"Why don't you pick something."

Now I knew I was in dangerous territory. Choose something too hardcore or too startling, and she might never want to watch it again. And if I choose what I really like to watch, then she might feel jealous of the women. What to do?

She was snuggling next to me in bed, watching as I typed on my laptop.

"Ok," I said, "how about something on the softer side?"

"Nah," she said to my surprise, "I'm in the mood for something a little more hardcore. How about one where a sweet-looking girl gets fucked with a nice big cock."

I gulped when I heard the word "big." Pretty much every guy in porn was bigger than me. Was she curious about what it would be like to actually be with a larger guy, or was it all just a fantasy?

“Mm, how about that one!” she exclaimed, pointing to a video of a woman in a schoolgirl outfit kneeling in front of her “teacher.” The “teacher’s” cock was still in his pants, but his bulge looked massive.

“Should I skip to the good part?” I asked as the screen faded in on a shot of the “schoolgirl” doing her homework.

“No,” she said, cuddling up next to me, “I want to watch the whole setup. We have to understand the plot!”

“Alright.”

She had one hand under the blanket, resting on my leg, and the other hand seemed to be on her own leg. I put my left arm around her as the video started.

The “plot” was, of course, ridiculous. The “schoolgirl” (who was at least 22) had been asked to stay after class for misbehaving during the lesson. Specifically, she had been caught crossing and uncrossing her legs within the view of the teacher, a beefy looking guy who looked like he hadn’t seen the inside of a classroom since he dropped out of high school.

“Ooh,” said Hannah, “it looks like she’s in trouble. I wonder if he’s going to punish her?”

Why was she talking like this? She’d never shown any kind of interest in kinky sex before. She was quite vanilla, in fact. Little did I know, there was a lot more I had to learn about the woman I thought I knew so well.

We watched as the schoolgirl was scolded by her teacher. She protested at first, but soon acquiesced to the punishment he prescribed: a bare-bottom spanking, over his knee.

I noticed Hannah’s hand moving under the blanket. I couldn’t believe it – my wife was masturbating in front of me! She was being subtle about it, but it was unmistakable: she was getting off on the video of the young woman being spanked by her “teacher.”

“Seems like you’re enjoying this,” I said hesitantly, afraid of jinxing it.

“Mm-hmm,” she answered, never taking her eyes from the screen.

The man began to finger the schoolgirl’s tight pussy, pulling apart her pink folds gently for the benefit of the camera. You could

see that the actress was really turned on.

So was Hannah.

It was impossible to ignore, now: my wife was masturbating at the site of a young woman being spanked. I couldn't believe it. She had never even masturbated in front of me before, and would barely even admit to masturbating at all. She had told me in the past that she wasn't a very sexual person. It seemed like all of that was changing now – and fast!

The actress onscreen promised her "teacher" that she'd be a "good girl," now, and begged him for the opportunity to show him exactly what she meant.

"Please let me suck your cock, sir," she said.

Hannah moaned. Was she getting off on the idea of begging for a man's cock?

"You like this, huh?" was all I could manage to stammer.

The answer was obvious.

She merely murmured her approval, her eyes remaining fixed on the screen as she bit her lip.

Finally, the moment of truth arrived: the schoolgirl reached up and pulled down her teacher's underwear, exposing his massive cock.

"Oh my God!" said both the actress and my wife at the very same time.

"Ha ha," I said, "that's a big one, isn't it?"

"God yes," panted Hannah, her fingers furiously circling her clit, "I can't wait for him to fuck her."

"We can skip to that part…," I offered.

"No!" she interjected, "I need to see the whole thing!"

"Ok," I said.

It was clear that she knew exactly what she wanted.

My own cock was rock hard now, and it was as if she suddenly realized this fact. She began to use her right hand to stroke me, just enough to keep me on the edge without pushing me over. It was a sweet torture.

We watched as the porn actress sucked the gigantic cock, slurping at it as if it were made of the most delicious chocolate.

“Fuck,” moaned Hannah, “I want to try that. So bad...”

Did she mean she wanted to try giving a blowjob? Because she’d done that before, and it was never as enthusiastic as the woman on screen. Was she talking about roleplaying as teacher and student? I certainly would have been willing to do that.

But there was another possibility – a possibility that I wasn’t ready to accept: that she was talking about sucking a huge cock. A cock that wasn’t mine. Because there was **no way on earth** I could compete with the guy in the video. Even if they were using tricky camera angles and a petite costar to make his cock look bigger, he had to be at least three inches longer than I was. I never would have been insecure about that fact before, if I hadn’t seen the look of absolute, wanton lust in my wife’s eyes.

She really wants to try a big cock, doesn’t she? I thought to myself.

Finally, the blowjob was over. The teacher positioned the young woman so that she was bent over the desk. Her panties came off, and he pushed his cock into her tight young pussy from behind.

Hannah groaned as he penetrated the young woman, as if she herself had been penetrated. God, what was happening to her?

“Oh yes,” she panted.

It appeared that she was fucking herself with her fingers under the blanket. Her hand was still resting on my cock, but it wasn’t moving at all. She was completely focused on her own pleasure now. And on the action on the screen.

“Fuck yes,” she moaned, as the teacher spanked his student as he fucked her hard from behind.

She was biting her lip now as if trying not to cry out. And indeed, she was also whimpering as if on the edge of an enormous climax.

My wife was about to have a massive orgasm due to a huge cock. One that wasn’t even touching her. One that wasn’t even **REAL!**

But her orgasm *definitely* was.

“Wow, Hannah,” I said, pausing the video, “that was...amazing.”

“Don’t stop it,” she panted, slapping my hand away from the keyboard, “I need to seem him fuck her some more.”

I started the video again. Who was I to refuse such a heartfelt offer like that?

The teacher was pounding the girl from behind, slapping her ass relentlessly.

“You like that, you little slut?” he growled.

“Yes!” answered Hannah.

What the hell? Was she talking to a porn video and completely ignoring the man who was laying beside her, the man with the hard (if not exactly large) cock?

It seemed that she was.

“Give it to me,” she panted, closing her eyes tightly as her fingers raced around her clit, “oh fuck...I need that cock...so bad...”

She had let go of my cock completely now and was using that hand to play with one of her nipples. I had lost her completely now. I decided to make the best of things, and started jerking off myself.

“Oh yes, Professor. Give me that big cock,” moaned the starlet on the screen.

Hannah’s eyes were tightly closed. She was on the edge of another orgasm. Already.

She mouthed the same words as the porn actress as she threw her head back, lost in ecstasy: “Give. Me. That. Big. Cock.”

And then her legs launched themselves into the air and I had to grab the laptop to keep it from flying off the bed. The sounds she was making now were like nothing I’d ever heard before. They were like the cries of a woman completely beside herself. When she was finally finished, she gave me a slightly sheepish glance.

“Sorry, honey,” she said, “that was kind of embarrassing. I don’t know what came over me.”

“It’s ok,” I said, “I thought it was really hot.”

“You did?”

“Yeah, I loved seeing you like that.”

“Mmm, that’s great,” she said.

“If you want to try any of that stuff...I’d love to help.”

She seemed slightly confused.

“Try it...with you?”

“Yeah…,” I said, now feeling strangely awkward.

“Ok, honey,” she said, “yeah of course. It’s just that the part that really turned me on was something you can’t really help me with.”

I blushed. I knew exactly what she meant.

“I’m sorry, honey,” she blurted, “I didn’t mean it like that. You know what I always say: it’s not the size of the boat, it’s the motion of the ocean. It’s just a fantasy for me. I would probably be too scared to actually do it in real life.”

“Ok,” I said, a bit reassured, “but if you ever wanted to try something bigger, like a toy or something, I’d be happy to help you.”

“Thanks,” she said, smiling at me, “I’ll keep that in mind.”

***

She didn’t need me to use a large toy, of course. That point was illustrated for me quite vividly one Tuesday a few weeks later when I forgot my lunch and decided to drive home to make a sandwich. Usually, Hannah would have been at work as well, but I arrived home to find her car in the driveway.

“Hannah?” I called as I entered the kitchen from the garage.

There was no answer, but I heard some indistinct sounds coming from the upstairs. It sounded like she was talking. Maybe she was on a business call?

I walked to the bottom of the staircase and listened. She wasn’t talking, or at least not only talking.

She was moaning.

Adrenaline shot through my body. I clenched my fists and my mouth went dry. Was she cheating on me, in my very own house?

I tiptoed up the staircase, listening intently to the sounds emanating from our bedroom. To my relief, I detect no sign of another person. Only Hannah.

I came to the top of the stairs. Now I could hear three voices. But it was clear that the other two were coming from the television set in our bedroom. I breathed a sigh of relief and walked quietly to the door.

I was shocked by what I saw. Hannah was lying on our bed, completely naked, with her legs in the air. In front of her, on the television set, was a porn video. It was the point of view shot of a man with a very large cock fucking a young woman from behind. He

was slapping her ass and calling her names like “slut” and “whore.” She was begging for his cock.

So was Hannah.

What’s more, Hannah wasn’t just using her hands this time. Every once and a while I could catch a glimpse of a large dildo or vibrator that she used to fuck herself.

“Fuck your cock is so big,” she moaned, “I need that big fucking dick...”

I watched her for several minutes, rooted to the spot. It was as if she were envisioning herself in the place of the young woman on the video screen. When the couple on the screen switched to doggy, Hannah flipped forward and began to try to fuck herself with the dildo from behind. I had to dart out of view for a moment so that she wouldn’t see me standing in the doorway.

This angle proved to be a bit awkward for her, and she was forced to break her rhythm. Luckily, however, the couple onscreen had changed their positions once more. The man was now fucking the woman’s face aggressively. To my absolute surprise, Hannah pulled the dildo from her pussy and pushed it into her own mouth, fucking herself until she gagged, then pulling it out for a moment and continuing.

She was turning into a size queen slut before my eyes. If I had been smart, I would have realized right then and there that she was lost to me. I would have accepted her new preferences, including the fact that I would never be able to fulfill her sexual needs. But I wasn’t ready to do that. Not yet.

Instead, I simply watched as my wife brought herself to one orgasm after another as she pretended to submit to the big-cocked stud on the TV screen. Now she could no longer pretend that the idea of a big cock was just a fantasy for her. She was fucking herself with a dildo that absolutely dwarfed my own meager endowment. I would never be able to compete with it.

After watching her come once more, I’d had enough. I tiptoed back down the stairs and went into the bathroom off of the kitchen, pulling out my cock and jerking off frantically. What I had seen upstairs had frightened me, but it had also given me a raging boner.

If my wife was having a sexual awakening of some sort, I was determined not to be left behind, even if it meant that I would be reduced to the role of a voyeur.

◆◆◆

I never admitted to Hannah what I'd seen. Instead, I began to pay close attention to her daily schedule – to where she went and what she did. I was looking for tell-tale changes that would alert me to the fact that she was trying to live out her fantasy in real life. I didn't have long to wait.

"I'm thinking of doing an evening yoga class," she announced one day, "it's getting to be such a drag going to the gym in the morning. There's this woman I met there who gives classes at her house across town. It's only once or twice a week. What do you think?"

"Of course, honey," I said, "I want you to do what you need to be happy."

"Thanks!" she said, kissing me excitedly, "the first session is tonight. You don't mind if I skip out on our movie night, do you? Just this once? Next time we can reschedule it."

"No, of course not," I said, trying to conceal my disappointment.

Our "movie night" was actually also our "date night," that is, the day of the week we set aside for intimacy. And she hadn't been sexually intimate with me in a long time. Not since I'd caught her with her new toy. Not that she knew about that, of course…

"I knew you'd understand," she said, smiling and giving me a peck on the lips, "it might go late the first few times. I have a lot to learn, still, and Cynthia has offered to give me some tips if I stay after."

In my mind, I had already decided that "Cynthia" had to be a man. A very well-hung man. But I didn't mention my suspicions, of course. I merely waited until she left, then turned on the "find my iPhone" feature on our shared account so that I could track her. She headed to an expensive neighborhood across town.

Great, I thought, *not only does this guy have a bigger dick than me, he's also a millionaire. I might as well give up.*

She parked at an address I didn't recognize, but thanks to the internet, I was quickly able to look up the owner. It was currently occupied by Molly Whorton.

Molly Whorton from Hannah's office. The one with the extremely well-endowed boyfriend.

Could she be cheating with Molly's boyfriend? In Molly's house? That didn't make any sense. Maybe she really was doing yoga there with Cynthia. I began to wonder if I was being paranoid. After all, she was entitled to a personal life. I didn't tell her about every single video on the internet that I jerked off to, so why would she have to tell me? I was clearly being nosy.

I switched off the computer, telling myself to butt out and stop being paranoid.

But when Hannah came home that night, my suspicions were raised again.

"How was yoga?" I asked as she took off her clothes and prepared to shower.

"Oh, wow. It was AMAZING," she said.

Her face was flushed and her hair was tousled. It was impossible to tell if she had just been exercising, or getting the fucking of a lifetime.

"It felt so great being stretched like that. By Cynthia I mean."

"Great!" I said, her choice of words not having been lost to me, "was anyone else there? Anyone I know?"

Now was the moment of truth. Would she admit that she'd been at Molly's house?

"Didn't I tell you?" she said, "Molly has offered to let us use her house. She's got this amazing sunroom that's perfect for yoga. She and Mark were there too."

"Mark?"

"Yeah, that's her boyfriend."

"The same one with the huge cock?"

She looked at me, as if baffled for a moment.

“Yeah…,” she said, “but why would that be the first thing that occurs to you? He’s a really sweet guy and treats Molly great. That’s much more important than the fact that he has an 8 and a half-inch cock.”

“If that’s so unimportant, how do you know his measurement so exactly?”

She gave me a look.

“Look, honey. I’m sorry you’re insecure about being small. But that has nothing to do with what we’re talking about.”

Wait – I was “small” now? She’d never said that before!

“Ok,” I said, “did he do yoga with the ladies?”

She gave me a smile that was hard to read.

“No. Not exactly.”

“I see.”

It was clear that she wasn’t going to give me any more answers. But I was convinced that something suspicious was going on. The next time that she went to “yoga,” she came home even more flushed and guilty-looking. Each time she retreated to the shower immediately. This would have been totally normal, of course, for someone who had just finished exercising, but there was something about her demeanor that told me something else was going on. That and the marks on her body.

The first thing I noticed were red marks on her neck. Not like hickeys – almost like she’d been choked with something. But not hard enough to actually bruise her.

Then one time I caught a glimpse of what looked like a handprint on her ass. I remembered the girl being spanked in the video that we’d watched together. Could she be playing the “naughty schoolgirl” with another man? It seemed more and more like she’d use any excuse possible not to let me see her naked.

We hadn’t made love in weeks. I finally pressed the issue, asking her point blank if something was wrong.

“Nothing’s wrong,” said Hannah, “I just haven’t been in the mood recently. But let me give you a handjob, ok?”

I agreed. I had to take what I could get.

“Let’s watch porn,” she suggested.

Suddenly it seemed like her libido was back. She chose another video of an older man and younger woman – this time with BDSM elements.

The girl on the video was crawling around on a leash and calling the older man “Daddy.” This clearly appealed to Hannah, whose eyes got bigger every time she heard the woman say the word. I had to admit I enjoyed watching the young waif suck the huge dick on offer, and soon I was groaning as Hannah pumped my dick in her hand.

“Look at her worship that huge cock,” she murmured, “it just looks so right. A young woman serving a big-dicked older man.”

I was too close to my own orgasm to register the significance of what she was saying, but it should have been obvious. After I shot my own load and had a moment to reflect, I was sure that she was seeing someone else. I decided to follow her the next time she went to “yoga.”

◆◆◆

It helped that I knew exactly where she was going. I’d continued to track her phone each time that she left for yoga, so I knew that she was telling the truth about going to Molly’s house. I just didn’t think she was really doing what she said she was. I was about to discover how right I’d been.

I decided to give her about a ten-minute head start. I couldn’t risk passing her in traffic or running into her while I was looking for a parking space. I knew from the Google Maps view that Molly’s place was on a private drive, back in the woods a way. I’d have to park somewhere nearby and make the rest of the trip on foot.

It was an easy drive, and a beautiful, clear, warm summer night. I finally arrived at the road that led to Molly’s place. I drove a few hundred feet further until I saw a place where I could pull in and my car would be concealed.

I got out and doubled back along the road to the private drive. I took a deep breath, then walked in the trees along the path to the

house, prepared to jump into the bushes at the sound of any oncoming cars.

Finally, in the distance, I saw it: Molly's house. It was a boxy, modernist building, which meant it was basically all right angles, glass and steel. So much glass that it wasn't at all difficult to figure out where the famous sun room was located. It was on the south end of the house (predictably enough) and overlooked a large deck. I found the back stairs to the deck and began a silent ascent.

When I reached the top of the deck, I had a clear and unrestricted view of the sunroom, which actually looked more like a gymnasium of some sort. There was a polished wood floor, and there really were what appeared to be a set of yoga mats rolled and stacked neatly against one wall. There were also a few couches and chairs. Nothing seemed out of place or at all suspicious. That is, until I saw Molly and Hannah come into the room.

I knew right away that they were not about to do yoga. Both of them were completely naked except for collars around their necks. I thought about the marks I had seen on Hannah, and her enthusiasm for the leashed woman on the video. It all started to make sense.

But it certainly didn't seem like she had come there to cheat on me with a big-dicked lover. More like she was going through a lesbian phase. In any case, it wasn't exactly a turn-off to see my very attractive wife and her very attractive coworker holding hands completely naked. However, a moment later, I realized that they were not alone.

There was a man walking behind them, holding two leashes in one hand and a wooden paddle in the other. It had to be Molly's boyfriend. What was his name? Oh yeah: Mark.

And it certainly had to be Mark – or else Molly had a lot of friends who had tremendous endowments, because Mark (who was also completely naked) had a huge dick. It hung flaccid at the moment, but it swung between his legs like a small club.

I watched as the women paused in the center of the room, then turned to face him.

"On your knees," he ordered, placing the paddle on the couch nearby and then attaching the two leashes to each of the women's

collars after they followed his orders.

I was surprised that I could hear and understand his words clear as day until I realized that the windows were all open on this warm summer night, with nothing but window screens between me and the three people I was watching.

I watched as the two women kissed, clearly putting on a show for Mark.

“Daddy likes that,” he said approvingly, slowly stroking his cock, which slowly began to lengthen to a truly impressive extent.

I watched my wife, who had never confessed same-sex feelings to me before, making out with another woman as passionately as she’d ever done with me. More passionately, in fact. I was clearly dealing with a very different woman than the one I thought I had known for years. Her hands wandered to her friend Molly’s nipples, and Molly began to tease Hannah’s nipples as well.

“Oh, yes,” said Mark, “you two little bitches look so good. Come over her and suck Daddy’s cock.”

The two women broke their embrace and turned towards him eagerly attacking his massive erection. Molly took the tip of his cock in her mouth while Hannah kissed down the shaft, then began to lick his balls. The whole time, the two women looked up at him in devotion. They seemed to be in love – or at least in lust – with this man and his magnificent cock.

“Oh, that’s so good,” he groaned, grabbing Molly’s head in one hand as he held the leashes with the other.

“Give me a turn,” said Hannah after finishing her work on his balls.

Molly popped off the end of Mark’s cock and took a deep breath.

“Ok,” she said, smiling.

Now I got to witness my wife’s true cocksucking skills. Skills that I had never experienced and would never experience. I was shocked at her ability to take the entire girth of Mark’s cock into her petite mouth without gagging. He grabbed her head and pushed it down on his shaft, calling her a “good girl” as she took it further and further.

All the while, Molly was licking his balls, and, it seemed, perhaps even rimming him. In any case, it was clear that all of this attention

was having an effect on Mark.

“God yes, you little sluts,” he groaned as he fucked my wife’s face, “I love this. You two are such good little whores for Daddy.”

Hannah popped off of his dick for a moment, looking up at him in what I took to be devotion.

“I live to serve your cock, Daddy,” she exclaimed, out of breath from deepthroating him so hard.

What the hell? She had only known that she liked big cocks for a few weeks, and she was already pledging her life to this guy? Either he was an amazing stud in bed, or my sweet, innocent wife was in reality a total whore.

Perhaps it was a bit of both. That wouldn’t be unheard of, just totally unexpected.

I didn’t know what to think. I was still wrapping my head around the whole situation. But at the same time, I was also incredibly aroused and took my cock out of my jeans. It felt so small compared to the mammoth cock that Molly and my wife were currently pleasing. I was totally inadequate and I knew it. I almost understood Hannah in that moment as she knelt in front of an older man, serving his enormous cock. It did seem completely natural. I couldn’t even bring myself to be mad at her.

“I want this pussy,” he said, to Hannah, “I need to stretch you out again. You haven’t let that limp-dicked cuck anywhere near your cunt, have you, slut?”

He grabbed Hannah’s hair and pulled her head back, expecting an answer.

“No, Daddy. He hasn’t touched my pussy. That’s your property. All I did was jerk him off. But you said that was OK.”

“Good girl,” he said, “now bend over the couch and get ready for Daddy to claim you.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, “please claim your whore’s tight little pussy.”

She turned around and bent over the couch. I had a side view now, as Mark dropped Molly’s leash and, still holding tight to Hannah’s, pushed his cock into my wife from behind. She moaned in ecstasy as he slid into her. I’d never heard her make a sound like

that before. Not even when I caught her fucking herself with the dildo. This was like a woman possessed.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “I’m going to come. Please let me come for you, Daddy?”

He had only just penetrated her, and she was already on the verge of orgasm! How could a guy like me compete with that?

“Not yet, you little whore,” he growled, thrusting a bit, “hand me the paddle, slut.”

Molly picked up the paddle where he had dropped it and brought it to him as he began to fuck Hannah.

“Are you going to spank your little slut, Daddy?” she asked, her eyes sparkling as she watched him thrust in and out of my wife’s sopping wet pussy.

“I do believe I will,” he said, grabbing the paddle and cracking it down on my wife’s beautiful pale ass.

“Oww!” she cried, “thank you for spanking your slut, Daddy!”

She choked back what seemed to be a sob, but it was clear that whatever pain she was in was completely effaced by the amount of pleasure she was experiencing.

“I’m trying… so hard… to hold back for you, Daddy!”

SMACK! SMACK!

He paddled her twice more. There was something so incredibly erotic about watching my wife humiliated and controlled by this dominant alpha male. I knew she was experiencing something that she needed on a very deep level. Something that I could never give her. And not just for the obvious physical reasons, but for psychological ones as well. I simply didn’t have what it took to please a woman like this.

“Did you complete your assignment for this week, slut?” he growled, tugging at her leash and choking her momentarily before allowing her to speak again.

“Yes, Daddy!” she gasped, “I had my IUD removed just like you said.”

Wait, what? Not only was she pledging her life and body to this man, but she’d also gone off birth control?!

It was only logical, I supposed. The final sign of absolute submission to this alpha man would be to carry his child. And it would be the ultimate sign of cuckolding me if she planned to have me raise it.

“Good girl,” he groaned, pummeling her pussy even harder now, “I’m going to knock you up and that limp-dicked husband of yours is going to raise our kid. Even though he’ll know it’s not his.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she groaned, “please fill my pussy with your seed. Please fuck a baby into me.”

I had no idea how long it might take for her to get pregnant after having her IUD removed, but I was already sure that this probably wouldn’t be the last time he’d fuck her like this. And if the past was any guide, I also wouldn’t get a chance to try to compete with the sperm that he was about to flood her womb with. It was over. I was about to lose Hannah. For good.

“Come for me, you little slut,” he groaned, “I want you to come as soon as I do. Are you ready?”

“Yes, Daddy!” she shrieked.

“Here it comes,” he moaned, “one...two...THREE!”

Hannah’s hips bucked in ecstasy as his cock thrust into her to the hilt and he held it there. I could see each twitch as he unloaded his balls into my wife’s fertile cunt. She shook with pleasure as her pussy milked every last drop from his cock.

“Thank you, Daddy,” she sighed, several minutes later, “that felt amazing.”

“No fair,” pouted Molly, “I want some of Daddy’s cum!”

“You can clean me off,” Mark offered.

Molly came around the side of the couch on all fours, greedily licking at her boyfriend’s cock.

Hannah collapsed onto the couch, then eventually joined Molly on her knees in front of Mark, who quickly regained his erection.

I stood there for another five minutes or so, unable to move from the spot. Finally, I came as well as I watched Mark coat Hannah and Molly’s faces with another massive load as they begged him for the privilege of taking his cum on their faces.

The two women licked each other clean, kissing each other some more as they did so. Mark approved of their show.

“You’re both being such good little whores,” he said, “but I think we should clean up now.”

“Aww, do we have to, Daddy?” asked Hannah, “I want more of your cum.”

“You’ll get more soon,” he said, “but I think you need to get home now, don’t you? Your cuck is probably waiting for you with his dick in his hands.”

I looked down at my cum-covered hand. He wasn’t far off, just that I was outside and not at home. I pulled out my handkerchief and wiped my hands, then zipped myself. I had to beat Hannah home!

I raced back to the car, and somehow, by a miracle, managed to get home before her. When she walked through the door, sex-tossed as usual, I was sitting on the couch with a glass of wine.

“How was yoga, honey?”

“Wonderful,” she said, positively aglow, “it was absolutely incredible. Thanks for being such a great husband and letting me go out on a weeknight.”

She leaned in and gave me a kiss. It was bittersweet, for sure. But this was going to be my life from now on, now that Hannah had found her true calling as a size queen. I had lost her forever – at least the Hannah that I used to know.

I looked forward to getting to know the new Hannah. To whatever extent she would allow it. One thing was for certain, though: I was a cuckold. And I was ok with that.

THE END

Watching Emily

Crouching over the laptop in my office, I clicked on the folder that contained the video files from the nanny cam in our bedroom, trying to mentally prepare for what I was about to see.

It was hard to believe that our marriage had reached this point, but here we were. It began when I noticed that Emily had put a password on her phone. Not like a short four-digit passcode, I'm talking like a full-blown passphrase of some sort. It seemed like total overkill. Who was she trying to keep out of there anyway? The FBI?

When I made a joke about it to her, she got defensive, which immediately set off my inner alarm. She was definitely hiding something. But what?

Emily had never been an incredibly sexual person with me. We had intercourse regularly, but I was always the one who initiated it, and it was clear that I was also the one who enjoyed it the most. Emily never climaxed during intercourse, and the few times I asked her about it, she'd always said that it didn't bother her that much. She enjoyed being intimate with me and making me happy, and that was all that really mattered.

But all of a sudden, that stopped. She told me she wasn't interested, or she had a rough day at work — it was always something. Then one day I surprised her at her office around lunch time, and her friend Becky told me that she'd gone out.

Gone out to lunch? My wife? The one who packed her lunch every morning and was fanatical about saving money? That's when I knew something was wrong. But I didn't want to let on yet that I knew. I had to be sure.

That's why I got the camera.

Now it was time. Time for the moment of truth: was I a paranoid husband, or was my beautiful wife really betraying me?

My heart pounded as the video began. The camera was set up to record both sound and motion, so the first thing I heard was the sound of Emily talking to someone on the phone.

"Come now," she said, "I'll be alone for at least an hour."

I didn't have to wait long to have my suspicions concerned. I watched as my wife stripped out of her work clothes, standing in our bedroom in only a red bra and panties. I marveled at how attractive she still looked after all of our years of marriage. She had always been a stunner, but the fact that she took up yoga in her thirties meant that she looked better than a lot of women just out of college.

Now she was waiting for someone. For a lover.

My heart pounded as a thousand different thoughts flitted through my brain. Should I turn off the video? No. I had to know exactly what Emily was doing if I was ever going to really understand her.

She stepped out of the frame for a moment. She must be going to answer the door, I thought. In her bra and panties!

The video stopped, but when it started again she was in the bedroom, leading a man by the hand.

A very tall and handsome black man.

Our neighbor, James, to be precise.

I stopped the video. I was hyperventilating, but something else was happening as well, at the same time: I had a raging hard-on.

You see, watching my wife with another man was one of my ultimate fantasies. Nevertheless, I didn't know what it would be like to actually face it in reality. I was coming face to face with my most intimate fears – that my wife would leave me – and my most intense fantasy (that she would cuckold me with another man).

I wanted her to fuck another man, not fall in love with him! And wearing sexy red underwear like that for a man certainly suggested that she was in love with him.

I took a deep breath and started the video again. I watched in high-definition color as they passionately embraced, James' hands

roaming all around Emily's body. After a few seconds, she broke the embrace so that she could start unbuttoning his pressed oxford shirt. James was an account executive at one of the larger investment firms in the area.

He must be on his lunch break, I thought, *but why weren't they at* his *place?* He lived next door and was single. He didn't even have a steady girlfriend. In fact, it seemed like we saw him with a different woman every week.

You might be thinking that something doesn't add up here. Why would James want to go after Emily, my wife, when he could have absolutely any hottie in the neighborhood? Why go for the 30-something when you could fuck a new hot co-ed every day?

There was a very simple answer: not only was Emily gorgeous, she was also *way* out of my league – always had been. In fact, she'd confessed to me a few times already that she'd been relieved to have the male attention drawn away from her a bit after being married. It never stopped entirely, of course. But once she was with me, she at least had an excuse not to give men her phone number or entertain their stupid pickup lines. She had always been bad at just telling guys to get lost, and now that she was married, she didn't have to. She could let the ring do it for her. I deflected the unbearable desire of the other men, which seemed like more than enough to sustain our relationship, even if the passion didn't go both ways. I was always passionate about her, of course. But it never seemed totally reciprocal. Almost as if I could have been any guy at all. This, I reasoned, was why she was about to cheat on me with our neighbor.

"Oh God," she moaned, in a whisper loud enough to be picked up by the microphone clearly, "I can't *wait* to finally see your cock in person. The pics made it look so good."

This was definitely a change. My wife had never so much as said the word "penis" in front of me. She basically pretended like it wasn't there during sex, at most referring to it as "it," as in: "is it in yet?", which is a question that I got more frequently than I'd like to admit.

But this exchange also told me something else. If she hadn't actually seen his cock, this must be the first time they'd been together! I was going to witness my wife have sex with another man for the very first time in her life. And not just any other man. A man with a big black cock.

"I know you need it," he growled in a low, gravelly voice, "and you're going to get it. Just get on your knees and if you're a good girl, I'll show it to you."

I watched with a sweet mixture of horror and arousal as my innocent young wife dropped to her knees, looking up at her lover and regarding him with a look of awe and lust.

"Please?" she said in a breathless, girly voice, "may I please have the honor of servicing your big, black cock?"

What had gotten into her? That kind of kinky talk would have totally turned her off a few weeks ago. I was forced to confront the possibility that I didn't know my wife at all. All I knew was how my wife had behaved sexually with me. Apparently she was fully capable of acting very differently with other men.

"What's my name?" he asked, smiling down at her as he unbuckled his trousers.

"Daddy…," she whispered, in a particularly submissive tone.

Daddy? They haven't even slept together and she's already talking dirtier to him than she ever has with me? She'd always told me that she hated that kinky stuff. Not so with James, apparently.

I had a perfect view of my wife's face as she waited patiently for her lover to reveal his big, black cock in all its glory. She didn't have long to wait. He pulled down his boxer briefs and his trouser snake sprang out at her, almost slapping her in the face. The look of surprise and delight on Emily's face was like nothing I'd ever seen.

"Oh my God," she said, giggling a bit, "I can't believe that's real. Is it going to hurt?"

"It's real," he said, "and as far as hurting you with it, I'm only going to do that if you want me to. I promise to be gentle at first."

She smiled at him, giving him a look that conveyed both complete submission and incredible lust.

“I’ve never had one anywhere *near* this size,” she said, “to be honest, I’m a little scared. But also really, really fucking turned on.”

“It’s ok,” he said, running his fingers through her hair as she knelt in front of him, “I have a lot of experience introducing women to the BBC. They’re all a little scared at first, but they all learn to love it.”

I tried to remember the last time I’d heard Emily use the word “fuck.” I couldn’t. The woman on the video looked exactly like my wife, but talked and acted nothing like her. It was like the prospect of getting on her knees for a big dick had completely changed her personality. I had to wonder if all women were like this around James. He had certainly strongly implied that that was exactly the case.

“Can I touch it, Daddy?”

My God, it really was a different Emily. She usually only touched my cock to help guide it inside of her when I couldn’t find the hole. And she only did it as quickly as possible, as if she wanted to pretend that it wasn’t even there. I couldn’t imagine in a million years her ever asking directly for *permission* to touch it. The two of them had clearly established some kind of dom/sub dynamic already via texting, and I was witnessing its first consummation.

I had to admit that I felt lucky to be seeing my wife’s first time with her lover. It felt like a special privilege to me, for some reason. Other husbands might have immediately stopped the video and called a divorce lawyer, but I simply couldn’t take my eyes off of it. I unbuckled my pants and took out my own cock, which looked tiny compared to James’ absolute monster.

“Remember the safeword, baby girl?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, looking up at him in lust, then glancing at the hard dick only inches from her face with a look of indescribable anticipation, “I’m supposed to say ‘yellow’ to slow down, and ‘red’ to stop. And if I can’t talk, I can tap your leg three times like this.”

She tapped his leg and giggled girlishly.

“That’s right, baby girl,” he said, “Daddy likes to be safe when he’s playing rough.”

“I know, Daddy. And now,” she said, licking her lips, “may I please, please put your cock in my mouth?”

“Since you asked so nicely…”

“Thank you, Daddy!”

She reached up and gently bent his shaft down towards her lips, opening her mouth slowly and licking the underside of the gigantic phallus before slowly putting the first part of the head into her petite mouth. Even though the circumference of his cockhead was visibly smaller than her mouth, she somehow managed to take the first third of it between her lips, all the while maintaining eye contact with her “Daddy,” who grabbed a handful of her hair now.

“That’s a good little slut,” he said, “keep pleasing Daddy’s big black cock.”

“Mmm,” she moaned, signaling clearly that the dirty name only turned her on more.

I can’t explain why, but hearing Emily being called a “slut,” and seeing her positive reaction to it, drove me absolutely crazy with lust. I started stroking myself in time with Emily’s efforts at taking the big black cock into her mouth. I simply never thought my wife would be capable of such wanton lust.

I watched as Emily grabbed his shaft in one hand, her fingers barely spanning its impressive girth. James was pushing her down on his rod in time with her thrusts, not forcing her, more like guiding her in a dominant way.

“That’s a good girl,” he moaned, “take that big black cock. I know this is what you wanted. You’ve been talking about it for weeks.”

“Mmm-hmm,” she moaned, stroking him now with her spit for lube.

Even if she couldn’t take more than the first quarter of his length into her mouth, she still did an impressive job trying to pleasure him.

“Yes,” he encouraged her, “take it just a little deeper now. Open wide for Daddy’s big dick.”

She looked up at him obediently, straining her jaw as he began to push his thick black meat a bit further and further with each thrust.

“I’m gonna choke you with it now, baby girl. Are you ready? Are you ready to choke on Daddy’s big black cock?”

“Mm-hmm,” she moaned, a look of desperation on her face.

I knew that it wasn’t desperation about the fact that he was using her like a dirty whore. I might have thought that a few weeks ago, if I’d never seen this side of her. No, my sweet, innocent wife Emily was *desperate to be choked with a dick* – and a gigantic one at that!

“Good girl,” he said, “I’m going to count to three, then we’ll try to put it down your throat. Ready, baby?”

“Mmm-hmm,” she sounded even more desperate now, eager to prove her worthiness by choking on his gigantic dick.

“One,” he said, taking hold of her head with both hands, “don’t forget to take deep breaths through your nose, ok?”

“Mmm-hmm.”

“Two.”

She let go of his cock now, letting him take total control.

“Three.”

I watched in a mixture of awe, lust and humiliation as my petite, formerly innocent wife swallowed a cock the size of her arm. He held her down on it for several seconds. It seemed like he wanted her to gag. It made sense – he hadn’t exactly made a secret out of his intentions.

Emily’s eyes watered and her makeup began to run. Finally, she gagged, and he responded by immediately pulling his cock all the way out of her throat.

“Such a good girl,” he said, grabbing his erection with one hand as she gasped for air.

“Thank you, Daddy!” she gasped.

“You love this big black dick, don’t you?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Is it everything you imagined? Everything that you’ve been lusting after for the past six months.”

Six *months*? She’d been texting James for that long? When did it turn sexual? Or had it been that way from the beginning? And if

that was the case, why did it take them so long to finally consummate the relationship?

That wasn't the only question that I didn't have an answer to, of course. And in the moment, it didn't seem to matter much.

"What do you want now?" he asked her, as if they'd rehearsed this scene already during their dirty text messages, which they probably had.

"I want you to slap me with your dick, Daddy. You promised me you'd choke me and slap me with your cock."

"How bad do you want it, baby girl?"

"I want it so bad. Please, please slap me with your dick."

"Good girl," he said, grabbing my innocent wife by the hair with one hand while he smacked her face with his huge cock with the other.

She shut her eyes in concentration as he assaulted her with his erection.

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

"Yes," she moaned breathlessly, "yes, Daddy!"

"I knew it. I knew you weren't just submissive on the phone. Some girls are, you know. They act like they want to be broken by a big black cock, but then they back out at the last second when the reality becomes too intense for them. Not with you. It was clear that it was more than just a fantasy for you. It was something you needed. Desperately."

Emily? ***"Needed", "desperately", "to be broken by a big black cock"?!?***

This was DEFINITELY a different Emily. Did she have an identical twin sister who had been using our house?

I watched as the woman who was identical to my wife smiled enthusiastically as she received a beating with a large, black phallus. He wasn't really *hurting* her of course, just communicating to her who was in charge. And she clearly loved it.

"Get that pussy wet for me," he growled, "play with it for Daddy. But don't you dare come. You're not allowed to come until Daddy gets his nut."

"Yes, Daddy..." she groaned, putting a hand between her legs.

I couldn't see exactly where it had gone, but I could surmise that she had followed his orders and was playing with her clit.

"Get these nuts in your mouth you little snow bunny whore," ordered James.

Emily opened her mouth eagerly, moaning in pleasure as she licked his sack, almost as if the act herself was causing her immense pleasure. I knew that seeing my wife degraded – and pleasured – like this was certainly doing a number on me. I was edging myself now, so close to coming but wanting to stave it off for as long as absolutely possible.

After she spent a few moments giving his nuts a tongue bath while playing with her pussy, Emily couldn't take it any more than I could.

"Please fuck me. Please break in my little white pussy," she begged.

He chuckled.

"With pleasure, you little whore. But you know the rules: you don't come until Daddy gets his. Understand?"

"Yes, Daddy," she said, looking up at him and biting her lip as she stroked his cock, "I just want to be a good girl for you."

"Ok, honey," he said, "it's time to show you why BBC is the best."

I couldn't believe this was about to happen. For years I'd fantasized about my wife taking a big cock while I watched. I'd read stories about it. Visited porn sites. Even dropped a few hints now and then…

Something occurred to me, and I paused the video. I *had* dropped a few hints about wanting to see her with another man. Did she pick up on them? I wasn't always careful about deleting my browser history when she borrowed my laptop. Could all of this just be a way to satisfy *me*? Could Emily, in her own way, be living out *my* fantasy?

It almost made sense. *Almost*. I pressed play again.

There was still one part that didn't fit: the fact that she seemed to be having the time of her life. She stood and embraced him again,

and they kissed passionately as he lay her on the bed, stripping off her bra and panties and kissing her neck.

The camera was concealed in the headboard, so I had a perfect view from this angle as James moved up and down my wife's body, exploring it with his hands and tongue as he prepared to fuck her for the first time. He was taking his time. Enjoying himself. Enjoying *my* wife. Enjoying Emily.

Emily was enjoying him, too. Her sighs and soft yelps of pleasure filled my ears as he began to return the favor she'd done for him a few minutes before. His head disappeared between her legs, and I watched as her entire body quivered as his tongue worked its magic. He had her right on the edge. I could tell, because she began to make some noises that I'd never heard her make with me. Just when it seemed like the dam would break and Emily would climax (a sight I was beginning to think I'd never actually seen, not for *real* anyway), James came up for air and reminded her of the rules.

"Don't forget, slut. You don't get yours until Daddy gets his."

She moaned in frustration, grabbing the sheets and wriggling.

"Then hurry up and put that sweet monster inside me," she pleaded.

"I guess you're wet enough," he said, standing and getting himself into position.

She was on her back, her legs spread, positioned directly in front of the camera. I could see more or less exactly what she saw, just from a higher angle. And what I saw was James putting his monster cock right up to her pussy lips and slowly, gingerly working it inside just an inch or so at first.

"Oh God. Oh God…," moaned Emily, her breathing accelerating, "fuck that's big. Oh my God, James. Oh my God."

"What's my name, bitch?," said James, reaching down and giving her a light slap on the face.

I waited to see if she would use her safeword, or at least say "yellow." She did not. Instead, she did the very opposite.

"Thank you for slapping me, Daddy," she said, "your name is Daddy."

“That’s right,” he said, pushing her legs back even further.

All of the yoga Emily did was paying off now. Just not in the way I thought it would.

“Take this fucking dick you whore,” he growled.

“Oh yes, Daddy. Break my tiny little white pussy with that big black cock. Use me. Abuse me. Please. I need it so bad.”

“I know you do. You little snow bunnies are all the same. Such prim and proper ladies when your husband’s around, then on your knees for black cock the second he turns his back.”

“Yes, Daddy. You’re exactly right…”

“I know I’m right,” he said, “even if it took me half a year to finally convince you to give up that pussy for me.”

“I should have done it sooner, Daddy. I didn’t understand how amazing it would be. Fuck. Fuck, Fuck!”

She pounded the bed with her fists as she spread her legs as wide as she could.

“Is it...is it all the way in?”

James let out a low chuckle.

“That’s just the head, baby,” he said, “there’s a lot more dick to go.”

“Oh God,” she moaned, as he pushed forward a few inches more, “I...I...can’t believe there’s more.”

“Look down here,” he said, gesturing for her to direct her gaze between her own legs, “do you see how much more cock I’ve got.”

I wish I could have seen my wife’s expression, but unfortunately she was facing away from the camera. All I saw was James’ reaction. He gave her a sly smile.

“Don’t be scared, baby. It’s just cock. This is that big black dick you’ve been begging for for months. You’re finally going to take me balls deep, on your husband’s bed, just like you always wanted to. You pleaded to be broken by this dick, baby girl, and now it’s what you’re getting.”

“Yes, but...”

“If there’s a ‘but,’ you can always use your safeword. You know I’ll respect it.”

She was silent for a moment.

“Yes, Daddy,” she said finally, “it feels good. I *want* you to break me. It’s just that I’ve never felt so...so *full*.”

“That’s what all the little snow bunny size queens say,” he laughed, “but they all get addicted to the feeling. After I’ve properly broken them in of course.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she moaned, “please keep breaking in my little white pussy.”

I never thought I’d hear my wife utter something so dirty. I couldn’t hold back anymore. I shot my load all over my hands. I cursed loudly and paused the video, suddenly feeling a bit disgusted with myself. What was I doing, spying on my wife?

But wasn’t I justified? After all, she was cheating on me!

How would I be able to look Emily in the face again next time I saw her?

◆◆◆

As it turned out, I found it surprisingly easy. Maybe because the next time I saw her she was in a great mood. It was around 5pm on a Wednesday, and I’d come home from work early, maybe with the subconscious hope that I would catch her and James in the act. But when I opened the door, all I found was my wife Emily, fully clothed in her work outfit, her makeup and hair neat, sitting in the livingroom typing on her laptop, with a huge smile on her face.

Probably because she just got finished swallowing James’ cum, I thought to myself, not without a bit of pleasure.

“Hey honey,” she said, “do you have any plans for this weekend? Anything you’d like to do?”

“No,” I said, “why, do you have something planned? Something away from home?”

I assumed that she wanted to set up her next meeting with James, and just needed an alibi.

“Well,” she said to my surprise, “I actually thought that we could stay home and maybe have a little ‘date night.’”

I raised my eyebrows in surprise.

“Really?” I asked.

“Mmm-hmm. I know I’ve been neglecting you lately and I’d like to make it up to you.”

She leaned in and whispered in my ear.

“And I’ve got a surprise for you, too...”

I tried to imagine what she meant. Was she referring to the new bra and panty set I’d seen her wear in the video? Or did she intend to come clean about cuckolding me because she knew it was one of my fantasies? I puzzled over this in my mind as I answered her.

“Wow,” I said, “my sexy wife has a surprise for me? That sounds exciting.”

“Mmm-hmm,” she said, “I think you’ll like it.”

She turned back to her work, but not before winking at me.

“I’ve got to go into the office again tonight,” she added, “but let’s definitely both keep Friday night free.”

Ah-ha. There it was. I was pretty sure I had an idea about why she wanted to work late. As the taillights of her car disappeared into the night, I looked next door to see if our well-endowed neighbor was home. There was a light in his front window, and I could see the silhouette of a large man on the shade. Just then, a car pulled into his driveway and a young woman in her mid-20s got out.

A booty call, no doubt. Just James about to create another size queen.

I closed the blinds and went back into my office, remembering the video on my computer. I still hadn’t finished watching it. I had to admit that I was very curious about how Emily’s first encounter with James had ended. I grabbed the lube and the Kleenex, turned down the lights in the office, and fired up the video.

James was still pushing his enormous cock, little by little, into my petite wife, who was making noises that expressed an exquisite mix of pleasure and pain. I couldn’t see her face since she was on her back looking in the same direction as the camera lens, but I could see his outsized phallus disappear inside her, a centimeter at a time. The look on James’ face as he impaled my wife was one of concentrated enjoyment. He knew exactly what she needed and how to give it to her.

“That’s a good girl,” he said, “take Daddy’s big black cock. I’m almost all the way in.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she moaned, “you’re so much bigger than my husband, Daddy.”

“Your husband’s little white cock can’t compete with Daddy’s can it?”

“No, Daddy!”

Finally, James bottomed out in my petite wife. A smile spread across his face as he realized he’d conquered another white pussy. Slowly, gingerly, he began to break her in on his black cock, going very slowly at first and then imperceptibly faster. I watched each stroke of his gigantic dick, listening to every sound that Emily made.

“I’m so close, Daddy,” she panted as he increased his pace and began to fuck her more forcefully, “I don’t know if I can hold back.”

“What’s my rule? You don’t come until Daddy fills that pussy. And Daddy’s not done with it.”

“I know, Daddy,” she moaned, “I’m just not sure how much longer I can hold back. You’re doing such a great job breaking in my white pussy.”

“I think it’s time for another position,” he said, pulling his cock out of her completely, “roll over, slut.”

Emily rolled over onto her stomach, sticking her ass in the air. She was pointed towards the camera now, but her head was to the side as she wiggled her ass at her lover.

“Do you like this, Daddy?”

“You know it,” he laughed, giving her a hard slap and then shoving his cock inside her so hard that she gasped.

“Oh God, Daddy...please fuck me.”

“I’m going to get my nut now,” he announced, “going to fill that tight white pussy.”

He grabbed her hair and pulled her head up so that she was looking directly at the camera. I was now looking into my wife’s eyes as she was being owned by another man.

“Yes, Daddy,” she begged, “fuck me with that big black cock. I need it so bad.”

He pounded her now from behind, ruthlessly stretching her formerly tight pussy.

“You won’t be able to feel your limp-dicked husband when I’m done with you,” he laughed.

“I can barely feel him now,” she moaned, “he’s so small, he could never fill me like this.”

“That’s right. This pussy is my property now,” he said, “tell me who this pussy belongs to.”

“It’s yours, Daddy. My pussy is your property now. I want you to fill me, please. I need your cum inside me so bad.”

“Keep talking dirty to me you little whore,” he growled, pushing her down now so that she was face down in the sheets.

All I could see now was my wife’s ass in the air as she was mercilessly and relentlessly fucked by James’ gigantic black cock.

“Here it comes,” he groaned, “I’m going to nut inside this tight little white pussy. Fill you up good.”

“Yes, Daddy. Please fill my white pussy,” she groaned.

He held her down and I watched his cock twitch several times as he groaned, unloading his huge balls into her tight cunt.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned, “I’m going to come now. May I please come for you, Daddy?”

He slapped her ass twice, hard. She cried out in pleasure and pain as she climaxed. I’d never heard her make those kinds of noises before. I realized that I had probably never even seen her come. It was a beautiful site to see her so beside herself. I loved watching her.

But I wasn’t prepared for what I heard next.

“I love you, Daddy,” she whimpered, her body finally relaxing as the orgasm left her.

James smiled.

“You don’t love *me*,” he corrected her, “you love this,” he said, slapping his big dick on her ass.

“Mmm, maybe you’re right,” she said, “maybe I’m getting a little carried away. But that was the best I’ve ever felt in bed. I never knew sex could be like this.”

“That’s what all you little sluts say.”

“I’m jealous of the fact that you have so many other girls, Daddy.”

“I know,” he replied, leaning down and giving my wife a kiss on the mouth, “but that’s just the way it is. Daddy needs a constant supply of fresh white pussy.”

“I understand,” she said, climbing off the bed and standing next to him, looking up at him submissively, “I just hope you’ll save some of this big black dick for me. I’m beginning to think I need to be filled on a regular basis.”

“I *know* you do, baby girl. I *know* you do.”

The rest of the video was uneventful. They laughed and flirted as they both cleaned up in the bathroom and got dressed. James said goodbye, and I watched Emily undergo a slow transformation back to the woman I knew, straightening her hair and redoing her makeup for about twenty minutes before finally leaving.

I couldn’t believe it. Not only was my wife cuckolding me, but it certainly seemed that she had serious feelings for her lover as well. She’d even told him that she loved him – even if it was in the heat of the moment, right after he’d filled her tight little cunt for the very first time.

But now there was this matter of “date night.” What possible reason could she have for suggesting it? Was she doing it out of guilt? Was she planning on letting me down easy? Asking for a divorce?

The rest of the week went by in a blur. I saw Emily, of course, I even had several conversations with her, but the subject of “date night” seemed to have been forgotten, so much so that I almost brought it up again to see if it was still on. But I held my tongue. I knew Emily would do whatever she had planned, or, if she had changed her mind, there was no point in mentioning it again.

◆◆◆

Then it was finally Friday evening. Emily was already home when I pulled into the driveway at 6:00PM. I pulled into the garage

and entered into the kitchen. There was a note on the table in Emily's flowing, girly handwriting.

Come upstairs for your surprise, honey. --Emily

I smiled, but my heart pounded at the same time. Ever since I'd seen the video of her with James, I felt like I didn't know my wife anymore. As arousing as watching her take James' gigantic cock had been, it had also been unsettling in the extreme. She was clearly not the sweet, innocent woman I'd married. But who *was* she?

I walked up the stairs slowly, giving her plenty of time to hear me coming. What was she up to? Was this all just because she had a guilty conscience about cheating on me?

Finally, I stood at the door to our bedroom. I opened it and walked inside…

Emily was standing there in her bra and panties, the same I'd seen her wear on the video. Her hair looked wonderful and her makeup was perfect.

"Hi honey," she said, smiling at me and taking me by the hand, "why don't you have a seat in that chair over there."

"Emily," I said, "what's this all about?"

"Just sit down and you'll find out," she said, leading me to the armchair.

I gave her a wary look. She kissed me on the forehead.

"Don't play dumb, silly," she said, smiling at me, "you already have an idea about what's going on."

"Emily," I said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

In truth, I had a very good idea what she was talking about. But how did *she* know that *I* knew? My heart seemed that it would pound out of my chest.

"I invited someone here tonight. He'll be here soon. But first, is there anything you'd like to explain to me?"

"I really don't know what you're talking about…"

"Ok," said Emily, reaching into a drawer on the nightstand, "I suppose you have no idea who put this hidden camera in our room?"

I was busted. I knew it.

"Alright," I said, "you were acting so strange, I had to know what was going on. I admit it. I planted the camera."

“And did you watch the video?”

“Of course I did.”

“Then you already know almost everything that James is going to tell you. But what you didn’t know is that I knew the camera was there all along.”

“You *knew*?”

Even though the possibility had already occurred to me, I was still shocked to hear her admit that she’d fucked another man on video, knowing the entire time that her husband would be watching.

“That’s right,” she said, “I saw it right away. It wasn’t hard to spot that something was strange about the headboard. Did you really drill a hole in it? In the antique headboard that I inherited from my great grandmother?”

I nodded sheepishly.

“It’s ok,” she said, “it’s not such a big deal.”

She sat on the bed facing me.

“At first I was furious. It was an absolute breach of trust.”

“Why were you acting so strange, then? You gave me reason to distrust you. And it turns out I was completely right to do it.”

“I admit I have to take some responsibility for this situation too,” she said, “I wasn’t upfront with you about what I was doing or why.”

“And now you will be?”

“Yes. Now I will be. Here’s the thing. It all started back when we met James at that barbecue last summer. Remember?”

“Yeah, of course. The one at the Johnsons’ place.”

“Exactly. Do you remember what we’d been talking about the night before that barbecue?”

“Not really,” I said, wracking my brain.

“We’d been fooling around in bed, and you’d asked me if I’d ever thought about being with a black guy. I admitted that I had thought about it, and you told me you thought it was really hot. You even dropped some hints about wanting to watch me with a black guy, and told me that if I ever wanted to try it, you wouldn’t be mad...”

“I guess I remember that,” I said.

“Well that wasn’t the only time you’ve said something like that to me,” she continued, “in fact, you talk about it so much it started to

weird me out. I started spying on your web browser, and I saw that you watch videos of women cuckolding their husbands with black guys. And you buy stories online about the same thing. A lot of them."

"Yeah," I said, "you're right..."

"I found it all really strange and confusing. I had a lot of things to think about. To sort out. Why would a husband want to see his wife with another man? It didn't make sense to me at all."

"I understand that..."

"Let me finish, though," she said, raising her hand, "I started thinking about it a lot. I started doing a lot of reading of my own. And yeah, I started flirting with James. Just innocent stuff at first. I'd find a reason to ask him about something in the neighborhood. Like who the best plumber was, or what service he used for cleaning. But pretty soon I had to ask him about all of the girls that we saw coming and going at all hours of the night. I just had to know why he was so popular."

"I think I know," I said.

"You do. One thing led to another, and soon we were full-on sexting. I've never done that with anyone before, but I have to tell you, it was exhilarating. I felt guilty about it at first, but I remembered how much you loved this cuckolding stuff, and I managed to tell myself it was all in good fun, in the spirit of our marriage, even if I hadn't discussed it with you first."

"You're right about that," I had to admit, "the idea really turns me on. I just wish you'd told me first so that I could have seen the texts."

"You still can, if you want," she said.

I felt myself getting hard. This was one of my ultimate fantasies.

"So I was coming around to your desires. Starting to understand them. And feeling closer to you as well in the process. Was I acting kind of strange? Yeah, I bet I was. But you were acting strange too, honey. Dropping all of those hints about me fucking other guys. Do you know what most women would think? What the first thing that would pop into their heads would be if they heard their husbands talking like that?"

I shook my head. I had no idea what she was getting at.

“They’d think that their *husband* was having an affair, or contemplating it, and was just trying to make himself feel less guilty about it. That’s what they would think.”

The silence in the room was deafening. I couldn’t believe that Emily could possibly think that of me, and I also couldn’t believe that I hadn’t already thought of it myself. I struggled to find the words to ask for her forgiveness, but I couldn’t.

“Emily,” I started, then trailed off again, “Emily, I...”

“I know you wouldn’t cheat on me,” she said, “I know that now. But back then, I didn’t know what to think. And when I found that camera, well...I didn’t know if you were gathering evidence for a divorce or what. So I thought to myself, one night after flirting with James for a really long time, ‘what the hell? He wants to be a cuckold? I’ll make him one!’”

I felt a curious mixture of shame and arousal.

“So that’s what happened, honey. That’s how things got to the point of what you saw on the video. So I’m asking you here tonight, right now: do you want things to continue this way? Do you want to be my cuckold, baby? I’m not asking for a divorce. I’m not even asking you to move out. I’m just asking you to obey a few simple rules that James and I set out for you. The most important one is this: you may not fuck me without James’ explicit permission. Do you understand?”

I didn’t need to think this one over for very long. It was my ultimate fantasy!

“Yes!” I replied, leaping out of my chair, “I understand.”

“Good,” she said, “James is on his way over here from the office. He’s decided that you should be allowed to watch us on a regular basis. He thinks it will be good for the relationship in the beginning. For the new dynamic in our marriage. Would you like that, honey? You’ve seen us on video, would you like to see him fuck me in person now?”

I nodded my head vigorously.

“Excellent,” she said, “sit back down and enjoy the show.”

I dropped back into the chair, in total shock at the turn my life had taken over the past few weeks. It was a welcome turn, to be

sure, but also a partially unfathomable one.

A few moments later, I heard the front door open.

“That’s James,” she said, “he knows his way up here already. He’s been here before – remember?”

Of course I remembered. I also loved the way she was teasing me.

James’ footsteps were audible on the stairs. I gulped. I was about to meet my wife’s lover face to face.

He opened the bedroom door and stepped inside.

“David! So glad you could join us. I supposed Emily explained the rules to you?”

I nodded.

“Good. Stay there in that chair and don’t even think about touching Emily without my permission.”

“Yes, Sir,” I said, nodding vigorously.

“We’re off to a good start,” he said, embracing Emily, “this is the last time I’m going to address you directly. It’s time to focus on Emily.”

“Yes, Sir,” I said.

Emily winked at me.

“Have fun, honey.”

I watched in rapt attention as the two lovers shared a long, passionate embrace, kissing like they were teenagers in the darkness of a movie theater for the first time. I noted how Emily was actually the first one to escalate things. She moved her hand down onto James’ bulge and giggled a bit as she stroked it.

“I want to see if I can get it even bigger than last time,” she said, smiling at him.

It was like I wasn’t even there. But I was there. Watching them. Watching Emily.

The next thing I knew, she was on her knees, servicing his cock once again. If anything, it looked even bigger in real life than it had on video, and the real-life Emily looked even more cock-crazed than her video counterpart. I could hear her slurping, watch the look on her face as she did her utmost to please her lover. It was all so much

more real, so much more intense than it had been on video, and soon I had a stiff erection in my pants.

I almost asked them permission to take it out and jerk off, but it quickly became clear to me that the two had all but forgotten about my presence in the room, so absorbed were they in their lovemaking. I took out my prick and began to stroke it. It looked absolutely pathetic next to James'.

Emily had James' balls in her mouth now, looking up at him sweetly as he stroked her hair.

"Good girl," he said, "get that big dick nice and hard and wet. It's going to go inside you soon you little slut."

"Yes, Daddy," she panted, redoubling her efforts for several minutes until even James was on the edge.

"Hold on," he said, "I can't take it anymore. If you keep going like that, I'm going to bust in your mouth, not in that cute little white pussy."

"Well, I don't want that," she said, "I just stopped birth control yesterday, like you asked, and I need you to be the first man to come in my unprotected pussy."

"That's right, baby girl. That's my pussy now, and I want it to be totally vulnerable to me. Completely unprotected."

"Yes, Daddy," she said, "would you like to play with your property now?"

"I do believe I would," he smiled, lifting her to her feet and leading her to the bed.

He kissed her passionately for several minutes, fondling her breasts until she seemed weak at the knees, practically melting for him. Then he had her lay back on the bed.

This time, I had a side view of the action. I watched as he put her legs up on his shoulders and pushed his gigantic cock into her in a single smooth yet slow motion. Her eyes remained fixed on his, seeming to fill up with a light all their own at the same rate as she was filled with his magical dick. Finally, he had bottomed out inside her, and began to thrust. It was clear that he meant business. He wanted to show me and Emily who was boss, who called the shots in this three-way relationship: the man with the **big black cock**.

“You love this dick,” he growled, “say it. Tell me you love getting fucked like this.”

“I love it,” she panted, tears in her eyes, “I love it so fucking much, Daddy.”

“I know you do. You need this. You little white girls crave being broken by big black dick.”

“Yes, Daddy. We’re all the same,” she moaned, “I want you to break me like you do all your girls. I want to watch you fuck them, too, Daddy. I want to help you find other cute girls and teach them how to please you.”

“Good girl,” he said, “you’ve really learned fast.”

“I just want to please you,” she moaned, “please don’t stop fucking me.”

He fucked her harder and faster now, their thighs slapping together and filling the room with an obscene rhythm.

“Don’t you forget the rules, you little slut,” he growled, pumping her harder and harder, “you don’t get off until Daddy nuts inside you.”

“I haven’t forgotten,” she groaned, “I want your cum so bad, Daddy. I want it in my unprotected cunt. Please give it to me. Please?”

“Fuck,” he moaned, throwing his head back and closing his eyes, “this white pussy is so good I can’t fucking resist it anymore. Here it comes, baby girl...”

He pulling her closer to him held her there for about a minute as I watched his thigh muscles spasm. She gripped him with her legs, thrusting her pelvis up at him as she climaxed. I will never forget the look of absolute bliss on Emily’s face as she accepted her lover’s seed into her fertile womb.

For my part, I couldn’t take it anymore. I shot my load all over my hand, then sheepishly sneaked off to the bathroom to clean up while they basked in the afterglow. I left the bathroom through the other exit that went into the hallway, and went downstairs to fix some drinks for everyone – should they choose to join me in a few minutes.

As I did so, I thought about things. About the direction my life had taken in the last few weeks. About how fast everything had

changed, and about how perfect it all seemed. It was going to be a whole new life. A whole new marriage. A new beginning for the both of us. The three of us. It was going to take some getting used to. But one thing was for sure. I loved watching.

Watching Emily.

THE END

Snow Bunny Size Queen

I met Stephanie completely by accident in the lobby of our shared apartment building. We were both getting the mail, and she brushed against me by accident as she absentmindedly examined an envelope on the way to the elevator.

“Sorry,” she said, turning quickly to look at me, then doing a double-take.

“Wait –,” she continued, “are you Jason? Jason Jones?”

“Yes,” I said, flashing her a smile.

She had a casually sexy look about her. She must have been around 30. Her hair was pulled back in a messy ponytail, and she wore a black jacket over what appeared to be workout clothes. I made a note to myself to discretely check out her ass when I got a chance. Her eyes were light brown and her lips were full. She was petite, but curvy. In other words: exactly my type. At the same time, I also noticed a huge diamond on her ring finger.

“This is yours,” she said, extending the envelope to me, “it was in our mailbox.”

I took the envelope from her hand. It was an ad for a ski resort in Wyoming.

“Thanks,” I said.

“Is that place in Jackson?”

“That’s right,” I said, “I went there last year.”

“I love skiing,” she said, “but Jeff – that’s my husband – never wants to go. He thinks it’s boring.”

“Boring? How could flying down the slopes at 60 miles an hour be boring?”

“What? Do you really go that fast?”

“I do. But I was on the ski team in college. I might have made the Olympics if I hadn’t gotten injured my senior year. At least that’s what I tell myself to preserve my ego,” I laughed.

“Well that’s quite impressive,” she said, looking me up and down as if to appraise my ski skills, her eyes pausing briefly – but noticeably – on my package. I realized that my biking shorts left little to the imagination. Then, realizing that she’d uttered this phrase with her gaze fixed squarely on my genital region, and simultaneously realizing that I had noticed this, she looked up at me and blushed.

“The skiing of course,” she blurted.

“Of course,” I said, smiling back, “what else?”

“By the way,” I said, “you know my name, and I know your husband’s name, but I don’t know yours.”

“Sorry,” she said, still flustered, “let’s start over. I’m Stephanie. Stephanie Nash.”

“Very nice to meet you, Mrs. Nash.”

“Oh my God,” she laughed, slapping my arm playfully, “don’t call me Mrs. Nash. I’m not that old. And I think I’m younger than you. I should be the one calling you Mr. Jones.”

I loved the fact that she was getting flirtatious already. This might be easier than I expected, despite the big ring on her finger.

“Alright,” I said, “I’ll call you Stephanie, and you can call me Mr. Jones.”

She smiled.

“Alright,” she said, “I was raised to respect my elders. I guess I can accept that arrangement. I’ll see you around, Mr. Jones.”

She turned and stepping onto the elevator.

I held her gaze for a moment, then, just before the elevator doors closed, I gave her a quick wink. The last thing I saw was her giggle and blush, looking down. She clearly liked it, though.

I didn’t see Stephanie for at least a week after that. Then one Sunday afternoon I went to our building’s fitness room. I almost never worked out there – it was tiny and only had a couple of machines – but that day I couldn’t bring myself to make the trip on the subway to my normal gym. After swiping my keycard and

entering the small room, I was pleased to see an attractive young woman on the elliptical machine. I was even more pleased when I realized that it was Stephanie.

She had her back to the door and was wearing earbuds, so she didn't acknowledge my entrance. She had probably seen me in the mirror that she faced, but didn't betray an sign of recognition. I began putting weights on the bench-press bar. I did a couple of sets of warm-up, then took a break, wiping my brow as I sat on the bench.

Just then, Stephanie stepped down from the elliptical and took out her earbuds.

"Hey, Jason!" she said cheerily.

"Aren't you supposed to call me Mr. Jones?" I teased, "something about respecting your elders..."

"Ha ha," she said, "I forgot. Where are my manners. Mr. Jones."

I thought that there was something more than just friendliness in her eyes, and I decided to test my theory. Almost all girls like this want to fuck, but they need to be given an excuse to.

"Stephanie," I said, "I could use a spotter for this next rep. I'm going for three. Do you think you could help me out?"

"Sure," she said, toweling herself off and walking around the back of the rack, "but I don't think I'm going to be that much help. You'll be lifting almost twice what I weigh."

"That's ok," I said, "I might need just a little boost. That's all. You can handle that."

"Ok," she said, "if you say so."

"Just put your hands right under the bar, without actually touching it. Like I said, I'm going for three. I can lift it off, but then I'm going to need you to get in position to spot me. Make sense?"

She nodded.

"Ok," I said, gripping the bar, "on three. One...two...three!"

I grunted in exertion as I lifted the bar up and executed the three reps easily, replacing the bar with a gently touch that surprised even me.

"Wow," she said, "you did that with absolutely no problem. It's like you didn't need me at all."

“Maybe I just wanted an excuse to talk to you,” I grinned, sliding out from under the bar and grabbing my towel.

“Well you wouldn’t be the first guy to try something like that,” she said, “but you *would* be the first guy to try it in this gym. This place is so tiny. You’re the first actual person I’ve ever seen down here.”

“I know,” I said, “I usually go to a place on 47th street, but with the snow outside, I just couldn’t be bothered.”

“I understand,” she said, “but you must like snow. What with your skiing career and all.”

“I like to ski in snow,” I said, “not walk in it.”

“I know what you mean,” she said, “and I love the idea of being...what do they call it? A snow bunny?”

Was she teasing *me* now? She had to know that the term “snow bunny” had an entirely different meaning in the African-American community: a young white woman who loves black cock. I decided to test the waters.

“There are lots of different ways to be a snow bunny,” I grinned, “and some of them are more literal than others.”

“You mean like I could be an actual rabbit?”

“Ha,” I laughed, “yeah. That’s exactly what I meant.”

“Well,” she said, “to be honest, I do eat kind of like a rabbit. I’m about to go make a kale shake.”

“That’s a good idea,” I said, “I also make myself a smoothie after every workout. But I’ll have mine with protein powder.”

“Ohh!” she said excitedly, “will you let me make you one? I’ve got a great recipe.”

“I love trying new flavors,” I said in my most seductive tone, “do you want to bring it down to me?”

“Why don’t you just come up to our place for a while?” she asked, “Jeff had to work. He’ll be gone all day.”

A very interesting detail. It seemed like this snow bunny was ready to ride the slopes.

“Ok,” I said, “as long as you don’t think he’d have a problem with you having an older black man in your apartment while he’s gone.”

“Don’t be silly,” she said, “we’re just friends, right? And besides, you’re like – what – ten years older than me? You’re just Mr. Jones, my elderly neighbor from downstairs.”

Normally, I would have given her a slap on the ass for that remark, but I decided that it wasn’t the time for that: not quite yet.

“Alright,” I said, “but sometimes the elderly can surprise you.”

“I’m sure you’re right,” she said, her hand on the door handle.

I followed her to the elevator, and we both stepped inside. The trip was quick, but the tension was high. She cast a couple of glances my direction and gave a couple of little giggles.

“I guess it does look kind of bad,” she said, “I mean if the neighbors saw.”

“Yes,” I said, “very scandalous. A young woman like yourself inviting a senior citizen like me up to your apartment for a post-workout smoothie. I can’t think of anything more shocking.”

“Ha,” she said, “well, here’s our floor.”

She led me quickly down the hallway. I admired how her ass looked in her yoga pants. I was barely able to detect a thong line.

“Ok,” she said, putting her key in the lock, “come on in.”

“Thanks,” I said, stepping inside after her.

This was it. She’d invited me across the threshold. I knew this could only mean one thing: she wanted to fuck.

“Oh jeez,” she said, walking down the hallway and throwing her towel in a hamper in the closet, “I forgot that I didn’t take a shower yet. I’m sorry – I probably stink.”

“Nah, don’t worry about that,” I said, following her into the kitchen, “I promise to keep my distance.”

“Ha,” she laughed, “good.”

She opened the fridge and got out a huge bunch of kale, slapping it on the counter.

Then she got out a footstool and strained to reach the top of a cabinet where I could see the blender. I saw an opportunity to escalate things.

I walked around behind her, dwarfing her with my large athletic frame as I easily plucked the blender from its high perch.

“Thanks,” she said, turning around, looking directly at my chest.

I set the blender on the counter and embraced her. She closed her eyes as I moved in for the kiss.

It was electric. She stood on her tiptoes, trying to shove her tongue into my mouth as she threw her arms around the small of my back. My hands wandered from her back down to her ass, which I cupped easily in my hands.

“Fuck,” she said, breaking the kiss for a moment, “we shouldn’t be doing this. It’s so wrong.”

“No it’s not,” I said, “if it were wrong, it wouldn’t feel so perfect right now. We both know how much we need this.”

I’d heard that line before. It wasn’t uncommon. Most married women need a little encouragement to actually cross the line. They need some kind of assurance that you think that they are still good people, even if they happen to be acting like cheating sluts.

“Besides,” I whispered, “no one has to know about this. Not the neighbors. And certainly not your limp-dicked husband, Jeff.”

I realized that insulting her husband like that was taking a big risk, but it was one that I was fairly certain would pay off. And it did. The second I said it, she pulled herself into me even harder, smashing her lips against mine. Her moans were all the permission I needed to escalate the encounter even more.

“God that’s hot,” she whispered, “when you talk dirty like that.”

“I’m just getting started, sweetheart,” I whispered.

I picked her up easily, grabbing onto that luscious ass with both hands and holding her to me as I turned away from the countertop.

“The bedroom is straight ahead – down the hall,” she whispered, “why don’t you take me there, Mr. Jones?”

“I think that’s an excellent idea, Stephanie,” I said, “but you know what? In this situation, I think I’d prefer it if you’d call me something that conveys a little more respect even than Mr. Jones.”

“Oh yeah?” she asked, her breath hot on my ear as I took her to the bedroom, “what’s that?”

“Daddy,” I said, throwing her on the bed and stripping off my shirt, “do you think you can do that?”

“Oh yes,” she said, pulling her t-shirt over her head and then wriggling out of her sports bra, “that’s the perfect name for a guy like

you."

"Ok," I said, facing her now clad only in my workout shorts, "why don't you take out Daddy's cock. Do you think you deserve to suck it?"

"Ha," she said, "I guess you must think that you're in charge here."

"I don't think it. I know it. What's my name again?"

I reached down and slapped her ass playfully.

"Daddy!" she shrieked.

"Don't forget it," I said.

She grabbed the waistband of my shorts, looking up at me in lust as she pulled them down, taking my boxers with them.

The moment of truth. I live for this moment, to be honest. The moment that the white women that I seem to attract are waiting for. They all want to know if it's true. If black guys actually have big dicks.

I can't speak for all black guys. I can only speak for myself. But in my case, the rumors are absolutely true. And seeing the way white women react when they finally learn the truth never ceases to please me.

"Oh my God," she said, laughing for a moment in astonishment, "I can't believe that thing is real. I mean, I really can't believe it!"

"I'm going to make you a believer, sweetheart," I said, taking her hand and guiding it towards my shaft.

"Mmm. Please do, Daddy," she said, looking up at me with puppy-dog eyes as she began to stroke my cock gently.

"Don't just tease it," I said gruffly, "get that thing in your mouth. You know that's what you want."

"Yes, Daddy," she said, her voice suddenly taking on a very submissive tone.

I knew that tone well. It was the tone that certain women got in their voice when they submitted to a dominant hung black man. It was the sound of black magic: black *cock* magic, that is.

She began to give me one of the most enthusiastic blowjobs I've ever had. Some of these white girls really knew how to give head. She'd probably practiced on a lot of other lucky guys over the years,

but I couldn't imagine that her husband inspired that kind of passion in her. I remember how she'd reacted before when I mentioned her husband, so I decided to talk about him some more.

"That's it, you little slut," I said, putting a hand firmly on the back of her head, "suck that cock like you'd never suck your husband. I know that white sluts like you only get this crazy for black dick."

"Mmm…," she responded, taking me even deeper.

"Damn," I said, "you look so good sucking that big black cock. What would your husband say if he saw you acting like such a whore?"

"He wouldn't say anything," she said, coming up for air, "he's too much of a wimp to confront you. He'd probably just jerk off in the corner and cry."

"Ha," I said, "I know just the type. A born cuck."

"That's right," she said, "I've been waiting so long to get some real dick."

"Your wait is over. Now come on and get this dick you little white whore. You wanted to be a snow bunny? You're a snow bunny for black cock now!"

"Yes, Daddy!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically, "I want you to break me in. Show me what I've been missing by being only with white guys my whole life."

"So this is the first time you've been with a black man?"

"Mm hmm," she said.

"Well then, let me tell you in advance. It's true what they say: once you go black, you can't go back."

"Mmm," she said, licking my cock hungrily, "I think I'm starting to understand why they say that."

"I'll make sure you understand it. Now get that dick back in your mouth."

"Yes, Daddy!"

"That's a good girl," I said as she began to bob up and down on my cock again, leaning forward as she sat on the bed, "good little snow bunny slut."

I looked up and saw a framed picture next to the bed. It was a wedding picture. I smiled to myself as I made eye contact with her

husband's photo. If only he knew what his wife got up to when he was working overtime.

For a while, the only sounds in the room were the sounds of her slurping on my cock. I knew this type of wanton, abandoned cock-sucking: I called it "white girl head." But to be more accurate, it wasn't a type of head that *all* white girls gave *all* the time. It was something they reserved for the truly deserving men. The hung alphas. The guys who could really make them scream.

"Get down here on the floor," I said, "and take off your clothes."

"Yes, Daddy," she said, immediately stripping off her sports bra and pulling her yoga pants down over her ass.

"The thong, too?" she asked, looking at me coquettishly over her shoulder.

I slapped her ass hard, leaving a satisfying handprint.

"Ouch, Daddy! Was I a bad girl?"

"You were trying to tease me. Admit it."

"Ok," she said, rubbing her ass, "I admit it. But you didn't answer my question. Should I keep the thong on?"

"Take it off."

"Yes, Sir."

SMACK! I corrected her swiftly with a nice slap across her other asscheek.

"What's my name?"

"Daddy!" she corrected herself, rubbing her stinging buttock.

"Stop rubbing your own butt and get that thong off, slut!"

"Yes, Daddy."

She stepped out of the thong and faced me again.

"On your knees," I said.

She dropped to her knees in front of me, looking up at me expectantly.

"I know you like it rough," I said, "I know exactly what girls like you like. But I think we need a safeword."

"Ok, Daddy."

"You say 'yellow' to slow down, and 'red' to stop. If you can't talk, just tap my leg three times, ok?"

“Yes, Daddy. I understand,” she said, “I love the fact that you’re so considerate.”

“Of course,” I said, “but now it’s time to show you what you’ve been missing from a lifetime of fucking wimps like your husband.”

“Yes, please. Show me how a real man uses a woman.”

I grabbed my cock in one hand and her ponytail in the other, rubbing it across her lips and face.

“God,” she murmured, “I still can’t believe how big it is.”

“Believe it,” I said, “look up at me.”

She obeyed, gazing up at me with a worshipful look in her eyes.

“Tell me the truth. This is the biggest cock you’ve ever been with, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

I slapped her across the face with my cock. She blushed.

“You love being treated like this, don’t you, slut?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Tell me what you are.”

“I’m a snow bunny slut,” she said, smiling up at me.

I smacked her across the other cheek with my massive erection, smiling at the way her pale skin flushed deep crimson at the humiliation.

“That’s right,” I said, “now open up. I’m going to fuck your face. I want you to play with your pussy for me while I use your mouth.”

“Yes, Daddy!” she exclaimed breathlessly, the fingers of her right hand disappearing between her legs and moving in a small circular motion as I pulled her hair back by her pigtail.

“That’s a good girl,” I growled, “open up for Daddy.”

She opened her mouth as far as it would go, and I began to fuck her face, gently at first, taking care not to test her gag reflex too much. She began to rub herself faster and faster, in time with my strokes.

“Don’t you dare come without my permission you little whore,” I said, reaching down and spanking her ass a few times, “I own this pussy now, do you hear me?”

“Mmm hmmm,” she moaned.

I pulled out and slapped her face three more times with my dick.

“I know you love getting treated like this.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, “please abuse me with your dick. I love it.”

“Good girl,” I said, “good little white girl slut.”

She opened up again and I pushed it further this time, encouraging her as I did.

“Open up for me, honey. That’s a good little girl. Open up and take Daddy’s dick as deep as you can.”

I let her come up for air several times, pushing deeper past her resistance after each break. Soon she had the hang of it, and was taking it down her throat. I reached down and felt the bulge each time my head extended past her tonsils.

“I bet you’d never do this for your husband, would you?”

“Mmm-mmm,” she moaned, her fingers still circling her clit furiously.

I put one hand around her neck while the other one guided her head down on my cock. I was fucking this woman’s face like it was my personal sex toy. I enjoyed the sensation of stretching her throat for a few minutes, then pulled off.

“Time for you to lick my balls, slut.”

She opened up eagerly, licking and kissing my sack as I reached down to play with her tits.

“Is that pussy nice and wet for me?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Good,” I said, “but I think I’m going to nut on your face first. Hold your left hand up next to your face.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

She was breathless. I could tell that this kinky play was exactly what she needed. What she’d been craving. Whether she knew that herself or not.

She looked at me a little strangely, holding her left hand up next to her face, but not quite understanding what I had in mind.

“Beg for my cum you little slut,” I ordered, “beg for me to nut all over your face and engagement ring.”

“Oh God,” she said, “that’s so filthy. I love it.”

I reached back and spanked her with one hand while I stroked my cock with the other, aiming carefully for her face.

“What did I tell you? Beg for it.”

“Please come on my face and my ring, Daddy.”

“Good girl,” I groaned, shooting two ropes onto her hand, coating her ring, while aiming the next five shots at her face.

“Mmmm,” she said, keeping her eyes clenched shut, “fuck that was a lot.”

“I always shoot a big load,” I said, “now it’s time to clean it up.”

“Yes, Sir.”

WHACK!

“What’s my name, slut? You keep forgetting. I think you might need a reminder.”

“Daddy!” she moaned.

“That’s right,” I said, “lick up all that cum like a good girl, then we’ll talk about your punishment.”

White girls *love* the idea of being punished by a black guy. Even the ones who claim not to love big dicks all still love the idea of being taken in hand. Most white men don’t know how to keep their women in line in the bedroom. I’m all too happy to take up the slack and teach their wives the lessons that they can’t.

“Look me in the eye while you lick that cum off your wedding ring,” I ordered.

She looked up at me, an expression of absolute lust in her eye as she polished the diamond ring with her tongue, kissing and licking it as she consumed my seed. Then she slowly fed herself the rest of the cum that coated her face.

“Did I do a good job, Daddy?” she asked.

“Very good,” I said.

“Are you going to fuck my pussy now, Daddy? I’m so horny for your big black dick.”

As much as I wanted to break in that tight snow bunny pussy right away, I knew that drawing things out even more would be more fun for both of us. Plus, I needed a few more moments to build up another load for her.

“Not so fast,” I said, “did you forget about your punishment?”

“Come on, Daddy! I promise to be a good girl and not tease you.”

“I’m not sure if that’s going to cut it,” I said, sitting on the edge of her bed, “come over here and get over my knee. It’s time to teach you a lesson that your husband should have taught you a long time ago.”

“What are you going to do to me, Daddy?”

“I’m going to spank that cute ass,” I said, “I bet your husband’s never given you a good whippin’, has he?”

“No, Sir.”

“See?” I said, pulling her over my lap as she shrieked in delight and surprise, “that’s what I’m talking about. You forgot my name again.”

“Sorry Daddy!” she wailed as I pulled her arms behind her back, holding them securely with one hand while I spanked her ass with the other.

Normally I would have warmed her up before spanking her hard, but I knew we didn’t have much time. Besides, I was enjoying seeing how far I could push this cute little white bitch. It seemed that no matter how rough I got, she needed it rougher. I was going to really enjoy finally breaking in her pussy.

I spanked her harder and harder, moving from one cheek to the other and changing up my tempo and rhythm to always keep her guessing. I stopped from time to time and slipped a finger into her tight pussy. She was soaked.

“Are you learning your lesson you little slut?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she gasped, “I promise never to forget your name. Please stop spanking me and start fucking me. I need that cock so bad.”

“Do you think you can handle this dick?”

“I don’t know, Daddy,” she moaned, squirming on her lap, her ass a wonderful shade of pink, “it’s so big. Is it going to hurt?”

“You bet it will,” I said, “but you’re going to love it anyway.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

I pulled her up. My cock was hard again, sticking straight up angrily in front of her.

“Oh Daddy, it looks like you’re ready again.”

“That’s right,” I said.

“How do you want me?”

“Bend over the bed and keep your legs nice and far apart,” I ordered, “I’m going to fuck you from behind like the dirty little slut you are.”

She obeyed, standing and then bending over the bed, her well-spanked ass exposed to me.

“Such a cute little pussy,” I said, “get ready to be totally ruined for any man smaller than me.”

“Go head, Daddy,” she moaned, wiggling her ass up at me, “ruin my little pussy. Stretch me out so I can’t even feel my husband anymore.”

“You’re a filthy little slut, did you know that?”

“Only for you, Daddy,” she cooed, glancing over her shoulder at me.

“Get ready, slut.”

I pushed my cock up to her pussy lips.

“Fuck,” she moaned, “go slow. It’s so big.”

I pushed it a bit further.

“Take this big cock, you little white whore. You know you need this. You crave big black dick.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she moaned, “just take it. Tear my little pussy open with your big black cock!”

This last filthy line provoked me enough that I grabbed her hair with my left hand and then buried myself to the hilt, letting out a primal groan as I penetrated her completely, bottoming out in her tight pussy.

“Fuck,” I groaned, “I haven’t had a pussy this tight in at least a week. This is amazing.”

“A week, huh? Are you that much of a stud?”

“Either that, or all of you white girls are just whores,” I laughed, beginning to move slowly in and out of her tight tunnel.

“That’s a good girl,” I said, as she began to rotate her hips backwards against me as I stroked, “feel that rhythm. Get that dick.”

“Oh yes, Daddy,” she groaned.

I realized that she hadn't come yet. Her orgasm had been building this entire time. It was bound to be explosive.

"Where's my cock, whore?"

"In my pussy, Daddy!"

"Whose property is this?" I asked, slapping her ass, "who does this pussy belong to?"

"You, Daddy!" she shrieked, "it's all yours!"

"That's right it is," I groaned, beginning to fuck her hard now, hard enough that our thighs began to clap together in a steady rhythm.

"I own this pussy. You're never going to fuck your husband again without my permission, is that clear?"

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned, "my pussy is your property. I'll never fuck my husband again without your permission."

"That's right you won't. You're a size queen now. A size queen slut for black cock. My little snow bunny size queen."

"That's right," she moaned, her hips bucking back desperately towards my thrusts, "I'm a snow bunny size queen slut. All I want is your big black cock, Daddy!!"

"Good girl," I groaned, thrusting harder and harder into that warm, tight pussy, "come on Daddy's cock. You've been a good girl. You deserve it."

"Fuck yes," she moaned, starting to shake as she screamed in pleasure, "oh god...it's so good...so fucking good..."

For a few minutes she just lay there underneath me, quivering gently as the orgasm slowly subsided. I was still buried balls-deep in her pussy, but I pulled out slowly now. It was time to change positions.

"We're not done yet," I said, pulling her up onto the bed, "I need to get my nut."

"Yes, Daddy," she said, her eyes glazed over with the after-effects of coming so hard, "please just do whatever you want."

I spread her legs and pushed my cock up to her pussy, slowly working the head into her swollen pussy.

"God it's big," she moaned.

"Look down and watch it go inside," I ordered.

She looked down and watched my giant black anaconda disappear to the hilt.

“It feels like you’re poking my stomach,” she laughed, “you’re so fucking deep.”

“Mm,” I said, grabbing her throat gently, “I’m going to come inside you. I need to fill you up.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, “my pussy is your property. You can come inside me if you want. But you need to know something.”

I started fucking her harder, pushing her legs back as far as they could go so I could get as deep as possible with each stroke.

“What’s that?”

“I’m not on birth control, Daddy,” she moaned, “I’m totally unprotected. Totally vulnerable to your seed.”

“Oh god,” I groaned, “you little white slut. Tell me what you want. I know you want me to come inside you.”

“Yes please,” she moaned, wrapping her legs around me now as I pounded her, “I want you to come in my unprotected pussy. Just fill me up. I want it so bad.”

“You want to get knocked up by a black man, don’t you? Does your husband know you’re unprotected?”

“Yes,” she groaned, “we’re trying to get pregnant. But he hasn’t been able to knock me up yet. I know for a fact I’m ovulating today, though.”

Oh my God. This woman was even sluttier than I possibly could have imagined. This final detail finally sent me over the edge.

“Come for me you little whore,” I groaned, choking her a bit with my hand as I continued to fuck her with a steady, sensual rhythm.

“Yes,” she gasped, “I’m close. Keep giving it to me rough.”

I smiled, reaching up with my other hand and slapping her cheek, not hard enough to hurt her, but hard enough to remind her who was in charge. That was exactly what she needed.

“Fuck Daddy,” she groaned, bucking up towards me, “I’m coming on your cock. Please fill me. Shoot your big load in my unprotected cunt.”

“Fuck yes you little snow bunny whore...”

“Give me a baby please, Daddyyyyyyy!!!”

That was it. I couldn't hold back a second longer. I shoved my cock against her cervix and unleashed a massive load of cum. If that didn't do the trick of knocking her up, I didn't know what would.

"Take that cum, you little whore."

"Thank you Daddy," she moaned, "fill that little pussy. Do what my husband can't. Give me a baby, please!!"

"Ugh yes," I groaned, still cumming in her tight pussy, "that's so good. I love flooding a tight, unprotected white pussy."

She beamed up at me, absolutely glowing.

"Ok, Stephanie," I said, pulling out, "I hope you enjoyed your first BBC experience."

"I loved it," she said, leaning up to kiss me, "Daddy."

"Good."

I moved up on the bed and put my cock in her face.

"You're not going to leave without cleaning me off are you?"

"Of course not, Daddy!"

I threw back my head in pleasure as she sucked the last few drops of cum from my cock. She was doing such a good job that I got hard again.

That's when I looked in the mirror right in front of me and saw a man standing in the hallway, watching us through a crack in the doorway. He was standing completely still, as if rooted to the spot. It had to be her husband. Luckily, I wasn't the type of guy to scare easily. If he didn't have a gun, I wasn't going to run. Besides, for all I knew, they'd set this whole thing up together. I knew that plenty of white guys were into seeing their wives get fucked by a hung black guy. Who was I to refuse him that pleasure? I decided to ramp up the filth factor, to see what I could get away with.

"Suck those balls while I jerk off on your face," I ordered, moving my sack directly over her mouth.

She slurped on them for a few moments, and I moaned in pleasure.

"Such a good little whore," I said, "does your small-dicked husband know you love sucking black cock so much?"

"My small-dicked husband has no idea," she laughed, her voice partially muffled by my body, but hopefully still clear enough to be

heard in the hall.

“Do me a favor now, slut,” I growled, “lick my ass while I jerk off on your pretty face. Can you do that?”

“Mmm,” she moaned, her mouth filled with my balls, “mm hmm.”

I shifted up a bit, then groaned as I felt her tongue begin to tease my asshole.

“That’s it,” I said, grabbing her left hand, “stroke me off with the hand where you wear your engagement ring while you eat my ass.”

She eagerly obeyed my command. I looked up to see her husband, clearly jerking off now.

“Your husband is a worthless little cuck,” I laughed, “otherwise he’d never let his wife be treated like this.”

“Mmm hmm,” she moaned, stabbing her tongue into my asshole and bringing me right up to the edge for the third time that day.

I pulled back, taking control of my own dick once more.

“Ok, honey,” I said, “I want you to smile. Pretend like your husband is here watching us, and smile for him.

She beamed, closing her eyes as I shot rope after rope across her face, absolutely coating it and pasting her eyes shut. I finished by pressing my cock into her mouth and having her clean it off once more.

“That was very good,” I said, “but I’m afraid I’ve got to get going now. You know where to find me the next time you need me though.”

“Awww, already?” she pouted, her eyes still plastered shut with cum.

“I’m afraid so,” I said, throwing on my boxers and shorts and grabbing my t-shirt as quickly as possible.

I gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, finding one of the only places that wasn’t covered in my sperm.

“Take care, Daddy,” she said.

“You too,” I said, looking into the hall, where her husband was still standing, absolutely shell-shocked, “I think you’ve got some cleaning up to do.”

As I pushed past her husband, I turned and added “both of you.”

A few minutes later, I was back in my apartment, thinking about what had just transpired. Who had really seduced whom? Had it all

been a game? Had she really been cheating, or had the two of them set it up from the beginning? Was she really not on the pill?

Unfortunately, I never got any satisfactory answers to those questions. All I knew is that I'd converted another normal white girl to a snow bunny size queen. And that was enough for me. At least for now.

THE END

CHEATING COLLEGE SIZE QUEEN (Book 1)

My name is Stacy, and I have a confession to make. Well, it's less a single confession and more a long series of scandalous incidents that all concern a central constellation of characters: me, a sweet, inexperienced freshman, Chad, the athletic, alpha basketball player, and Jason, my naive, church-going boyfriend. Jason had my heart, but Chad was allowed **everything** else. And I loved them both. To me, our arrangement was perfect. Even if Jason didn't know anything about it at first.

It all started right after I turned 18 and went off to college. I came straight from the country and onto the campus of a Big Ten Midwestern university. I laugh now to imagine how innocent I was back then. My parents had been extremely religious, and had done all they could to help me maintain my sexual purity up until I left the house. They'd been quite successful in this respect, but as is so often the case, their strictures had not only *repressed* my urges, they'd also *awakened* a burning curiosity in me for more knowledge of all things carnal.

Of course I had a general idea about how sex worked, but I didn't really know any of the dirty details. And I'd certainly never watched pornography. It was entirely against my religion and my chaste temperament.

The only hint of real male genitalia that I'd gotten came in the form of flowery passages from my grandmother's romance novels.

Those florid descriptions certainly captured the emotions surrounding a woman and a man being together, but in such euphemistic language that I often found myself even more puzzled by them than by the embarrassed explanations offered by my teachers.

So imagine my surprise when, during the first week of my freshman year, I learned that men's cocks were not only much **longer and thicker** than I'd imagined, but also that they got **extremely hard**.

I know! You might laugh about this now to think that a college girl could be that naïve. But this was just before cell phones became ubiquitous, before the internet — and internet pornography —ruled over every aspect of our lives and libidos. It was, in short, a more innocent time.

I still remember the first time I got an inkling of the truth. My outgoing, promiscuous friend Lisa had just had her second cocktail of the night and was telling me – her completely sober, virginal church-going roommate – all the dirty details.

"What?" I giggled, putting my hands over my face and blushing, "he was **how** long?"

"Like five inches," my roommate Lisa continued, "I know. I should have laughed at him like you did. But I left him put it in me anyway."

"Something that **big**?" I asked, incredulous.

"That **small**, you mean," she answered with a laugh, "I could barely feel him inside me. "

"But I thought…I mean aren't most guys smaller than that?"

"Ha!," she said, "you're a virgin?"

“Yes,” I said sheepishly, “how did you know?”

“Because you seem to have no idea how big a cock is. Or even what it looks like.”

I blushed when she said the word *cock*. I had heard it a few times, and I knew it was a bad word. Or at least one that good girls didn’t use.

“Sure I do,” I lied, “they’re about this long,” I said, indicating something as big as I could imagine, which was about the size of a tampon, “and this big around.”

I indicated the girth of a tampon.

Lisa almost doubled over laughing.

“Oh my god,” she said, “**thank god** I’ve never met a guy that small.”

I blushed. I really had no idea what she meant! But I decided I was going to find out.

That weekend I went to a party, determined to find a guy to experiment with.

I must have had some sort of aura of innocence about me. I know I was quite attractive in general, but those first few weeks at college were filled with guys asking for my number. One of them was this guy named Chad, who turned out to be a basketball player.

“That’s a guy who’s definitely packing,” said Lisa, smiling as she noticed me checking him out.

“How can you tell?” I asked.

“First of all,” she said, “look at those shorts. Guys with big dicks usually have to wear something loose-fitting, or they’ll cause a scene

every time they get hard."

"Oh," I said, "I guess I've got a lot to learn."

"There's another give-away," said Lisa, "watch how confident he is. He is not at all afraid to talk to women. I think he's coming over here now..."

She was right. Chad sauntered up to us, a cocky smile on his face, and fed me some kind of obvious lie about seeing me in his calculus class.

"I passed out of calculus," I said, enjoying his flirtatious tone, "I'm on to much more advanced topics."

"Well that's great," he said, not missing a beat, "because I'm looking for a calculus tutor."

I gave him my number, telling him that I'd be happy to tutor him any time. Calculus came easy to me.

Several weeks went by, and he never called.

I had almost forgotten about him when I met Jason.

Jason was a guy at church who I really liked. He was tall, handsome, and he played the guitar. we went out several times. We kissed every time, but only on the fifth date did things get a little more intense.

We got back to his dorm, and after a few minutes of fumbling I had his pants down and my hand on his cock. It was a lot bigger than a tampon, but after the weeks of anticipation, and all the conversations with Lisa, I was disappointed.

He must have sensed that because he asked me what was wrong. I summoned up my courage and told him, not really realizing

at the time how sensitive guys were about the subject.

“I guess I thought…it would be bigger?”

The look of disappointment on his face was palpable. But I was disappointed too! And the fact that he was so insecure was also a major turn-off.

Something else happened in that moment, too. I realized that humiliating him about his cock size was **a major turn-on for me**. I was very ashamed of this feeling, however, so I repressed it until a later date. It would come out eventually, though, in a quite explosive way.

Jason and I kept dating, and it was a long time before I mentioned his meager endowment again. In fact, I didn’t see his cock at all during the next year or so. I told him that I’d had second thoughts about getting physical with him because of religion. The **real** reason was to be found in another place, of course. He seemed to accept my reluctance, but I could tell that he didn’t totally like it. Jason was the kind of guy who was just happy to be dating a girl like me. Or probably would have been happy with any girl, to be honest.

In any case, I still had a burning curiosity about sex. And a burning need to finally lose my virginity. But at the same time, I wanted it to be with a guy who was worthy of my tight young body. More and more, I was convinced that a guy’s sexual prowess could be predicted by the size of his cock. And Jason, as sweet as he was, simply couldn’t measure up.

The cock size hypothesis was the only thing that made sense in my mind! How else could certain stupid guys be so confident, and such smart and successful guys so shy? It had to come down to dick size, right? It helped, of course, that Lisa agreed with me.

I started lusting after more confident guys.

It was around that time that I finally got a call from Chad. It had been about two months since I'd met him for the first time, but I could still remember the confident way he'd carried himself. If anyone had the kind of cock I was looking for, it must have been him.

He'd completely forgotten about the pretense of needing help with calculus. He asked me to go to a party at his frat. It was completely clear to me that he wanted to fuck me. I wanted to see if he was confident enough to try, and if he'd measure up to the task of finally claiming my young pussy.

I arrived at the frat and Chad met me at the door. I'd made an excuse to Jason earlier in the day, telling him that I was going to study with my friend Natalie. I needed to keep him on the back burner, because there was no way I could introduce a guy like Chad to my family. They'd take one look at him and know the truth: he was a total player, a guy out to lay as many girls as he possibly could, with no intention of settling down.

That's **exactly** what I liked about him, of course.

It didn't take long until we were in his room, and my hands were down his pants, fishing around for what I hoped would be a cock worthy of destroying my virginity.

"Oh wow," I said, closing my hand around his meaty, rapidly hardening dick.

He laughed, "You're an eager one aren't you? I didn't have you pegged for a size queen. You look so innocent."

"Shut up!" I said, playfully slapping him on the arm, "I'm very innocent. I just want to see what I've been missing."

"I'm happy to show you," he said, pulling down his shorts and revealing what I could only describe as the most beautiful big dick I'd ever seen.

It had to be almost ten inches long, completely flaccid. It looked like it would absolutely break me in half if he actually fucked me with it.

But that was exactly what I wanted. To be broken. To be used by the biggest cock I could find. To be absolutely conquered by an alpha male.

And for some reason, the fact that I was still dating Jason made this thought even hotter. I thought about how good it had felt to tell him his cock was small. Then I felt ashamed. The feeling soon passed, however.

That first evening, we kissed for a while longer, me just stroking Chad's shaft with the help of the ample precum that leaked from it as lube.

"I want to have sex," I told him, "but I'm a virgin. I don't think that thing is going to fit inside me."

"It's ok," he said, "it will definitely fit, but it'll take some time. Why don't I show you some other stuff first?"

I smiled at him. I was more than happy to learn from such an alpha male. That evening, he showed me exactly how to stroke him off. I sat next to him as he reclined on his bed, watching me as I played with his big fat dick.

"This thing is like a can of Pringles," I marveled, my two petite hands completely unable to encompass his girth.

"Ha," he said, "it's actually not quite **that** big. But you know, there's a guy on the team who must be almost that big around."

"How do you know that? Do you like to look at each other naked?"

I smiled at him teasingly.

“No,” he said, “but if you must know, sometimes we...kind of share girls.”

“*Share* them? Like you both date them?”

“It’s not exactly dating. Sometimes we all take turns fucking the same girl. It’s a team tradition.”

My jaw was on the floor. At least that’s how I felt. I must have looked shocked. But the truth was, I was intrigued, and **completely turned on**.

“You have to tell me more about that sometime,” I told him, stroking his shaft a bit harder with the lube that he’d provided, “I’ve never heard of something like that.”

“You’ve never heard of a gang bang? Really?”

“Really!” I said, truthfully, “I’m a very good girl, after all.”

“Right,” he said, “you’re a good girl who’s here stroking my cock while your boyfriend goes to Bible study.”

I had to admit he was right.

“But stroking it doesn’t count as cheating, right?”

“I won’t tell if you don’t.”

“Thanks,” I laughed, “now tell me what I should be doing.”

“Keep stroking it with both hands,” he said, “a little fast though.”

I did my best to follow his instructions. His cock felt so big and heavy in my hands. It made me feel so small and soft and feminine. I

knew in that moment that I would never be able to respect a guy whose dick was any smaller than that.

I stroked it up and down, slicking my hands down with lube when needed, and giggling in delight as I watched his big dick twice and start as I pleasured it.

“Oh fuck,” he said, “you’re a natural. I think you’re going to be in high demand if the other guys hear about this.”

I blushed a little. I was secretly very proud of being praised like that, but I also wasn’t sure if I was ready to be “shared” with the other guys just yet.

That would all change soon, however.

“Oh God,” he groaned, a look of concentration overtaking his face, “I’m going to come.”

“What?” I said, stopping mid-stroke.

As funny as it sounds now, at that time I had no idea what he was talking about. Of course I knew that semen – that is to say, sperm – came out of men’s cocks and fertilized eggs inside women, but I had never really thought about how it happened. Or how much of it there would be.

“Don’t stop!” he yelled, frustrated, “keep stroking.”

“Sorry,” I said, embarrassed, “I just...”

But my thought was interrupted as he began to shoot rope after thick rope of gooey semen. His cock erupted into the air like a geyser, his cum spraying all over his bedspread and his clothes.

“Oh wow,” I said, looking at my hands, which were absolutely coated, “I didn’t know that was going to happen. I’m really sorry for

making such a mess."

"Don't worry about the mess," he said, a look of satisfaction crossing his face, "though maybe I will teach you a better way to clean up next time."

"That would be great!" I said, grabbing the tissues, "I can't wait for next time!"

He gave me a kiss, then told me to get lost. I didn't mind at all. After all, I had Jason to play the role of boyfriend.

The next time I came over, I gave him another long, slow handjob while he played with my tits. I really liked pleasing him. It was never about my pleasure at all. I didn't even cum – at least not then.

I simply **loved** playing with his huge cock. It made me feel like a woman.

The second time he came I was more prepared for the actual event, but still unsure what I was supposed to do. So I asked him.

"A lot of girls like to eat it," he said.

"Eat it?" I looked at him in puzzlement, his monster cock dwarfing my tiny hands.

"Yeah," he laughed, "like they swallow it."

"How does it taste?"

He laughed.

"I would be the wrong person to ask."

"Ok," I said, "I'll try it this time."

“Oh god,” he said, as I bent down to put my mouth just over his cock.

“I can’t wait to taste it,” I said, smiling at him as seductively as I could.

“Here it comes,” he groaned, shooting the first powerful spurt directly into my mouth.

I gagged a bit in surprise, but then recovered in time to catch the next few spurts of cum in my mouth, as the rest hit my chin and chest.

I kept stroking until he was completely finished, then I swallowed and lifted my cum-covered hand to my mouth, licking it off greedily.

“Mmm,” I said, genuinely surprised, “it tastes really, really good.”

“I think you’re mastering this skill,” he said, “next time, we’ll have to teach you something else.”

“That sounds great,” I said, beaming, before cleaning off and then setting off to meet up with Jason, an extra spring in my step.

I was always extra nice to Jason after these encounters with Chad. Playing his sweet, innocent girlfriend only made the entire game even more arousing for me somehow.

And it wasn’t really cheating, was it? I mean, if I could shake another guy’s hand, what was the matter with jerking off his cock? We hadn’t even had sex yet!

The next time I visited Chad, he asked me if I’d like to give him a blowjob.

“Sure,” I said, having only a vague idea of what that entailed, “but I don’t actually blow on it, do I?”

He laughed.

“You’re funny, Stacy. Slutty but funny.”

“Slutty *and* funny,” I corrected him, “in that order.”

“Ok,” he said, “slutty *and* funny. Now how about you get on your knees and see how much of this cock you can fit in your mouth.”

I was eager to please as always. I dropped to my knees and opened my mouth as wide as I could, struggling to fit him inside. I lapped at his cockhead, already tasting the precum, which augured the reward to come through its salty, rich flavor.

“Oh Stacy,” he groaned, looking down at me as I worked his shaft with my hands and his head with my mouth, “you’re such a good little cocksucker. Is this really your first time?”

“Mmmhmm,” I answered, my mouth stretched almost to the point of pain as I bobbed up and down on him, trying to simulate the handjob, but with my tongue.

“Keep sucking that dick,” he encouraged me, “we’ll work on deepthroating later.”

I have to admit, I had an idea of what he meant this time, given the proximity of his cock to my throat. I even tried to press it past my gag reflex, but soon had to stop and come up for air, in the midst of a coughing fit.

“Sorry,” I said, when I’d caught my breath, “I promise I’ll get better.”

“You’re a natural-born slut,” he laughed, “Don’t worry — we’ll train you well.”

I wondered a bit about why he'd said "we," but in the heat of the moment, I simply shrugged it off as the "royal we."

A moment later I was back on his cock, once again trying to force his mighty girth into my tight young mouth.

"God you love sucking dick," he groaned, "I definitely don't believe that this is your first time."

"Mmmm-mmm," I protested, moaning on his cock.

I stroked him fast and faster, reaching down and playing with his nice heavy balls.

"Do you have a lot of cream in there for me?" I said, looking up at him with my innocent eyes as I stroked his shaft quickly.

"Oh fuck," he groaned, and began to rope into my mouth and onto my face and chin.

I later learned that this was called a "facial." It was my first, but certainly not the last.

I savored every drop of his salty cum, while he watched in disbelief.

"I've never met a girl who loves cum as much as you," he said, "you're a natural-born cumslut."

"Mm I guess I am," I laughed, heading to the bathroom to check my makeup before I went off to meet Jason.

We were going to see a movie later. I loved the thrill he clearly got from holding my hand during the screening. I even made out with him a bit. I wonder if he could tell that I'd been sucking another man's cock just an hour or so before…

A week later, I told Chad that it was finally time for him to fuck me.

“It’s going to be a very tight fit,” he said, playing with my pussy with one hand as he stroked his enormous cock in the other.

“I know,” I replied, “but I think that’s going to be the fun part. We can go slow...”

I had no idea just how slow we’d have to go. Despite the fact that I was soaking at the idea of finally being fucked by the monster cock I’d been learning to please over the past few weeks, he still couldn’t get more than just the tip of his broad head into my tight pussy. We decided to call it a day after about half an hour of trying.

I gave him a sloppy, enthusiastic blowjob instead, and let him cover my face in his warm spunk while I begged for it. Then I licked it all up and thanked him while I headed off to meet Jason.

We were at a church retreat that weekend. The men were in one campsite and the women in the other. At night in the bunk beds, I played with my pussy, imagining Chad finally breaking me with his big dick. God I needed that. I needed to be filled, claimed and taken the way that only a well-endowed man was capable of.

The next day, we met with the boys’ side of the camp for some games, and, later, prayer. I snuck away with Jason for a moment and we held hands in the woods. He kissed me and told me at that moment that he loved me.

I gave him a nice, long kiss, and told him that I loved him too. And I did. I loved everything about his personality and his values, and I knew that he would make a great provider. There was just one problem:

I loved Chad’s cock even more.

So after that time, I kept visiting Chad, almost every week, usually on Friday afternoon after class. I knew that I was just a warm-up for the other girls he would be fucking after the parties that weekend, but I didn't mind. After all, I didn't really want to date him, just fuck him.

And it took us a long time before we were really able to fuck. It took three more long, delicious sessions of me laying on his bed, my legs spread apart, looking up at him pleadingly as he slowly worked his big prick into my tight pussy. I loved the feeling of being stretched open just a little more each time. It was a slow, wonderful process.

Each time, he'd be able to fuck me with just part of his length.

"This is, without question, the tightest pussy I've ever been inside," he moaned on the second occasion, "I wonder what it feels like without a condom."

"You can take it off," I said, grinning, "just don't come inside me."

His face lit up like a kid's on Christmas. He pulled out and stripped the magnum condom from his huge, magnificent cock and pushed it back inside me – as far as it would go, that is.

"God that's good," I moaned, "I want you to fuck me. Just give it to me."

He fucked me with about half his length, knowing that he couldn't fit the whole thing just yet. His girth stretched me to the limit, sending new sensations coursing through my body.

I was about to experience my first orgasm. Even when I'd played with myself – which I'd started to do more frequently – I'd never achieved orgasm. I had no idea what one really felt like. I know that sounds a little strange, but I've sense talked to women like myself who thought they were orgasming but really weren't

Anyway, that day that Chad fucked me, without a condom, and with only half of his length, I felt a feeling originating in my pussy and clit begin to spread over my entire body. This was much more intense than anything I'd felt before. I didn't know what was happening, but I didn't want it to stop, either.

"Oh God," I moaned, "it feels so funny...so...good!"

"Go ahead and come for me you cute little slut," he encouraged, "just relax and let it happen."

"Don't stop fucking me with that big cock," I moaned, surprising myself with the obscenity of my remark.

He grunted and moaned as he pumped his gigantic prick into my overstuffed cunt. I squealed in delight at the skewering his cock delivered. I loved the feeling of being totally at his mercy, completely overwhelmed with dick. It was like no other feeling in the world, and it was certainly something that Jason could never compete with.

"Oh! Oh!OOOOOOOOOOOh."

Chad later told me that the sounds of my first orgasm reached some of the other frat brothers in the kitchen, three floors beneath us.

I almost blacked out from the pleasure. My vision went blank for a moment as my body was racked with a tidal wave of bliss.

"My God, Chad," I said, my face flushed with my very first post-coital glow, "that was magical. I think you have a magical dick."

"And your tight little cunt is pretty good as well," he groaned, pulling out his cock and spraying down my breasts and belly with one of his signature voluminous loads.

“I needed that,” I cooed, scooping up his cum and feeding it to myself slowly.

“Me too,” he said, “that was amazing to watch. What would your boyfriend think if he knew you were doing this stuff with me on the reg.”

“I don’t know,” I laughed, “maybe he’d like to watch. He’s got sort of a cucky vibe. And I obviously love cheating.”

“Maybe you should tell him,” laughed Chad.

“Na,” I said, “I like it better that it’s just our dirty little secret.”

“Suit yourself,” said Chad, “but next week, I’m going to bottom out in that pussy. I know it.”

The next week began normally for the most part. I had coffee with Jason on Monday, and went to Bible study with him on Wednesday night at the student center. There was a guest lecturer speaking on the importance of sexual fidelity within the context of marriage. I nodded along with everything she said, becoming more and more impassioned myself as her rhetoric became more and more fervent.

“I’m glad we feel the same way about these things,” said Jason, afterward, “it’s so hard to find a relationship like ours these days.”

“I agree,” I said, drawing closer to him.

If only he knew just how *unique* our relationship actually was.

“I’m glad you do,” he said, “because I’ve been thinking about asking your father a very important question soon.

He gave me a knowing smile, then kissed me on the cheek goodnight.

My *father*? He wasn't one of those guys who was so old-fashioned that he'd ask the woman's dad for permission to marry her, right?

Oh my God, he *was*!

Of *course* he was. He probably already had the ring.

That night I tossed and turned in my bed. On the one hand, I was still very young. I didn't intend on giving up my sexual experiments any time soon. Settling down with Jason would mean no more fooling around with Chad. It was one thing to do that stuff while we were dating, it was something else entirely to do it when we were married. Right?

But on the other hand, it seemed like the perfect arrangement. I never had to worry about Jason's loyalty, and I would be the perfect wife in every aspect of our lives that counted. Just not in that one, particular area:

Sex.

Chad, and well-endowed guys like him, would own my vagina.

It may not have been culturally acceptable, but it felt completely natural to me: I'd be supported by the nice, stable guy, and sexually pleased by the most dominant, big-dicked alpha males.

That Friday afternoon, I went to Chad's frat to allow him to continue breaking in my pussy. I knew that today would probably be the day that he finally succeeded in going balls-deep, that is to say, completely stretching me out and finally owning me.

I was giddy with excitement like any girl who knew that she would be proposed to. Having this filthy little secret on top of everything only made my pussy wetter and my nipples harder as I knocked on Chad's bedroom door.

“On your knees, slut,” he ordered, pulling down his workout shorts and letting his enormous cock flop out.

I dropped to my knees immediately, obeying him instinctively. I loved his authoritative tone, and the way he didn’t hesitate to show me my place. Jason would have never been so direct.

I slobbered on his rod for about 15 minutes, looking up at him in adoration as my jaw muscles got the workout of a lifetime. Pleasing him was all the foreplay I needed. A few minutes later, I was striped of my clothes, my legs spread on his bed as he impaled me on his tremendous endowment, this time balls deep.

It felt amazing to finally be able to take his entire length, after such a long build up. So good, in fact, that I actually had a sizable orgasm the moment that he bottomed out in my tight little cunt.

“God Chad,” I cried, my pussy muscles clenching around his gargantuan member, “Jason’s going to ask me to marry him.”

He didn’t miss a beat. That’s what I loved about Chad. Well, not really loved. I was still going to save that word for my husband. It’s what I appreciated about him.

“No matter who you marry,” he said, slamming my pussy with his entire length, “this pussy will always belong to me. And you’ll never be able to forget this cock.”

“Oh God, Chad,” was all I could say as I moaned and came again for the second time in only a few seconds.

I knew he was right. But what did it matter? I would never discuss the intricacies of doctrine or child-rearing with Chad. That was what **Jason** was for. **Chad** was for fucking. For the purposes of straight-up, primal breeding. It was a need that I had that went deeper than the trappings of civilization and religion: **a need to submit to the man with the biggest cock**.

Not just submit to him: to be **inseminated** by him. And that is why I said those words to Chad in that moment, right as he pounded my unprotected pussy with his huge hard horsecock.

Their emotional truth was as powerful as the physical act they described:

“Please come inside me,” I demanded, pulling him in closer with my legs.

Chad knew I was totally unprotected. But despite (or because) of this, I heard him let out a cry of delight and begin to pump me even harder and faster than before.

“Here it comes you little whore,” he growled, putting a hand around my neck and lightly choking me as he held me down and began to pump me full of seed.

“Oh God,” he moaned, slamming himself all the way to my cervix and unloading a powerful spurt of cum directly into me, “take it you fucking whore. Take this cum like the little slut you are.”

“Oh God, yes,” I moaned, “claim that unprotected virgin pussy, Chad. It’s yours, now. No other man can have it.”

This wasn’t entirely accurate, of course. Other men would **definitely** be allowed to fuck my pussy. But only **he** got to be the very first.

He grinned at me and pulled out, moving up towards my mouth and slapping his still-erect cock across my face for cleaning.

I eager took his still-rigid erection into my mouth and sucked the last of his cum from its tip. It felt so right, serving him like this, but I knew that Jason was waiting at the restaurant for me, and I had a feeling he had a special surprise in store.

“Finish fast,” I said, grinning up at Chad, “I *know* you’ve got another load in there for me.”

“God you little slut,” he laughed, “you want all my cum to yourself, don’t you? How am I supposed to nut when I fuck those little cute freshmen fans later tonight.”

“Mmm,” I said, moving down to lick his balls, “I guess I’m just a greedy little bitch.”

“Fuck yes,” he groaned as my mouth slathered his testicles, “I’m going to jerk off all over that pretty face before you go and meet your loser boyfriend.”

I only moaned harder into his sack.

“Loser **fiancé**,” I corrected him, mumbling into his balls, “at least I’m betting on it.”

He pulled me up and aimed his prick at my face, tugging at it furiously for a few seconds before loosing a stream of hot white liquid all over my face.

“I don’t have time to wash my hair,” I complained, “so you better not have gotten anything in it.”

My eyes were completely plastered closed by his load, but as I scooped his cum into my eager mouth, I was soon able to see.

***

Later that evening, I met Jason at the campus restaurant where we’d gone on our first date. I could tell he was nervous. He kept touching his pocket, as if to make sure that something was there.

The conversation turned to our recent retreat, and the importance of sexual forbearance and chastity, especially in an

oversexualized world.

I couldn't have agreed with him more: **small-dicked guys** needed to remain chaste. To keep it in their pants while the big-cocked guys had the fun. Guys like Jason were great for going on dates with and for bringing home to mom and dad, but they could never touch those places in my soul – or pussy – that the Chads of the world could.

Jason got on one knee, tears in his eyes as he reached into his pocket and produced a diamond ring.

I could still feel Chad's cum, slowly running out of my pussy and down my leg.

"Oh Jason," I said, shrieking in delight as the heads of the other restaurant-goers turned to witness the happy spectacle, "of course I will!"

As he slipped the engagement ring on my finger, I had to accept the truth: I had become a cheating size queen slut, without even meaning to.

Read the next installment of my story if you'd like to learn about how I ended up being shared by Chad and all of his friends, while Jason saved himself for our wedding night.

END OF PART 1

CHEATING COLLEGE SIZE QUEEN: Book 2

Introduction

You don't have to read the first part of my story to understand or enjoy this one, but knowing what happened in part one might enhance your enjoyment of part two.

In the first installment of this story, I told you about how I went from being an innocent, naïve and inexperienced young woman from a very religious background to the plaything of a hung college basketball player (Chad), all while dating a nice guy (Jason) on the side. I knew I wasn't exactly being a "good girl," but at the same time there was something so natural and innocent about the game I was playing: I was submitting to the most well-endowed stud I could find, while relying on the nice, stable guy for emotional and financial support.

It was a story as old as time.

◆◆◆

Part 2

The transition from being only with Chad to being with Chad and his friends on a regular basis was a very natural one, as strange as that sounds. It was never a conscious decision on my part to become the girl that all the guys were fooling around with. It just kind of happened as a matter of course.

After Chad finally managed to get his entire cock inside me during three marathon stretching sessions that culminated with him coming in my unprotected pussy right before my boyfriend proposed marriage, I needed more.

Much more.

I started going to Chad's place twice a week now: on Fridays as before, but now on Tuesday nights as well. It was no secret to any of his friends what was happening. I'd knock on the door and come in and smile at Chad, and he'd put down whatever he was doing and take me upstairs and use my tight little college pussy in as many positions as he pleased, before cumming on my face or in my mouth and sending me off to meet Jason, my fiancé.

But one day, he didn't drop what he was doing, because what he was doing was another girl. I could hear them from downstairs while I stood in the living room talking to his frat brothers.

"He's busy," said one of them, nodding to the ceiling.

The lighting fixtures were shaking with each thrust as Chad bottomed out in some lucky girl's pussy.

I wasn't jealous. He was only proving his worth as a fuckable alpha male. It was something that Jason would have been wholly incapable of.

But I came there looking to be *fucked*, and I didn't plan on leaving to meet Jason without getting some cock first.

“Hey,” I said to the group of guys playing video games, “which one of you has the biggest dick?”

That got them to pause and look up from what they were doing.

“I think that’s gotta be me,” said Michael, another basketball player. He was tall, black and built. One of the star point guards.

“Do you want to get lucky?”

“Hell yes.”

He dropped the controller and stood up.

“Why don’t you show me your room, big guy?” I said, smiling at his package which could already be seen to be rapidly hardening.

“Aww, can’t we watch?” said one of the frat guys.

“No,” I laughed, “but maybe if you’re lucky – and hung enough – you’ll be next.”

A whoop went up from the group of guys. I have to admit, it turned me on a lot, realizing that I was at the center of attention. It started my mind reeling. What would it be like to be to do it while someone else was watching? And what would it be like to be with more than one guy at once?

My experience with Chad had shown me that men enjoy putting their cocks in more than just one hole. Why couldn’t a girl take multiple cocks at the same time? It only made sense. Besides, he’d even mentioned that sometimes he’d “shared” girls with other guys on the team. What did he call it?

That’s right: a “gang bang.”

Ha, I thought, if he wants to bang other girls during our weekly meeting time, maybe I’ll have a little “gang bang” with his friends.

But I wasn't quite ready for that, so Michael was going to have to do.

Michael took me upstairs to the door of his room, which was down the hall from Chad's. I could still hear the girl Chad was with instead of me, moaning for him to fuck her harder and faster.

"They've been at it for a long time," laughed Michael, his low, sonorous voice tickling my privates without even touching them, "I guess he's really something in bed."

"He's alright," I laughed, still feeling a little jealous if I was totally honest with myself, "but I have nothing to really compare him to."

"Not even your boyfriend?"

Michael seemed to know a lot about me already. I guess it was only natural for a guy like Chad to talk.

"He's my fiance, actually," I said, "and no. We're saving ourselves for marriage."

Michael raised his eyebrows wryly.

"Well, you know what I mean," I said, "he's saving himself. I'm just having some fun."

"With the whole fraternity?"

"Look," I said, growing impatient, "do you want to show me what you're packing or not? I'm on a schedule here, and I need to get fucked."

He opened the door to his room and gestured me inside.

"Then you better get on your knees you little whore," he commanded, pulling down his shorts as he guided me into a kneeling position.

I loved being manhandled like that.

“Yes, Sir,” I said, grinning up at him as he unleashed his gigantic black anaconda.

“I prefer ‘Daddy,’” he said, smiling back as he stroked his rod.

“Ok, Daddy,” I said, playing along, “just how big is that cock?”

“I’ve never had the need to measure it,” he said, “every woman that’s seen it has said it’s the biggest they’ve ever been with, and that’s enough for me.”

“Well now I wish I’d measured Chad,” I laughed, “because I’m not sure whose is bigger.”

He gave a long, low chuckle that gave me tingles.

“I guess maybe someday we could compare,” he said, guiding my mouth to his mushroom tip, “but for now, why don’t you show me some of those legendary cocksucking skills?”

Legendary? I guess this is what they mean when the say that a girl has a “reputation.”

I looked up at him as I began to choke on his gigantic cock. It felt at least as long, and perhaps even thicker than Chad’s.

“Yes,” he groaned, “you white sluts all love the BBC, don’t you?”

I stopped, pulling off and looking up at him in astonishment.

“Why are you talking about the British Broadcasting Corporation, you weirdo? I thought you wanted your dick sucked.”

He laughed.

“BBC means ‘big black cock.’ I thought that was common knowledge.”

“Not where I’m from,” I said, “but I will suck your big black cock – sorry, your ‘BBC,’ Daddy, if that’s what you want.”

“That’s exactly what I want, slut. Now get back to work.”

“I will,” I retorted, “and for your information, it’s true that I love the BBC. Dr. Who is great, and those Jane Austen adaptations make any girl of any race cream.”

He had to laugh.

“Chad said you were funny. But he also said you gave amazing head. Let’s find out.”

I gave him what I considered to be an extremely enthusiastic and thorough blowjob. After all, I had a reputation to uphold! If I was going to be known as a slut around the frat, at least I should give the guys a thrill while I was at it.

Of course, all of this slutty behavior gave me a thrill as well. I wondered what Jason was doing while I was on my knees servicing what amounted to a total stranger. Was he at home reading his Bible? Watching porn? Wondering what his cute fiancee was doing right now?

There was no way in the world he’d imagine the truth: me on my knees, trying my hardest to please large, big-dicked African-American basketball player.

“Yeah, that’s it,” he groaned, “I like my nuts licked. Keep going.”

I was pulling out all the stops. Trying to make this a dicksucking for the ages. Knowing somewhere in the back of my mind that if I succeeded, my reputation would be even further enhanced.

“God damn,” he groaned, massaging the back of my head as I took him deep, “I need to feel that pussy.”

“Please go ahead,” I said, “I want you to split me open with that big dick. If Chad doesn’t want this pussy, I guess it’s all yours. Daddy.”

I tried to give him my most innocent look possible after having uttered something so utterly obscene.

“Get those clothes off, bitch. Or at least the pants.”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said, peeling down my yoga pants and panties.

I bent over his bed, wiggling my ass seductively at him.

He gave me a few spanks.

“Ohh, Daddy. Have I been bad?”

“You sure have, you little slut. Hold still so Daddy can give you this big cock.”

“Mmmm...yes please!”

He felt so incredibly thick as he pushed himself inside me. I looked up and into the mirror on the closet and admired his chiseled abs. You don’t need abs like that to play basketball well, but they probably help a lot.

“Oh Daddy,” I moaned, “I need that dick. I came here for dick and you’re giving it to me soo good.”

“That’s right you little white slut,” he groaned, “all you little whores love this big black dick. You can’t get enough.”

“No, Daddy,” I groaned, “I really *can’t* get enough. I need you to show me just how good it is.”

“I heard you like it rough.”

“You heard exactly right,” I said, looking him in the eye through the mirror, “show me exactly what you’ve got.”

“Fuck yes,” he groaned, starting to slam into me, slapping my ass and pulling my hair, “take this big dick you little bitch.”

In the excitement of being penetrated by him for the first time, I’d forgotten to insist that he wear a condom. I couldn’t tell if he had one on or not.

“Are you wearing a condom?”

“Of course,” he said, “I wouldn’t risk fucking a slut like you without bagging it up first.”

I might have been a little insulted by the implication, but the fact was, I loved the idea of suddenly being this huge slut, despite the fact that I had, of course, only had sex with one guy before him. Strictly speaking, I was *not* a slut. But I guess the slut is always in the eye of the beholder.

He continued pounding me hard from behind, commanding me to come on his big black dick. I had no problem doing what “Daddy” wanted, telling him all the while that I loved his cock. I was impressed with his staying power. Usually when I talked that dirty, Chad, despite his incredible stamina, couldn’t hold back any longer.

“Wow,” I said, my face flushed with post-coital glow, “you gave me a workout. But you better give me some of that cum to taste soon, because I’m going to have to get going.”

“Don’t you worry about that, you fucking slut,” he groaned, pulling out and smacking my ass hard, “get over here and get on your knees and prepare for Daddy’s load.”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said, suddenly feeling extremely kinky because of what I knew my father would say if he heard me talking like that.

I got on my knees and looked up at him sweetly.

“Please coat me with your big load,” I cooed, “I need Daddy’s cum.”

“Fuck,” he groaned, wanking his dick frantically as he held my head in place, “open up for Daddy.”

I stuck my tongue out to receive his thick, gooey load, which slapped against my tongue and cheeks with an audible splat.

“Mmm...thank you, Daddy!” I exclaimed, licking it up as quickly as I could, “you taste delicious.”

Just then, there was a knock at the door. It was a shirtless Chad, his wonderful cock outlined in his boxers.

“What the fuck, Mike?” he said, “you’re up here with my girl?”

“I’m not **your** girl,” I said, feeling a little feisty, “you know I’m engaged. And who was that little slut you were banging just now?”

I looked behind him, down the hall, and saw my roommate, Lisa, the girl who had first introduced me to the joys of big cocks.

“I see,” I said, “well, no hard feelings. I guess you have enough dick to go around.”

“And you have one incredible pussy,” said Michael, wiping his dick onto my cheek, “thanks for letting me take a test drive,” he said, looking at Chad.

“My pleasure,” he said, smiling at me.

“Hey,” I protested, “don’t I get a say in this?”

“Of course, babe. But you already said yes.”

He had a point there. Once again, the incredible slutiness of the whole situation was somehow intoxicating. A big grin spread across my face as the other frat boys started cheering when I appeared at the bottom of the stairs once again.

“My turn next time,” said one of them, “I can fuck way better than Michael.”

“You’d better be packing,” I laughed, looking down at his crotch, “this pussy has a 7-inch minimum.”

They *loved* that line. The hoots of laughter and cat-calls rang in my ears as I pulled up to the house where I would meet Jason for Bible Study. How had I gone so far astray from what my parents had taught me in such a short time? I knew the truth. Deep down, I’d always been what I was: a size queen slut. I started to wonder where I had gotten it from. Were all the women in my family like this? I shrugged off those concerns for a moment and went into the house to meet the other members of my small group.

***

Because we were engaged now, I decided it would be ok if I gave Jason a handjob now and then. I was careful not to make it a regular thing. I didn’t want him to feel entitled to it, after all! That day, after Bible Study, we went to my dorm and started making out. Since we had recommitted ourselves to chastity, we were almost never alone together, so when we got the chance to fool around like this, it was explosive.

Of course he had no idea how to touch me, so I took the lead, reaching into his pants and stroking his cock. Since I was used to handling Chad and Michael’s big meaty members, I couldn’t help but giggle a bit. I immediately felt guilty.

“What’s so funny?”

“Oh, it’s nothing,” I said quickly, “something Lisa and I were joking about earlier.”

“I see,” he said, clearly skeptical about my explanation.

“Mm, does this feel good?” I asked, unzipping his fly for better range of motion, “I can get some lotion.”

He nodded. I pulled a bottle of hand lotion out of my purse and began to wank him harder.

“Do you like it when I stroke your little guy like this?”

I don’t know why I said it, but I just couldn’t help myself.

He blushed, clearly embarrassed, but nodded yes.

“I like stroking your cute little cock,” I said, grinning at him.

I could tell he wasn’t going to last long.

“Ohh….ahh…”

The next thing I knew he had coated my hand in a few small dribbles of cum.

“That wasn’t very much,” I said, disappointed, “have you been jerking off?”

“Stacy…,” he started, “what’s gotten into you? Why are you talking like that? What about sexual purity?”

“Easy for a guy who just got a handjob to say.”

“But you’re my fiancee.”

“Exactly.”

I could tell he was really surprised at my words and actions, and if I was honest, they surprised me as well. What had gotten into me recently?

“I’m sorry if I hurt your feelings,” I said, doing my best to look contrite.

“It’s ok,” he said, “it’s just… you haven’t been seeing any other guys have you?”

I panicked internally, but tried not to show it.

“No – why would you ask that?”

“No reason. It just seems like you really know what you’re doing when you… you know.”

I did know. Chad had taught me so well to wank a dick that I’d forgotten the necessity of playing the ingenue when I was around him.

“I’m just a natural, I guess!” I said, giving him a peck on the cheek and reaching for the tissues, “but you don’t seem to mind.”

“No,” he said, “it was actually kind of a turn on.”

What exactly was a turn-on? I wondered later. Was it me clearly showing signs of sexual prowess, or was it the fact that I’d ridiculed his penis size? I would later find out it was a little of both. But that’s a story for part three of this series.

In any case, I continued to visit Chad twice a week, but now that Michael had spread the word, a couple of other guys came into the mix. I didn’t let just *anyone* fuck me. I had standards. More that

anything, a *size* standard of course. Lucky enough for me there were plenty of guys on the basketball team with generous endowments.

So it was only natural that I became more and more popular with the guys. I kind of became an institution in my own right, because they even started including me in their initiation rituals for new pledges. Basically, the guys would have to go into a darkened room with me, and I'd drop to my knees and give them the best blowjob possible. The goal was to last more than five minutes. Not many guys could – but most of them were initiated anyway.

Even though there were several people around listening on the other side of the door, that was still not technically group sex. I did, however, have my first experience with two guys at once a couple of weeks after I fucked Michael for the first time.

Chad had been making me dress like one of the cheerleaders while we fucked. The uniform he gave me to wear might have even belonged to an ex-girlfriend of his or something. No matter – I didn't care. I loved dressing in slutty outfits to please him.

Anyway, on that particular day, Michael was playing video games again downstairs when he saw me show up to meet Chad wearing the uniform.

"Damn," he said, "can I get a turn after you two are finished?"

"No," I said, looking at the clock, "I've got to be somewhere in forty minutes, and I don't think we've got time."

"What if we team up?"

A shiver went down my spine. It was such a deliciously slutty idea. Two guys at one time! Of course. Why didn't it occur to me that this was simply the next logical step in my depraved life.

"Let's see what Chad says," I replied, smiling mischievously.

I stood there at the door to Chad's room, holding Michael's hand.

"Would you two big basketball players like to double-team this little cheerleader?" I asked, batting my eyes innocently.

"Fuck yes," said Chad, giving Michael a high-five.

Before I knew it, I was on my hands and knees on the bed, with Michael's cock in my mouth while Chad pushed aside my panties to finger me. I moaned as they took turns slapping my ass, calling me names like "dirty little cheerleader slut."

I called Michael "Daddy," of course, which Chad found extremely amusing for some reason. But to be honest, I didn't have very many moments when there wasn't a cock in my mouth.

Those guys knew what an opportunity they had, and they took it. Michael fucked my lips raw, sliding his big hard cock into my throat over and over again while Chad skewered me from behind. He'd simply pushed my panties to the side and kept my cheerleader uniform on. I was impressed by their staying power.

"Let me feel this big dick in my pussy," I said to Michael, signaling for the two men to change places.

"Gladly," he said, smiling.

Chad pulled out and stood next to the bed, stroking his enormous hard-on while Michael got into position behind me, sliding his mammoth cock inch by inch into my sopping wet tunnel.

"You like that, bitch?" he asked, grabbing my hair and pulling me up to face Chad's erection, which was bobbing just a few inches from my face.

“Mmm hmm,” was all I was able to reply before Chad began to slowly fuck my face.

That’s around the time that they started talking dirty. It was so degrading, but I loved it. I had become the kind of filthy whore that my parents would have been absolutely shocked by.

“She loves big dick, doesn’t she?” panted Michael, ramming me from behind.

“The bigger the better,” he replied, forcing my head down on his cock.

“She’s a little cheating slut, isn’t she?”

“A total whore.”

“What would her boyfriend do if he knew she was over here getting stuffed with cock every time his back is turned?”

“He wouldn’t think she was so innocent then.”

“Maybe we should tell him. Maybe we should call him right now.”

A jolt of energy went through my entire body. I let out an involuntary, low groan of excitement and pleasure when I heard their absolutely obscene suggestion.

“Let’s really do it,” said Chad, “that’s her phone over there. Toss it to me.”

I watched as my Nokia flip phone flew over my shoulder and into Chad’s hands. Back then, cell phones didn’t have security codes. It was a trivial matter for him to find the entry marked “Jason.”

My entire body stiffened as I prepared to climax, both from the pounding that Michael’s big black dick was giving me, and the

absolutely cruel and somehow at the same time incredibly arousing plan that the two guys had hatched.

Chad pulled out his cock as I climaxed.

“Oh God, you guys are so baaaaaaad!!”

I felt guilty for how **good** it felt to come at the thought of calling my boyfriend during my first threesome.

“You’re going to have to talk to him,” said Chad, holding the phone to my ear as I slowly recovered from a massive orgasm, “Michael promises to be nice.”

He winked at Michael, who slowed his pace.

“Oh yeah,” he said, “of course.”

“Hello, honey?” Jason sounded concerned, “everything ok?”

“Hi!” I tried to sound as normal and chipper as possible.

“I, um ---.”

Michael chose that moment to slap my ass, hard. I choked on a shriek as he began to poud my pussy hard again.

“Stacy, what’s wrong? I can’t understand you...”

“I’m fine...oh God,” I panted, “I think I have to call you back!!”

Michael spanked my ass three more times, loud enough that it must have been audible on the other end of the phone line, as I struggled to disconnect the call.

“You guys are such bastards,” I said, laughing, “I’m going to have a lot of explaining to do.”

“What’s to explain?” laughed Chad, stroking his cock right next to my face, “you’re a whore who loves big dick, and you’re never going to change.”

“Ugh, this pussy is so fucking tight,” moaned Michael, his thighs slamming into mine as he continued to plunge into me from behind, “too bad that cuck boyfriend of yours is never going to experience it.”

“He’s my fiance,” I corrected, “and he will *too* experience it. On our wedding night. And he’ll appreciate it more than you two,” I laughed.

“That’s really sweet of you,” laughed Chad, slapping my face with his cock, “now open up so I can spray you down.”

I grinned up at him and closed my eyes and opened my mouth. A few seconds later, I heard Chad groan and felt the wonderful sensation of a huge cable of cum slapping into my tongue and cheeks.

“God this girl is a slut,” said Michael, “and I do believe I’m about to nut.”

“Do it inside her,” said Chad, “that way it drips down her leg while she’s talking to her boyfriend. She’s a cheating college size queen and she absolutely loves it!”

Fuck. Chad had me totally figured out, and I loved it. I climaxed again as Michael grunted, pumping his seed inside me.

“Thank you,” I cooed, beaming at both guys, “that was really fun. But we’re NOT calling Jason again. What were you thinking?”

“You didn’t exactly try to stop us,” laughed Michael.

“I know,” I said, “but I feel guilty about how much it turned me on.”

“You’re just doing what comes naturally, right? No reason to feel guilty about that.”

I had to admit he was right. About ten minutes later, I was in a sundress sitting across from Jason in his dorm room. The semen-stained cheerleader uniform was in my gym bag next to me.

“What was happening before, when you called? It was like there was a slapping sound just before you hung up. And you were acting weird.”

“Oh yeah,” I said, stalling for time. It was probably totally obvious that I was lying.

“I was shopping with my sister, and this guy came up and interrupted us.”

“Why didn’t you call back?”

“Oh,” I said, “because I knew that I’d see you really soon.”

“Ok,” he said, “I just wanted to make sure that everything was alright.”

“Of course it is, silly,” I leaned in and gave him a long kiss.

We had another steamy makeout session, followed by another handjob.

“It’s small, isn’t it?” he asked to my surprise as I stroked his half-size cock in my hand. Unlike Chad and Michael’s dicks, his filled a single hand comfortably. I didn’t even have to try to get my hand around it.

“Oh, no…,” I said, “I mean, I wouldn’t know.”

“You don’t ever talk to other girls about it?”

“Well, I guess maybe once or twice. But just about cocks in general, not yours in particular.”

“Ok,” he said, “I just get the idea sometimes that you’re disappointed or something.”

“Oh sweetheart,” I said, reassuringly, “I could never be disappointed with something so cute.”

“That’s just it,” he said, “no guy wants to hear that their cock is ‘cute.’”

“But it’s a compliment!”

“Whatever.”

“Look,” I said, giving him a sultry look as I stroked him even faster, “I know that I’ve been kind of mean, and I want to make it up to you. So why don’t you look at these tits while I finished you.”

He had never seen my boobs before, only fondled them briefly when we first started dating.

“Oh God,” he groaned, “yes, please.”

I reached up and popped both of my breasts out of my bra and let them hang out of the top of my sundress.

“Do you like how hard my nipples are getting?”

“Mmmhhhmmm,” he groaned, suddenly shooting a huge rope of cum into the air and all over my hands and lap.

“Ha ha ha,” I laughed, “well well. You do have a lot in there sometimes after all!”

He blushed.

“Why don’t you go to the bathroom and get cleaned up?” I asked him, reaching for the tissues so that I could clean myself off.

He gave me a peck on the cheek and then disappeared into the personal bathroom that adjoined the dorm. As I waited for him to return, my eyes fell absentmindedly on his computer screen. A web browser window was open, but was minimized at the bottom of the screen. I clicked on it and was shocked at what I discovered:

An internet forum page called “cuckold lifestyle chat.”

My eyes scanned the posts, quickly. My adrenaline was pumping. It was a discussion board devoted to **exactly** what I was doing: cheating on Jason with big-dicked guys. But it seemed to be from the perspective of the men being cheated on. They seemed to like it!

Could Jason **know? How much** did he know? And if he did know, was he actually *into* what I was doing? Did he get off on the idea of his sweet girlfriend cheating with well-endowed guys?

Suddenly, I had *a lot* to think about.

I heard the toilet flush in the bathroom.

Just then, my cellphone rang.

I picked it up. It was Chad.

“Do you want to be a real cheerleader?”

“What?”

“An actual *cheerleader*. The squad is short this year. There’s a tryout, but you’re pretty athletic, so...”

“Ok, ok – I’ll think about it,” I said, “I’ve gotta go now.”

“Okay.”

No sooner had I flipped my phone closed than did Jason appear before me, looking refreshed.

“Who was on the phone?”

“No one. My mom.”

“Ok.”

I resolved to talk to him about what I’d found. I couldn’t believe it was true, but if it was, it might open an entirely new chapter in our relationship.

“So…,” I said, taking his hand, “just now…I looked at your computer. Is there anything you want to tell me?”

THE END

Taken By her Black Professor

Chapter 1

Jessica Price was everything a man could want. Not only was she stunningly sexy, with flowing red hair, voluptuous curves and a full bust, she was also intelligent, vivacious and creative. She was the kind of girl that turned heads wherever she went. All of that male attention was fun *sometimes*, but it got to be a lot of pressure being the center of attention whenever there were men in the room. The other problem was, no matter how much men *admired* her, there were very few of them out there who could *handle* her, intellectually or otherwise.

That's why she was so glad to have found Christopher, her boyfriend of the last nine months. Being out with him didn't prevent men from ogling her, but at least they didn't approach her *quite* as often.

Christopher was her age (22), very cute, and smart enough to keep up – most of the time. And he was great to hang out with. They both loved French new-wave films, cooking Thai food, and distance running. They even did yoga together.

They were practically best friends! That's what love meant, right? Jessica was sure that Christopher was her soulmate. He satisfied her in every way.

Except for **one**.

Yes, there was one place that he just couldn't please her, no matter how she coached him: in bed. And Jessica knew why, even if she couldn't admit it to him.

His cock was too small.

It was as simple as that. Jessica kept telling herself that it didn't matter. That she was satisfied with his fingers or mouth, or with using her vibrator on herself after he'd fallen asleep beside her. The stories about big cocks being better were just that – stories. Guys cared about size more than girls, anyway. Right? Jessica had never been with a well-hung guy, but she would never cheat on Christopher just to experience it.

Would she?

Besides her beauty and infectious, outgoing nature, Jessica had at least one other positive quality: extreme diligence in her studies. And so it was only logical that she had developed a little crush on her college English professor.

Soon-to-be-*former* English professor, that is. Jessica was scheduled to graduate in just a few days.

Dr. Lorrain, an immigrant from France with African heritage, was special for a lot of reasons. His scholarship was incisive, his lectures were engaging, and he always went out of his way to help his students, not only in their academic and professional lives, but also personally as well. In short, he was the perfect professor. The fact that he was tall, incredible shape and a great dresser was just an added bonus.

There was also a rumor concerning Dr. Lorrain that greatly interested Jessica. One that had *nothing* to do with his intellectual prowess. It went like this: despite his kind, mild-mannered exterior, Dr. Lorrain was very kinky. He loved dominating former students. And – so the rumor went – not only was he incredible in bed, he also had a huge cock. At least that's what an alumna had told her during homecoming. It was hard for her to imagine this soft-spoken man,

the paragon of professionalism, actually crossing that line with a student. But the more she thought about it, the more she wanted it to be true.

Needed it to be true.

She started daydreaming more and more often about seducing Dr. Lorrain, about finally figuring out if the rumors were true. It could just be a fun fling – nothing more. A way to thank a man who had been incredibly formative in her intellectual development. A harmless little affair. What Christopher didn't know wouldn't hurt him, right? It could be her little secret. Something to fantasize about for years: the time she fucked her hot college professor.

All of these thoughts and more were running through Jessica's head that day, as she sat next to Dr. Lorrain at his desk putting the finishing touches on her final summer internship application.

That meeting was also when things between them started to change. A certain tension began to develop that had never been there before.

"You're so nice to help me with this. It's really not your job, and I wish there was some way that I could show you how…," Jessica looked Dr. Lorrain in the eye and smiled, touching his shoulder gently, "...profoundly *grateful* I am," she finished, giving him the most suggestive look she could muster.

"Oh please," said Professor Lorrain, in his deep gravelly voice, "it's nothing I wouldn't do for any student."

"I know," she said, "and that's what makes you such a great professor."

That and your killer eyes, your trained body and huge cock, she thought.

"Thanks."

Her hand moved now from his shoulder to his arm. Would he get the message? Or was she taking things too far?

What if he had a girlfriend...or a wife?

Jessica had never seen him wear a wedding band. He never mentioned any romantic interests. All she had to go on were the rumors about him dominating his former students. She knew she

would have to work to crack his armor, to get past his professionalism, but she was determined to do it.

"I guess I just want to repay you for everything you've done for me," she said, letting her hand linger, "but I suppose there are rules about professors getting gifts from students."

"Yes," he said, "we're not allowed to accept gifts worth more than $10, for ethical reasons."

"I can understand that," Jessica replied, finally removing her hand, "but aren't there things that professors like that money *can't* buy?"

"Like students paying attention in class?"

She smiled. He always had a quick wit.

"I can't give you that! At least not anymore."

"You don't need to give me anything. Your professional success is all I ask for. And maybe an e-mail once in a while."

Prof. Lorrain gave her a look that made her melt inside. He wasn't just tall, black and handsome. He really cared about his students!

Jessica blushed.

"Thanks. I know I could never repay you anyway!"

"There's one thing that I would like," said Prof. Lorrain, suddenly.

"Oh?" Jessica's heart leaped.

"To accompany you at commencement."

"Of course! My parents and boyfriend will be so happy to meet you."

"Oh," said Prof. Lorrain, "I'd be happy to meet them as well!"

Accompany her at commencement? Was this how he made his move? Had he started things with other girls in the same way? All she had to go on was the fact that he only fucked former students. And as soon as she walked across that stage she would be his former student. Ethical and professional considerations would no longer apply. At least not for him. For her, there was the matter of Christopher of course, but she quickly dismissed that concern. Christopher wanted her to be happy, right? She was sure that seducing Dr. Lorrain – or being seduced by him – would not only satisfy her in the moment, but give her memories to treasure for

years to come. She told herself again: what Christopher didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

And that was how she began to form her plan.

Chapter 2

The last week of classes passed quickly. Soon, it was Saturday morning. Time for graduation. The weather was beautiful, so the festivities would be held outdoors, just as planned. Jessica met Christopher at his dorm, then walked with him to the quad, where they met her parents and walked together to Dr. Lorrain's office. They got there a few minutes early, but waited for him in awkward silence. Her parents had only met Christopher a few times before, and she could tell that her Dad was a little uncomfortable being around the guy that was fucking his daughter, even if she was a grown woman. If only he knew how she felt about Professor Lorrain.

Jessica knew that the graduation gown she was wearing concealed her figure, but she'd done a lot of work styling her hair to ensure that it looked soft and alluring. You never knew what might appeal to Dr. Lorrain. If only he would come...

Then, suddenly, he was there, as handsome as ever, even in his gigantic academic robe. It made him look even more professorial, actually. And hence even more attractive. The only drawback was that his garb offered absolutely no hint as to the veracity of the rumors surrounding his endowment.

Jessica introduced her parents, who shook hands with Dr. Lorrain. Christopher shook hands with him as well, but Jessica could tell that he was wary. He could probably sense her attraction to the older man. She would have to be discreet. But not so discreet that Dr. Lorrain didn't get the message.

Jessica sat between Dr. Lorrain and Christopher during the ceremony. It was hard not to look at her professor. When it came time to cross the stage with him to get her degree, her heart

pounded. But when she went for a congratulatory hug, he went for the handshake.

Fuck, thought Jessica, *maybe he doesn't really want to fuck me as bad as I want to fuck him. This could be much harder than I thought.*

After the ceremony, Jessica profusely thanked Prof. Lorrain for attending. Then, looking over her shoulder and noticing that her parents and Christopher were talking, so she decided to venture a more intimate comment.

"I'm officially not a student anymore," she laughed, hesitating, "it's ok to hug me you know."

"I know," said Prof. Lorrain, a bit sheepishly, "it's just that in this age of #metoo, I'm just a little careful."

"Well you don't need to be careful around me," said Jessica.

She wanted to add "you can sexually harass me anytime you want. I'd beg for it!"

But she thought better of it. After all, her parents and boyfriend were still close by.

And anyway, she had already decided to take matters into her own hands.

"We're going to eat now," she said, "and my parents and Christopher would be so honored if you'd join us!"

"I really would like to eat with your family," said Prof. Lorrain, "but unfortunately, I've already scheduled a meeting for the afternoon. It's a skype call from France, and I've already postponed it twice. I really can't cancel. I'm sorry."

"Well, maybe I could come by and say goodbye again after we eat? When is your meeting over? I have a small token of my appreciation I'd like to give you."

"Oh Jessica," he said, "that's very nice of you, but like I said, the chance to accompany you was more than enough for me. But if you must come by, I'll be finished around 3:30."

"Great! See you then."

Jessica's heart pounded all through lunch. She had a secret under her robe. A secret just for Prof. Lorrain. A token of her gratitude.

“So that was Dr. Lorrain, the English professor you’re always talking about?” asked her Mom, giving her a sly smile, “I wish *my* professors had been as handsome as him.”

She giggled and nudged her daughter, who turned beet red.

Christopher didn’t look at all pleased with the banter.

“He seemed nice,” he said glumly.

“He is nice, and that’s all, mom,” said Jessica in exasperation.

“How about that speech today?” said her Dad, trying to change the subject, “I didn’t know that your school had so many famous alumni. It looks like the two of you will have a lot to live up to!”

“I have to finish my degree first,” said Christopher, “because I changed majors, I still need 30 more credits.”

“Your being here will give Jessica a perfect excuse to stay in touch with her professors...and the rest of the campus community,” said her Mom.

“We get it, Linda. You think Jessica’s professor is hot,” said her Dad, “maybe you can go on a date with him while I watch the game back at the hotel.”

Jessica blushed.

“Not to change the subject, but is it ok if you drop me off on campus before we go start to move out? I need to say goodbye to a few people. Besides, Christopher can’t help us until around 4:30 anyway, because he’s going to play soccer.”

“That sounds fine, honey,” said her Mom, “we can go back to the hotel and rest in the meantime.”

“Great!” she said.

The truth was, there was only **one** person that she needed to say goodbye to: Dr. Lorrain.

“Hey,” said Christopher, when her parents had left, “I don’t really need to play soccer today. I could come along with you to say goodbye to people. Who are you talking about, anyway? Your roommates already moved out, and Emily and Sarah left for the summer...”

“Um, other people. Some professors,” she said awkwardly.

“Professor Lorrain?” he asked, a note of suspicion entering his voice.

“Yeah...him too. Why do you ask?”

“No reason. It just seems like you really like him.”

“Of course I do,” she said defensively, “he was my most important mentor.”

“So it has absolutely *nothing* to do with what your Mom said? She certainly seems to have the hots for him. And I’ve heard those rumors...”

Jessica did her best to look completely innocent.

“What? I have no idea what you’re talking about. There are all kinds of weird rumors about lots of people. Why don’t you just go play soccer. You have nothing to worry about, from Professor Lorrain or anyone else. I promise.”

She batted her eyelashes at him playfully and then gave him a kiss. She hoped that she was convincing.

“Ok,” he said, a slight tone of mistrust still in his voice, “I trust you. Just make sure you’re there at 4:30 to start moving out. I don’t know if I can be around your parents alone. Your Dad is so awkward around me.”

“I know,” she said, “and I promise to be there. Just let me go say goodbye to Dr. Lorrain.”

“Alright,” he said, giving her hand a squeeze, “go and have fun saying goodbye.”

Have fun. That was *exactly* what she planned on doing...

Chapter 3

Finally, it was time. Still in her graduation gown, Jessica knocked on Prof. Lorrain's door. Her parents had arranged to pick her up again in a couple of hours. Christopher had gone off to play soccer with his friends. What he didn't know wouldn't hurt him...

Now, here she was. About to go through with her plan.

Her plan to finally find out if the rumors were true. And if size *really* mattered.

"Hi, professor! I'm so happy you were able to met me," she said, smiling at him, "maybe I can get that hug now?"

"Yes," he beamed, "of course. Sorry if I was awkward before."

"No need to apologize," she said, leaning into his tall, strong body.

She felt as if she would melt as his arms closed around her. She held the hug just a little too long for it to be merely friendly. She hoped he would notice, and was sure that he did.

"Thanks again for being my faculty escort at commencement. Christopher and my parents really enjoyed finally meeting you. They hear me talk about your class all the time, and I think they were really eager to put a face with your name."

"Hopefully all good things."

"Yes, of course I say only good things! I wouldn't have taken your courses for all four years if I didn't enjoy your teaching."

She stepped completely into the room.

"And not only your teaching," she continued, giving him a knowing smile.

"You know what? Why don't I close this door. After all, I just graduated. I'm not a student anymore, and you're not my professor.

At least not officially. I hope that we can still continue to explore our...pedagogical dynamic."

"Certainly," he said, "I don't see anything wrong with that."

"Perfect. There we go. All alone now," said Jessica, turning to him.

Prof. Lorrain took a seat and gestured to a chair near where she was standing.

"No thanks, I don't mind standing, at least for now," said Jessica, taking off her graduation cap and shaking out her hair.

"I can't believe you're still wearing that," said Prof. Lorrain, "I took mine off the first chance I got. It's murderously hot out there."

Jessica smiled.

"You know you're right? It is pretty hot in here. It will probably feel great to get this off."

She reached back and unzipped her gown, letting it fall to the floor dramatically.

She was wearing a schoolgirl-style skirt and white button-down blouse that looked absolutely slutty combined with her high heels.

"What's the matter, professor? You're usually the last one to be at a loss for words!"

The older man grinned, shaking his head slowly.

"Jessica," he murmured, "I'm not sure what to say...I don't know if your boyfriend would..."

"I thought you'd like it," she said, cutting him off, "you see, I noticed how you couldn't take you eyes off of me the first time I wore a plaid skirt to your class," said Jessica, laughing and slowly walking towards him.

"Do you have a schoolgirl fetish, professor? It's ok if you do. I like dressing up like this for you because I know you appreciate it."

"Well…," he said, smirking, "I have to admit that I find it to be quite...enticing."

"Enticing? Well then," she said, slowly lowering herself onto his lap and draping her arms around his neck, "let's explore that attraction. I'm not your student anymore, remember? We're just two people, having a conversation in an office on a nice summer day. We

don't need to tell anyone about this. Not my parents. Not the dean or department chair. And *definitely* not my boyfriend."

His breath was hot on her ear. She could sense the arousal in his voice as a sizable bulge began to form in his pants.

*Oh God. He really was **huge**.*

"My, my, professor," she said, touching his bulge gently through his pants, "I'm beginning to think the rumors I've heard about you are true. They say that you've got a dick as long as your list of publications and as thick as your first monograph."

"Ha ha," said Dr. Lorrain, his facade cracking a bit, "is that right? Well, I'm sorry to say that, as a student, you won't have the opportunity to test the veracity of those rumors."

He was teasing her now. Jessica knew how to play along.

"Please, can I? I just want to be a good girl for you. All I want is to show my appreciation for your years of mentoring. I know that it wasn't always easy for you," she whispered, "during office hours, I could tell sometimes that I made it quite *hard* – if you catch my drift. And from that, I already know it's impressive. I just need to know *exactly* how impressive. Please?"

A look of concern mixed with resolve crossed his face.

"Jessica. I don't know if we should be doing this. I mean, are you sure…"

Jessica laughed, grinding her cute uniformed butt onto his gigantic bulge.

"Of course I'm sure! You know, you made things quite difficult for me as well, professor. And not just academically. Did you know I had to change my panties after every discussion we had in your office? It's true. Every. Single. Time."

"Jessica…," he said, "there are rules about doing this with students."

He didn't sound very convinced that those rules were a good idea.

"It's ok, Prof. Lorrain. Let me remind you again that I'm not a student anymore. Besides, I know you could never make the first move. That's why I'm doing it now."

“Jessica,” he laughed, “are you trying to tease me? Be careful – you might get more than you bargained for. Some women talk about how they want something bigger, but in the end, they can’t take it.”

“I’m counting on that, Prof,” she said, grinning, “taking it in the end, I mean. I *am* trying to provoke you. I admit it. I want to see if you can handle me. My boyfriend sure can’t. Now where were we? Oh yes. Panties.”

She hopped off of his lap for a moment and twirled in front of him to give him a little show. Then she bent over the desk and lifted her skirt, peeking coyly back at him over her shoulder.

“Do you like them, professor?”

“Very much so,” he said, his voice hoarse with desire.

She turned back towards him and gave him a little smile.

“That was pretty naughty of me, wasn't it? I guess I'm a bad girl. Would you like to punish me? What do you think I deserve, professor?”

“I think a spanking would be in order.”

“I agree completely, professor. I shouldn’t be allowed to get away with showing my panties to a powerful older man.”

“Bend over that desk and pull up your skirt, young lady,” he said, his voice now decisive and dominant, “I’m going to teach you a lesson.”

Jessica was ecstatic. Her plan was working. She had provoked her professor, and now he was going to punish her in the way she’d always fantasized about. All of her dirty dreams were finally coming true. She’d finally discover just how dominant Dr. Lorrain could be. And more than anything else, she would *finally* get to experience his **big black cock**.

“I just want to please you, Sir. I just want to be your good student,” she said, bending over the desk once more and flipping the skirt up onto her butt, “I just want to take that huge prick in all of my holes, Sir. But let’s not get ahead of ourselves. I’ll just take down these panties first…,” she said, slipping her thumbs under the waistband of the frilly pink underwear.

“No,” he said authoritatively, slapping her hand away, “from now on, *I* give the orders, understood? That’s clearly what you want.”

“Yes Sir,” she purred, “do what you want with me.”

“The first thing we have to clarify is what to call me. ‘Sir’ is nice, but I prefer something a little kinkier: I want you to call me ‘Daddy.’”

“Oh god,” she gasped.

Calling an older, dominant man “Daddy” had always appealed to her. *Nothing* got her wetter than that. She was *desperate* to please him now.

He pulled down her panties, slowly, as if savoring every inch of her young skin as it was exposed.

“What’s this?”

He had noticed the surprise under her panties.

“Oh, did I forget to mention it?”

Jessica employed her most innocent-sounding voice.

“It's a buttplug, Daddy. Do you think it's pretty? I tried to pick one I thought you'd like. Your lectures on aesthetics were *always* my favorites.”

“I have to say that your taste is impeccable,” he said, running his fingers over her bare buttocks, “I approve of your choice.”

“Mmm, thank you Daddy,” she cooed, “did you know I've worn a buttplug to every lecture of yours this semester since the second week of class? Not only this particular plug. This is only the final stage in my training. Each week I've worn a different, progressively larger one. Getting ready for today.”

“So each and every day in class. In my lecture, where you should have been paying attention --” Professor Lorrain seemed to work himself up into a feigned rage – “all you were really thinking about is coming in here, showing me your panties and – what? Me fucking you in your ass?”

“Oh no, Daddy. I always paid attention in lecture,” Jessica sighed, “all I could think about was getting ready for this moment. The day when I finally express the depth of my gratitude for all that you’ve done for me. The day that you’ll finally unveil that magnificent cock. And of course I want you to fuck my ass. But I hope you’ll also use my other holes as well.”

“You have an extremely filthy mouth, young lady,” said Dr. Lorrain, caressing her inner thighs now, “and I’ll be the one deciding

where you get fucked and *when*."

"Yes Daddy," she panted, feeling her pussy get even wetter at his authoritative words and tone.

"I admit that even if my intentions were noble, the actual acts themselves were quite naughty."

"Naughty isn't *quite* the word for it. I'd call them something else," he said, grabbing a handful of her hair in his left hand, then leaning in close.

"Slutty. You're acting like a *slut,* Jessica."

Slut. It was a word that turned her on like no other. Especially coming from him.

"Yes, Daddy. I just want to be your slut, Daddy."

"That's right. And I'm going to show you how to be a good little slut for me now, Jessica. And the first lesson you need to learn is that there is only one way to deal with sluts: to spank them."

"Oh please," she moaned, her lust unmistakable now, "spank me, Professor."

He drew his hand back and slapped her hard across the ass, three times in quick succession. The sensation of being spanked while wearing a buttplug was incredible. Each smack sent a string of vibrations through the nerve endings in her pussy and clit.

"Ouch! Oh professor, you spank harder than I thought. It hurts, but it feels so good," moaned Jessica, sticking out her ass and waving it at him playfully.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

The next two were hard, but the third slap was soft.

"Ouch!" cried Jessica, "you really like to keep me guessing, don't you? I guess I deserve it. I just want to be a good girl for you, Daddy…"

"I'm going to make very sure that you'll be a very good girl from now on," said Dr. Lorrain, opening a drawer in the desk.

"Jessica," he said, "can you guess what I have in my hand?"

"Is it your cock, Daddy? Please? I need to know if the rumors are true."

"Very funny, Jessica. It is in fact not my cock – at least not yet."

She felt smooth wood against her burning backside.

“Is it a ruler, Daddy?”

“It is indeed.”

“Oh,” she said, sighing in pleasure, “do you really have to use that?”

“I really do, Jessica. You have to learn how to take a spanking like a good little slut.”

“Ok, Daddy. Whatever you want. I just want to please you.”

The next three blows caused angry red marks across her ass. Then, he gave her three softer ones: two on her upper thighs, and one straight across her pussy lips.

“Fuck, professor,” the girl moaned, looking up at him over her shoulder, her eyes filled with tears, “did...did you do that on purpose, Professor? Did you mean to spank my pussy like that?

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“Oh! I guess you did!” cried Jessica, rubbing her thighs together in sexual frustration.

“This is how cheating sluts like you get spanked, Jessica. You’re here behind your boyfriend’s back, begging to suck your professor’s cock. What would he think if he knew you were acting like this? What would your real dad think if he knew his daughter was such a whore?”

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

She was so turned on now she didn’t care at all how hard he spanked her, or what kinds of filthy things he said to her. She just wanted to be fucked. Filled with his big, rock-hard professor prick.

Once again, the buttplug heightened every sensation. It was like torture each time he landed a blow. She was just on the edge, but she knew she’d never be able to come without the help of his prick, tongue or hands.

She decided to try to provoke him further.

“Mm...fuck professor…,” she groaned, “this is getting me so wet. I feel like such a little slut bent over like this in my plaid skirt, my panties down around my ankles, getting spanked by the man I respect and admire so much…”

“That’s because you *are* a slut, Jessica,” he growled, “you came into my office dressed like a whore, behind your boyfriend’s back,

while your parents are doing who knows what. You came here to get fucked. And that's exactly what's going to happen. But not until I have my fun first."

"I just want you to do anything you want with me, professor. Teach me all of those things that you wish you could have during class," she moaned.

He gave her a sharp slap on her ass.

"What's my name, slut?"

"Daddy!" she shrieked, reaching between her legs to try to finally bring some release to the enormous erotic tension that was building.

"Not so fast you little whore," he growled, "I know you want to come, but there's no chance of that happening without my permission. And I love keeping you on the edge like this."

"But Daddy!" she pouted in frustration, "don't you want to experience my tight, wet, young pussy hugging your big black dick? I know it's probably been a long time since you've been with a woman my age. And I know for sure you've never had pussy this good…"

"I'll be the judge of that, Jessica," he said, slowly pushing a single finger into her tight young hole, "and you're not going to come without my permission. Is that clear?"

"Oh yes," she groaned, "mmm that feels soo good Daddy. You playing with my pussy like that. Do you feel how wet and tight I am for you?"

He slapped her ass twice with his free hand.

"I'll take that as a 'yes,' Daddy," she sighed, wiggling her rump against his hand.

"Oh Daddy," she groaned, "that feels so fucking good. But...but… I need something else professor. Please..."

She grabbed his hand, stopping him for a moment while she fixed him with her most innocent gaze.

"There's something I've been really really curious about. The entire time I've known you, Professor."

"Oh?"

"You're going to make me say it, aren't you, Professor?"

He slapped her ass again.

"Yes, Jessica. Just say it."

“Ok, I'll say it. I know you have a big cock, Daddy. But I want to know if that really makes a difference. My boyfriend is on the smaller side, and I love him and all, but I need to know what I’m missing. That’s why I want *your* cock, Daddy. I want it inside me. I...I...want you to take me...starting with my pussy. But not stopping there.”

“If you want my cock,” he said, matter-of-factly, “you’re going to have to beg for it.”

“Of course, Daddy,” she said, more than a hint of desperation in her voice, “I’d love nothing more.”

“Then get on your knees you little whore,” he growled.

She dropped to her knees, looking up at him with her tear-stained eyes. She hoped that from his perspective he could still see her cute little ass, still red from the thorough spanking he’d given her. “Please, Daddy? Please let me see your cock? Can I take it out? I need it inside me so bad,” she moaned, doing her best to sound innocent.

“I love it here on my knees, Professor. That’s where a cheating little slut like me should be anyway, right? I’ve dreamed about doing this for you so often before. May I please, please touch your bulge, Daddy?”

He nodded.

Jessica reached up and began to stroke him through his pants.

“Mmm it feels so big and hard in your pants, Daddy. I bet you just can’t wait for me to really touch it, can you?”

“Unzip my pants and take it out,” he commanded.

Jessica did as she was told, finally beholding his big black cock in all its splendor. For a moment, she was speechless, simply staring at the monstrous phallus that swing just in front of her face. It was arousing and intimidating all at once.

“Daddy... it’s even bigger than I imagined. So big. Fuck. I *really, really* want to feel it inside me, but I can’t resist just sucking it for a little while. I want to make sure it’s lubed enough to fit. Is that ok? May I please suck it, Daddy?”

“Since you asked so nicely, slut, how can I possibly refuse?”

She grinned up and him and began to suck hungrily on the head, using only the suction of her mouth to pleasure him. She

kissed up one side of his shaft, then down, maintaining eye contact with him the whole time as he sighed and groaned in pleasure.

“Oh Jessica,” he moaned, “that feels so fucking good. You’re doing A-level work.”

“Just an A?” she said, giving him a pouty look, “what do I have to do to get an A+?”

“Just keep sucking you little whore. There’s nothing like practice to improve your performance.”

She took his prick even deeper now, bobbing up and down on the head and the first third or so of his shaft. He really was *extremely* well endowed. It felt fundamentally different from pleasing Christopher. As if Christopher didn’t really even have a cock at all in a meaningful sense.

“Fuck yes, Jessica,” he groaned, stroking her hair, “you love sucking this cock, don’t you?”

“Mmmhmmm,” she moaned in affirmation, before coming up for air for a moment and looking him in the eye.

“Have you imagined this moment before, Daddy? Your favorite student on her knees in front of you, looking up with her big eyes and telling you that all she wants in the entire world in this moment is the privilege of tasting your big, hard, black, cock?”

He nodded, as if speechless from arousal.

“I know I have, Daddy. I’ve imagined being on my knees under your desk, giving you the sweet relief I know you need after working hard all day long. Now that I’m not your student anymore I can finally do it…”

“Yes Jessica,” he growled, “show me how much you love this big fucking prick. I know you’d much rather suck me than your boyfriend.”

Jessica blushed a little at the mention of Christopher, but somehow the idea of Prof. Lorrain comparing himself to him only turned her on even more. It was so clear to her that Christopher could never measure up to Dr. Lorrain. In any capacity.

She returned to her efforts, moving her mouth down the shaft and licking his balls. He smacked the shaft of his cock across her face a few times, groaning in pleasure as he did so.

“You love this, don’t you, Jessica? You love finally being treated like the little whore you really are, don’t you?”

She moaned as she took one testicle into her mouth. It barely fit.

Then she paused for a moment, looking up at him with puppy dog eyes.

She saw a cell phone in his hand.

“I’m going to snap a few pictures, ok? In case you want to show your boyfriend how you suck a real man’s cock.”

Fuck. The fact that he was bring Christopher into this again only turned her on more. She posed for the camera, smiling up at him with his balls in her mouth, his thick black dick resting across her face. Then she made a show out of kissing his prick, being sure to look directly into the camera lens as he snapped several more pictures, then put the phone aside.

Then she reached between her legs. She couldn’t take it anymore.

“I can’t help it Daddy, I just have to touch my pussy while I suck on your big cock. I’m so fucking wet for you right now.”

“No. You will not touch your pussy,” he said, in a hoarse, yet commanding voice, “I’ve got a better idea. Turn around, right there on the floor, and stick your ass out. I’m going to mount you like the horny little bitch you are.”

Jessica felt a tiny spasm in her pussy when she heard his obscene command. It was almost as if he could read her mind. It was some kind of telepathy. He might be able to bring her to orgasm just through the power of his words. That was what made this man so fucking hot.

“Yes… Oh god please, Daddy. I need that big black cock.”

She turned, going down on her stomach and offering her ass to him submissively.

Then his prick was there, teasing her pussy lips. They were positively dripping. She was so open for him. Like a flower. So feminine. So submissive.

So ready to be taken, broken and used.

“Oh fuck. Oh yes…a little lower…oh god… oh yes, it’s inside now. Oh fuck. I dreamed of this so many times. You taking me from

behind exactly like this. Rough. On your office floor. Just take my pussy, Daddy. It's your property now. Just take it."

He grabbed her hips firmly and began to slam his dick into her.

There was nothing intellectual about this particular office hours encounter. It was completely primal.

"Yes, yes, yes," he grunted, "fuck I love this. You were always my favorite student. Even though I always said I don't play favorites. You know your boyfriend can't compete. You white girls are all the same. All out for the big black dick as soon as your daddies and boyfriends aren't around."

He started slapping her ass in time with his thrusts, causing her to squirm and cry out. Jessica was so close to coming, but she didn't want to disobey him. Holding back was so hard. Almost as hard as the throbbing slab of hot black cockmeat that pummeled her pussy. And every single one of her professor's strokes was amplified exponentially by the buttplug she wore in her ass.

"Tell me that you love this big black cock, slut. Just admit how bad you wanted this."

His words had that same delicious edge of authority that she'd come to love in his classroom. Jessica completely let go now, yelling in wanton lust. She didn't care if the office walls were thin, or if the people outside could hear her. If her former classmates, or even her parents, knew what was happening in that office.

"I love your big black cock, Daddy," she exclaimed as he continued to fuck her within an inch of her life, "I fucking admit it. I wanted your cock from the first day of class. I've been imagining you taking me like this since the very first fucking time I stepped into your fucking classroom."

"Oh shit yes," he groaned, "keep talking dirty like that you little fucking whore. I'm so close…"

Despite her own extreme state of arousal, Jessica had a moment of clarity. She was proud at the way she'd provoked this older man into taking her. She loved being the object of his affection. His lust.

"I need your cock. Please, don't hold back. It's so much bigger than my boyfriend's, Daddy. I need to be fucked so fucking bad. Just

give it to me. Spank me please! Pull my hair. Just treat me like a little slut. I'm your slut, Daddy. Your dirty little secret. I want you to use all of my holes and then send me back to my boyfriend and family like nothing happened. Send me back filled with your cum, Daddy!"

"God damn…," he groaned, "that's it Jessica. This pussy is so fucking good."

"Oh Daddy," she groaned, no longer able to hold back, "I can't wait any longer."

He pulled out suddenly, breaking all physical contact with her.

She cried out in frustration.

"Ok, ok, I'll try. I'll do my best. I'll be a good girl and only come when you tell me to, Professor. I promise. Please?"

He slapped her ass.

"What's my name, slut?"

"Daddy!"

"Beg for permission to come on this big black cock, slut."

"Fuck… I need it so bad. Please, Daddy? I need to come on your big black cock so bad. I need you to stretch me, to break me with it…"

"If you want it so bad, just keep begging, slut," he said, bending down and giving her a long kiss on the mouth.

Jessica was in heaven and hell at the same time. Her pussy felt like it was about to explode. She'd never been more turned on in her life. Not even close.

"I promise to be your dirty little slut," she blurted, "I promise to take your cock and your cum whenever and wherever you want. In any hole that you want. I promise to be yours and yours alone for as long as you want to teach me. You can even fuck me in front of my boyfriend if you want. Show him how a real man fucks. Please let me come? Please?"

He grabbed her hair and rode her even harder than before, pushing her down onto the carpet, the rug burning against her naked skin, in the best possible way.

"Come for me you little white slut. Come on your professor's big black dick," he growled.

His command was all she'd been waiting for. It was as if the floodgates had been opened. She was washed away in a long, strong and forceful burst of pleasure.

"Thank you…oh THANK YOU," she moaned, "Fuck yes, Daddy. Thank you."

When she finally came back to herself, she realized that he was still fucking her, grabbing her hair forcefully as he slammed her into the carpet. She was completely flat on her stomach now as he boned her from behind. She decided to see what she could do to help him get off.

"Thank you, Daddy," she moaned, "that was so fucking good. But I need your cum now, too, Daddy. I need you to shoot a nice big load in my tight little pussy."

"God yes," he moaned, picking up the pace of his thrusts, "your pussy feels so amazing. Keep talking dirty to me you little slut."

"Only you are allowed to cum inside me, Daddy. I've never let another man do it. I make Christopher wear a condom."

"Fuck yes you white slut. I know you need this big black dick in your unprotected cunt."

"You know what else?" she moaned, "I'm not on the pill now, Professor. And I want you to be the first man to claim my pussy with your cum."

"Oh God, Jessica," he moaned, "fuck, I'm so close."

He slipped out for a moment, cursed silently, then re-positioned her so she was back on her knees. Then he slid back in and began to fuck her doggy-style once more.

"Tell me what you want, you little fucking whore," he growled, fucking her with long, smooth and slow strokes.

Jessica was more eager than ever to please him. All she wanted was to make him shoot the biggest load of his life into her tight young coed cunt.

"I want your cum, Daddy. I want you to drain those big black balls in my tight little white cunt. Please fill me, Daddy. Please? I need your cum so fucking bad. I think I'm going to come again when you shoot it inside me. Just grab my hips and pound me. Pound me like the dirty little fucking whore I am. I need your cum. I need you to

claim my tight little unprotected pussy," she groaned, looking back over her shoulder at him in lust, "do what my pathetic boyfriend would never be allowed to do..."

"Oh GOD YES!!" he roared, slamming himself to the hilt and holding his cock against her cervix as he exploded inside her.

"Oh yes. Daddy. Give it to me. Shoot that fucking cum inside me. I want it so bad. Yes, I'm coming again!"

Jessica's pussy clenched around her professor's cock as she climaxed for the second time in less than five minutes. She felt like she was floating. She was in total ecstasy as his seed flowed into her fertile womb.

"Oh Jessica," he moaned, the tension slowly leaving his trained body, "that was...incredible…"

"Mmmm," she moaned, "that seemed like a lot of cum. Do you feel better now, Daddy? Did it feel good to drain those big heavy black balls into your cute little white student?"

He slowly pulled out of her. Jessica felt his cum slowly dripping down her thigh.

He sat back on the floor, panting in exertion.

Chapter 4

“Jessica,” he said, “I can’t believe that just happened. I’ve never done this with a student before in my own office.”

“Well I’m glad you did it with me.”

“I am too.”

He pulled her in for a kiss.

“I bet it’s been a long time since you’ve been inside a pussy as young and tight as mine, hasn’t it?” she whispered, teasing him again, “did you like mounting me? It felt so primitive. So wrong and yet so right.”

“Oh Jessica,” he said, “are you trying to get me going again?”

“What if I am?”

“You just might succeed,” he said, cupping her cheek in his hand.

She loved the fact that he was so much bigger and stronger than her. But that didn’t mean she couldn’t still try to get him to do what she wanted. And she wanted more.

“Well, we’re not done yet, are we, Daddy? I still need to clean up. That’s what good girls do, isn’t it?”

He smiled at her.

“I suppose that’s true.”

She leaned in and whispered into his ear.

“I can’t wait to taste my pussy on your big black cock while suck all of our juices off of it, Daddy. Would you like that? I’d never do something that dirty for my boyfriend.”

“Oh Jessica,” he moaned, “you’re such a fucking slut.”

He lay back on the floor and she bent over him, taking his cock in her mouth and licking it clean.

“Mmmm, Daddy, I bet your balls need some attention too, don’t they? I want to make sure they’re nice and clean, too,” she said, moving down his shaft and licking his balls.

“Oh God, Jessica,” he said, “you’re so talented with your mouth.”

“Mmm they taste so good, Daddy.”

“Yes. Keep going you little slut,” he ordered.

His cock was now rock hard, once more. Jessica was proud of her work.

“Just think of this as your reward for all of those questions I always had during office hours. You took your time with me then. And I’m going to take my time with you now. Take my time getting your cock nice and hard so that you can fuck my ass,” she purred, “would you like that, Daddy? No man has ever had my ass before. Not even Christopher. Especially not him.”

“You have such a filthy mouth, Jessica,” he groaned as she sucked his cock once more, “didn’t you learn anything from that spanking?”

Jessica popped off his cock for a moment and grinned up at him. He hadn’t heard anything yet.

“Professor, would you like to find out what it feels like to fuck your favorite student in her tight little butt? Would you like to watch your big black cock disappear inside my tight little back door? To hear the kind of sounds I make as you completely own me?”

She felt his cock twitch in her hand at the sound of her words. It seemed that he wasn’t the only one with telepathic powers.

“Fuck, Jessica…”

“You’re going to get a chance to do that, Daddy. But first I have to make sure that you’re as wet and hard as possible…”

For the next minute or so, the only sounds in the room were of Jessica slurping as she made love to his shaft with her mouth. Slowly but surely, she increased the pace and the depth of her efforts, stroking him with her hands as well. Then she paused and took a hold of his hands, guiding them to her hair.

“Go ahead and fuck my face, Professor. I’m your little schoolgirl whore today. Use me. Make my makeup run. I need to know that

you're doing exactly what you want with me. Don't hold back, please!"

"Oh shit, Jessica," he moaned, taking hold of her hair with both hands and pushing her down on his cock, "where did you learn to be such a little fucking whore?"

The slurping sounds turned into sucking sounds as he began to pummel her throat with his cock, pushing her head down on it until her face was at his stomach and his balls tickled her chin. Jessica loved being used like this. She loved submitting to his desire entirely. When he pulled her up for a moment to let her take a break, she told him as much.

"Yes, Daddy, that's it," she gasped, "fuck my cute face. Choke me with your big dick. Slap my face with your cock if you want. Go ahead. I'm here for you to use."

"Oh God, Jessica," he moaned, pushing her back down on his cock and thrusting into her throat vigorously, "this is incredible. I love fucking your face like this…"

He pulled his cock out and slapped it across her face, first one cheek, then the other. It made Jessica feel so dirty...so submissive. Like his personal whore.

"I'm not going to last much longer like this, Jessica," he panted, "I want to fuck your ass now."

"Yes, please, Daddy," she gasped, looking up at him with tear-stained eyes, "I want to finally feel your big black dick in my butt. It's what I've been training for all semester. This will be like my final exam…"

He stood, looming over her for a moment, his presence dominant and demanding.

"Bend over the desk, slut."

"Yes, Daddy!"

She stood and bent over the desk, dressed in nothing but her schoolgirl skirt and her buttplug. She reached back and parted her cheeks.

"Ok, Daddy," she said, "go ahead and pull it out. Slowly."

She felt him grab the base and pull until there was a small "pop."

“I’m nice and stretched for you, Daddy,” she said, “waiting for you to take me. Check the pocket of my robe,” she said, “there’s something there you might need.”

He bent over and rifled through the pockets of the graduation gown she’d discarded, and found what she’d been referring to: a small bottle of lube.

“Have you thought about this before?” teased Jessica, as Prof. Lorrain squeezed some of the lube onto his rock-hard prick, “I know I have. I’ve spent a lot of time imagining being so vulnerable for you. So submissive. Just an obedient little student with nothing on my mind but pleasing my big black professor in every way I can.”

“Fuck, Jessica,” he said, pressing his lubed prick to her back door and slowly pressing it inside.

“Go slowly, please, Daddy,” she groaned, “Oh fuck. Oh fuck it’s so big. Does it feel good, Daddy? Does it feel good to be the first man to fuck my ass?”

“Fuck yes, you little fucking whore,” he growled in a hoarse whisper, as if attempting to hold his concentration.

“I feel so dirty right now. Bent over your desk like this, with your cock in my ass.”

“You are dirty,” he answered, “you’re a dirty fucking cheating schoolgirl whore. I should take some more pictures for your boyfriend.”

Jessica heard the camera sounds from his phone, then looked back at him and smiled into the camera.

“Did that one look good?”

“Perfect,” he said.

He began to take strokes now as the lube spread itself across the length of her tight tunnel.

“Does it feel good fucking your petite student’s tight little ass? Being the first man to violate my tight little virgin butthole?”

Jessica had already noticed how much Dr. Lorrain liked dirty talk, and so she tried to make the experience as exciting as possible.

“Oh yes. Just take it. Just fucking hurt me with your big black cock, Daddy. Send me back to my parents ad boyfriend totally filled with your cum. I want to be sore tomorrow so I remember this.”

He grunted and growled, spanking her ass with one hand while he grabbed her hair. Jessica loved the feeling of him taking control, owning her with his black cock.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

His hand stung her where she'd been spanked just minutes before. It hurt so good, and Jessica loved it.

"Yes, use your hand to mark me as your whore, Daddy. I want to feel your burning handprint on there all day. I want to remember this when I'm celebrating at the restaurant with my boyfriend and our families. Every time I sit down all I'll think about is my favorite professor spanking and fucking my ass with his huge black prick…"

Dr. Lorrain was clearly thoroughly enjoying his young student's tight tunnel, but Jessica was no less aroused. She was pleased to discover that being fucked in the ass stimulated many of the same nerve endings as being fucked in her pussy, and many new ones besides. She was now on the verge of yet another climax.

"Oh yes," she moaned, "keep fucking me. Please fill me, Daddy. I need to feel your cum in my ass so bad. I need to know that I've pleased you in every way. That you've taken everything you need from your favorite student."

"Shit, Jessica," he groaned, "don't come until I say. I want us both to come at the same time this time, and I'm so fucking close."

He was fucking her so hard now that the desk slammed into the wall.

"God, your cock is so big, Daddy," she moaned, "it feels huge in my tight little butt. You're sooo much bigger than Christopher! Size really does matter!!"

"Of course it does, you little whore," he moaned, "I'm going to come, Jessica. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Daddy, I'll come when you do."

"Good girl."

"All of my holes belong to you, Daddy. Please claim them...YES!"

She moaned in ecstasy as she felt him fill her with warm, hot cum. He fell forward against her, collapsing in exhaustion. The two of

them lay there for a few moments, completely intertwined, basking in the afterglow of their explosive encounter.

“Mmmm thank you, Daddy. That was better than I could have possibly imagined.”

“You’re quite welcome,” he said, finally lifting himself off of her and falling back into his office chair, “that was quite unlike any thank you gift I’ve ever received.”

“Well, you’re quite unlike any professor I’ve ever had,” said Jessica, smiling at him as she stood to inspect her clothing.

“And thank you once again for being such a wonderful teacher and mentor.”

“Thank you for being such a wonderful student. But tell me – what did you learn today?”

“I learned that size matters, Daddy. I learned that no white guy – especially one as small as Christopher – will ever be able to fulfill me sexually. I think I learned that I’m a size queen, Daddy!”

He chuckled.

“Every woman is a size queen,” he said, “some of them just don’t know it yet. I have yet to meet a woman who didn’t think that big black cock was superior.”

“Mmm,” she said, “I guess you’re right. Even my mom was kind of hinting at that.”

“I know I’m right.”

She plopped herself into his lap and they shared a long embrace, then a kiss.

“Before I go, Daddy, I want you to have these. My panties.”

She pressed the frilly pink cotton underwear into his hand.

“You’re such a tease,” he said, “I’m going to keep these in my office desk. Under lock and key, of course! Thank you.”

“No, thank *you*, Daddy,” she said, bounding up from his lap and grabbing a notepad and pen from the desk.

“Here’s my number. Text me those pictures, please!”

She put the piece of paper on his desk, next to his phone.

“Are you going to show those to your boyfriend? Don’t you think he deserves to know who he’s really dating?

“Maybe he does need to see them. Would you like that, Professor?”

He nodded, giving her a mischievous smile.

“I think it’s only fair for him to confront the truth.”

SLAP! His hand cracked down across her butt for a final time.

“And I also think that *you* need a little more discipline in your life,” he said, winking at her, “and definitely more black cock. I suggest we have private tutoring sessions at my house this summer. Twice a week. You can even bring Christopher along if you want. He can wait downstairs at first, and if he’s *really* lucky, *maybe* he’ll even get a chance to see me stretch your white pussy. What do you think?

“I think I’ll be seeing you very soon!” she replied, pulling the large robe over her body once more.

“Until then, Jessica,” said Dr. Lorrain, holding the door, and fixing her with a smile, “and tell Christopher and your parents I said ‘hi.’”

“Of course, Professor. Or should I say, ‘Daddy’?”

“You should indeed,” he said, giving her one last slap on her ass, “never forget who owns your holes.”

“You do, Daddy,” she said, winking at him as she closed the door, “you do.”

THE END

Losing Helen

By Cynthia Sizemore



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

At least at first.

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

Does size *really* matter?

For Helen, the answer is a resounding **YES!**

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

Will he be able to accept, and even *embrace* both his wife's new proclivities and his new cuck status? Even when Helen reveals to him that she's been engaging in kinky role play while taking it **hard**, **rough**, and **totally unprotected** from certain well-endowed pillars of the community?

Cheating Size-Curious Coeds



Jake Harvey leads a charmed life. He's in his early thirties, fit, handsome, and professionally successful. He's also **extremely hung**. Jake's unusual hobby consumes all of his energy when he's traveling for business: converting **innocent women** to **size queens –** behind their partners' backs.

When Jake visits a Big Ten college town in the Midwest during a football weekend in the early Fall, he meets three women who are wondering about that crucial question: does size *really* matter?

Meet Molly, a blond coed whose innocent appearance conceals dirty desires that she can't confess to her boyfriend. She's more than happy to come clean to Jake, however.

Then there's Vera, a buxom, petite Russian-American whose boyfriend picked the wrong weekend to be out of town.

Finally, there's Monica – a seasoned MILF who knows exactly what she wants and will stop at nothing to have Jake give it to her.

Come along with Jake on his adventure in this **15,000 word novelette**, and find out why all these women live by the motto **"it's not cheating if he's bigger..."**

About the author

Dear Reader,

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

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

E-mail me at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.

--XX

Cynthia