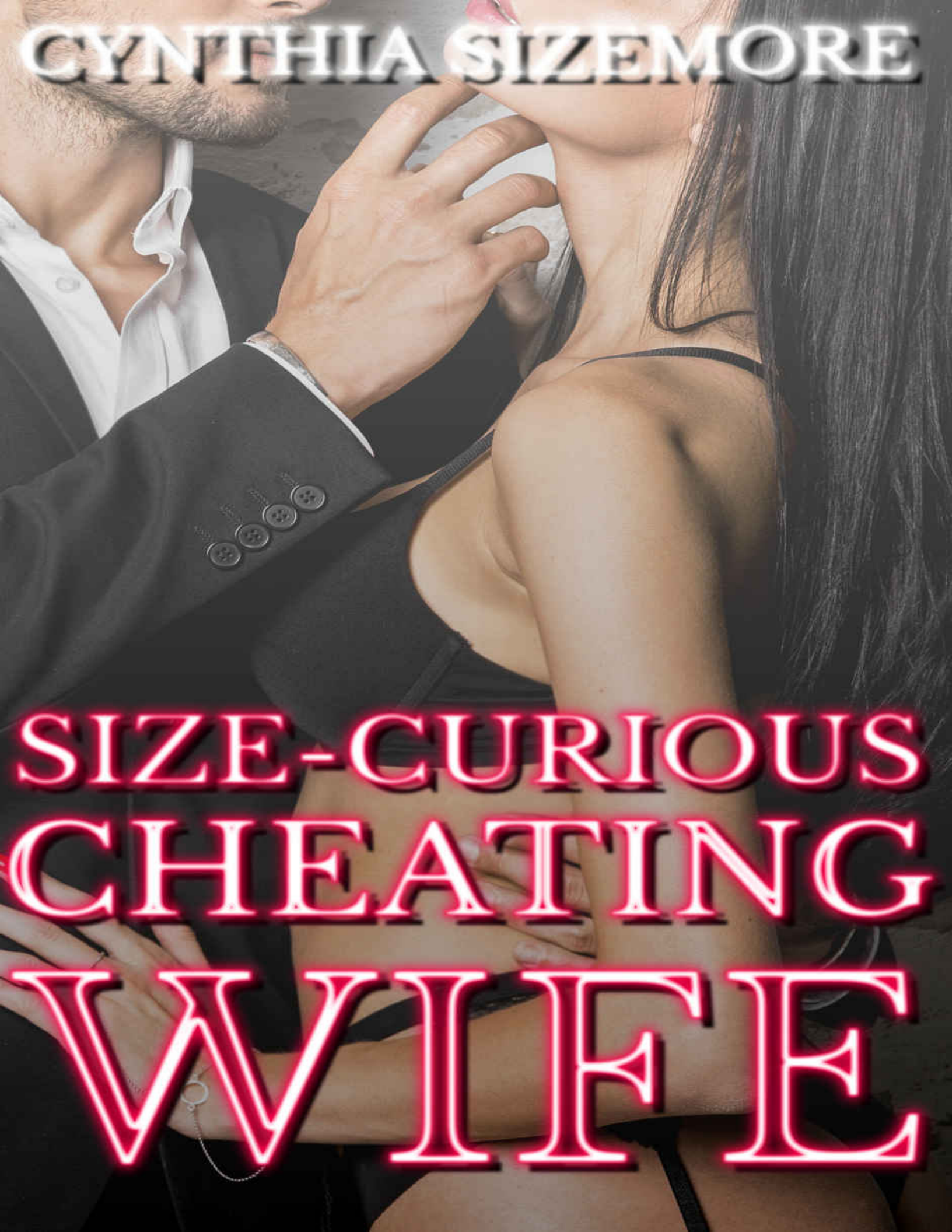

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE
SIZE-CURIOUS
CHEATING
WIFE

Size-Curious Cheating Wife:

Cuckold Size Queen Erotica

by

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Introduction

Dear Peter,

Let me start by admitting that you've been a great husband. Seriously, there's nothing wrong with you. At least nothing that you can control. The issue, as cliché as it sounds, the problem doesn't lie with you, but with me. I've changed since we got married, and I think I owe it to you to tell you why, at least to the best of my ability.

It probably all started when that new guy moved in down the hall from us.

I don't even have to tell you the guy I mean, especially after what happened. You know that I'm talking about Paul.

Peter and Paul. I didn't rob Peter to pay Paul, exactly, but I did cheat on Peter with Paul. I guess I kind of robbed Peter of the pussy that was rightfully his.

But that's just the thing: it wasn't rightfully yours, Peter. Leaving aside all of the feminist issues that arise from my phrasing, the fact is, you never had what it took to really take control of my pussy. I craved a man who could. And, without very much thought, I came to realize that Paul was that man.

Let's review a few facts about our relationship that might help you understand how and why things went wrong. Here's the first fact: you were the first and only man I'd ever been with before Paul.

And that made me **curious**. Curious about a lot of things. But first and foremost, I was curious about that question that I know was on your mind, too: does size really matter?

I learned later that there's a word for this, honey.

Size-curious.

I couldn’t get straight answers from any of my experienced girlfriends. They all sort of laughed when I brought it up. I remember one particular conversation with my friend Becky about her boyfriend, who was supposedly really hung. I asked her if it actually made sex better. She said she didn’t think so. And so I asked her if she would still be with him if his cock was three inches shorter, and she said of course she wouldn’t be.

So I had to conclude that it did matter. At least a little. Because if it was really such a non-issue, why wouldn’t she stay with him if he had a 5-inch dick instead of an 8-inch one?

Since we’re talking about length now, there’s one more fact that we should establish: your cock is average or even below average. There’s nothing wrong with that of course. Lots of things that are averaged size are great. Sometimes you don’t want something to be huge. But I’ve found that this is completely untrue when it comes to what’s between a guy’s legs.

There’s only one thing that counts for me now: size.

Trust me, all women who’ve been with a really big guy know this in our gut: once you go big, you can’t go back. Or if you do go back, it will only disappoint you. That’s what happened to me, Peter.

I guess now that I’ve reminded you of these few facts, I can get started on my story. The story of how a burning curiosity turned me from your sweet, innocent girlfriend into a depraved size queen slut.

Chapter 1

It was hot in New York city that summer. The city always makes things seem hotter than the actual number shown on the marquees, but last summer was really hot. One for the record books. So it wasn't at all unusual to see people wearing next to nothing whenever they ventured outside of their air-conditioned apartments (if they were lucky enough to have them). It wasn't about showing off or being sexy. It was about sheer survival.

But that didn't mean that there weren't lots of sexy side effects that arose from the fact that everyone was walking around practically naked. I've always been attracted to guys who are in good shape, so having so much eye candy around was not at all unwelcome. By the same token, I'm sure plenty of guys enjoyed the chance to check out your cute petite redheaded girlfriend in her crop top and short shorts. I'm actually very sure about it, because I caught guys checking me out everywhere: at the bodega on the corner, at the bank (where the sudden change in temperature made my nipples hard as rocks and clearly prominent against the thin fabric of my top), in the subway, and of course in our building. The place was too old and too rundown to have central air in the common areas, and the window units we got for our apartment could only lower the temperature by a few degrees, even though we let them run all the time.

I remember this because the first time I met Paul, he was coming out of his apartment, and a blast of cool air followed him. It was like he was stepping out of a freezer, even though his apartment was probably 70 degrees or so. 70 can feel like freezing when the air around you is 100, so it felt literally like a breath of fresh air as I

watched him exit his apartment. He was jacked and ripped, but not to the extent that it was gross. He was just what I needed to see in that moment, and even though the air from his apartment cooled me off, the bulge in his pants warmed my nether regions in ways that I didn't understand at the time.

I understand it now. The sight of that bulge, so unexpected, yet so welcome – had caused the nagging doubts I had about our sexual relationship to positively irrupt. I had to stop myself from staring.

"Hi," I said awkwardly, looking away and blushing.

"Hello, neighbor," he said, turning and locking his door, "it's another hot one, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh," I said, disappearing into our apartment and locking the door behind me, then cursing myself for being so awkward.

Why couldn't I make simple small-talk? I wasn't normally a shy type of girl. I knew why. I was already imagining how exactly a bulge that big could be real. What kind of effect would that have on a woman? Could it actually be *fun*? I figured it might hurt, but I also was slowly discovering a masochistic side to myself. I had begun reading up on BDSM, and I realized that I'd really like to try a little pain with my pleasure. Unfortunately, you seemed perfectly fine with vanilla, missionary-position sex.

I found out sooner than I could have imagined exactly what kind of effect a cock like Paul's could have on a woman. Not long after our awkward conversation in the hallway, I heard Paul chatting with a woman in the hallway. I looked out the peephole and saw an attractive young blonde woman looking up at him admiringly. He leaned in for a quick kiss, then ushered her into his apartment.

Hmm, I thought, that's the third woman I've seen him with this week. Either he was on the search for a woman who could accommodate his prodigious size, or he was a major player.

A few minutes later, I had my answer. I was in the corner of our bedroom that I like to refer to as my office, answering my work e-mails. Usually I have no problem concentrating while I work from home, but today was different. I heard the distinct sounds of female pleasure emanating from the other side of the wall.

"Oh yes…," moaned the young blonde, "oh fuck yes. Slow down a little… yes...just like that...it's so good."

At first I was upset. I had work to do, after all! But as her cries grew more insistent, my mind starting painting its own picture of what was happening on the other side of the wall. I imagined the petite blonde, bent over his bed, getting railed by the largest cock I had ever seen. As her moans became more rhythmic, I lay down on the bed with my head as close to the wall as I could get it. I soon became aware of the sounds of skin slapping on skin.

Raw, primal fucking. He was absolutely dominating her, and slapping her ass as he did. Each spank that he landed caused her to cry out in even more feminine manner, and also caused my pussy to get a little wetter.

Soon I was soaked, on my back, my jeans and panties on the floor and my legs spread wide. I was rubbing my clit with one hand while I teased my nipples with the other, biting my lip and trying not to cry out as the woman on the other side of the wall began to reach her climax.

At the same time she started to come I felt myself slowly reaching climax as well. Unfortunately for me, I climaxed so hard that I completely lost all control and forgot that if I could hear the couple on the other side of the wall, they could hear me as well! My orgasm was powerful and satisfying, the kind of experience I'd had only a few times before, and never with a man. Certainly not with you.

I would come to learn that this kind of climax was nothing compared to the one available with the help of a cock like Paul's.

In that moment, however, there was an embarrassing silence on the other side of the wall, followed by some feminine giggles. They had heard me.

I heard them talking, but I couldn't make out many words. I thought that I heard the word "neighbor," however, though I couldn't be sure it wasn't just my embarrassment talking.

Chapter 2

The next time I saw Paul face-to-face, I had *almost* gotten over my embarrassment at being caught masturbating to the sound of him absolutely destroying a petite blonde girl's pussy. *Almost*. I actually blushed a deep crimson when I saw him next on the stairs. He stopped and turned a bit, looking at me as I passed. I could feel his eyes bore into my back. Was he checking me out? I knew I had a great ass, but what if that wasn't his thing?

I had to stop myself. What was I doing? I had a husband who loved me very much. And we lived together.

Then I heard his voice. His deep, melodious baritone.

"Hi, neighbor."

That was all he had to say to me. I felt my knees getting weak, and I was unsure if I'd be able to turn and look at him.

"Hi…," I stammered, turning my body slightly.

"I wanted to introduce myself," he said, extending his hand, "I'm Paul."

"I'm Rachel," I said, taking his hand and feeling a jolt of sexual energy pulse through it as I shook it.

I could feel myself getting wet already. What was I doing? What was I thinking? I had to control myself!

"Nice to meet you, Rachel," he said.

He reached into his pocket.

"Let me give you my card," he said, "in case you ever need to get in touch with me for any reason."

He pressed a business card into my hand. It read "Paul Morrison, LL.M."

"You're a lawyer?"

"Mm-hmm," he said, his eyes running up and down my body, "I work from home a lot, but I also have an office in Manhattan. I'm in international finance."

"That sounds exciting," I stammered, unsure of what to say.

"Ha, really? Most people think it's super boring."

"Ha, well, I guess I can see that perspective too."

"Yeah, so what do you do?"

"I'm a freelance writer," I said, "I work from home."

I blushed when I said that, only because I remembered trying to work while he had been fucking his latest conquest.

"In fact," I blurted, "the wall to my office is right next door to your apartment."

"Is that right?" he said, smiling, "I hope I haven't disturbed your work!"

"Oh no… of course not…," I stammered.

He grinned at me, then winked before turning and ascending the staircase.

"Text me sometime, Rachel. My number is on the card."

I couldn't respond to that. What could I possibly say? I'd clearly been called out. Caught. And I loved it. I loved how confident he was, Peter. I couldn't imagine you hitting on a woman like that, with the perfect blend of flirtatiousness and subtlety. It was direct yet still understated. Overt but not crude or overly suggestive. He was a man who clearly knew how to talk to women.

And not just talk to them.

That night, you were gone again, and once again I saw a young woman ring his doorbell.

Maybe these women were hookers? I thought, *if he's a high-powered attorney, he has plenty of money.*

But I could tell from looking at her that this was no pro. More like a slightly scared college sophomore. She was wearing next to nothing, of course, because of the heat, but it wasn't a "slutty" nothing, if that makes sense. More like she just got back from the gym.

I have to admit that I immediately raced to the bedroom and sat on the bed with my back against the wall, waiting for the show

to start.

I only had to wait about five minutes before I heard two voices, a male and female. The man's voice sounded harsh, commanding. The woman's voice sounded submissive. Then it started: the spanking.

He was spanking her. Not like as part of sex. It sounded like he was using a belt or something. And what's more, it seemed like some kind of ritual. She was saying something after each blow. Once and a while, her cries penetrated the walls of our apartment and I could understand her: she was thanking him after each spank, and counting the spanks.

She made it all the way up to forty, then the spanking stopped and the moans began. I couldn't be sure exactly what he was doing to her, just that whatever it was it was turning her on incredibly. I myself became a wet, quivering mess as I played with my clit while she moaned. I felt so empty. I needed to be filled. I needed to be fucked by a man with a real cock.

I needed to get fucked by Paul. But I wasn't sure how to approach him.

Chapter 3

A few days later, you were gone again, and Paul was at it again, this time with a curvy Latina with a rack that made me extremely jealous. She was also very vocal, yelling loud enough that I could understand every single word she said while he fucked her.

"Give me that big dick, daddy!" she moaned, "it's so much bigger than my husband's."

Damn. Apparently his dick was so much in demand that women were cheating on their boyfriends with him.

I didn't realize it at the time, but hearing those words seemed to give me a certain type of permission. Permission to explore my curiosity behind your back, Peter.

I got out Paul's card. I had been staring at it frequently ever since the day he'd given it to me on the stairs. I finally decided to make use of it. I got out my phone and texted the number marked as "mobile."

It's Rachel, your neighbor, I wrote, my heart pounding, *do you have any coffee filters?*

I was surprised that he texted back almost immediately. As far as I knew, the woman was still in his apartment.

I definitely do, he wrote, *why don't you come on over and get them?*

My heart pounded. I put on a pair of yoga pants and a yellow tanktop. I wasn't wearing a bra or panties, but I decided I was just going to be gone for a minute, so it didn't matter. It was all just a ruse to give him my phone number. Nothing was going to happen.

Right?

When I knocked on the door, Paul invited me inside. This surprised me quite a bit, because I knew that his guest was still there.

"It's going to take me a second to find them," he said, "so you might as well come in and have a seat."

I walked in and sat on a chair in the living room while Paul disappeared into the kitchen. A few moments later, the young Latina woman emerged from the bedroom, wrapped in a robe and smiling.

"Wow, he really doesn't leave much time between appointments, does he? I guess I should feel a little offended."

"Appointments?" I was genuinely confused.

"Yeah," she said, "I mean, you must be here to try out the Slutmaker?"

"I...I beg your pardon?"

She began to laugh.

"Oh my God," she said, when she'd finally caught her breath, "why exactly are you here, then?"

"I'm his neighbor. I was going to borrow a couple of coffee filters," I said, "what's the Slutmaker?"

"Paul's dick," she laughed, "he's famous on social media for turning good girls into size queen sluts. He actually had to leave his last apartment because of the noise he was making. If you're his neighbor you must know what he's up to. Haven't you heard anything?"

I couldn't even speak. All I could do was blush.

"That's what I thought," she said, laughing.

"It's ok to be embarassed," she continued, "I was really timid my first time, too. But it gets way easier and more fun the more times you try it out."

"I...I'm not here to try anything out," I lied, "I just wanted to borrow some coffee filters."

She laughed.

"Yeah, right. There's a bodega about one minute away from here and they're definitely still open."

"Ok," I admitted, "I...heard some noises and I guess I was a little curious. What's it...what's it like?"

"It's incredible," she said, "you've got to try it sometime. But if you're still too scared you could always watch first."

"Watch?"

"Yeah. I'm sure he's going to be ready to fuck me again. I love having an audience. You can just sit there and take it all in. There's no pressure at all."

"I don't know…," I said, wondering what was taking Paul so long to get the filters, "I think it would be better if I just got going. "

"Suit yourself," she said.

Just then, Paul came into the room.

"Hey," he said, "have you met Marla?"

"Yeah," I said, "we were just chatting a bit."

"Oh? What about?"

I blushed and started stammering.

"You know...the neighborhood."

Marla laughed.

"Nah, we were talking about that awesome cock of yours. The Slutmaker."

"I figured you might be. Would you like to try it, Rachel?"

There it was. The question was now in the room. Without fully understanding how or why I did it, I nodded.

"Ok," he said, "is that ok with you, Marla?"

"Of course," said Marla, "sharing is caring. But I'll let you have him to yourself first. I'll just watch until you let me know I can join in."

I nodded.

"Ok," said Paul, sitting next to me on the couch, "why don't we discuss some of the ground rules?"

"Sure," I murmured, feeling my pussy absolutely flooding.

I couldn't believe what was happening.

"First of all," he said, "I like it rough. But I always play safe. If you ever want me to slow down, you say the word 'yellow.' If you want me to stop, say 'red.' I will immediately stop – no questions asked. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said, "I really, want to be submissive, but I've never tried it before."

“That’s fine,” he said, “I have a lot of experience introducing women to BDSM. Just ask Marla.”

“It’s true,” said Marla, “he’s just rough enough to make it hurt so good.”

I gasped a bit. This conversation was turning me on so much.

“You have a husband, don’t you?” he asked.

“Yep,” I admitted, “he’s not here now.”

“What’s his name?”

“Peter.”

“Ok,” said Paul, “I’m going to be talking dirty about him while I fuck you. Is that ok with you?”

Fuck. I couldn’t explain why, but hearing him say that sent a jolt of electricity through my body. My pussy was throbbing. I needed to be fucked and used so bad.

“Ok,” he said, “I haven’t decided what I want you to call me yet. I usually go by ‘master’ or ‘daddy’ in bed, but it varies from girl to girl. I haven’t figured you out yet, Rachel. But why don’t we get started?”

I nodded.

“Just remember the safe words,” he reminded me.

“I remember,” I said, we can start.

“Good girl,” he said, “Marla’s going to watch us and maybe even talk to us, but she won’t join in unless you want her to.”

I nodded. The idea of being with a woman had occurred to me a few times, but I never thought it was something that I’d actually try.

“Get on your knees, slut,” he ordered gruffly, grabbing a handful of my hair.

It was starting. I was becoming a submissive size queen slut.

Chapter 4

I was on my knees, looking up at Paul as he sat on the couch, biting my lip as I awaited his orders. Marla was in a chair a few feet away, watching us intently.

"Let's get you and the Slutmaker acquainted first, why don't we?" he said, stroking my hair, "pull down my shorts and have a look."

I reached up and pulled down his gym shorts, unable to suppress a gasp as his cock sprang free.

"Oh my God," I said, covering my mouth in surprise, "I didn't think it would be that big."

"What did you expect?" laughed Marla, "a little five-incher like your husband probably has?"

"I don't know," I admitted, "it's just….how does it fit?"

"Oh it fits," he laughed.

"It definitely does," Marla added, "but it's going to take some work at first. How much time do you have?"

"I've got plenty of time," I said, my eyes fixed on the huge shaft dangling in front of me.

"Marla," he said, "get us some lube. I think Rachel needs to get to know the Slutmaker before I destroy all of her holes with it."

"Yes, Sir," said Marla, going into the bedroom and coming out a few seconds later with a bottle of lube.

"Hold out your hands," she instructed.

I extended my hands, palms up, and Marla slathered them with lube.

"Good girl," he said, "now show me how you stroke this big dick. I know you've given a handjob before."

I blushed and nodded.

I reached up and put my hands around his shaft, realizing in awe that he wasn't even completely hard yet.

"Wow," I whispered, "how big does it get, exactly?"

"We should measure later," laughed Marla, "he's usually about 8 ½ inches, but with new girls or ones he really likes he gets up to nine."

"I have a feeling this hot little slut is going to have me at full length," he said, smiling at Marla.

I realized he meant me. Your girlfriend, Rachel. I was his "hot little slut."

But I wasn't a slut. I'd only had sex with one guy in my life. You, Peter. But that was about to change. Very, very soon.

I started stroking his cock with both hands. I could barely accommodate his girth. It was simply amazing. It seemed impossible that he would ever be able to penetrate me, but Marla was around my same size, and her pussy couldn't have been much bigger than mine. It must work somehow.

"Oh yes," he groaned, "Marla, let's get some pictures of this in case she wants to show Peter. Little Rachel's introduction to the Slutmaker."

"Oh no," I said, "I don't care if you take pictures, but Peter can never know about this."

"That's what a lot of girls say," he grinned, "until they discover how erotic betrayal can be."

"My husband already knows," said Marla, "and he loves it. I have Paul send him pictures every time."

I was confused by this at the time. But I now understand exactly what Paul meant. Betrayal is incredibly erotic.

And that's why I'm writing this letter to you now, honey. To tell you exactly how I betrayed you. Every detail.

Marla snapped several pictures of me – your cute, innocent girlfriend – stroking a cock that is at least twice as long as yours is even at its hardest. You simply can't compete with Paul. And I'll never even give you another chance to try, I'm sorry to say.

"You're doing a good job stroking that big cock," said Paul, his voice hoarse with desire, "play with my balls and start to jerk it just a little bit faster."

I did what he said, looking up at him in devotion. That's when he spanked me for the first time, reaching down behind me and bringing his open palm down across my buttocks with a sharp crack.

"Ouch!" I yelped.

"Stand up and let Marla take your pants off, slut," he ordered without explanation.

I stood immediately, holding my lube-covered hands away from my body as Marla approached from the side and pulled my yoga pants down to my ankles, then helped me out of them completely.

"Turn around," he commanded.

I did a slow circle in front of him, loving the way he was carefully inspecting me.

"You must work out regularly," he said finally, "or else you've got incredible genes. You're definitely what we call in the business a PAWG."

I blushed, not knowing what to say.

"Thanks…," I stammered, wiggling my ass for him a bit.

SMACK! SMACK!

He landed two blowing across my ass. It hurt much more than I had expected, but as the sting faded, my pussy absolutely flooded. This was *exactly* the kind of rough treatment I'd been craving.

"Take it like a good slut," he ordered, smacking me twice more.

I felt the tears climb to my eyes while my pussy began to leak down my leg.

"Please, Sir…," I stuttered, "I don't know what I did to deserve this."

"Well," he said, "for starters, you're not wearing panties."

"But I thought you'd like that!" I protested.

"I *do* like it," he said, "but the problem is that only a slut would go without panties. And sluts get punished. That's what I'm doing with you now."

"Yes, Sir," I said, "may I please stroke your cock again now?"

"Turn around and get on your knees," he ordered.

I did as I was told, spinning around and dropping so that his massive erection loomed above me.

"Jerk me off all over your face," he ordered.

"Excuse me, Sir?"

"You heard me, slut. I want to shoot my load all over your face. To claim you."

Now you've asked me to do that once or twice, haven't you Peter? I've never been willing to indulge you because I think it's kind of gross and in any case just something a little too porny. That is, when *you* want to do it.

When there's another dick involved, however, especially one the size of Paul's, I just stop thinking and start obeying. I wanted nothing more than to please him, even if it meant giving up my feminist principles and letting a man degrade me. That was exactly what I wanted in that moment. Nothing more, nothing less.

I looked up at him, moaning in desire even though he hadn't really even touched me yet. I had his cock in both hands and jerked the shaft, moving my fingers as quickly as they could comfortably go.

"Please, Sir," I begged instinctively, "please come on my face."

"Oh fuck," moaned Paul, "Marla, I think this bitch is a natural. Do you hear how she's begging for my cum?"

"Mmm yes," said Marla, playing with her clit now.

I was totally jealous. My clit burned, ached for a touch. But Paul wasn't giving me any relief, and I had to keep both hands on his cock so that he would bless my face with a spurt of his precious seed.

"Please," I moaned, surprised at my own desperation, "I need your cum so bad. I want to taste it. Please coat my face."

"God yes, you little bitch," he growled, reaching down and spanking me three more times, "keep up this good work and you'll have the privilege of actually sucking my cock fairly soon."

God. The way he was talking to me. It was so degrading yet so masculine and powerful. He was saying the kinds of things that only a man who can back up his threats dares to say.

Back them up with **dick**, that is.

When I heard him use the term “privilege,” I practically lost it. Paul had me at his beck and call. He was controlling my pussy without even touching it. I was on the edge of an orgasm just from touching his cock with my hands and being spanked by him. He was truly a master both of female psychology and sexuality. Or at least of my psychology and sexuality. I guess I shouldn’t speak for all women.

In any case, once I started moaning, he began to climax, closing his eyes and shooting his cum all over my face. I managed to close my eyes just before having them and my mouth painted shut by streams of hot, sticky cum.

“You look great,” he laughed, “get some pictures, Marla.”

I never thought it would feel so amazing to have my face coated in cum. And that is why I went back for seconds.

Chapter 5

The next time I visited him was while you were working late one Tuesday night. I wish I could say that I had to think about it for a long time, or that I hesitated, but that was definitely not the case. As soon as I knew you'd be gone, I was ringing the doorbell hoping for a taste of his big, hard cock.

My heart leaped when he answered the door, but I was disappointed to see another girl in his living room already. She was dressed like a "slutty schoolgirl," kneeling on the ground with her arms tied behind her back. I was intrigued.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I'll come back later."

"Don't be ridiculous!" he said, gesturing for me to enter, "Ashley and I were just getting started, and I'm sure she doesn't mind if you watch."

"Are you sure?"

I looked into the doorway at the girl.

She nodded with her head because her hands were literally tied.

"Come on in," she said, "Paul loves it when other girls watch. And I like it, too."

It felt so forbidden, but so hot as well. Plus I couldn't deny that I had loved it when Marla was watching me and Paul.

Ashley was an attractive brunette who looked to be about 22 years old. Her blouse was almost bursting open because of the way her arms were tied. It looked like one of those Japanese knots. My pussy was instantly soaked. I was so jealous of her.

"Rachel," he said, "why don't you sit down on the couch and watch the fun? I just got finished tying Ashley, and now I'm going to

teach her a lesson for being such a naughty little slut. Would you like to see that?"

"Yes," I moaned breathlessly.

"Are you going to punish me, Daddy?" she asked, looking up at him innocently.

Daddy. So that was the dynamic between them. I hadn't ever realized how incredibly hot it could be, but now I was aching for the privilege of calling him that. I realized how much I would love dressing like a slut for a guy like him.

Paul's dick flopped out of his shorts and he took it in his right hand while he cupped Ashley's head with the other. The shaft of his monster cock quickly hardened to its full length. Brandishing his prick like a weapon, he slapped the girl in the face with it.

"You dirty little slut," he growled, "tell me what you want."

"I want your dick, Daddy. Please slap me again with your big cock!"

He obliged her, slapping her across the other cheek.

"Open up, whore," he commanded.

She looked up at him, opening her mouth obediently. He pushed his thick cock between her lips and immediately began fucking her face. I'd never seen anything like it, or imagined that it was possible for a girl her size to accommodate his girth. But there she was, taking his cock like a champ. The sounds of her gurgling filled the room as he choked her on his dick. It was like a strange athletic event that I could only watch.

But I wanted to take part in it, Peter. I wanted to choke on Paul's dick so fucking bad. It's all I could think about, sitting there on the couch and watching them.

I slowly reached into my pants and started to touch my pussy. Paul looked over at me as he fucked Ashley's face and grinned.

"You're such a dirty fucking whore, aren't you, Rachel?"

"Umm...hmm…," was all I could manage to say.

He pulled out to give poor Ashley a chance to catch her breath, then he slapped her several times across the face with his cock.

"She loves this treatment, don't you, slut?"

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned, looking up at him in devotion.

“Open your mouth,” he ordered.

She opened wide, sticking out her tongue and looking up at him expectantly.

I was shocked when he spat in her mouth and she swallowed it diligently, smiling up at him.

“Thank you, Daddy!”

Fuck. It was so filthy and degrading, but I loved it. I couldn’t wait to be an absolute slut for our well-endowed next door neighbor. I didn’t have to wait long.

“Rachel,” he said, looking over at me, “would you like a turn choking on my cock?”

“Mm-hmm,” I murmured.

“I can’t hear you,” he said, “please tell me clearly what you want.”

He was going to make me say it. God, it was so hot, and so humiliating at the same time. I felt myself getting so wet.

“I want a chance to choke on your cock,” I said, as loudly and clearly as I could bring myself to say something so filthy.

“Good girl,” he said, “I want you to do something for me. I want you to take off your panties, then get on your hands and knees and crawl over here to me. Carry your panties in your mouth.”

“Mmm,” moaned Ashley, “you’re really going to turn her into a good little slut, aren’t you? Are you going to break her, just like you broke me?”

“I don’t know,” he replied, stroking her hair, and looking down at her thoughtfully, “what do you think? Do you think she deserves a chance to be broken with this big, thick cock?”

“I think you at least have to give her a chance to earn it,” said Ashley, grinning.

“I guess you’re right,” said Paul, “now get over here, slut!”

I stood from the couch and slowly, self-consciously, pulled off my panties, so that I was only wearing my light sundress and sandals.

“Good girl,” Paul said, leering at my body, “now get those panties in your mouth and crawl over here like I asked you to.”

I dropped to my knees and opened my mouth, stuffing my panties inside. They tasted of my arousal and sweat. I crawled across the room, only a couple of yards or so, until I was at Paul's feet. I looked up at him obediently.

"Take the panties out of your mouth now and hand them to me, slut."

I obeyed. He tore them in half in front of me.

"Hey!" I protested, "those weren't cheap!"

"Don't worry about that," he said, "if you're a good girl for Daddy, I'll get you all the panties you could ever need."

"Mmm," said Ashley, "he's telling the truth about that."

I was still a bit shocked, but also too turned on to protest. I loved how authoritative and decisive he was. I was also intrigued by what he had in mind with the panties.

"Hands behind your back, slut," he said, "just like Ashley."

I obeyed immediately, putting my hands behind my back.

He tied them together, securely but not too tightly, with my own torn panties.

"Remember the safeword, girls?"

"Yes, Daddy," cooed Ashley.

"What about you, slut?"

"Yes…," I said, hesitating before I used the "D" word, unsure if I had earned it yet.

"Yes what?"

He slapped my ass hard, then pulled up my sundress and slapped it again. I yelped in surprise and wriggled a bit as I knelt on the wood floor.

"Yes, Daddy!" I squealed.

"Good girl," he said, "now both of you, lean in here and service this fucking cock like the little whores you are."

With our hands secured tightly behind our backs, all Ashley and I could do was use our lips and tongue to please Paul's big cock. But luckily, because he was so hung, there was plenty of it to go around.

I licked and sucked at the shaft greedily as Ashley took his oversize head in her mouth. Paul keep both of us in the right spot by guiding us with his hands as we knelt in from of him. Every once in a

while, he would give us commands or encouragement. Both of our faces were sloppy with spit and tears from deepthroating his monster. I didn't care at all. I loved how rough and primal this scene was: a dominant, big-cocked man having his way with two submissive, fertile young females. It was perfect, in a way. Exactly how nature intended it.

He pulled out every once in a while and slapped one of us in the face with his cock, and also delivered plenty of not-so-gentle correct with slaps to our asses. Both of us were moaning in pleasure after 15 minutes or so of this treatment. I had no idea how turned on I could get by being tied up and having my face used by a dominant man.

After both Ashley and I had been reduced to swollen-lipped, messy-faced sluts, he finally seemed to have had enough of using our mouths.

"Make out with her," he said to Ashley.

I had my first girl on girl kiss while our neighbor Paul jerked his big cock right next to both of our faces. It was tricky because our arms were still tied behind our backs, but we still managed to put on a good show for "Daddy."

I never thought how much fun it might be to make out with another girl. I never really had bisexual tendencies. But this wasn't about pleasing me, this was about pleasing Paul, and the fact that I knew he loved seeing the two of us kiss drove me absolutely crazy. I had a primal urge to please him and please his huge cock.

A moment later, he groaned and coated both of us, his sperm dripping down between our lips as we kissed. We both chuckled and he pushed our hands gently together.

"Eat it all up, sluts. Don't waste a drop of Daddy's cum."

We knew exactly what was expected of us, and we wanted nothing more than to please our "Daddy," this dominant man who had just thoroughly used both of us with his gigantic cock.

When we had finished, he looked at us in satisfaction, snapping a picture on his phone.

"You both look like complete and total sluts," he laughed, "like you'd do anything to please a man with a big dick."

“That’s a fair assessment,” laughed Ashley, “would you untie me now? I want to fix dinner.”

“I suppose that’s ok,” he said, “I think Rachel has to be going now. Don’t you, Rachel?”

I was going to protest, but it was clear that I was not yet part of Paul’s inner sanctum. I was going to have to do more to finally earn his trust. But I was sure that sometime soon I would be worthy of having my pussy broken in by his big dick.

He untied my hands and pocketed the panties.

“These are mine, now,” he grinned, “I’ll text you the next time I need you.”

“Ok,” I said obediently, “thank you, Daddy.”

“You’re welcome, slut.”

He gave me a smack on the ass, and sent me on my way.

Chapter 6

I waited so long for that text to come. Every day I checked my phone compulsively while you were at work, and every night I listened for the sounds of him fucking one of his little sluts. But strangely, there was nothing until Wednesday night, about three days after he'd coated Ashley and I in his cum. You were in the living room watching sports highlights, and I was in the bedroom, pretending to work, but really hoping to hear a few hints of what might be going on in Paul's apartment.

I got lucky.

I heard the sounds of a woman moaning, first in pleasure, then in something that sounded more like pain. It was Paul's specialty: making pleasure hurt just a bit because of his big cock and, at the same time, making that pain feel good. I didn't think I'd ever be able to separate the two sensations again, and your gentle lovemaking and unimpressive size didn't help much in that department. After experiencing what it was like to be taken by a **real man**, a little boy like you will simply never be able to compare.

I hope you don't take offense to that, honey. It's not meant to be an insult. Just an objective statement of fact.

You're a cuckold now, honey. But you're lucky, in a way. It's actually better. For all of us. I can be satisfied by Paul anytime I want to be – all I need to do is go next door. And even though he's told me that I can't have sex with you anymore, I'm still allowed to give you handjobs every once in a while – if I think you deserve it. You should be more than happy with that, given the size of your cock. Guys hung like you just don't deserve the pussy. Especially not mine. Paul taught me that!

But you can still listen to Paul fuck me through our bedroom wall if you want, honey. I can't stop you from doing that. And if you're really, really lucky, someday I might even let you watch us. If Paul says it's ok, of course.

But wait – I haven't even told you about the best part yet, have I? You still need to hear exactly how Paul finally claimed your wife's pussy for his own.

How I became one of Paul's girls forever. Just another fucktoy in his harem. A very convenient fucktoy, of course, given the fact that we lived next door to him.

Does it upset you that your wife would go so far for a big cock that she would degrade herself like this?

You don't know the half of it, honey.

Do you know what that text on Wednesday night said?

It told me to stop taking my birth control.

"Daddy wants your pussy totally unprotected. Vulnerable to him."

What could I do, honey? I of course threw my pills in the trash immediately. I didn't even think twice. It just felt so primal. So natural and right to be completely open and unprotected the first time this alpha male fucks me.

Don't you agree, honey? Admit it, I think you do.

Here's what happened next.

I waited around for the next week, waiting for Paul to text. I kept trying to accidentally run into him on the stairs again, or in the lobby of our building, but it never worked out.

Every day, while I worked in my bedroom office, I'd hear him fucking some new slut, some lucky girl begging for his huge cock. I think he knew what he was doing, honey. Making me wait.

Making your wife wait for the privilege of being fucked like the whore that she is.

Finally, more than a week after telling me to stop the pill, he texted me.

"Come over in five minutes. Wear your red sundress but no bra or panties."

He really had noticed what I'd been wearing all of those times I'd tried to run into him in the hallway! He must have seen me through the peephole.

I ran into our bedroom and changed out of my clothes, then I stripped off my bra and panties, happy that I'd washed my red sundress only a few days ago. I would be nice and fresh for my first unprotected big-dick fucking.

I gave you an excuse – a flimsy one, I'll admit (you probably remember hearing it) about having to go meet a coworker for coffee at a cafe in Bushwick. I knew if I was late I could always blame the crappy, failing New York City subway system.

I didn't go to Bushwick, of course. I just went next door, honey. Maybe you even *heard* what I'm going to tell you about next. That is, if you weren't too wrapped up in your sports or your game or whatever.

I knocked on his door, glancing at our own door quickly to make sure you didn't for some reason come out in that split second and notice me. To my relief, Paul came to the door quickly and gave me a smile when he saw the dress.

Then, to my utter arousal and complete surprise, he looked me in the eye and said, simply:

"On your knees, whore."

"Here? In the hallway?"

He didn't say anything, he just began to unbuckle his belt and pull down his pants.

I felt like such a slut, honey. Your cute, innocent wife, Rachel, on her knees, about to take a facefucking from a huge cock right in the hallway. You could have so easily caught your wife in the most compromising position of her life, honey. One of the other neighbors could have been coming up or down the stairs and seen what a complete and utter whore I am.

But they didn't, and neither did you. At least I don't think so. I can't be sure, because I was too busy dropping to my knees for "Daddy" and looking up at him with my big, carefully made-up eyes.

“May I please suck it, Daddy?” I asked.

“No,” he said, grabbing my head roughly, “you’re just going to choke on it. No hands. Put your hands behind your back like a good little whore.”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said, complying immediately and opening wide as his huge prick began to push past my soft lips.

My lipstick was immediately smeared, and I was also instantly wet. Without panties on under my sundress I was instantly aware of my arousal.

“Good girl,” he groaned, “sucking Daddy’s dick like this on your knees right outside the door that your husband could come out of any time and discover what a whore his wife is.”

Him talking like that only made me want to please him even more. I kept sucking the first third or so of his cock, frantically, trying desperately to please him and here him call me a “good girl” one more time.

Then he pulled back.

“Crawl inside and chase the dick, slut,” he ordered, and I realized that he wanted me to chase him into the apartment on my hands and knees.

It was so degrading, and so hot. I trusted him completely, and knew that I could use the safewords at any time. But I didn’t want to stop, honey.

I loved being degraded by this dominant, big-cocked alpha male. The promise of being impaled on his monster was just so attractive to me. I obeyed my primal instincts as a submissive woman, which meant obeying him.

Chapter 7

"Good girl," he said, once I had crawled into the apartment and attempted to continue sucking his big beautiful cock.

"Not so fast," he said, closing the door, "I think you need another fashion accessory."

I saw him open a drawer and take out a collar. It was like a dog collar, but prettier. I'd seen the cute Latina girl, Marla, wearing one.

"Just one thing," he said, putting the collar around my neck as I beamed with pleasure, "you can't take this off without my permission. Even around your husband. Understand?"

"I understand, Daddy," I said, positively beaming now.

I loved being claimed by him, honey. He was taking possession of me, body and soul, in a way that you never could.

You need to know and accept that, honey.

But the ultimate act of claiming your wife was yet to come, honey.

He still needed to shoot his potent sperm into my young, fertile and now totally unprotected cunt.

He attached a leash to my collar and led me like a dog into his bedroom.

The same room that was divided from our bedroom just by a thin wall.

He positioned me on the bed with my head pointing to the wall that adjoined our apartment.

Our bedroom.

"I want your husband to hear you begging for my cum in your unprotected cunt."

Fuck. The betrayal was so wrong, but so right at the same time. I would be breaking my marital vows in the most spectacular way: by giving a superior man with a superior cock exactly what he deserved: unrestricted access to my supple young body.

He spread my cheeks from behind and immediately thrust himself into me. It was tight, honey, but he made it fit, even though it wasn't easy.

I was so wet for him, honey. Wetter than I thought I could ever be. Wetter than I've ever been with *you*, that's for sure.

He took his time slowly working his entire length into my cunt while he kept tension on my leash, making sure that I was looking directly at the wall that you were behind.

"You love this, don't you, you whore? You love getting stuffed with cock while your husband is just a few feet away."

"Yes, Daddy," I groaned, desperate for him to fill me completely, "there's nothing I want more than to be filled with your big prick."

He slapped my ass roughly and called me a cheating slut. I had to agree with him there, honey!

I loved the feeling of being taken in hand by this older, forceful man with the gigantic prick. When he finally got the whole thing inside me I gasped in delight and surprise as I felt him reach places that I hadn't known existed before. He stimulated parts of my anatomy that I never could have possibly reached on my own, and as he began to stroke in and out of my pussy, I felt myself in a state of ecstasy, like a continuous, size-induced orgasm.

"Fuck yes," I moaned (and maybe you heard some of this, honey, if you really were on the other side of that wall and listening attentively, as I imagined), "give my that big prick. It feels so amazing."

Tears of pleasure, pain and sheer gratefulness came to my eyes, ruining my carefully applied makeup.

"I'm coming, Daddy, I'm coming on your big fucking cock."

"Good girl," he said, "tell Peter whose pussy this is."

"It's yours, Daddy!"

"Tell him louder. So he can hear."

"It's your pussy, Daddy. I'm your property now," I yelled, "my husband Peter can't satisfy me anymore. His cock is too small and he's not dominant enough."

I didn't know where the words I was saying were coming from. I was in a state of ecstasy, like I said; it was as if having his cock inside me had induced a continuous, never-ending orgasmic condition.

"Don't stop fucking your little whore, Daddy," I moaned, "my husband can never compete with this dick. I need yours so fucking bad and will do anything to please you. Anything at all."

"Oh fuck. This pussy is so fucking tight," he groaned, tugging on my leash with one hand while he slapped my ass with the other, "I'm going to totally ruin you for other guys. Especially your husband. You won't ever be able to fuck him again."

"I don't want to fuck a small-dicked guy ever again," I moaned, "from now on, I'm only taking *your* dick, Daddy!"

"Good little slut," he moaned, and I felt a surge of pride at being called his slut.

Can you believe that, honey? Can you believe what a slut your wife was being – just a few feet from where you were innocently enjoying your evening?

Maybe you would have liked to see what was happening, honey. After all, I know a lot of cucks like you get off on watching beautiful girls like me being defiled by huge cocks. And that's exactly what was going on. Like I said, even if you weren't listening that first time, maybe if you're lucky, Paul will let you watch some other time.

"I'm almost ready to come," he groaned, "usually I hold off longer, but this tight little pussy is too good. I can tell that you've never had a real man."

"Where do you want my cum, slut?"

I didn't have to think twice, or stop to consider like I am now, writing these lines to you, dear husband. The size of Paul's cock, and his prowess as a Dom and a lover left me with no doubt whatsoever: I needed his powerful alpha cum inside my submissive size-queen pussy.

“Inside me, Daddy!” I exclaimed, “I want your cum inside my unprotected pussy.”

He grabbed both of my hips, thrusting hard inside me, holding his cock directly against my cervix as he unleashed his potent load.

“Fuck yes,” I exclaimed, experiencing an even harder orgasm amidst the perpetual orgasm that was simply being penetrated by his colossal cock, “give me a baby, Daddy. Knock me up and make my husband the ultimate cuckold!!”

Ok, I admit it: perhaps I didn’t say that last part. But it doesn’t really change anything, does it, honey? One thing is undeniably true: the last man to come inside me after I went off my birth control was Paul.

Which leads me to my last chapter, honey.

Chapter 8

Things have changed for me, Peter. And things must change for us, too. But some things will certainly stay the same. First of all, the good news: you and I will stay married. It's for your good as much as mine. As much as I love Paul and his cock, I'm smart enough to realize that he'll never actually be a provider for me, or for as-yet-to-be-born members of our new family.

You'll stay in the apartment with me, honey. But there will be some new rules. First of all, I'll be spending as much time as I want with Peter. Whenever he needs me. You'll have to arrange your schedule around that. Of course, I'll also need to spend some time with you, Peter. Especially after Paul has had his fun with me. Your job will be to cuddle me and help me clean up. The big-dicked guy will provide the orgasms, and the small-dicked beta will be there to comfort me. Sounds only natural, right?

You might be wondering what you get out of all of this, right, Pete? Well, I'll tell you: not only do you get to remain married to me, you'll also get a handjob every once and a while from me – when Paul says it's ok, of course. Other than that, I'm not going to have any sexual contact with you.

Of course I can't prevent you from listening at the wall while Paul fucks me in his bedroom every night. Or from the hallway when he's fucking me in our bed.

Oh, did I forget to mention that, honey? Paul says he's going to take me in our bed next time. And he doesn't care if you're home or not. He knows that you're too much of a cuck to try to stop him from fucking your wife in your own bed. He's counting on you simply bowing out and letting the superior man fuck your wife.

And you know what, Peter? I am too. In fact, I demand it. I demand that you yield to the superior man with the superior sperm, and – yes – the superior cock.

It's only natural, honey.

It's only right.

By the way, I missed my last period. Even if it doesn't mean that I'm pregnant with our neighbor's child yet, it's only a matter of time.

I can feel my body crying out for it, honey.

With you, I was never sure if I wanted children. I kept going back and forth about it, never able to make up my mind. And my body felt the same way.

Once Paul started fucking me and shooting his cum inside me, I changed completely. I knew that it was my destiny to bear his children.

Children that you will raise, Peter.

So what do you think?

Don't worry: I already know. You're a natural-born cuck. And you love it.

I hope you made yourself cum reading the confession of a wife who will never again fuck an inferior cock like yours.

Enjoy it while you can, honey.

Your loving wife,

Rachel

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?



Becoming a Size Queen

By Cynthia Sizemore

Amy's boyfriend has a very popular roommate named John. Amy can hear him "entertaining" women at all hours of the night.

It doesn't take long for her to discover the secret to his success with women -- and what a BIG secret it is!

Before she knows it, Amy is swept off her feet and set on a journey of self-discovery during which she discovers the powers of John's member. Her relationship with her boyfriend Kevin will never be the same. The truth hurts, but she knows she has to tell him about her preference for the larger male endowment.

The way that she chooses to do so, however, will shock as much as it arouses...

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!

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Cynthia