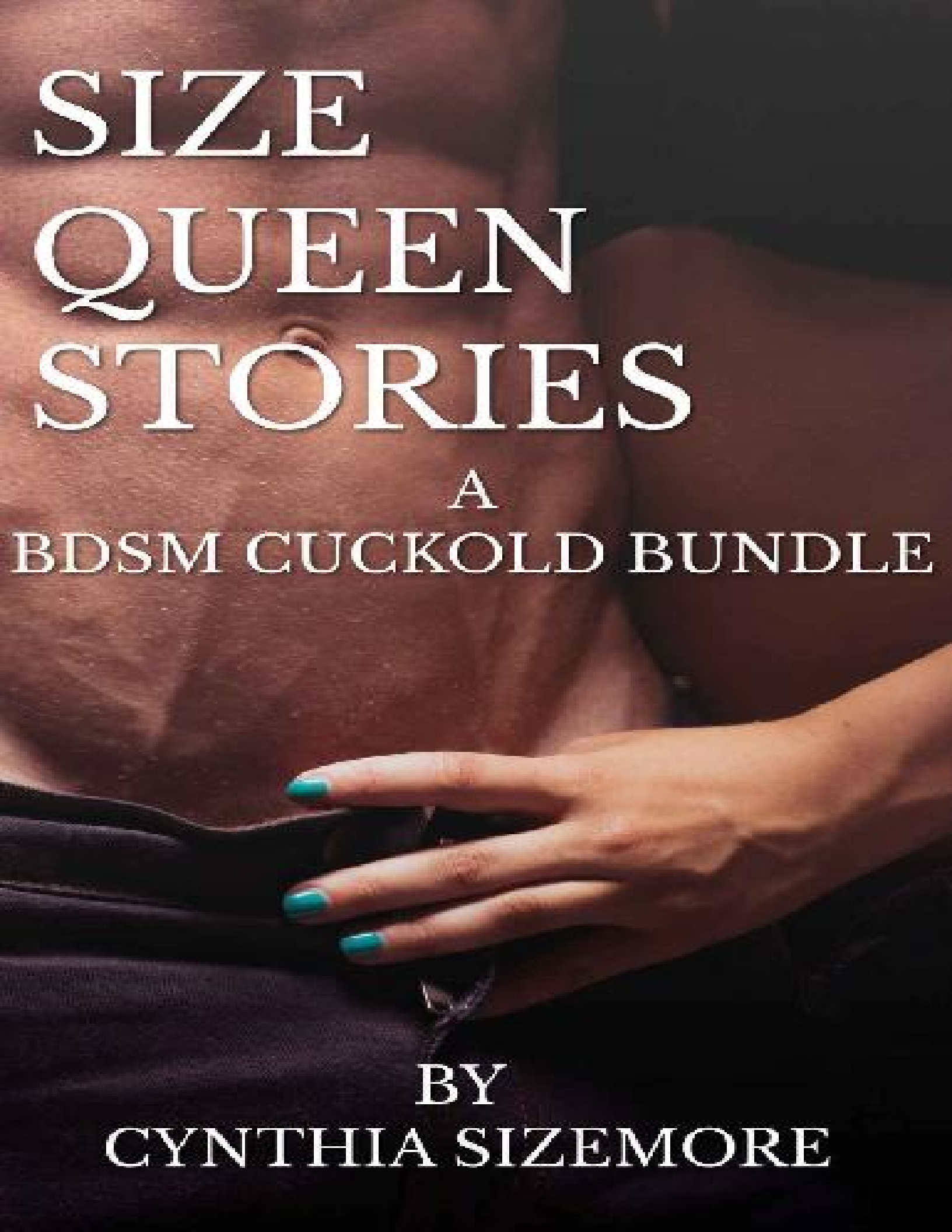

SIZE
QUEEN
STORIES
A
BDSM CUCKOLD BUNDLE
BY
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

Size Queen Stories: A BDSM Cuckold Bundle

by

Cynthia Sizemore

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Losing Helen

Chapter 1

Helen was changing. She was no longer the shy, only-with-the-lights-off woman I'd known and loved since we were seniors in high school. Now, after her second child, she was not only *looking* better than ever before, she was almost *insatiable* in bed. Our libidos has been mismatched after our first child — I wanted sex at least twice a week, and she once a month at most — and now they were mismatched again, but in the opposite direction.

I gave it to her three times a week, but I could tell it wasn't enough for her anymore.

She was reluctant to admit this, of course. There was still a lot of the same shy country girl deep down in my 32-year-old, big-city wife.

"Sorry I can't go again so soon," I said, panting next to her after one marathon session, "but I'm not 19 years old anymore."

"That's ok, honey," she said, "I understand."

"Why don't we finally get you some kind of toy?"

She'd always been resistant to using a dildo or vibrator, unable to get over her conviction —impressed on her from an early age — that masturbation was wrong.

"I think I'd prefer to get it straight from the source," she laughed, patting my crotch.

"But I'm afraid the source has dried up for the moment," I said.

"Let's see what we can do about that," she laughed, looking up at me with sultry eyes as she kissed a trail down my torso.

"Honey," I said, "I really just need a minute."

She rolled off me, clearly upset.

"Is it *me*?" she asked, looking at the ceiling, "I know I've changed since the kids."

“Yes, you’ve changed,” I said, turning on my side to caress her hair and look into her eyes, “but only for the better. And you know that you look hotter than ever. You’re in your sexual prime!”

“I wish I could believe that,” she said.

“You don’t need to take my word for it,” I replied, “I know for a fact that most of your male coworkers would *love* to fuck you.”

“Ha. As if. I’m 32 years old. Those guys want girls in their 20s.”

“Come on, look at you,” I said, gesturing to her full figure, “what man, of any age, *wouldn’t* want to be with a woman who looked like you? You’re in better shape and more confident than any of those girls in their 20s. And don’t tell me that *you’ve* never wondered.”

“Wondered what?”

“What it might be like.”

“What *what* might be like?”

“Being with another guy besides me.”

“Oh come on,” she laughed, “that’s the *furthest* thing from my mind. But oh my…”

She began to stroke my rapidly hardening erection.

“…it seems like this conversation has gotten *you* going again.”

I had to admit that it had. I couldn’t explain why, but suddenly I was rock-hard and ready for round two.

“Oh yes,” she moaned, as I plunged into her for the second time that night, “give it to me. It’s so good…”

We didn’t mention it for a few days afterwards, but she seemed different. Flirtier. Even more confident than before. The makeup she wore to work became just a touch flashier, in imitation of girls 10 years younger than her. She wore noticeable eye shadow, which was something I’d only see her do at weddings. I even noticed one day that she had slipped into a pencil skirt that came well above the knee. Previously, she’d insisted that such skirt-lengths were inappropriate for women over 30, and vowed to give all of the skirts that violated that rule to charity.

“Stretching the style rules, I see?” I said, nodding towards the skirt.

“Do you like it? I thought I might try something a little sexier today. You know, for all of those horny co-workers.”

She winked at me. Where was the shy girl now?!

“Well, just save some of that sexiness for home,” I said, leaning in for a long kiss. It seemed like all of this dirty talk was having a positive effect on both of our libidos.

“Of course,” she laughed, smiling, “who else would it be for?”

I began to wonder. But I didn’t have to wonder long. That night, she waltzed into the living room, taking off her heels and collapsing onto the couch as she announced “Jacob loved the skirt.”

“Oh really?” I laughed, smiling flirtatiously, “Jacob, that younger guy that I met at the Christmas party, said something about your outfit? Isn’t that sexual harassment or something?”

She laughed and lifted her head to meet my kiss.

“Well, it was definitely *sexual*, but I wouldn’t call it *harassment*.”

“What did he say, exactly?”

“He just said that he liked my skirt. That’s all.”

“Interesting. *Very* interesting. I wonder what *else* he likes about you.”

“Maybe the incredible speed and precision with which I write my expense reports?”

“I was thinking maybe those gorgeous tits.”

“Well if he does appreciate them, I’m sure he’ll keep it to himself,” she laughed, “though I would be flattered of course.”

Flattered? This was the first time I could remember my wife mentioning attention from other men as anything but negative. It seemed like she was actually getting into the idea of being with another guy. But it was all just a fantasy, right?

Chapter 2

At first, the text message seemed innocuous.

I'm going out for drinks with some people from work. I should be back for dinner. Love you!

Going for after-work drinks on a Friday night wasn't that strange. Helen had done it before, but not in the last two or three years. I immediately thought back to what she'd been wearing that morning, and realized it had been another one of her "sexy" days. She'd looked great in a low-cut black blouse, a black skirt and tights. Could she be planning on doing a little more flirting with her coworkers?

Sounds good, I wrote back, *who's going to be there?*

A few minutes later, her response came.

You know, she wrote, the usual suspects. *Carolyn, Emily and Carl.*

What about Jacob? I responded.

I felt like the erotic tension was palpable through the phone screen as I saw the indicator turn to "read" and then waited several agonizing minutes for Helen to respond.

Finally, the response came.

Yeah, I think he said he'd drop by. Why so interested? :)

I thought for a while before formulating my response.

I just wondered if you wore that blouse tonight for him.

This time, her response was quick.

Not really, but I'll let you know what he says :).

Fuck. My cock was rock-hard. But why? What was it about this situation that turned me on so much? Was it the mere fact that other men found my wife sexually attractive? Was it the secret that we had between each other? Was it the fact that my wife seemed sexually

interested and flirtatious for the first time in years, even if this attention wasn't directed towards me?

I had to admit it was all of the above. Flashes of my wife flirting with James passed through my mind's eye. I imagined them talking and laughing at the bar. Her touching him casually. Them moving slowly closer, a bit tipsy. Still smiling, but then suddenly serious as they closed their eyes and he moved in for a kiss.

Then they got back to his car, his hands all over her, her hands working his belt, trying to get his pants down, then sinking down to her knees as he stood next to the open door…

I snapped out of my reverie suddenly. What was I thinking? Helen was happily married. She'd said so several times herself. And so was I. So why did thinking about her putting her mouth on Jacob's cock make my own cock so hard?

I picked up my phone again and texted her back.

Just don't do anything too naughty tonight, I wrote, and followed it with a winking emoji.

Just what kind of game were we playing?

I got the kids into bed after dinner and settled down in front of the TV, waiting for Helen to come home. I checked my phone a few times, but she hadn't written anything in response to my last message. It had been over an hour and half. Just how long was she planning on staying out? I started to become a bit concerned, but then, all of a sudden, the next message came:

I flashed him my bra by accident. Whoops!

My heart pounded. But before I could think of a response, her next text came.

Sorry, honey. Was I naughty?

You showed another man your bra? I wrote, *that is in fact very naughty ;)*.

Well what are you going to do about it, big guy?

Maybe I should give you a spanking, I wrote instinctively.

Maybe you should :).

The second she came through the door, our hands were all over each other. We threw our clothes on the living room floor, completely heedless of the children asleep upstairs.

“God I want you,” she moaned, her lips hot against mine, “are you going to punish me like you promised?”

I was already kneading her asscheeks in one hand, while the other rested on the small of her back. Now I drew my hand back and spanked her several times. We’d never done this kind of play before, but now it seemed like exactly what she needed.

“Ohh thank you, honey,” she gasped, whispering throatily into my ear, “I need this so so bad.”

I reached down into her panties and discovered that she was already extremely wet.

“I don’t need too much foreplay tonight, honey,” she panted, “I just need your cock. I need you to bend me over that couch and fuck me.”

“Seems like those messages got you pretty excited,” I teased, grabbing a nipple, “is this the bra that you showed Jacob? Did he like what he saw?”

“Yes, I think he did, honey,” she sighed as I rolled a nipple between two fingers, “I think he liked it very much.”

“How could you tell?” I asked, as her hands wandered down towards my cock.

“Mmm,” she said, as I kissed down her neck, “he blushed a little when he saw that I’d caught him looking.”

“Did he now?”

“He did.”

“Maybe he’d like to see more.”

“Maybe he would.”

The next minute I had her bent over one of the arms of the couch, her hands grabbing a cushion as I slide my stiff cock into her from behind.

“Oh God,” she groaned, “just like that, Matt. Oh please fuck me just like that.”

I grabbed her hair and slapped her ass. It felt a like strange to be this rough with her. We’d never done anything quite this “kinky”

(even though that's a funny thing to call something as mild as this actually was). We'd always mostly done missionary position, except for a couple of times when we'd first gotten married. Even saying the words "fuck" and "cock" during sex was a totally new thing for Helen. It turned me on like crazy, but I'd be lying if I didn't admit that it was also a bit disconcerting to see the woman I thought I knew so well suddenly acting different.

"Oh wow, honey," she moaned, "I didn't know you had it in you. Give it to me hard. Yeah..."

"You like that?"

"I love it."

I slammed into her, using one hand to guide her hips and slap her ass from time to time as the other hand held her hair in place.

"Just do whatever you want with me," she groaned, "don't worry about what I need. Just use me."

That was enough to make me cum immediately, shooting a big load into her tight warm pussy.

"Fuck, sorry," I said, feeling embarrassed that I'd come so soon.

She looked back at me, a glow suffusing her face.

"You came at *exactly* the right time, honey."

I kissed her, filed with affection and more than a little astonishment. Something was definitely happening with Helen.

Chapter 3

In any marriage as long as ours, it's always a wonderful to discover a new fantasy or bedroom activity that appeals to both partners in equal measure, and it seemed that Helen and I had found exactly that. I loved hearing about Helen flirting with her coworkers, and she loved doing it – and telling me about it afterwards.

It didn't take long for things to escalate. It wasn't something that either one of us planned (at least I don't think it was); it just developed naturally from the already-existing dynamic.

It was Friday once again. We hadn't really discussed her post-work plans, but I think both Helen and I were hoping that she'd go to happy hour with her colleagues again. I'd even made arrangements to be home early to take care of the kids if that happened.

Sure enough, around 3pm that day, I got another text.

Hey honey, she wrote, *I'm thinking of going for drinks with Jacob tonight after work. What do you think?*

My pulse raced and I felt myself getting aroused already.

Just the two of you this time?

Yeah, I guess so, she wrote back, *we asked Nicole too, but she had to cancel*.

I waited for a moment before responding.

Are you feeling naughty today?

Maybe, she responded, *but we'll have to see how Jacob is feeling.*

Trust me, I wrote, *I don't think you'll have a hard time convincing him of anything.*

She responded with a smile emoji. Then, a few seconds later, the question that had probably been on both of our minds for the last week:

How far should I go, honey?

I paused. This was something we'd never discussed face-to-face. And to be honest, I wasn't sure how I felt about it, either. Flirting was one thing, but going beyond that would mean crossing a threshold that might change our relationship forever. I might have made a different decision if I hadn't been so incredibly turned on in that moment. But as it was, I threw caution to the winds.

As far as you want to go, honey. Anything you're comfortable with.

A few minutes later, her response appeared.

Wow. I don't know what to say. Thank you for trusting me so much, honey.

Just promise to tell me everything.

I promise to do better than that. I'll keep you updated. With pictures ;).

Dinner was torture. Of course I loved spending time with my kids, but all I could think about was what might be going on at the bar.

Finally, I tucked the last child into bed and raced downstairs to check my phone. (We have a strict "no phones at bedtime" policy).

To my disappointment, there was nothing from Helen.

Then, just when I was about to turn on Netflix for some distraction, the phone lit up. It was Helen.

So, honey…, she wrote, *how would you feel about me giving Jacob a handjob? I think it's only fair to give him a little release after all the teasing I've done.*

Of course, sweetheart, I responded, *are you still at the bar?*

My cock was rock hard.

Nope! We're at his place now. Thanks, honey! I'll let you know how it goes ;).

I can't wait to hear all about it, I wrote.

I promise to tell you everything, she responded, *just promise not to come until I get home.*

I won't :).

Sitting there on the couch in our house with the knowledge that my wife was at another man's apartment, giving him a handjob (and

who knows what else) had my cock so hard I could barely take it. I briefly considered jerking myself off quickly, just to relieve some of the tension. But I reconsidered, remembering my promise to Helen.

Netflix it was.

Then, around an hour later, Helen walked through the door, a huge grin on her face.

I stood to greet her, but she gestured for me to stay sitting.

“Stay right there, honey,” she said, “I’ll get the lube. I want to show you exactly what I did for him.”

I gulped. This was taking the game to a whole new level. While I had been the aggressive one last time, it seemed that Helen wanted a turn to dominate.

“Ok,” she said, returning with her coat removed and a bottle of KY in the other hand, “let’s get those pants down and I can start my story.”

I eagerly dropped my pants and boxer shorts, my cock springing out and standing obscenely at attention. She slathered lube on her hands and began to work my shaft with her right hand, using her left to massage my balls.

“Don’t come until I say, ok honey?”

She looked at me with mischief in her eyes.

I nodded. The sensations she was causing would make that a difficult task.

“So I think we both knew that something would happen tonight,” she began, “and by ‘we’ I mean me and Jason. He was a little nervous, like we were on a date or something. And I guess we were sort of on a date.”

I looked down at my wife’s cleavage. God she was an attractive woman. I’d always thought so, but now it was all the more apparent.

“So we got to the bar, and sat together at a table. It was a very intimate setting. He told me almost right away that he liked the blouse I was wearing, honey. And I knew that this was a come-on, because, as you can plainly see, there’s not much to this blouse.”

“Uh-huh,” I responded, running a hand up her bare leg.

“Anyway,” she said, “I thanked him and told him that he looked nice, too. In fact, I told him that I liked the way his pants accentuated

his bulge."

I gulped.

"What did he say?"

"Mmm…," she said, playing with the head of my cock, "he got real serious and asked me if my husband knew that I was talking about other men's bulges."

"Oh God. What did you tell him?"

"I told him that I had your permission, and he didn't need to worry about anything."

"Good," I said, "what happened next?"

"I told him that I wanted to get better acquainted with what was making that bulge in his pants. You should have seen how quickly he got up and found the waitress to settle our bill."

My cock twitched a bit. Not coming was torture.

"Honey," she said, pausing her caress for a moment, "if you come, I can't tell you the rest of the story!"

I squirmed in frustration but nodded.

"Ok," she said, taking lighter, slower strokes now, "when we got back to his apartment, he tried to kiss me, but I told him not to – I wanted to discuss it with you first. He said he understood. I asked him if he had any lube, and he went and got a bottle of hand lotion. I told him to sit on the couch just like you are right now, honey."

She paused for a moment, wiping the lube off of her hands and then unbuttoning her blouse so that her breasts were clearly visible.

"I told him to take off his pants while I took off my blouse, just like this," she said, removing her blouse fully.

"Then I put some lube on my hands and started to play with his big, hard cock."

I nodded, the scene she was describing causing me to ache with anticipation. God, I needed to come so bad…

"It was so big, honey. You have no idea. I never cared much about size before, but when I saw his dick…let's just say that it stirred something inside me."

I was too turned on at this point to be jealous. Just the idea of my formerly innocent wife on her knees stroking a huge cock was

driving me absolutely insane. I started making noises I'd never thought I'd make before.

"Uh," I groaned, "you're going to make me come. I don't know how much more of this I can take."

She grinned and nodded towards her phone, which lay on the coffee table, directly in front of me and in easy reach.

"Go ahead and look at the pictures on there, honey," she said, "that should give you an idea of how the rest of the story goes."

I grabbed her phone eagerly and entered her passcode, then opened the photos app as she continued to stroke me. I couldn't believe what I was seeing: my wife, completely topless, grinning at the camera as she stroked what had to be one of the largest cocks I'd ever seen. I scrolled through the photos, which showed her playing with the man's cock. I couldn't remember the last time I'd seen such a look of sheer delight on her face as what I saw in the photos. Three or four photos later, I saw Jacob's impressive erection sandwiched between my wife's ample breasts.

"I forgot to tell you," she said, giggling a bit as she ran her fingers over the tip of my cock, "it wasn't just a handjob, really. When he saw my tits, he wanted to fuck them. I haven't tried something like that since college, so I thought – what the hell? As you can see in the next picture, he came all over my neck and chest."

"Oh God," I moaned, "I didn't know you'd ever done that. Certainly not with me..."

"Well maybe there are still some things you don't know about your wife," she said, stroking me with fast, light strokes, "but let's not talk about that now. Now I want you to come for me. Come for your naughty wife, honey..."

I couldn't hold back any longer. My hips began to buck involuntarily. Helen giggled and aimed my cock directly for her breasts, which were soon coated in my cum, itself in a volume larger than I could remember having produced since I was in my twenties.

"Mmm, thank you," she said, smiling at me, "not quite as much as Jacob gave me, but still impressive."

She leaned in and gave me a long kiss, with tongue.

“All of there handjobs have made me really horny,” she whispered, “but I don’t suppose you’re ready for round two so soon?”

I shook my head. No way.

“Mmm,” she whispered, “it’s ok, honey. You know what? I thought maybe I could finally do what you’ve been telling me to do for so long.”

She slid onto the couch beside me, hiking up her skirt and pushing her hand under her underwear.

“I know it’s wrong, but I can’t help but touch myself,” she said, “when I think about stroking that big, hard cock.”

She closed her eyes and bit her lip, reaching up to play with a nipple as she rubbed her pussy.

“God, honey,” she moaned, “can you imagine what it was like for Jacob? To have the older woman who’s been flirting with him at work for months finally stop teasing and start pleasing?”

For *months*? I guess Helen’s transformation had been in the works long before I’d been a part of it.

I loved watching her like this, seeing her explore parts of her sexuality that I had no idea existed. I clearly had a lot to learn about my wife.

“Ohhh,” she moaned, “imagine what it would look like...a cock that big...pushing into me...taking control of my poor little pussy...”

I would have been shocked to hear her use such language only a few weeks before, but now these types of obscenities seemed to roll off her tongue.

“God, honey,” she moaned, “he could do anything he wanted to with me. I’d even let him...”

But the end of her sentence was lost as she began to climax, rolling her hips up towards her hand as she squeaked in pleasure, no doubt suppressing the full volume of her moan to prevent the children from hearing.

“What?” I asked, when she had finally finished, and opened her eyes, fixing me with a look of lust and satisfaction, “what would you let him do?”

“Mmm,” she said, slowly withdrawing her hand from between her legs, “I think I’ll let that be my little secret for now. I wouldn’t want

to give everything away so soon...”

Chapter 4

It was very clear to both of us now: out sexual relationship had undergone a fundamental shift. The fact that Helen had stroked off one of her well-hung coworkers would have an unavoidable effect on her workplace. That was also clear. The question was how to manage this new reality. Luckily, Helen was proactive.

“I had a talk with Jacob,” she said on Monday evening, after the kids had gone to bed, “I let him know that this is strictly a sexual thing for me, and if it ever goes beyond that for him, he should break things off, or I will.”

“That’s a good idea,” I said, somewhat relieved to hear her actually say that she wasn’t in love with Jacob, “how did he take it?”

“He might have been a little disappointed,” she replied, “but I think the prospect of having more fun with me killed that feeling rather quickly.”

“So, with that in mind,” she added, sitting down on the couch next to me and taking my hand, “I’d like to take things further.”

“Ok,” I said, “I’m open to that. What exactly do you have in mind?”

“Well,” she said, cuddling in close to me, “I think I’d like to give him a blowjob.”

This was truly a change for her. Throughout our relationship up to that point, oral sex had been something she was shy about. She would give me blowjobs occasionally, but never for very long, and only to completion about once a year or so, usually on my birthday.

“That sounds great, honey,” I said, a note of disappointment in my voice.

“You don’t sound so convinced, honey,” she said, making a pouty face, “but maybe if I assure you that I’ll suck your dick exactly

the same way that I suck his it will change your mind. Just like with the handjob."

That was, in fact, a welcome addendum to her plans. I smiled and nodded, perking up immediately.

"Great!" she said, kissing me on the cheek, "so there's another surprise. I'm going to his house again tonight. In about 15 minutes."

"Ok," I said, a bit shocked at how quickly things were coming together, "I guess I'll just wait here."

"You do that, sweetie," she said, standing and grabbing her purse, "just be awake when I get home."

There was no chance of me going to bed anytime soon…

About half an hour after she left, I started getting messages on my phone. The first one simply said

It's Jacob. I'm supposed to send you pictures of what's going on.

I didn't reply. I couldn't. I simply waited a few more incredibly long moments.

Then the first picture arrived.

It was Helen, on her knees, smiling up at the camera. She was fully clothed, but was holding Jacob's cock, which was now familiar to me.

Thank you for lending me your wife, Jacob wrote next, followed by, *I think she's enjoying herself*.

The next photo showed Helen with her mouth completely stuffed with his cock. I knew it was coming, but I simply wasn't prepared for the feelings that erupted inside me as I saw the expression on her face. It was a look of pure lust. Like nothing I'd ever seen from her before. I almost dropped the phone, but I couldn't look away as the next photo arrived. In this one, she was licking his shaft while stroking him.

That's all for a while, he wrote, *but we'll be sure to show you the results of her efforts*.

My head spun. I had no idea if I wanted to jerk off, pound my fists in rage, or burst into tears of frustration. I threw the phone onto the couch and paced, unsure of what to do with myself, and unable

to think of anything except for my sweet wife on her hands and knees, worship a younger man's huge dick.

Finally, I collapsed into an armchair and held my head in my hands as I awaited the next message. Just a few minutes later, the phone buzzed.

I jumped up and opened the message. The photo took a frustratingly long time to load. Finally, however, it appeared. There was Helen, with her eyes closed and a gigantic grin spread across her face. She was absolutely covered in Jacob's spunk. Thick ropes of cum ran from her forehead to her chin, traversing her nose and lips.

The phone buzzed again. This time, she was licking the cum off of her mouth. She seemed to be using her fingers to feed herself.

This was entirely out of character for her. Not once in our relationship had she even pretended to enjoy the taste of semen. Quite the opposite, in fact. Sometimes on my birthday she would let me finish in her mouth, but she always spit it into a kleenex afterwards. Watching her savor this guy's cum like it was a chocolate sauce was both amazingly arousing and infuriating.

It's me again honey, the next message said, *I'll be back home soon.*

I sat there on the couch, staring at the door, my cock tenting my pants. I didn't know if I was going to attack her with passionate kisses or yell at her and threaten divorce. I did my best to control my breathing and my growing sense of dread mixed with arousal. The adrenaline coursing through me made my erection feel all the harder and angrier. I was completely beside myself. Unable to think straight. In fact, I didn't even know what I was feeling.

That's when the door opened and Helen walked in, beaming.

"Did you like the pictures, honey?" she asked innocently.

"I…," I started, unable to formulate a thought.

"You don't need to say anything," she said, dropping to her knees, "you just need to let me suck that cock."

"Helen, are you..."

But my interjection was quickly halted as she unzipped my trousers and pulled them to my knees, devouring my cock.

“Oh, Helen...”

She didn’t come up for a few minutes. It was as if she were a woman possessed. She bobbed up and down on my shaft, sucking it as if she were racing against the clock to make me cum. The entire time, she moaned as if the act itself were causing her immense pleasure. In short, it was as if a sleeping beast had been awakened.

When she finally took a break, I was right on the edge. She looked up at me with lust in her eyes and said:

“Sucking that huge dick made me crave more. But I’m just not sure you’re going to cut it for me anymore, honey.”

I might have been humiliated if I hadn’t already been so close to coming.

“I think I need to get fucked by Jacob,” she said, stroking my cock furiously now, pointing it right at her face, “does that make you want to shoot your load, honey? The idea of your innocent little wife getting her pussy stretched by a real man? A man with a nice, big cock? Maybe you could even watch if you wanted...”

Although I felt humiliated at the size comparison to Jacob, I couldn’t deny that her dirty talk was having an effect on me, an effect that pushed me over the edge. I let out a groan and began to dribble cum all over Helen’s hands, getting a bit on her chin. These weren’t the prodigious quantities that Jacob had produced, but releasing them did bring me a much-needed sense of calm.

After we had cleaned up, we cuddled on the couch.

“I wasn’t kidding about what I said,” she whispered, snuggling into the crook of my arm, “I think I want to see what a really big cock feels like. Jacob’s seems like so much fun. But I don’t want to stop there. I know that there are guys out there even bigger than Jacob. And I want to find them.”

I was silent for a moment.

“I understand,” I said, finally, “and to be honest, the biggest turn-on for me would be to know that you are getting the pleasure and attention you need and deserve.”

She looked up at me and kissed me.

“Thank you so much, honey,” she whispered, “I was hoping you’d understand. I’ll always love you first and foremost. Even if

there's no way you can compete with hung younger guys like Jacob."

"Thank you," I said, "I'll always love you too."

"Let's start slow," she said, "I don't think you should watch. At least not at first. And no more pictures for a while, either. I could tell that those upset you."

I nodded.

"I think this is going to be a *great* new chapter in our relationship."

"I'm sure you're right," I said.

But I wasn't sure exactly how this new relationship was going to involve *me*, if at all. I would soon learn.

Chapter 5

Before either one of us knew it, it was the weekend again. Helen hadn't mentioned anything about "happy hour," or any other kind of extracurricular activities with her colleagues, not to mention with Jacob. She came home that Friday night, on time, with a huge smile on her face.

"You look like you had a good day at work," I said, "did you guys land the Henderson account or something?"

"Not exactly," she said, giving me a sly wink, "but I caught another big fish, if you catch my drift."

I did. I felt the familiar rush of adrenaline, just like the previous weekend when I'd seen photos of her sucking Jacob's dick.

"I bet you can't wait to hear all about it, can you honey?"

I nodded. The tension built all through dinner, Helen giving me meaningful looks across the table while we chatted with the children.

Not knowing exactly what had happened – or *when* it had happened – made my fantasies almost unbearable. Images flashed through my head: images of Helen in the office parking lot, on her knees next to her car, sucking that same enormous cock from the pictures. Her in her office, bent over her desk, taking his big dick from behind, her face contorted in ecstasy as he shot his load deep into her womb. Helen straddling him and riding him, looking deep into his eyes, more lovingly than she'd ever done with me.

By the time the kids were finally in bed, I was almost beside myself. But I didn't want to be the first one to bring it up. Instead, I went into the kitchen and put on the kettle for tea. Having herbal tea in the evening was a relaxing ritual we both enjoyed.

"So I guess you're wondering what I was talking about earlier," she said, finally broaching the subject as she slid onto the couch

next to me, “but maybe you’ve guessed already.”

“You fucked him?”

“Mm-hmm,” she said, matter-of-factly, “and more than once, too.”

“Where? And when?”

“Well…,” she said, setting her cup of tea on a coaster for a moment, “the where part is a little hard to answer, because there were a lot of different places. But the question of ‘when’ is much more straightforward: every day this week. And twice on Thursday.”

My jaw must have looked like it hit the floor, because she simply grinned at me and reached down to rub my cock through my pants while she continued to talk.

“After I decided to fuck him, I practically couldn’t control myself,” she said, looking me in the eye.

I’d never seen Helen “out of control” in any sense.

“It was like all I could think about was his cock. Submitting to him – to it – entirely. That’s all that mattered to me on Monday when I got to work. You know how all of the offices have windows on them?”

“Yes,” I responded breathlessly, my precum leaking into my underwear as she stroked me through my trousers.

“Well that meant we had to get a little creative,” she said, smiling at me as she unzipped my pants and took them down.

“Where did you go?”

“We have that nice big unisex toilet,” she said, “it’s the only place in the building where you can be sure to be completely alone.”

She spread the lube on her hands now, and began to stroke my erection, gently at first.

“He came by my office and whispered something dirty in my ear,” she continued.

“Oh God, Helen,” I groaned, “what did he say?”

“He asked if I was interested in finally finding out what his big fat cock felt like in my cunt.”

The Helen that *I* knew – or *thought* I knew – would have been absolutely scandalized by that language. She never would have just gone off with a man who said something like that to her.

“I told him that I was already wet,” she continued, “and it was true. That’s when he got really dominant with me.”

She seemed turned on again just remembering it.

“He told me to take off my panties,” she whispered, “and hand them to him.”

“Fuck,” I groaned, trying to imagine my sweet and innocent wife doing something so perverse.

“So I stood up from my chair, reached up under my skirt and took my panties slowly down my legs,” she said, her voice low and sexily raspy, “and I put them in his hand. He pocketed them and then grabbed the back of my head and pulled me in for a nice long kiss.”

I turned red with envy. Another man, kissing my wife like that? But I felt my cock get even harder.

“Ok,” I said, “and then what?”

“And then…,” she said, playfully, “he slapped my ass and told me to follow him to the bathroom. But not right away. We had to be really sneaky in case someone noticed that he went in ahead of me.”

She began to play with my balls a bit as she continued to stroke my shaft. The pleasure was becoming unbearable, but I had to know exactly what happened.

“But no one did, honey. I opened the bathroom door and he grabbed me, locking it behind us and kissing me again, pinning me against it. He reached up under my dress and slipped a finger inside me. He told me that I was a dirty little slut for being so wet already, and I asked him what he planned to do about it...”

“So what did he do?”

“He flipped me around and bend me over the sink, looking me in the eye in the mirror. He pushed my skirt up and shoved his big fat cock right into my tight little pussy, honey. Even though I was completely soaked, it was still kind of hard for him to get in at first. You’ve seen his cock – you know how big it is. And of course that I’m not used to something like that,” she added, glancing down at my own member, which seem positively feeble by comparison.

“Don’t worry, honey,” she said, “his cock is so much bigger that it’s not even like really a competition, you know? So just don’t sweat it. There’s nothing you can do.”

“Fuck,” I groaned.

I had no idea why, but this humiliation was driving me crazy. I loved the fact that Helen was suddenly taking control like this.

“He bent me over that sink and just pounded me. We had no time to waste and both knew it, so he wasn’t gentle. He just wanted to get off inside me. To fill me. And the more he wanted that, the more I wanted it too. I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning as he pulled my hair and called me his filthy little slut. I loved it, honey. I loved it so much. I came on his cock after less than a minute of fucking. And it was quite possibly the very best orgasm I’ve ever had. Ever.”

That was more than I could take. I shot my load, cumming more – and harder – than I had in years. I didn’t think to ask in the heat of that moment where *Jacob* had come. I realized later that those were exactly the kind of questions I *should* have been asking.

Chapter 6

I never got the details about the other encounters with Jacob that week. There was too much going on in our lives. I had to work longer hours at the office, and the kids both had activities at school that we had to bring them to, or attend ourselves. That didn't mean that little details about Helen's new secret life didn't sneak out, however.

For starters, I caught her checking out our son's 6th grade math teacher. Hank (or Mr. Nelson, as he was known to the kids) was a few years older than us: mid-forties, tall, fit, and what I assumed Helen would consider handsome. Of course I had no information on whether or not he was "packing," and Helen didn't either. But I noticed her eyes dart down to his trousers more than a few times while he stood before a classroom of parents on student-teacher night explaining the year's curriculum.

Little did I know how significant to all of our lives my observation would turn out to be.

"It looked like you found Mr. Nelson's lecture interesting," I said to her, once we were back at home and both kids were in bed.

She gave me a look that seemed to conceal a secret.

"I think he's probably a great teacher," she said, "and I wonder if I'd be better at math today if I'd had a guy as skilled as him teaching me the basics."

"Sounds like you want to learn more than *math* from him," I said.

"Maybe," she said mysteriously, giving me a secretive smirk.

There were a few moments of silence.

"Something else I really appreciated was how willing he was to stay in touch with us parents. Like when he gave us his personal cell phone number."

I had an idea where she was going with this, but I had no idea how far she would actually take it.

A few days later, I found out. It was a normal day at work, when suddenly my cell phone buzzed. Nothing out of the ordinary about that. It was from Helen's number, and I saw a picture attached. I opened it to see a shot of her in garter belts and lingerie, looking seductively at the camera. Something told me this picture wasn't really intended for me…

*Do you think Mr. Nelson will like this picture, honey? r*ead the text.

Absolutely, I replied, *did you send it to him already?*

I felt my cock rapidly hardening at the thought of my loving wife acting like such a brazen slut.

Of course I did, she replied, *we've been texting since parent night at the school.*

I gulped. Helen really was insatiable! Once the floodgates had been opened, it seemed like she couldn't get enough.

So why'd you ask me if he'd like it if you already sent it, I replied.

I wanted you to see what your naughty wife was getting up to, she responded.

I see, I said, *and how did he react?*

He told me that the innocent school girl was more his style, she wrote, *and I told him that that was no problem. I can do innocent too..*

She attached another picture of herself in a school girl uniform: a white blouse, tartan skirt and pigtails. Her makeup was sluttier than ever. She pouted at the camera.

Mr. Nelson says I need an attitude adjustment, she wrote, *he's told me to report to his classroom for detention tonight. Do you think I should go?*

I definitely had second thoughts about my wife getting involved with our child's teacher. Not only because of the potential effect on our relationship, but because of the clear breach in ethics it would entail for Mr. Nelson.

My cock, on the other hand, had second thoughts.

Yes, I wrote, *you should definitely go.*

That's good, she wrote back, *because I was going to no matter what you said.*

I had figured as much. Helen's sexuality could no longer be restricted by the confines of our marriage. She was going to do whatever she wanted, and I had no say in it.

I'll be home to put the kids to bed, she wrote, *but then I'm going to detention.*

The tension in the air that night was practically indescribable. We fed the kids dinner, then helped the youngest one get ready, while our oldest took a shower. We still had the tradition of reading a story together before bed, even if our middle-school-aged son acted like he was too old for it.

I watched my wife as she read from *The Chronicles of Narnia*. She was a great performer, and a perfect mother. Looking at the demure woman reading to her children, you would have no idea of the kind of slutty behavior she was capable of. And it was good like that. No matter what she got up to in her free time – or with who – I knew that Helen was totally committed to our family. Even if I was no longer entirely positive that this commitment extended to me as well. It seemed, more and more, that I was important to her more as a confidant and less as a husband. She certainly had no need for me sexually anymore. Or didn't seem to. The last time she'd touched me was the handjob she had given me a week before. After that, it had only been a chaste, dry kiss on the mouth in the mornings before work and when she came home – and only if the kids were around. She may have still been committed to the marriage, but it wasn't out of desire. It was out of duty to the children.

And that was ok with me, I decided, watching her read to them that night, being along for the rollercoaster ride of her sexual reawakening was more than enough compensation. I just hoped that she would continue to tell me about her activities.

I needn't have worried.

After bedtime, she disappeared into our room for a long time. I heard the shower in the master bath, so I decided to find something to do for a while. I went downstairs to the living room and read a book. It was difficult to concentrate, knowing what Helen was up to

upstairs. My wife was getting herself ready to do a kinky roleplay with another man. And I was expected to stay at home and watch the kids.

Finally, she came downstairs, already wearing a long coat. All I could see of her outfit were the high heels she wore, and the fact that her legs were bare. And, of course, the fact that her hair was pulled back in two pigtails. It looked absolutely obscene on a woman her age. There was no doubt at all about why she had styled her hair in that way: to act out an obscene fantasy.

“Hi honey,” she said, “I have a feeling that Mr. Nelson might have a lot of things to teach me. I don’t think you should wait up too long.”

“Ok,” I said, knowing that there was no way that I would be able to sleep knowing what was going on – or, rather, not knowing it.

“You’re the best, honey,” she said, blowing me a kiss as she practically skipped out the door.

Then she turned for a moment, looking me straight in the eye.

“One more thing before I go, honey. Check your phone. I sent you a picture of what Mr. Nelson is packing. Don’t look at it until my car is totally gone, ok? Promise me that?”

Fuck. She was an expert tease. And I knew that there was no guarantee that she was going to please me, perhaps ever again.

“I promise,” I replied, my mouth dry with anticipation.

“Good,” she said, blowing me a kiss, “remember: don’t wait up!”

She closed the door behind her. I rose to lock it, then watched for several moments from the window as the taillights of her car disappeared into the night. As soon as she was gone, I raced to find my cell phone. There was the picture.

Holy. Shit.

There it was: Mr. Nelson’s cock. I stared at it for a few seconds in awe. Even though I had never experienced any kind of homosexual desire or attraction, I had to admit that this was a magnificent cock. There was no other word to describe it. Not only was he as thick as a toilet paper roll, he was also what appeared to be eight or nine inches long. He made Jacob look small, not to mention the comparatively tiny tool I was packing. I had to admit, it

seemed almost natural: I had been bested by a better man. There was nothing to be done about it. No amount of complaining would change it. I had better just accept it, and try to enjoy it as much as I could. And I did enjoy it.

The next several hours were torture for me. It was a sweet torture, but it was torture none the less. I imagined all kinds of different scenarios. I knew that they would be in his classroom (which I had seen with my own eyes), but I had no idea what kind of depravity this man had in store for my wife. Jacob had been younger than her. He may have been dominant, but he was relatively inexperienced. Mr. Nelson was older than us both, and clearly very kinky. Not only that, his outsized equipment meant that he would be capable of fucking Helen in positions that would have been unimaginable for a man my size. This encounter had the potential to change her forever. After experiencing a dick like that, how could she ever be satisfied with a man like me? Would she even consider me a man again? It certainly seemed unlikely.

Then why was I so hard thinking about it? I didn't dare jerk off before she came home. I was filled with the vain hope that she would do something – anything – to relieve my tension. But she hadn't so much as hinted at the idea of any kind of sexual contact with me afterwards. It seemed like the more dick she got outside of our relationship, the less she needed my dick. If she even thought of me in that way at all anymore.

When 11pm rolled around and Helen hadn't returned, I finally headed to bed. Even if I knew it would be difficult to sleep, I knew that the kids would be up early, and that it would be best if I got whatever sleep I could. I lay there under the covers, my cock tenting the sheets as I imagined my formerly sweet wife, dressed like an innocent schoolgirl, bent over the desk in a classroom and moaning in ecstasy as she took a gigantic dick from behind. My cock began to leak precum all over the sheets. I was about to give in and finally jerk off, in the hopes that I would at least be able to get some rest, when I finally heard the door.

"Detention" was over.

Helen was home.

Chapter 7

I pretended to be asleep for a while as Helen came up to the bedroom and began to undress in the dark. She turned on the bathroom light, and I caught a glimpse of my wife in profile. She was still wearing the skirt, which she now pulled down over her beautiful ass. I noticed, however, that she was not wearing any panties. Of course I had no idea if she'd even left the house wearing them in the first place, but it seemed equally likely that she'd given them to Mr. Nelson as a kinky keepsake, just as she'd done with Jacob at work. I wondered if I'd ever find out for sure.

A few minutes later, she was completely naked. She stepped into the bathroom and I heard the shower running. Several excruciating minutes later, the bathroom door opened again and she reappeared, drying her hair in a towel, but otherwise completely naked. She sat on the edge of the bed and opened the drawer on her nightstand, searching for something.

In the dim light of the room, it was impossible to see exactly what she'd found, but soon the mystery was solved.

"Honey," she whispered, "I know you're still awake. I can hear you breathing fast. You must be really turned on – imagining your wife being absolutely dominated and satisfied in every way by a man you can't compete with. Isn't that right?"

"Yes," I whispered breathlessly.

What else could I do?

"Good. Because I want to tell you everything."

I sat up in bed and reached for the light. The bedside lamp's illumination revealed what my wife had been looking for in the bedside drawer. It was a large, realistic-looking dildo. A big rubber cock, in other words.

“Surprised?” she asked, seeing my face.

I nodded.

“I thought you didn’t like toys.”

“I thought I didn’t like a lot of things,” she said, “that is, until I started doing what I wanted to do for a change. I found out that there are all kinds of things out there that I enjoy.”

She ran her fingers up and down the shaft of the dildo, as if admiring it.

“Do you see this, honey?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you know how long it is?”

“I don’t know...maybe 8 inches?”

“Nope. It’s six inches exactly,” she said, “I measured it earlier. Did you know that porn distorts what people think is an average cock size? It’s true. I did some research. 5.1” erect is the world average.”

“Size never used to matter to you. You used to tell me that only men cared about comparing cock sizes. What happened?”

“That was before I experienced the difference a few inches can make,” she said, smiling at the dildo.

She pulled back the bedclothes, exposing my erection.

“I thought you’d have your pants down. You just can’t wait to hear about your cute little wife getting wrecked by a big dick, can you?”

Where was she picking up all of these dirty phrases? The Helen I knew never would have used the term “wrecked.” It was amazingly crude. But also a gigantic turn-on.

“Well, I’m going to tell you all about it, honey. But first of all, I want you to do something.”

“What?”

“Take a hold of this dildo. Feel its thickness, its weight. Its length.”

“This feels kind of gay,” I said, laughing nervously.

“Ha! Don’t be homophobic, honey. And don’t worry. It’s not a real penis. Just a toy. Unfortunately.”

I extended my right hand and wrapped it around the large phallus.

“That’s what six inches feels like, honey. Now feel your own cock with your other hand.”

I wrapped my left hand around my own erection. Of course I already knew what mine felt like. It was significantly shorter and nowhere near as thick.

“Looks like what you’ve been telling me for years was six inches is actually nowhere close,” she laughed, “knowing what I know now, I’d say you’re probably around 4.5’’, maybe almost 5’’ right now because of how obviously turned on you are.”

“I guess you’re right.”

“I know I’m right,” she laughed, “do you know why? Because a ruler was part of Mr. Nelson and I’s little game tonight. You’d like to hear more, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Good. Then do me a favor. Stop touching your cock now, and don’t do it again until I tell you it’s ok. Understand?”

“Yes,” I said, nodding vigorously.

I knew it was going to be hard to resist the urge to jerk off. The tension was already almost unbearable, and I’d had blue balls for hours imagining Helen in all kinds of dirty scenarios. But I did my best to comply with her request.

“When I got to the school, the lights were all out, but the front door was unlocked. He told me he’d leave it open for me. I was excited, but also extremely nervous. I had no idea what could happen if I got caught sneaking in. Were there security cameras? An alarm? Could I be arrested? In any case, it would be obvious from the way I was dressed that I was up to no good.”

“It was a very risky thing to do,” I conceded.

“Yes,” she continued, “but I was just following Mr. Nelson’s orders. I knew that he probably knew what he was doing when it came to sneaking around the school after hours. It turned out that he and all of the other teachers had codes that could disable the security system for a few minutes at a time, and he had already arranged for me to come in undetected.”

“The first thing I saw,” she continued, “was a light at the end of the hallway where I knew Mr. Nelson would be waiting for me. I

walked down towards the light, my high heels clacking on the concrete floor as I went. Anyone in the building would have known that a woman in heels was walking down the hall. But of course, under my coat, I wasn't dressed like a grown woman at all. More like a slutty school girl."

"I arrived at the door and paused outside of it, then knocked three times, exactly as he'd instructed me to. He called out to me from across the room, telling me to come in. I was so nervous, honey. You have no idea how hard my heart was pounding. Mr. Nelson is so authoritative. It's just effortless for him because he has to be that way all the time. And it has an effect on grown women, too. At least grown women like me."

I nodded.

"I guess I don't really project authority like that, do I?"

She shook her head.

"No, you certainly don't. And I'm beginning to understand why," she said, looking down at my erection and smiling.

"The past few weeks have taught me a lot. And one of the things that I've learned is that a man's confidence has a lot to do with what he's packing between his legs. The bigger a guy is, the more dominant he seems. And the more I want to submit to him. I know that there's a word for this too, honey."

I looked at her quizzically.

"I'm a size queen," she said, "I love big cocks. And submitting to guys with them. Thanks to Jacob and Mr. Nelson, I've come to realize that size really does matter. You're just not enough for me anymore, honey. Not that you ever were."

She seemed lost in a reverie for a moment, but then returned to her story.

"So the first thing he did was tell me to drop my coat. On the floor. So I did. I just let the coat fall, and stood there, completely exposed to him in my outfit. I felt like I was naked. I've never dressed that way for a man before, honey. You know that. The most I've ever done was that sexy lingerie I bought for our honeymoon. But I didn't even want you to see me in that with the lights on. I was a total prude. I admit that. I hope you can forgive me, and you can

understand why my upbringing just didn't allow me to express myself fully back then. Then the kids came along, and it seemed like I'd never be interested in sex again. Now I understand that it wasn't just a problem of my libido, honey. It was also a problem with me not getting what I didn't know I really wanted. What I really need."

She lifted the dildo to her lips and kissed the head.

"Big cock," she said, "and perhaps almost as important, the dominant men that have them. But I digress. I've barely even started my story!"

I squirmed uncomfortably, my erection leaking precum. It was absolutely excruciating, sitting there and listening to her story without any kind of extra touch.

"He was standing at the front of them room. His legs apart and his hands on his hips. He was wearing a dress shirt and tie, just like on parent night. He looked so rugged. So handsome and authoritative. I know that a guy like him would normally never be a threat to a guy like you, honey. After all, you have a much more important job, and probably make twice what he does. But some things, you just can't buy."

"Anyway, he told me to walk towards him. I was so nervous I couldn't look him in the eye. I felt his eyes burning into me. I wanted his approval so badly, and I was afraid that maybe I'd messed up part of the outfit he wanted me to wear."

"Finally, I was standing in front of him. He smiled and told me to turn around for him, slowly. I did exactly what he asked, and I felt his gaze all over my body. It was such a strange feeling, honey. It was humiliating and empowering all at once. Humiliating because I had dressed like a slut for a man I barely knew, but empowering because I could sense the effect I was having on him. Even though I couldn't see his cock (because I wasn't even looking at him at all), I could sense his arousal. It's a thing with men. Women are very good at telling these things. I could tell that he was incredibly horny, but also that he was in absolutely no hurry. He wasn't desperate like a lot of guys would have been. He was a guy who knew what kind of effect he had on women, and how to maximize it. He was clearly very

experienced. I probably wasn't the first horny mom he'd had in his classroom over the years, but I hoped I would be the best."

I reached down to scratch my leg, my hand so close to my aching cock.

She playfully slapped my hand away.

"Not so fast! I'll decide if you get to come, and when. Let me finish my story."

I couldn't help but moan in frustration.

"Ha," she said, "don't worry. I promise to get to the good stuff soon."

"So there I was, with his eyes all over me. Then I felt him reach down and touch the hem of my skirt. 'This is a little short, young lady,' he said, in such a deep, melodious voice that my knees almost gave out.

'I'm sorry, Sir,' I replied.

'You can't wear something like this to detention. Not only is it against the dress code, it's also highly provocative.'

'What if I want to provoke you,' I said, 'I guess I'm kind of a brat.'

'There's one solution I know of for bratty behavior,' he said, putting a hand suddenly on the small of my back and pulling me in towards him.

'What's that, Sir?' I asked.

'A spanking,' he replied, 'on your bare bottom.'"

"Honey," she said, looking me in the eye, "I've always fantasized about being taken over an older man's lap for a nice long spanking before sex, but I've never dared to tell you for a few reasons. First of all, because I know it's a very slutty thing to want, and I never wanted you to think that your sweet wife and mother of your children was kinky in any way. Second of all, because I knew that you didn't really have it in you to really spank me the way I needed it."

I thought back to the kinky, slightly rough sex that we'd had a couple of weeks ago, when all this began. Had she been testing me then? I certainly hadn't been able to be as dominant as she'd wanted me to be. I understood that now.

"Luckily for me, Mr. Nelson knew exactly what he was doing. Like I said, he was in no hurry at all. He started out by bending me

over his desk and giving me some softer spanks over my skirt and panties. They were firm and authoritative, but nothing more than just gentle love taps, really. He was warming me up for more, and he knew *exactly* what he was doing. After a few minutes of that, he flipped up my skirt and told me he was going to take down my panties. After all, I'd committed a real dress code infraction and had to be punished appropriately. That was when things started to get really kinky. I loved it so much, honey. I'll tell you everything, but I have to go get a glass of water first. Stay here and don't you dare touch your cock until I get back. I'll know..."

She gave me a peck on the forehead and smiled before disappearing downstairs. I stared at the fake phallus on the bed, then looked at my real one. I understood how inadequate I was. Who could blame her?

Chapter 8

After what seemed like half an hour, but was probably more like five minutes, Helen reappeared, a glass of water in her hand and a smile on her face.

"I can tell you've been good," she said, "because you look extremely frustrated. Poor guy."

She reached down and gave my penis a couple of strokes. It twitched involuntarily, and for a moment I thought I would lose control.

"Ha!" she said, "now where was I? Oh yes. The spanking."

"So he took down my panties and flipped up my skirt. I was still bent over his desk. It felt so wrong, so nasty but so hot at the same time. I really felt like I was his student – just a naughty girl finally getting what she deserved after teasing her teacher for so long. That's when he slipped a finger inside me and told me that I was a filthy slut. Can you believe that? He called your sweet, innocent wife a *slut*! Up until a few weeks ago, I'd never been with anyone but you, honey. But I knew he was right. I *am* a slut. A slut for huge cocks."

"He said that I was a slut because a good girl wouldn't be so turned on by being bent over her teacher's desk and spanked. He started spanking me again, a lot harder this time, and I heard myself making these little yelps each time his hand connected. I absolutely *loved* the way he was treating me, and I was so *hungry* for more. He took his time, keeping me guessing about where his blows would land, giving me a few hard ones that really stung, followed by some lighter ones. He had me so wet, honey. Not only from the way each spank sent vibrations to my clit, but also from the whole situation itself. How dominant he was and how submissive I was. Bent over his desk and totally exposed. It was incredible."

“So then after a while, he said that I obviously hadn’t learned my lesson yet, and that he’d have to take me over his lap. Fuck. That turned me on even more. My ass was already burning and I was rubbing my legs together, trying to stimulate my clit. He was determined to keep punishing me. He lifted me up and took me over his lap. Immediately, I felt that monster in his pants. It was absolutely huge, and already so hard that it was poking me in the stomach as I lay across his lap like a little spoiled brat. That’s when I realized he was holding a ruler.”

She touched my cock now with two fingers, giggling as it twitched against her, then withdrawing her touch quickly.

“It’s kind of cute,” she said, “so small compared to Mr. Nelson.”

“God,” I groaned, “this is turning me on so much.”

“You’re a born cuck, aren’t you? I bet you’ve been imagining this for years, haven’t you?”

I nodded. She’d seen through me, discovered my secret fantasy.

“It’s ok,” she said, “I’ve suspected this about you for a long time. And don’t forget that you’re the one who put this idea in my head. I never would have done it if you hadn’t encouraged me to. So it’s your own fault that I find your cock inadequate now!”

“Please,” I said, “let me touch it.”

“Not yet, cuck,” she teased, “let me finish telling you what happened with Mr. Nelson.”

I nodded.

“He spanked me with that ruler, honey, until my entire ass was burning and I was pleading for him to stop and just *fuck* me already. He made me say really filthy things. I had to beg for his cock in my slutty little pussy. Finally, he had mercy on me and stopped spanking me. I loved the way my ass burned. He fingered me for a long time, telling me that I was a good little girl, and that I’d taken my punishment very well. ‘Please can I have your cock, Sir?’ I begged.”

“But he wasn’t ready to give it to me yet. At least not in my pussy. He set me on the ground in front of him and told me to unbuckle his pants and take out his cock. I couldn’t wait. I pulled his pants down as fast as I could. I was so eager to finally see it in person after seeing that picture that I showed you. Finally, it was

there. It was magnificent, honey. It was big, angry, and practically begging to be worshiped. Without even being asked to, I took it in my mouth immediately and began to suck it. He grabbed my pigtails, and it became crystal clear why he'd wanted me to wear them that night – in case that wasn't obvious already."

"I felt like such a slut, but it was also so perfect. I was there on my knees in my son's classroom, taking his teacher's huge dick in my throat. Mr. Nelson looked down at me and called me a 'good girl,' as he fucked my face with his huge cock. It was so degrading, honey. He slapped me with his cock and made me beg him to do it some more. Your cute little wife on her knees, begging to be dickslapped. Can you imagine it? I bet you would have liked to see it."

"Please," I begged, "just stroke it a little more."

She laughed and continued her story.

"He face-fucked me like that for close to ten minutes, honey. My makeup was absolutely destroyed and my throat is still really sore from it. But I can still demonstrate a little for you. Would you like that?"

Finally! She was going to suck my cock again. My marital sex life was saved. I'd feel some sweet relief at last. Hope welled up inside me until I saw her pick up the dildo and slide it into her mouth, beginning to expertly deepthroat it. I'd never imagined that she would be capable of doing something so unbelievably slutty, but I had to believe my eyes. My wife, the innocent girl I'd known since high school, was choking herself with a dildo right in front of me, pretending it was a stranger's dick.

After a a minute or so, she stopped.

"Did you like watching that, honey? I'd do more, but like I said, I'm still sore. He really wrecked me."

I nodded frantically.

"I loved watching that."

"I figured you would."

"So did he fuck you then?" I whispered.

"Oh he certainly did, honey. But not just yet. When he was done making me cry and choke on his enormous dick, he grabbed the

ruler that he spanked me with and told me to measure his cock."

"How...how...long...was it?" I stammered.

"See for yourself," she said, holding up her phone.

My jaw dropped to the floor as I saw my wife, exactly as she'd described, on her knees, her eyes ringed by running mascara as she looked up at the camera in devotion, holding a ruler along the edge of the teacher's long, thick prick.

"I think it's about 9.4'', maybe 9.5'','' she laughed, "kind of hard to say. We also weren't measuring super carefully. Suffice it to say he's *way* bigger than you, honey. He also asked me that, point blank. If he was bigger than you, that is."

"What did you say?"

"What could I say, honey? I actually laughed at the question, because the answer was so obvious. Don't feel too bad, honey. He's like in the 99th percentile in cock size. Guys that big shouldn't really even exist. But I'm *really* glad that they do."

"Oh my God," I groaned, "then what happened?"

"He finished up by cumming all over me face. He took a picture on his phone and sent it to me. He said that you could see it if I wanted to show it to you. I was kind of frustrated that he had come already, because I wanted to feel that monster inside me so bad. So I reached down and started to rub my pussy, but he slapped my hand away and gave me a hard spank on my ass, which was already totally sore. 'Suck me dry,' he ordered, and I did exactly what he said, looking up at him in devotion as I worshiped his huge dick. Before I knew it, he was hard again. I was so excited, honey. You know I love it when a guy is ready to go again so soon. He's older than you, but had no trouble getting it up again. I still had his cum on my face, because he hadn't given me permission to clean it off yet. That's when I found out how kinky Mr. Nelson really was."

Chapter 9

“He pulled me to my feet and bent me over the desk again,” Helen continued, “he told me that he was going to fuck me, and I begged him to do it. I had never needed my holes to be filled like I did in that moment, honey. Your wife was ready to do absolutely anything to be crammed with this stranger’s cock.”

As she spoke, she spread her legs and began to work the dildo (which I now knew to be at least a full three inches smaller than her lover’s prick) into her pussy as she lay next to me on the bed. The rest of what she told me was punctuated by moans as she fucked herself, reliving the encounter as she narrated it to me.

“He told me that he needed to keep me quiet. Before I could ask what he meant, I felt him stuff my own panties into my mouth. I could taste my own juices on them, honey. I have no idea where he got such an absolutely filthy idea, but I loved it. He slid his cock inside my pussy for the first time, and it felt wonderful. I absolutely loved it, honey. It was so big and thick, he filled me like no man had ever done before. Not Jacob, and certainly not you. I was immediately in love.”

“Not with him, of course. I barely knew him. I was in love with his cock. I knew I would let him do or say anything he wanted to me. I was totally drunk on cock. Hypnotized, if you will. It was like his huge dick was a narcotic for me. He banged me hard from behind, slamming into me again and again as he held both of my pigtails in his hand, controlling me as he pounded my slutty pussy. He demanded to know if my husband could fuck me like this, and I screamed ‘No!’ through the gag. It came out like a muffled slur, but I knew he could understand me.”

She reached out now and enclosed her left hand around my cock as she fucked herself faster with the dildo.

“He told me he was going to shoot his load inside me. And there was nothing I could do about it. I didn’t even want to stop him, honey. I would have begged him for it if I could have talked with the gag in my mouth.”

She stopped stroking me for a moment, smiling at me as she worked the large fake cock slowly in and out of her pussy.

“He told me that once he came inside me, I would belong to him. That I’d be his property and I’d have to ask permission to have any kind of contact with other guys. Including you. He asked me if I understood, and I of course nodded. It felt only natural to belong to the most dominant guy with the largest cock. The alpha male.”

My cock twitched a bit as I shot a single small spurt of cum. It wasn’t quite an orgasm – yet. But it was painfully close.

“Something else I’ve been meaning to tell you,” she continued, fucking herself with fast, shallow, strokes, “I stopped taking birth control this month, honey. I wanted to be totally unprotected for Mr. Nelson. Completely vulnerable to him.”

That was enough for me. I was about to come. She touched my cock once more, then withdrew her hand as soon as I started spurting come, ruining my orgasm.

“Oops! Sorry, honey,” she moaned, “I forgot to tell you that since you’re a cuck now, you’re also not allowed to experience a real orgasm. At least not with me. Sorry, that’s what Mr. Nelson wanted.”

I lay there, covered in my own spunk that slowly leaked out of my cock as I watched Helen fuck herself faster and harder as she completed her story.

“I wanted it so bad, honey. I came three or four times on his dick before he even shot it inside me. I was totally worn out and sore. It still hurts now to fuck myself with this dildo, but the thought of what happened is so much more powerful than the pain. I needed his dick, honey. Do you understand? Of course you don’t. How could you? You’re not a woman. You’ll never understand the primal need to be filled by an alpha male.”

“Finally, after giving me the fucking of a life, he pinned me to the desk and bottomed out, shooting his load directly at my cervix. He just held me down and filled me. I loved every second of it, and even climaxed again as he filled me. He took a picture of me like that, honey. His cock buried deep in my pussy and his cum leaking out all over us. He told me to go home and tell you, my husband, that another man owned your wife’s pussy now. So that’s what I’m doing. I’ll never touch you again without his permission. Do you understand, honey? Do you?”

The question was rhetorical, because as she asked it, Helen was lost in the throes of an ecstatic orgasm. She quivered for several moments, her eyes closed, lost in her memories of being taken by Mr. Nelson. When she finally opened her eyes again, there were tears in them. Tears of pleasure and relief.

“I love you so much, honey. Thanks for understanding what I need.”

“I love you too,” I said, kissing her.

Chapter 10

Somewhere deep inside, I knew that I was on the path to losing Helen the moment that she started flirting with Jacob, but I had no idea how far things would go, or how quickly. In the matter of a few months, she had gone from a loving, devoted (if slightly bored) housewife, to the submissive cock-drunk size queen who couldn't get enough dick, as long as it was big enough.

She started seeing Mr. Nelson (as she insisted on calling him) several times a week, always at night, and often in his classroom (though there were a few times she fucked him in his car or at his apartment). She didn't always share the details of these encounters with me, but I sometimes got to see a pictures, or got a hint through a text message that she sent.

Once, he even had her call me while he was fucking her from behind. He made her describe the entire scene to me – my wife bent over the sofa in his living room, about to take yet another load of his virile semen in her fertile cunt – and I even heard her beg for him to knock her up.

Mr. Nelson wasn't the only guy that Helen fucked during the next few months. She continued to see Jacob (with Mr. Nelson's permission of course), and even had some hook-ups with a few of my co-workers, all instigated by Mr. Nelson. I was powerless to do anything but hope for some tiny scraps of information about all of my wife's various slutty comings and goings (or was that "cummings" and goings?). In any case, I remained the devoted father and husband, taking care of the kids and making excuses when they wondered where their mother was off to so often late at night.

I explained to them as best I could that mommy had a new job now and had to work extra long hours. What I didn't tell them was

that mommy's new job involved fucking well-hung men at the behest of her "bull," Mr. Nelson.

But that wasn't the only new thing that the kids and I had to negotiate. A few months into her new life, Helen sent me a rare text while she was at work (that is to say, at her "real" job). It took me a moment to realize what I was seeing: it was a stick of white plastic with a couple of blue markings at one end. Only when she sent a text message as well did I understand what it was:

Honey, I'm so excited! We're pregnant!

"We" were pregnant. Was that the inclusive "we" – me and her – or the exclusive "we" – her and Mr. Nelson? I knew with absolute certainty that I could not be the biological father, but I hoped that I could raise Mr. Nelson's child as my own.

That's great! I responded.

What else could I do? I knew that I had lost Helen as a wife, but perhaps not as a co-parent.

You're already such a great Dad, she wrote back, *the kids are going to love having a sibling.*

Raising another man's child made me the ultimate cuck. But as long as it made Helen happy, I was ok with it.

THE END

Cheating Size-curious Coeds

Hello, my name is Jake Harvey.

Long ago, I realized that I wasn't the settling down kind of guy. It was easy to see that I had a certain something special that a lot of women found attractive, and since it was in such high demand, it only seemed fair that I spread my love around. So I had resigned myself to the life of a bachelor, with all the advantages and disadvantages that such an existence entailed.

There was at least one major advantage to my lifestyle, however: due to my very large endowment, I attracted women who were size queens already, or at least what we call "size curious." And in my experience, most women fell into one of those two categories, and once they had satisfied their curiosity, they usually moved quickly to the other category. That's right: **most women are either already size queens, or poised to become them with the right kind of encouragement**. At least in my experience. And that's why I decided to write the story of how I turned two particular young women from size-curious coeds to full-on, wanton size queen sluts.

This is the story of my encounters with three women, all of them taken: Molly, Vera, and Monica.

Part 1: The Backdoor Exception

My work had brought me to a mid-sized college town in the Midwest. I love places centered around higher learning, because institutions of higher learning always attract young women who are interested in… erm...*advanced learning opportunities*... with older men. And I've discovered that when an attractive older guy comes into the picture – especially a confident, dominant and hung one – it doesn't matter at all if these girls have boyfriends.

After my afternoon business meeting, I went back to the hotel to rest up. College girls went out late.

Finally, after an hour of cycling in the hotel gym to get my blood flowing again, I put on a carefully chosen, age-appropriate outfit of an oxford shirt, sport coat and slacks. If you want to fuck college girls, you can't look like their dad or like another college guy. I looked somewhere between a businessman and a younger college prof. In other words, perfect.

Around 10:00PM, I headed to the bars. The first place I went to was a sports bar with a mixed clientele. I couldn't show up at a bar that *only* attracted coeds, or I'd be totally out of place: a creepy older man ogling the young women. But at a bar like this I could come across as exactly what I was: a sophisticated, well-dressed man in his mid-thirties out for a drink after a successful business meeting.

I took a seat at the bar and ordered a drink. I was happy to be greeted by a perky young woman who introduced herself as "Molly."

"Hi Molly," I said, "I'm Jason. Very nice to meet you."

"Hi," she said, meeting my eyes, but with a slightly shy note in her voice that was uncommon for a girl her age who was used to tending bar.

Molly was petite, with curly blond hair and big blue eyes. She had a really innocent “girl next door” look, and was actually dressed very modestly, and a bit strangely for a girl looking to pick up tips at a sports bar: she wore a cardigan sweater over a tight white blouse with a neckline that just hinted a bit at cleavage. Her smile was absolutely amazing, and it appeared that her rack probably was as well. The fact that she kept her tits so covered only enhanced the erotic pull they had on me.

I admired her slim waist and ample backside as prepared my drink. God, how I’d love to have a chance to introduce this sweet young co-ed to rough sex with a well-hung older man.

“Get something for yourself too,” I said, when she brought my drink, “it’s on me.”

“Oh,” she said, “I’d love to, but I’m actually too young to drink.”

“What? Really? But you’re allowed to tend bar?”

“Yeah,” she said, a bit sheepishly, “state law says you can serve drinks at 19, but not actually drink one until you’re 21.”

“So you’re?”

“20,” she said, “and my 21st birthday seems sooo far away!”

“Don’t worry,” I said, taking a sip of my scotch, “it’ll be here before you know it. If I come back through town, I’ll buy you a drink then.

“So you’re just passing through?”

“That’s right,” I said, “I do a lot of traveling for work.”

“Where are you from originally?”

I told her. Amazingly enough, she turned out to be from my hometown. We even knew a few of the same people, even though she was obviously much younger than me and had graduated from a different high school.

Normally I might have been put off by the fact that we had personal connections, however tenuous they were. I didn’t want to fuck things up with a younger woman and somehow have it get back to my relatives. But things just seemed to flow so naturally with Molly that I decided to throw caution to the wind and do my best to find out what that cute ass would look like bouncing on my big dick.

The bar slowly began to fill up, and she had to attend to other customers, but Molly checked back with me several times, stopping to make small talk each time she did. I was careful not to seem too interested, so I also struck up a conversation with a group of women in their mid-forties, who were in town for the football game tomorrow. I did some fairly heavy flirting with a curvy bottle-blond MILF type named Monica. Monica looked like the type of woman who wouldn't let a wedding ring stop her fun, so I wasn't at all concerned when I saw the huge rock on her finger.

Seeing Monica and I laughing must have spurred Molly's sense of competition, because she came over and started asking me more questions about who I knew from our hometown. Finally I saw an opportunity to take things to the next level and get a chance to give this innocent-looking girl the dicking of her young life.

"Hey," I said, "maybe we should continue this conversation somewhere a little more private. When do you get off work?"

To my utter surprise, she nodded and said "I'm actually done right now. Meet me out front in 20 minutes."

She disappeared into the back of the bar without saying anything else to me or even looking back.

I honestly thought it might be a ploy to get rid of me, but I decided to take her at her word. I had a few minutes to kill, so I went back over to the MILFs and got Monica's number for later. She dropped several unmistakable hints about being in town to have fun, and we made tentative plans to do something after the game tomorrow. But in the meantime, there was Molly.

I waited for exactly twenty-two minutes, then said my goodbyes and left the bar.

I came outside and Molly was standing there, looking at me with a twinkle in her eye.

"Still want to get out of here?"

"Hell yes!" I said, "where to?"

"My apartment is just around the corner," she said, "and my roommate's gone, so it will be quiet."

Awesome. She was looking to get laid just as much as I was.

We walked for about five blocks, not saying anything at all. The sexual tension was palpable.

“Here’s the place,” she said, stopping at a drab door and punching in a code, “I hope you’re not too offended by the mess.”

“Trust me,” I said, following her through the door and up the stairs, “I’m sure I’ve seen worse. I was in college once too, after all.”

“Ha ha, and how long ago was that?” she teased.

“Are you saying I’m an old man?” I replied, “I’ll have you know that while I might be elderly, I do have the benefit of experience.”

She unlocked the door to her apartment and turned back towards me, looking up at me as I stood extremely close to her.

“Experience is exactly what makes you so hot,” she said.

I grabbed her and pushed her gently into the room. We immediately started making out like crazy. Our hands were all over each other.

“Oh God, Jason,” she moaned, “we shouldn’t be doing this. But I want to so bad.”

“Why shouldn’t we?” I asked breathlessly, “we’re two consenting adults.”

“I know,” she said, “but I’m not usually this kind of girl. To just bring a stranger home with me to my apartment.”

“I’m not a stranger, remember?” I teased, “we both know the Nelsons and had Linda Hanson as a pediatrician.”

“That’s a good point,” she said, smiling, “I guess you’re not just some rando I met on the street.”

I kissed her again, reaching down and squeezing her amazing ass. I wondered how sexually experienced this angelic-looking coed was. She was definitely going to add another notch to her bedpost tonight, that was for sure.

As we kissed, I slowly moved my hand down her pants in the back, feeling her smooth ass. How I longed to see it in all its glory.

“My neck is getting tired,” she said, alluding to our difference in height that forced her to strain her neck when she kissed me, “how about we move to the sofa?”

“That’s fine with me,” I said, taking her into my arms and plopping onto the sofa.

“Wow,” she said, giggling, “you’re so strong.”

“Just wait until you find out what else I can do with a sexy little thing like you,” I said, kissing her and moving a hand between her legs as she curled in my arms.

We made out for a few more minutes in this position, my hand between her legs, gently rubbing her pussy, while I unhooked her bra with the other hand, finally letting her amazing breasts spring free, even if they were still covered by the t-shirt she was wearing.

It was then, however, that she broke our kiss and looked at me, saying “I can’t sleep with you tonight, I have a boyfriend.”

Like I said before, this is a common objection, and if a woman has already allowed you to come to her apartment, kiss her and fondle her, it’s clear that she really does want to sleep with you, but is just looking to rationalize it to herself. I was, therefore, completely unfazed.

“That’s fine - there’s plenty of other things we can do,” I said confidently.

“Mmm,” she said, “and I want to do them all.”

I decided not to comment on her strange ethics surrounding the question of what constituted cheating. Soon we were kissing even harder. Her soft red lips that tasted amazing, and the scent of her hair was nothing short of intoxicating. I grabbed a handful of it as I became slowly more aggressive. I was determined to thoroughly use this young woman, even if my penis never actually penetrated her vagina.

She reached down now, as things got more heated, and touched my bulge through my pants.

“Mmmmm,” she whispered, “you seem nice and thick.”

A few seconds later, however, she realized exactly what she was feeling.

“Holy shit!” she exclaimed, “you’re...is that really…?”

I chuckled. I loved introducing women to their first big cock.

“It’s all real, baby. And it’s all for you tonight,” I said, “are you ready to see it?”

She nodded.

“Ok,” I said, unbuckling my pants and pulling them down, along with my underwear, exposing the full length of my throbbing erection, which shot up from my lap like a club.

“Holy fuck!” she said, giggling a bit now as she gingerly reached out to touch my pole, “I’ve never seen one that big before. It doesn’t even seem real.”

“It’s real,” I said, “and honestly, as huge as it is, it’s only 8 ½ inches. The problem is that you’ve been told all your life that four inches is really six inches, so when you see one twice as big, it probably looks like it’s a foot long.”

“It really does,” she said, grabbing my shaft a bit and giving it a gentle stroke with the help of the precum that oozed from my tip.

“That’s nice,” I said, reaching up under her shirt and playing with her tits, “would you like to move things into the bedroom now?”

She nodded.

“Good,” I said.

I took off my shoes and stepped out of my pants and followed her into the bedroom. She sat on the bed and took my cock into her mouth, staring up at me with big eyes as she kissed the tip. She had a look on her face of pure lust.

“I think you might turn me into a size queen,” she said, holding my gaze, “this thing is so fucking beautiful. It’s a good thing we’re not going to have sex, because I think you would break me with it.”

That’s right. She didn’t want to sleep with me. Just suck my cock and talk about how big it was. I had to laugh internally. This girl’s poor boyfriend. Oh well, he wasn’t my problem now!

But I had a hunch in that moment. I decided to test the waters. I saw a picture of her and a guy about her age on the nightstand.

“Is that your boyfriend?” I asked.

She turned, looking at the picture, as if there had been a different picture I might have been talking about instead.

“Yeah,” she said, a bit embarrassed, “I guess I’m a bad person for doing this with you. It’s just that I thought you were so smart and handsome, and I’ve always wanted to have totally rough, uninhibited sex with an older man.”

“I thought we weren’t going to have sex.”

“We’re not,” she said, “but you seem like the dominant type, and I crave that so much. I’m naturally submissive, but my boyfriend just can’t bring himself to be mean to me.”

“Hmm,” I said, “I can definitely do something about that. What’s your boyfriend’s name.”

“Gavyn,” she said.

“Well,” I said, “if Gavyn can’t give his girlfriend the dick she needs, I have no choice but to step in. But before we get rough, let’s establish some ground rules, ok?”

“Ok,” she said, “I can’t believe this is happening. I’m so excited.”

“Me too,” I said, “the first rule is this: I will respect your boundaries at all times. If you don’t want me to fuck your pussy, I won’t.”

She nodded.

“The next one is, we have to have a safeword. If you feel uncomfortable, say ‘yellow,’ and if you want me to stop entirely, say ‘red.’ If you can’t talk, tap me or moan three times in a row, and I’ll stop. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” she said.

“Sir? I like that.”

“Mmm,” she said, “or would you prefer ‘Daddy’?”

“Oooh,” I said, as she began to suck my dick again, “you know just what Daddy likes.”

She wasn’t the first college girl to call me that, and she probably wouldn’t be the last, either. I absolutely loved it. There was something so arousing about an innocent-young woman begging for her Daddy’s cock. Probably because her actual father would be absolutely shocked and appalled by her behavior.

Since she’d told me she wanted me to be rough and dominant with her, I grabbed a handful of Molly’s hair and began to control the rhythm of her sucking a bit.

“Show me how much you need that big fucking dick you little slut,” I panted, “suck it like a good girl. I bet you don’t suck your boyfriend this good, do you, honey?”

She looked up at me and took my dick out of her mouth.

“No, Daddy.”

I slapped her face with my cock. She was clearly shocked, but didn't say her safeword, so I pushed my dick back into her mouth and grabbed her head again.

"Such a good little cocksucking slut. If I were your boyfriend, I'd keep you in line so that you wouldn't be inviting strange men to your house to fuck your face."

A few moans of arousal was her only answer.

I looked around the room. It was messy, with books and papers everywhere. There were a few posters on the wall, for bands I hadn't heard of, and there was a large stuffed teddy bear on the bed. It made the whole scene even dirtier somehow. Here I was, facefucking a girl who was approximately half my age.

I made eye contact with the picture of her boyfriend and smiled back at his image. If the poor bastard only knew.

I decided I would see just how far Molly would go without technically cheating (at least according to her strange rules).

"Ok," I said, pulling her head off my cock, "take your clothes off now. I want to finally see that tight young body."

"Yes, Daddy!" she said breathlessly.

She pulled her shirt off over her head, taking her bra (which I had already unfastened) with it. A few seconds later, her jeans and panties were in a pile on the floor as well. I sat down next to her on the bed and looked her over while I played with with her amazing breasts.

She was the definition of "busty petite": pert, perfect boobs that had a bounce in them that only occurs in women in her early twenties. Her nipples were incongruously small for the size of her rack, and were pleasingly pink and erect. Instead of looking out of proportion, they lent her entire body a kind of innocence.

I spent a few minutes kissing, teasing and sucking them while I fingered her (extremely tight) pussy. Her public hair was so fine and wispy blond that it was clear she didn't trim it at all. She didn't have to.

"Mmm," I said, "Gavyn is lucky that he gets to fuck this tight little pussy. It would be an absolute delight to break it in."

“Yes,” she whispered, grabbing my cock, “I know. It would be so much fun. I don’t know what to do. I...I… want this inside me so bad. But I just can’t cheat on him.”

Again: to me, this was a strange definition of cheating. But I wasn’t going to argue with her and risk the rest of the evening going south. I was super horny and convinced that this girl was going to let me do even kinkier things to her than she’d ever allow her boyfriend.

I started gently playing with her clit, and she let out a loud moan.

She was quivering with arousal at this point, and I thought to myself that there was **no way** she’d keep her promise not to fuck me.

“You’re driving me crazy,” she moaned.

“That’s the idea,” I said.

Then I started kissing down her chest towards her stomach, finally coming to her sweet, fragrant young pussy.

I teased her labia and clit slowly and gently with my tongue while I continued to slowly fuck her with just the tip of one finger.

I could tell she was getting close, so I moaned into her clit to show her how much I was enjoying her taste. That seemed to bring her right to the edge. She grabbed my free hand so hard it hurt, while flexing and tensing her entire lower body as she begged me not to stop. Finally, she climaxed hard.

“Oh FUCK DADDY!!”

“That was very dirty, young lady. What do you think the neighbors are thinking right now.”

“Probably that I just had the hardest orgasm of my life. Which is true.”

She grinned at me, her normally pale face completely flushed. We lay there for a few minutes.

As she began to come down from her orgasm, she grabbed my cock and started kissing me hungrily.

“Fuck I need this so bad. I want to make you feel as good as you made me.”

“Have you changed your mind? Do you have a condom?” I asked.

“No,” she said, “I’m sorry. I just can’t. But I want you inside me so fucking bad.”

My raging boner also simply wouldn’t accept the fact that I wouldn’t be able to penetrate this angelic-faced coed.

“Do you have any lube?” I asked.

She did, in fact. Right next to the bed. Thinking I wanted a handjob, she grabbed the bottle and squirted some into her hands and grabbed my cock, smiling at me as she did.

“Do you like this?” she asked, her baby-blue eyes shining as she stroked my cock.

“Fuck yes,” I said, almost ready to just let her jerk me off onto her tits.

But I wasn’t quite ready to blow my load so quickly.

“You like doing that,” I said, “you seem to have a lot of experience.”

“I like to think that I know what I’m doing.”

She reached down to tease my balls.

“So young and yet so good at jerking a big cock already...so naughty.”

“Maybe I am kind of a bad girl,” she laughed, “what are you going to do about it, Daddy?”

I laughed.

“Maybe I should spank you.”

“Maybe you should,” she smiled.

That was the opening I’d been waiting for. I pulled her hands away from my cock for a moment and sat on the edge of her bed. Then I pulled the naked girl across my lap, for the first time able to examine her ass in all its glory. It was perfect.

Being naturally dominant, I spank basically every girl I fuck. Some of them absolutely love it, almost more than sex, but I have yet to meet a woman who doesn’t enjoy it on some level. There is something so primal about taking a woman over your knee and showing her her place before you fuck her. The pussy responds to this kind of treatment on its own. There is no way a girl can resist it.

It also helped, of course, that I was quite an experienced spanker. I knew that most girls need a warm-up period before they

can take the really hard spanks. So I was using a technique I'd perfected through my years of warming female bottoms, both old and young: planting two softer spanks followed by one harder one, all on different locations on Molly's luscious ass.

Molly, however, didn't need a warm-up at this point, and started teasing me.

"Ha, ha I can barely feel that. Is that really all you've got, Daddy? I thought you were going to punish me."

This, of course really got me going. I started going harder and harder, finally smacking her ass so hard that the palm of my hand smarted.

As this harder spanking started, she grabbed the sheets of her bed tightly and bit her lip, breathing roughly through her nose and letting out amazing little moans that kept my cock (which was pressed against her stomach and still slick with lube) rock hard.

At the same time that I spanked her, I was fingering her pussy and ass, bringing her closer and closer to another orgasm.

Finally, just as I was absolutely pummeling her ass with my open hand, she was cumming again, her pussy clenching down on my fingers that were buried in her ass and pussy.

"Had enough?" I teased, as she had finished groaning into the pillow.

Her ass was a wonderful shade of red.

She looked back and up at me, biting her lip, with visible tears at the corners of her eyes.

She nodded and moaned "mmm-hmm" submissively.

Her entire demeanor and tone changed after the spanking.

"That...was amazing," she whispered, cuddling close to me, against my slick, hard and as-of-yet-unsatisfied cock.

I continued to play with her asshole with one finger.

"Mm," she groaned, "that feels so naughty. It's the first time anyone's ever touched me there."

"Would you like to try something larger?" I asked, "it technically wouldn't be cheating."

"Hmmm, are you sure about that?"

"It's a well-known loophole," I said.

“Mmm...Ok...just do what you want,” she moaned, still basking in the afterglow of the orgasms and spanking.

I decided there was no use now in being shy.

“What I want is to fuck your ass.”

“Ok... go ahead,” she said, her voice somewhere between anxious anticipation and lazy satisfaction from her latest orgasm.

I pulled her legs down, positioning her so she was bent over the bed. Then I got down and stood behind her.

A problem soon became apparent, namely that I was much taller than her and my cock also had a strong upward curve, so if I fucked her from this angle I would be forced to do a strange crouch/stand.

“Lay on your back on the bed,” I ordered her.

She obeyed, splaying out on the bed with her legs spread and her pussy and asshole exposed. I looked down at her tight little cunt, longing to simply plunge my cock inside her and claim it for myself.

But I had to respect the ground rules she’d laid out, so I squirted more lube onto my cock and slowly pressed it to her tight little asshole.

“Go slow please,” she said.

“Of course,” I said, “play with your clit while I fuck you.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she moaned, her hand moving in slow circles around her pussylips and clit as I began to line up my cock for the initial attack.

I pushed into her gently. Luckily, the fingering and orgasms had warmed her up, so it was surprisingly easy to work my cockhead into her tight coed ass.

She bit her lip, wincing a bit as I pushed further inside her.

She was breathing roughly through her nose again and whimpering, just as she had during the spanking.

“Good girl,” I encouraged, “the full girth is almost all the way in.”

I squeezed some more lube on my cock and pulled out for a moment to coat it completely, before pushing back into her tight ass.

Her little whimpers of pain or pleasure or both caused a shiver of arousal to shoot down my spine.

“Good girl,” I repeated, pushing my cock to the hilt now as she let out another high-pitched moan through clenched teeth.

I looked down and saw her pretty young face contort itself -- in what? Pleasure? Pain? Some combination of both, no doubt. In that moment, I had totally lost interest in anything that didn’t have to do with my cock and what it wanted.

I pulled her hair harder and held her arms down with my other hand as I began to fuck her with long, smooth strokes.

I couldn’t help but vocalize now, slowly losing my inhibitions completely as I slid my cock in and out of her tight, well-lubed asshole.

“Yes,” I moaned, “yes...god, it’s so fucking good.”

“Where’s my cock?” I growled, jerking gently on her hair so she’d know an answer was required.

“Where’s my cock, Molly? Look me in the eye.”

“It’s...ahh,” she groaned.

“Where?”

“It’s in my ass,” she whimpered.

“That’s right,” I panted, fucking her harder now, “you’ve got an older man’s cock in your tight virgin asshole.”

“How big is that dick?”

“It’s...8 and a half inches, Daddy,” she moaned, her hand circling her clit quickly.

“That’s right, whore. You’re getting fucked with 8 ½ inches of cock. Is this the first time you’ve had a cock in your ass?”

“Yes, Daddy” she gasped.

“You’re not such a good girl now, are you?”

“No, Daddy...”

“What would Gavyn think if he knew you were letting an older man fuck your tight little asshole?”

“He’d think I was a slut, Daddy!”

“Tell me this is the biggest cock you’ve even had.”

“It’s so fucking big, Daddy,” she moaned, “it’s so much bigger than my boyfriend’s.”

I reached up and slapped a nipple.

“You wanted it rough, you little slut, and now you’re getting it,” I growled, “I’m going to fuck your ass until I come all over that innocent little face of yours. What do you think about that?”

This time, her only answer was another series of yelps as slammed the entire length of my cock into her ass.

I was getting closer and closer to shooting what I anticipated would be an absolutely gigantic load. I’d been on the edge all night, and it felt like a positively explosive result was in preparation, one that I couldn’t hold off for much longer.

As my own orgasm approached, I also lost my ability to self-censor.

“You love this cock, don’t you?” I moaned, “I know you love getting your tight little ass fucked. But you’ll never let that boyfriend of yours do it will you?”

If she was at all embarrassed by my remark she didn’t show it.

“No, Daddy. Only you, Daddy!”

“Fuck, you’re such a good little fucking slut,” I blurted as my orgasm began to approach, “such a fucking sexy little whore,” I finished, pulling out of her ass and shooting the first spurt of cum up across tits, all the way to base of her neck.

“Oh fuck,” I moaned, moving up a bit so that the rest of the cum landed on her face.

“God that feels good,” I added, “you look so good coated in cum like a filthy little college slut.”

After ascertaining that there was no cum on her actual eyes, she slowly opened them and looked at me.

“Did you enjoy yourself?” she smirked.

“Fuck yes.”

“Me too.”

She stood up gingerly and walked to the bathroom, laughing at herself in the mirror.

“Wow,” she said, “you really coated me. I guess it’s not every day that you get to fuck a college student half your age in the ass.”

“Well actually,” I said, teasing her, “it’s more like every other day. Maybe three times a week.”

She laughed at my joke, then announced that she was taking a shower, but that I could make myself at home.

Suddenly the fact that I was in a 20-year-old's apartment seemed weird to me, and I wondered if I should go back to my hotel room. On the other hand, I knew that I had at least another load in me that night, and part of me wanted to see if she was up for round two.

So I flipped through a couple of her books and played with my phone while I waited a very long time for her to emerge from the bathroom in a robe with her hair wrapped in a towel.

"Wow," she said, "my ass is probably going to have bruises on it tomorrow."

"Sorry not sorry," I said, grinning at her.

"Ha," she said, "I love it. I'm having dinner with my boyfriend and his parents, but all I'm going to be thinking about is the rough treatment I got at the hands of a dominant older man."

"Mmm," I said, standing and crossing the room towards her.

I pulled her in for a long kiss.

"That was nice," she said, "but surely you want to meet up with that other woman from the bar now, don't you?"

"Who?" I asked, feigning ignorance.

"That woman with the fake blond hair and bad tan."

"Ah ha. Monica. Yes, I do have her number. And I had considered making use of it. No doubt she won't have any scruples about letting me fuck her pussy."

"Maybe not," said Molly, "but I can guarantee she won't be as good of a cocksucker as me."

"I wouldn't know," I said, "you haven't really done enough cocksucking tonight for me to judge."

"That can change," she said, "why don't you take a turn in the shower, then I'll show you?"

I remembered where my cock had just been. Yes, it was probably a good idea to wash it. Ass to mouth was not everyone's cup of tea.

When I finally emerged from the tiny bathroom which was stuffed to the rafters with women's grooming products, I found Molly

kneeling stark naked on the floor, waiting for me. Her young body looked absolutely incredible.

“Well, Daddy,” she said, moving forward and pulling off my towel, “are you going to let me get that cock nice and hard again?”

“Please do,” I said.

A few moments later I was in heaven as the young co-ed tried her best to deepthroat me.

“You’re just so fucking big,” she gasped, looking at my cock in astonishment, “I really can’t believe it. I might need to break up with my boyfriend temporarily so that I can give this fucking thing a shot.”

“You could ask him if he’d like to watch,” I said, “there are tons of cucks out there who are really into that. I should know. I fuck a ton of their wives.”

“I bet you do,” she said, before returning to the task at hand.

After she had bobbed up and down on the cock for a few minutes, she popped off again.

“Gavyn would never go for it,” she said, “he’s too insecure.”

“I don’t know why,” I said, “you certainly haven’t given him any reason for that.”

“Shut up!” she said, in a teasing tone, “do you want me to suck your dick or not?”

“I guess I want you to suck my dick,” I admitted.

“Good,” said Molly, kneeling down further and licking my balls.

I sighed in satisfaction and let her go to work. About four minutes later, I sprayed her face for the second time that night. She was suitably impressed.

“God DAMN that was a lot. I don’t think Gavyn’s ever come close to that.”

After she had fed herself all the cum on her face and licked off her fingers, she went to wash her hands and make us some tea.

I did end up spending the night there. After the tea, we collapsed into her tiny bed where I spooned her until the next morning, when she gave me a long, sensual goodbye handjob before kicking me out of her apartment, my balls thoroughly drained.

“God it was fun, seeing that big cock come for me again,” she said, grinning, “I think I’m addicted now. Has that ever happened to

you before?"

"Often," I said, "the sad fact is, that there's not enough of me to go around. Pretty much every woman ends up preferring a big cock, once they're introduced to it."

"I certainly do," she said, "but now you're really going to have to come back and visit."

"I'm in town all weekend," I said, "maybe we can figure out another mutually convenient time?"

"My boyfriend is driving up for lunch," she smiled, wiping the cum and lube off her hands, "but perhaps we could make it work late tonight or tomorrow morning."

"I certainly wouldn't want to get in the way of that," I said, kissing her quickly, "but let me know if I can keep you company after her leaves."

"I'd love some company," she teased, "but I don't know if I can take much else beyond that. My butt is still pretty sore, and it'll need some time to recover!"

"Suit yourself," I said.

"Don't you have a MILF to fuck anyway? Monica or something?"

"That's right!" I said, "I *should* fuck her, shouldn't I?"

"If you do, send me pictures," Molly laughed, handing me a piece of paper with her phone number on it.

"Pictures? You're pretty kinky, huh?"

"I called you Daddy, let you spank me and fuck me in the ass about an hour after you met me. I'd call that kinky."

"Slutty and kinky aren't the same thing," I teased, giving her a peck on the cheek, "but whichever one you are, I'd love to get together again soon."

"Me too," she said, then, just before the door closed, add a breathless "Daddy."

Like I said, she wasn't the first college girl to call me that and wouldn't be the last, either. But she was definitely the most fun girl I'd been with in a while. I immediately entered her number into my phone, making a note to call her the next time I was in town. I'd get in that pussy yet.

Part 2: “It’s not cheating if he’s bigger”

I took a Lyft back to the hotel after leaving Molly’s place. Despite the fact that I’d technically slept alongside her in the tiny, cramped bed, I was still exhausted, and my balls had been thoroughly drained. Even though I hadn’t had a chance to break in that cute pink coed pussy, Molly had still been one of the most incredible lays I’d had in a while. I’ll say it again: I love college towns!

I decided it was time to text the MILF, Monica. I wrote her an innocent message, suggesting that we meet up for a drink after the game. Monica responded with a pic of her in a low-cut top, her breasts practically spilling out of it.

“Do you like it?”

“I do,” I responded.

Her tits certainly weren’t as perky as Molly’s had been, but older women had their charms as well. I was confident that I’d have a great time with Monica, but first I had to rest.

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The game was in the morning, so it was already over by the time I made it back to the downtown to meet up with Monica. The home team had scored a thrilling, overwhelming victory during overtime, so the hometown crowds were spilling out into the street. The atmosphere was absolutely ecstatic. It was going to be difficult to find Monica and her friends in this environment. Luckily, we had cell phones, but the crowds were still going to make it difficult.

She texted me the name of a tacky-sounding Irish pub a few blocks from where I was. Normally, it would have been an easy walk of about 10 minutes. However, I soon discovered that besides the big game, the college town was also hosting a huge block party with live music stages scattered across town. All of the streets had been

blocked off, and then police were patrolling for people with glass containers or who needed medical attention. It was total chaos. I realized that it was going to take me the better part of an hour to snake my way through the crowd down the street to meet Monica.

"Meet me halfway?" I texted, "I see a bunch of portapotties. We could meet there."

"Give me one good reason I shouldn't make do with one of the college guys here," she texted back, testing me.

I responded with a carefully chosen shot of my bulge. Even if the woman seems to be hinting at a dick pic, it still pays to err on the side of caution.

"That's a very good reason," she texted back immediately, "and, fuck, unless that's trick photography, it's also a rather LARGE reason. But I really don't know if I can make it out of here."

"I'll do my best to get there," I wrote back, "I'll keep you updated."

She texted back a kissing lips emoji. I probably had a back-alley or bathroom blowjob to look forward to if I succeeded in finding her. That was a big "if," however! The town was absolutely packed.

After about twenty minutes of pushing through the crowd, I finally made it to the portapotties that I estimated were about halfway to the pub.

That's where I met Vera.

Another petite and busty one, I remember thinking, as I saw the angry-looking young woman standing near (but not in) the line for the toilets. She was dressed in a low-cut blouse and tight jeans, and had a sort of exotic look to her. I later found out that she was Russian-Jewish. She had her arms folded in front of her defensively. I decided to probe that defense.

"Hey," I said, "did you come from that way?"

I pointed in the direction of the pub, "I'm supposed to meet some friends at an Irish Pub down there, but I don't know if I can make it there before sundown."

Her hard exterior cracked a bit and she gave me a bit of a smile.

"*That* place? *O'Shannigan's*? That's the cheesiest bar in town. Only moms, dads and alums go there. You don't look quite old

enough to be a dad, so I'm guessing you're an alum."

"That's very kind of you," I said, "but I'm actually not an alum, either. Just here on business. I have no association with the university."

"Well you picked a hell of a time to come downtown," she said, "I hope you're not trying to have a business meeting at O'Shannigan's."

"Nope," I said, "luckily that's all taken care of. I'm just going to meet up with some friends."

"Well," she said, "I'm actually supposed to meet some people at a house party down that way, but I'm too short to fight my way through the crowd. I'm the designated driver, so I really want to get there at some point before everyone passes out."

"That might have happened already, given the pace that this crowd is drinking at," I said, "we might be the only two sober people in it."

"Good point," she said, "I guess if you're sober too, it only makes sense to stick together. My name's Vera by the way."

"Jake," I said, extending my hand and giving her soft, petite hand a firm shake, "great to meet you."

"So," she said, "I've got an idea. Why don't you help me fight my way through the crowds to the house party? I'll make it worth your while."

The flirtation had begun.

"That's a very attractive offer," I said, "I suppose I could accompany you part of the way."

"As a tall person, you have an ethical obligation to make sure I don't get fucking trampled by these maniacs," she said, extending her hand, "lead the way."

I took her hand. It was strangely intimate, and strangely erotic at the same time. Here I was, leading an attractive young woman through the throngs of drunken revelers like some kind of latter-day knight escorting a lady.

After about 15 minutes of struggling down the main thoroughfare, Vera indicated that we should turn off into a side street.

There, the crowds finally thinned a bit.

“The party is down the street there,” she said, pointing to a cross street several yards ahead of us.

“Can you take it from here?” I asked, remembering my appointment with Monica.

“Well I could,” she said suggestively, “but then I wouldn’t be able to give you your reward for escorting me like such a gentleman.”

“I guess I don’t want to forego something like that,” I said, “but you can’t really want to take me to a college house party. People are going to stare!”

“Nah,” she said, “it’s not like that. I’ve just got to check in and make sure my friends are ok. Then we can do something else. That is, if you’re up for hanging out with a 19-year-old girl.”

She flashed me a suggestive smile.

“That sounds like a tantalizing idea.”

“What about those friends you were meeting at O’Shannigan’s?”

“I have a feeling I can reschedule.”

“Good.”

We approached the side street, still holding hands, despite the fact that it was no longer necessary. At the end of the street, the house was visible. The yard was overflowing with people, and there was a police perimeter around it.

Two frat boys walking our direction stopped to give us a warning.

“That party is over,” one of them slurred, “the cops are sending everyone home.”

“Thanks,” said Vera, dropping my hand and then pulling out her phone, texting with an impatient look on her face.

“No problem,” said the frat guy, looking at me a little suspiciously.

I was obviously out of place, and I knew it.

Vera’s phone dinged.

“It’s Ashley,” she said, “she’s fucking wasted and is going to a different party. At least she’s leaving her car in the garage all night. I guess I’m not needed as a designated driver.”

She turned to look up at me.

“Want to go up to my room? It’s probably been a long time since a guy like you has seen the inside of a dorm.”

“It’s true,” I said, “I have to admit that I’m curious.”

The sexual tension was palpable. Was I really about to fuck another cute coed, and this time in her dorm? It seemed so wrong, and so hot at the same time.

“I’m going to stick out like a sore thumb there,” I said as she led me by the hand down the street.

“I know,” she said, looking back at me and winking, “that’s actually part of the fun. Besides, everyone else is going to be too drunk or high to know what’s happening. I don’t do drugs or drink, so I need to find some other way to get my kicks.”

“Fair enough,” I said.

I only hoped that she didn't have a roommate who was intent on interfering with her private life.

We walked back to Vera’s dorm for about ten minutes, still holding hands.

I got a bit nervous as we approached the front desk, but Vera swiped her ID and a bored-looking student attendant passed me a clipboard to sign. I scrawled my name, then followed Vera through the door and into the elevator. The sexual tension rose to indescribable levels along with the elevator’s ascent. Finally we were there: the fourteenth floor.

When we finally arrived at Vera’s room, she pounced on me immediately and we began making out furiously on her bed. My hands were all over her large breasts, then under her shirt, where I skillfully unhooked her front-clasping bra with one hand.

She stopped me for a moment to pull her shirt over her head and throw her bra to the side, smiling as she saw the look on my face when I saw her enormous tits, one slightly bigger than the other, both crowned with small pink nipples. They were absolutely magnificent, and I told her as much.

“Thanks,” she blushed, “I’m kind of embarrassed by them because they get me a lot of attention, much of it completely unwanted.”

“I guess I can see that,” I said, “but they are really something to be proud of. Most women would kill for tits as gorgeous as these.”

The sounds of the festival were loud enough that we could hear the jam band playing nearby as clearly as if their music had been coming out of her stereo.

A few minutes later, I was on top of Vera on her bed, savoring her sighs as I paid her nipples close attention.

“I’m so glad I lost Ashley,” she said slyly, running her fingers through my hair as I kissed up her neck, “she would hate what we’re doing here. Even though she hooks up every weekend, she still loves playing the slut police for her friends.”

“I know,” I said, “don’t worry -- I won’t prevent you from being as slutty as you want to be.”

She laughed.

“I don’t know if you could prevent me.”

“Oh yeah? So you like being a slut?”

“Let’s just say that I like older guys who know how to treat slutty girls,” she said, “but I’ve never been with a guy as old as you.”

This admission made my already rock-hard cock even harder.

“I think you’re in luck,” I said, “because I happen to know exactly how to treat slutty girls like you.”

I looked into her eyes, expecting her to at least blush a little bit at being basically called a slut so directly, but she had the biggest grin on her face.

“Show me,” she said.

I grabbed her hair and the base of her neck and pulled her in for a long, slow, slightly forceful kiss.

Then I decided to play on a hunch.

“What would your boyfriend say if he saw you here on your back in your dorm room, making out with an older guy?” I whispered, my lips teasing hers.

She let out a low whimper.

“Well?”

“He’d think I was a cheating whore,” she whispered.

I knew it. I knew that she had a boyfriend.

“What was that?” I asked, more loudly and forcefully.

“He’d think I was a cheating whore,” she said in a louder, firmer voice.

“You are a cheating whore,” I told her, “and do you know what happens to cheating whores?”

“Mmm mmm.”

“They get punished.”

“Mmm,” she said, reaching down to stroke my cock, which was practically bursting out of my pants, “how?”

“They get spanked,” I said.

“Then I guess you better spank me,” she teased.

“I’m going to do exactly that,” I said, breaking our embrace and sitting up on the side of the bed.

She eagerly crawled over my lap and then arched her back briefly so she could unsnap and unzip her jeans.

It was no small task pulling the tight-fitting jeans over her curvaceous rear, but she was determined to help. In a matter of half a minute or so we’d overcome the obstacle presented by her rear and her pants and panties were at her ankles. The musky smell of pussy filled the small dorm room.

“It seems like being a slut makes you wet,” I commented, running a finger along her slit and slipping a finger gently between her lips. She was already ready to be fucked, but I wasn’t anywhere near ready to fuck her, even if my cock was leaking precum all over my jeans.

I knew that by spanking Vera for the first time I was walking into a minefield of sorts. I had to be careful to respond to her signals and not push her beyond her comfort zone.

“Vera,” I said, “I’m going to spank you, but first I need to tell you some ground rules.”

“I know what you’re going to say,” she said, “my safeword is ‘clover’ to slow down and ‘dragon’ to stop.”

“What? Those are the craziest safewords I think I’ve ever heard. How am I supposed to remember that?”

“Don’t worry,” she said, “I’ll make sure you stop if I want you to stop. I don’t want you to go easy on me, though. I’m a cheating slut, remember?”

“I remember.”

The most important thing about giving a spanking -- at least a long spanking -- is making sure that the spankee is warmed up. You shouldn’t just start smacking her as hard as you possibly can (well, you can, and some girls actually like that (for example, Molly), but it makes for a shorter and, in my opinion, less enjoyable experience).

You have to slowly increase her pain tolerance.

This is exactly what I did with Vera. I would give her two softer spanks, one on each cheek, then I’d follow up with a single much harder spank on a different area of her ass.

At first, she began taunting me, asking if that was really the best I could do, but I remained quiet. I did, however, reach down and place her two arms together at the small of her back, holding them firmly there for a moment so that she knew she was not to move them.

I varied the rhythm to keep Vera guessing, taking her through peaks, valleys and plateaus of intensity. After several minutes of this, accompanied by the noodling of the jam band outside, I began to hit her harder and harder. I also started landing a few blows across her warm, wet pussy lips. Every once in a while, I would stop spanking her completely and just finger her until I had her right on the edge of orgasm, then I’d withdraw and leave her frustrated. I knew that the more I managed to draw it out, the harder her orgasm would be when she finally let loose.

She moaned each time I hit her. I decided it was time to step up the simple fingering I’d done before, and so I and slipped the thumb of my right hand into her pussy while I spanked her with my left. The fingers of my right hand teased her clit, while my thumb massaged her g-spot.

“I want you to come for me,” I whispered.

My efforts soon had their intended effect. Vera kicked her legs downward onto the bed and her toes curled involuntarily as her pussy began to spasm. I spanked her even harder as she came, smacking her shapely ass so hard that my hand hurt.

“Fuck!!!” she shouted, “Fuck that’s good!”

I held my thumb deep in her pussy as her spasms slowly relented, then slowly extracted it, her pussy fighting me the whole time.

“Fuck,” she gasped, “I've never been spanked, but I always fantasized about it. That was better than I ever imagined.”

“You have a couple of silly safewords ready to go, but you’ve never been spanked?”

“I’ve always fantasized about BDSM. I read a lot of books about it online, but my boyfriend is totally vanilla so I’ve never actually tried it.”

“I see,” I said, happy that I’d taken things slow.

“So what happens now?” she asked, looking up at me with tears in her eyes and a look of lust on her face.

“Now you show me how grateful you are.”

She didn’t need any clarification. A moment later, she was on her knees in front of where I sat on the edge of the bed. She tore at my belt buckle and pulled down my briefs, letting my erection spring up into her face.

She looked up at me and said the three words that I never get tired of hearing:

“It’s so fucking big! Jesus!”

“I know, but it’s hot to hear you say that, slut.”

“We have a saying in Russian,” she grinned, “it’s not cheating if he’s bigger.”

“I don’t believe you,” I said, “I think you made that up.”

She shrugged her shoulders, grinning up at me as she took my cock deep into her throat, swallowing me all the way on the very first stroke. Of course this proved to be too much, and a second later she was coughing and choking, a string of saliva leading from my cock to her mouth.

“God damn you’re big. Let me try that again.”

“Please do.”

Now it was my turn to groan. She deep-throated me expertly, again and again, working my balls with her hands and moaning as she did so.

“This is very impressive, Vera,” I groaned, “most girls your age need weeks of training to take a cock this size so deep.”

“Most girls haven’t been practicing with an 8-inch dildo,” she laughed.

“Well then, you’d better suck that fucking cock like you mean it, bitch,” I growled, grabbing a handful of her hair.

Vera moaned in response, redoubling her efforts.

“Good fucking slut. What would your boyfriend say if he saw my big prick in your mouth?”

“Mmmm.”

“Fucking look at me, slut.”

Vera looked up at me with her big brown eyes that were slightly watering now from the force of the deep-throating she was performing.

“Tell me that my cock is bigger than his.”

She immediately complied.

“Your cock is bigger than my boyfriend’s. A lot bigger. So this doesn’t count as cheating.”

She smiled and began to lick my balls.

“You love sucking cock don't you?”

“Mm hm.”

“Tell me you’re a size queen slut.”

“I’m a size queen slut.”

“Tell me that your boyfriend can never please you.”

“He can’t please me,” she panted.

“Play with your pussy,” I ordered, “get yourself ready to get fucked by the biggest cock you’ve ever had in your life.”

She reached between her legs with her free hand and began to pleasure herself, moaning on my cock and sending amazing vibrations along its length.

I groaned in pleasure, looking in a mirror above a dresser at the beautiful young woman on her knees servicing me. I could see her naked ass as well, still quite red from the spanking I’d given her.

“Get up,” I commanded, “I’m going fuck you.”

“Do you have a condom?”

“No. Do you?”

“No,” she said, a look of concern crossing her face for a moment, “but my roommate does.”

She went to the other side of the room and opened her roommate's dresser. She handed me the condom and then began to lick my balls as I fiddled with the wrapper. It was a regular-sized condom, not the magnums that I was used to, but it would do in a pinch. There was no way I was going to let choice coed pussy like this get away. I rolled the condom down over my oversize prick, fitting it as best I could.

I grabbed Vera and pushed her back onto the bed, spreading her legs and positioning my cock at the entrance to her pussy. She reached down to help me get the angle right, and smiled sweetly as I began to enter her.

“You’re so fucking cute,” I panted, pushing her legs back further, “I can’t wait to see your face when you come for me again.”

She blushed.

“You’re cute too. Please fuck me?”

I reached down and placed her arms up over her head and held them there with one hand while supporting myself with the other. She responded to this dominant gesture by pulling me in even closer with her legs.

Even through the condom, her pussy felt amazing. There is absolutely nothing in this world comparable to the pussy of a 19-year-old girl.

It took a few strokes for her to get used to my size, but finally I was sliding smoothly in and out of her, her lips gripping my member tightly on each out-stroke.

I took the same strategy I had during the spanking: a slow, rhythmic build followed by periods of more rapid fucking to keep her guessing.

“Fuck me Jake,” Vera moaned, using my name for the first time, “I need your cock.”

“Tell me you love it.”

“I love getting fucked by your big cock, Jake. Fuck, I’ve always dreamed of finding a guy your size.”

I started to slam her as hard as I could, and an obscene slapping sound filled the room as I drove my prick into her dripping pussy again and and again. Her flimsy wooden dorm bed was crashing into the wall now with each thrust, and Vera was moaning and urging me on with a lack of inhibition that only pure lust can provide.

"Yes, Jake," she yelled, "oh fuck yes!"

Neither of us thought about the noise we were making, of course, until suddenly someone from the hallway yelled, “SHUT THE FUCK UP!”

I stopped immediately, mid-stroke, looking into Vera’s terror-stricken eyes.

“I can’t get written up,” she whispered, “we have to keep it down. God it's so hard when you're fucking me like this."

I had an idea. I slowly pulled out of her and adjusted the condom.

"Give me the pillow," I said.

I positioned her crosswise on the bed, face down with a pillow under her hips. Now I wouldn’t be slamming the bed into the wall each time I entered her.

Then I untangled her panties from the legs of her pants and held them up.

"This is how we'll keep you quiet."

She smiled at me, then opened her mouth. I pushed the small piece of fabric into her mouth and then got onto the bed behind her.

She lifted her ass to help me get inside her pussy once again. It took a few moments for us to adjust to this new position, but soon I was gliding smoothly into her from behind, and we were making much less noise.

And, because I could once again see into the mirror above the dresser, I had an incredible view of the whole scene.

From this vantage point, I noticed what could only have been a prom picture of Vera and her boyfriend in a frame displayed on the dresser.

This made the whole scene even dirtier for some reason, and even hotter.

“You fucking slut,” I growled, slamming into her, “cheating with an older man. You’re a fucking cheating whore and you love it.”

“Mmmmm!” she groaned, clearly aroused by my dirty talk.

“I’m fucking you better than he ever has or could,” I groaned, “just fucking admit it, whore.”

Of course, with the panties in her mouth, there was no way for her to actually admit it, but I took her whimpers of delight for the confirmation I was looking for.

I reached down and started to slap her ass, hard, as I fucked her. I’d forgotten about the noise, and only wanted to give this hot little slut the punishment she was craving.

“God this pussy is good. You’re so fucking tight. I want you to come on this fucking cock, whore. Come for me, slut. Fucking come!” I ordered, slapping her ass as I drove my prick into her harder and harder.

I felt her tense up again, and she shrieked into her panty gag.

“Come for me. Come like the fucking slut you are.”

I slapped her ass again and again with my right hand, and then, as I felt her reach what I took to be the point of no return, I pressed my thumb to her puckered asshole. I didn’t push it inside her, just put pressure on it while she orgasmed.

She screamed into her panties, her cunt clamping down on my cock and forcing me to stay inside her until her orgasm subsided.

“Good girl,” I said, “come on that fucking cock.”

She pressed her ass back against my thumb, clearly enjoying the way I was probing her hole.

Finally, her orgasm faded and her pussy relaxed enough that I could start fucking her again.

Now it was my turn to get off. I stopped caring about her pleasure, and started using her hot teenage body like a fuck doll.

I grabbed her hair and pulled up her head so that she was looking into my eyes in the reflection of the mirror. Her face was flushed from the exertion of orgasm and the heat of the poorly-air conditioned dorm room.

“Look at yourself, getting fucked like this right in front of a picture of your boyfriend. Does he know what a fucking whore you

are?”

Vera only moaned in response. I grabbed her hips and slammed into her as hard as I could, feeling my own long-delayed orgasm approaching rapidly.

“I’m going to come,” I announced, pulling out and pushing her onto her back. Vera knew exactly what I wanted. She lay back, took the panties out of her mouth, closed her eyes and stuck out her tongue.

“Give me your cum, please, Jake.”

I stripped off the condom and aimed for Vera’s face, stroking my cock only a few times before I exploded all over her, sending spurts of semen onto her tongue, lips, neck and tits.

“Jesus,” I panted, lying next to her, “that was intense.”

“Mmm,” she said, “you taste so good.”

I looked over to see her licking my cum off her fingers.

“That’s so hot,” I gasped, still catching my breath, “god damn it.”

“Mmm... I love being a slut,” she said.

“I told you I know how to deal with girls like you.”

She slid down towards my cock and smiled up at me, taking my tender member into her mouth and gently licking up the last of my cum.

We cuddled for a few minutes, then fell asleep with the sounds of a country western band filling our ears.

When I woke up a few hours later, it was dark, and I could hear Vera in an intense whispered discussion with someone on the other side of the dorm room door.

I propped myself up and asked her what was going on.

“It’s my roommate,” she said, “you’ve gotta go.”

“No problem,” I said, trying to get my bearings in the dark room.

“I’m coming with you,” said Vera, pulling on a new pair of shorts.

A few minutes later, we were standing in the hallway.

“Where should we go?”

“Back to your hotel or whatever. It’s only 9:00. Ashley is probably still partying.”

Luckily, Vera’s roommate had disappeared into the lounge for the moment, so we were both spared the embarrassment of

introductions. Soon, we were back on the street outside the dorm, where the party was still in full swing.

I pulled out my phone and tried to find a Lyft.

“It’s going to be like 45 minutes before we can get a ride,” I said, frustrated.

“Damn it,” she said, looking at my phone, “the buses are totally backed up too. Let’s find somewhere else where we can be alone for a while until we get a ride.”

“Sounds great,” I said.

She took my hand once again, leading me down the block away from the crowds.

As we walked, Vera kept telling me how hot it had been to be spanked. She’d been trying to get her boyfriend to do it for years, but he’d never gone beyond a couple of weak taps. She started asking me more questions about things I liked to do in bed, and I told her about some of the things I enjoyed introducing women to: rough sex, restraints, dirty talk, and of course, spanking.

“I want to do all of those things,” she said, smiling up at me as we walked through the dark.

I started getting hard again at the prospect of teaching her about rough sex, but I also knew how careful I would have to be.

Finally, we made it to our destination: a small park next to the lake.

It was completely dark now, and we sat on a bench side by side. I put my arm around Vera.

“Is that one of your seduction techniques?” she teased.

“I don’t think you need to be seduced anymore,” I said, running my hand through her thick hair.

She put her hand on my leg and slowly moved it up to my inner thigh until she found my rock-hard cock.

“I hope we’re not done for the night. I really need to see what else this monster is capable of.”

“I hope not too.”

I leaned in to kiss her, and we made out furiously for a few minutes on the park bench in the dark, until a woman walking her dog came by and interrupted us.

When she had passed, Vera whispered: “I really need to get fucked again.”

“Maybe we can get a Lyft now,” I said, “I’ll check.”

I fired up the app and was surprised to see that a car would be available in just under five minutes. We just had to get to a street corner a few blocks away.

I stood, taking Vera by the hand and racing with her to the corner, where we waited for the ride.

“God,” she said, “this is going to look just as sketchy as you going to the dorm. The people at the front desk will think I’m some kind of whore.”

“They won’t be wrong about that,” I grinned, sighting our Lyft in the distance, “come on – let’s get in!”

***

When we got into my room we were all over each other.

“God Jake,” she moaned, “I want you to punish me again. Show me how you treat girls like me.”

I slapped her ass playfully while I kissed her.

“Do you think you can handle my belt?” I asked.

Her eyes widened as she grasped my meaning.

“Are you going to spank me with your belt? God, that’s so hot.”

I unbuttoned her shorts and pushed a finger into her cunt. She was sopping wet.

“Fuck,” she groaned, “God, I just want to get fucked again now.”

“Not yet,” I said pushing her back onto the bed and then pulling her shorts off over her sandals, then removing those as well.

“Bend over.”

“Oh my God this is so hot.”

She bent over the bed as I coiled the leather belt in my hands.

“You remember my safe words, right?”

“Clover and stegosaurus?”

“Half right,” she said, “clover to slow down, and dragon to stop.”

“Ok,” I said, “I think I’ve got it straight now.”

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

“Oh fuck!” she yelled, “God that stings so good.”

She was holding back tears, but still wiggling her ass at me.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

I gave her three more hard strokes with the belt.

“Fuck,” she moaned, choking back tears, “damn that hurts.”

“Just say the word and I’ll stop, remember.”

“I know,” she said, “but I don’t want you to. I need you to show me my place, remember?”

“I do.”

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

After three more good strokes with the leather, she collapsed into a quivering mess on the bed, her hand shooting between her legs to play with her clit.

I took off my clothes quickly and spooned her, holding her as she played with herself.

“Fuck,” she moaned, “I’m going to come. May I please come?”

“I think you deserve it,” I whispered into her ear as my cock pressed against her asscheeks, “you took that spanking like a very good girl.”

“Mmm,” she moaned, “I love hearing you say that. I love being a good girl for you.”

I held her against me as she climaxed, letting out an adorably feminine yelp.

“Well, well, well,” I said, after cuddling her for several minutes, “we’ve taken care of you, but what are we going to do about this?”

I slapped my erection playfully against her ass.

“I think you should slip that monster into me and fuck me just like this,” she said, “whisper some filthy things into my ear and tell me what a good girl I am.”

She lifted her leg slightly and I slowly worked my cockhead into her tight pussy. Both of us forgot about the condom this time, which wasn’t like me. Of course, this whole trip had been completely crazy as well.

Her high-pitched whimpers as I stroked my cock in and out of her started to drive me absolutely crazy.

“I love how big you are,” she moaned, “you fill me even better than my dildo.”

“Even better than your boyfriend?”

“Oh God, yes.”

“I’ve got an idea,” I said, “why don’t you call him now, and talk to him while I fuck you?”

“What?”

“You heard me.”

“Oh God,” she groaned, “that’s so fucking wrong...but so fucking hot. He’s so naive...it just might work.”

She stretched her hand out towards the small purse that she’d brought with her and discarded on the bed, right next to where we were laying.

“I bet you don’t think I’m really going to do it,” she said, “but I’m totally calling your bluff.”

“Go ahead,” I said, “surprise me.”

She flipped through her contacts as I stroked slowly in and out. I had come so many times in the last few days that there was no sense of urgency at all to this fuck. I could rail her for hours if I had to.

I watched her flip through the contacts until she stopped on the name “Brian.”

So that was his name. I resolved to make good use of it.

“Hey honey,” she said, a bit breathlessly, “what are you up to?”

I grabbed her hip with one hand and interlaced the fingers of my other hand with several chunks of her thick hair, then looked down at the wonderful sight of my long, thick shaft stretching her tight teenage cunt.

I kept the pace steady as she exchanged pleasantries with her boyfriend.

“Yeah,” she said, “just hanging out with Ashley. She drank too much again. Yeah...”

I reached up and put my hand over her mouth as I began to pound her harder. Her yelps and whimpers were caught by my hand, and she moved the mouthpiece of the phone away from her mouth.

“Mmmfpf, mpf. Mpff,” she moaned as I fucked her.

I pulled my hand off her mouth and she panted into the phone.

“Yes, Brian!” she yelped, almost losing control for a moment, “no sorry…,” she panted, “I’m at a party… I’ve gotta….I’ve gotta go!!”

She managed to end the call, then she flung the phone onto the bed. It bounced once then fell on the floor. She was too intent on getting fucked with my big dick to care.

“Oh God, Jake,” she moaned, “that was so fucking wrong. But it turned me on so much.”

“Good little slut,” I growled, slamming her harder, “you know what? I think you should tell him about us. Tell him that his cock isn’t good enough for you.”

“Oh fuck,” she groaned, “I want to do that so bad. I want to tell him exactly what I think about his tiny little noodle.”

“You’re a fucking size queen slut now, aren’t you?”

“How could I not be,” she groaned, “it’s so fucking good to get fucked by a real man with a real cock like this.”

“You met the right guy,” I groaned, going harder and harder, loving every moment of being balls-deep in tight teenage pussy.

A few minutes later, we were in the same position we’d fucked in her dorm bed: me on top, giving her the dick hard in the prone-bone position.

“Fuck, Jake, I think I love your dick,” she groaned, “it’s so much better than Brian’s.”

“Say it again,” I growled, pulling her hair, “tell me it’s bigger than Brian’s.”

“It’s so much fucking bigger than Brian’s,” she yelped, “I’m not going to be able to feel his the next time we fuck. I swear I won’t.”

“Are you on birth control, slut?”

I was getting close to coming, and had no intention of pulling out, but I still wanted all the information available to me.

“Yes,” she moaned, “but no one’s ever come inside me before.”

“Sounds like it’s time for your very first cream pie,” I said, fucking her as hard as I could.

“Oh yes,” she groaned, “shoot a huge load inside me. I want it so fucking bad...”

The next thing I knew, I was overcome with pleasure as I held down the cute 19-year-old and filled her with my cum. It felt so primal, so perfect, claiming her like that. Part of me – at least in the heat of the moment – wished that she hadn’t been on birth control,

and that I would have had a shot at the ultimate act of claiming a woman: knocking her up.

I slowly pulled my cock out of her, smiling at the sheet amount of cum that I'd pumped into her young pussy.

"Your boyfriend would definitely know something was going on if you went to meet him now," I laughed, "between the marks on your ass and all the cum in your pussy."

"Mmm," she said, her face flushed and her eyes red from our fucking, "I want to tell him so bad. I think it would be so hot. Because it's so fucking wrong."

"I know what you mean," I said, "I wish I didn't, but I do."

PArt 3: Monica the MILF

That morning, after giving Vera a kiss and a slap on the ass and kicking her out the door, I lay back on my bed and decided to check my messages. There was one from Monica, the MILF I'd met the same night I went home with Molly.

"Sorry it didn't work out," she wrote, "my flight is at one this afternoon."

I opened my e-mail to check something.

"My flight is at 1:30," I wrote back, "blowjob in the security line?"

"Haha," she responded, "but I am sorry I won't be able to put that huge fucking cock to good use."

"Well," I said, "let's stay in touch."

"K," she responded.

And that was that, I thought. Even if I didn't get to help Monica cheat on her husband, it had still been an absolutely incredible weekend of turning two incredibly slutty college women into size queens for life. I had already been exchanging dirty messages with both of them, wondering what kind of cock-magic I would have to perform in order to get the both of them into a threesome. It probably would have been easier than I thought. Girls like that are up for pretty much anything – especially while they're in college. It would probably have been a question of simply asking. Most men didn't realize how slutty women could really be if you just approached the question simply and frankly.

After a long shower, I packed up my things and got ready to go to the airport. I had enough time before my flight that I could have probably fucked either Vera or Molly again, but I'd busted so many nuts in past few days that my balls still ached. Not that I couldn't coax a load or two out of them with the help of a woman who was

committed to the project, but I wasn't exactly looking to go out of my way to get laid.

I checked out of the hotel and got in the back of a cab to the airport. I opened up my messages, and there was a shot of Monica, taken in a bathroom.

"Just thought you might like to see what kind of panties I'm wearing," she wrote.

"Why don't you take those off for me," I wrote, "and stuff them in your mouth while you lean over that counter and finger-fuck yourself."

I was having fun flirting with her. At this point, there was no chance of anything actually happening between us.

Or so I thought.

I had forgotten all about my half-serious order, until my phone buzzed as I was getting out of the cab. It was a file attachment: an audio file.

I tipped the driver, then dug through my bag to find my headphones. I plugged them in and heard the sounds of a woman moaning.

"Fuck yes," she panted, "give me that huge fucking dick. It's so much fucking better than my husband's."

It was Monica. But her panties definitely weren't in her mouth.

"Bad girl," I wrote, "how can you be saying those dirty things with panties in your mouth?"

"You caught me," she said, "I guess I deserve a punishment. That is, if you're man enough to enforce the rules."

I love it when sluts challenge me like that. I'm always game for putting a girl in her place.

"Ok, you little whore," I wrote back, "I don't know if you understand who you're dealing with. Meet me in the Delta Sky Lounge in 25 minutes."

"Yes, Sir," she wrote immediately.

Women like her loved being dommed. Just start telling them what to do and they immediately become submissive. It's a beautiful thing to behold. If only more boyfriends and husbands knew about it. But of course, there's no reason to believe that a woman like Monica

would be so eager to please her husband. Especially if his dick was as small as she said.

The security line seemed to take forever, but after a few minutes of inconvenience, I found myself on the other side, holding my belt in my hand and wondering if I should even bother to put it on again. After all, if I really did succeed in hooking up with Monica, it might come in handy.

I bunched up the belt and pushed it into a pocket on my bag, then headed off towards the Sky Lounge as quickly as possible.

I handed over my membership card, then quickly found the table where Monica was sitting.

“Hi,” she said, beaming at me, “I have something for you.”

I extended my hand. She pressed her panties into my palm.

“Very good,” I said, pocketing them, “I think you might be ready for training after all!”

“I hope fucking so,” she whispered, “I’m so fucking horny. I came on this trip to get fucking laid, but my friends and I ended up drinking so much that it never happened.”

“Poor you.”

“I know,” she said, “and now I’ve only got twenty minutes until boarding. It looks like I’m going to go back to my husband as sexually frustrated as I was when I left.”

“I’ve got an idea,” I said, looking over at a part of the club that led to an area which was cordoned off for remodeling.

“You’ve gotta be kidding,” she said, following my gaze, “we can’t cross into a forbidden area in an airport. We’ll get arrested.”

“It’s not a security-restricted area,” I said, “it’s just got some tape up around it. Where’s your sense of adventure? I thought you wanted to get laid.”

“I do,” she said, “I guess I’m up for it if you are!”

“We have to be fast,” I said, “just do what I tell you to do.”

“Mmm,” she said, giving me a smoldering glance, “I love taking orders.”

“Good,” I said, “now stand up and go to the bathroom. When you come back, don’t come back to the table. Duck under that tape instead and meet me in the bar area. Can you see it?”

She nodded.

“Ok,” she whispered, “see you in a few minutes.”

As soon as Monica disappeared, I stood and walked purposefully in the direction of the construction area. Without so much as glancing over my shoulder, I ducked under the cordon and went around the corner to a dark, secluded area. A few minutes later, Monica joined me.

“On your knees,” I commanded without any kind of foreplay.

She obeyed me immediately.

“Good girl,” I said, grabbing my belt from my bag, “take out my dick.”

She didn’t have to be asked twice. Before I knew it, my pants were around my ankles and Monica had my dick in her mouth.

“Let’s see how well you deepthroat,” I said, “tap three times if you need me to stop.”

“Ok,” she said, “but I don’t think I’ll need to tap. I love it rough, and I really need to be manhandled now. I appreciate that you want to play safe, however. Choke me, slap me, use me however you want, just make it fast so I don’t miss my flight!”

“You asked for it,” I grinned, pushing my cock into her throat and then throwing the belt around her head so that I could control her with it.

I used the belt like a strap, fucking her throat with my huge cock.

“You look absolutely wonderful choking on my cock,” I said.

I dropped one end of the belt, then pulled out my cock and slapped her face with it.

“You’ve had a lot of practice to be able to take a cock this big for that long,” I said.

“Yes, Sir, I admit it, Sir,” she panted.

I slapped her in the face with my open palm, then shoved my cock back into her mouth and used it like a pussy.

“Get that cunt wet for me, slut. Play with your pussy while I fuck your face.”

She did exactly as she was told.

“We don’t have much time,” I said, “so when I saw go, I want you to turn around and get on your hands and knees. I’m going to

use your cunt and come inside you as fast as I can. I have no intention of ensuring that you have an orgasm. The only thing I care about is using your body for my pleasure and depositing a load of cum inside you. Do you understand?"

I pulled my cock out of her mouth.

"Yes, Sir," she gasped.

I knew exactly what I was doing. I knew that women like this absolutely loved being used for a man's pleasure. Paradoxically, that was the way to make them come even faster: to tell them that you didn't care if they came or not, then fuck them like that.

It works almost every time.

"Ok," I said, "now!"

She spun around, flipping her skirt onto her back and wiggling her ass at me.

I coiled my belt in one hand and gave her a sharp whack with it. She cried out, but I put a hand over her mouth as I sank inside her sopping cunt and began to pummel her from behind.

"You fucking whore," I growled into her ear, "on your knees at an airport, getting fucked by a stranger, simply because your husband can't fill your cunt the way you need it."

"Mm!" she was super excited, already on the edge of coming.

I slammed into her hard, grabbing her hips in both hands, but still holding onto the belt with a few fingers so that I could crack it down across her ass every few strokes. I was hard, I was merciless: I was giving her exactly what she wanted.

"Oh please fill me up," she moaned, "please come inside me."

"I'm going to give you such a big load, you little whore," I growled, "out cheating on your husband with a man ten years younger than you. You fucking size queen slut."

"Fuck yes I'm a size queen slut," Monica moaned, "I admit it. I can't come unless the guy is at least seven inches. My husband's dick is tiny. I hate it."

"I'm close," I groaned, "I'm going to...here...it COMES!"

She shrieked. As predicted, I felt her pussy tensing around my cock, just as I unleashed a huge burst of cum directly onto her cervix. She may not have been as tight as the two college girls I'd

fucked this trip, but Monica was still an incredible lay. The fact that she was completely submissive was a nice bonus.

“Now turn around and lick my cock clean, whore,” I ordered.

Monica was all-too-eager to comply. I gave her a goodbye spank on the ass, then kissed her on the cheek.

“It was fun,” I said, “next time I’m in Chicago, I’m texting you.”

“You don’t have to wait until then,” she said, “that was fucking amazing. I’m going to have a souvenir of you on my ass for a week.”

She reached back and rubbed one of the spots where my belt had left its mark.

“Good,” I said, “I’m happy you’ll have something to remember me by.”

“Me too.”

A few minutes later, I was in the bathroom, looking over my outfit to make sure there were no telltale signs of our encounter: sperm, hair, lipstick, etc. Despite how rough and uninhibited our encounter had been, I could find no obvious evidence of it on my clothing, so I decided it would be safe to board the plane.

It was only then that I remembered Molly’s kinky request: to send pictures if I fucked Monica the MILF. Damn. I guess there’s always next time.

I reached the gate just as they were calling my row. Perfect timing.

The plane was crowded, but I found my seat easily, sliding in next to an attractive woman in her mid-twenties, who removed her earbuds and smiled at me when I sat down.

“Hey,” she said, “I’ve got a really dumb question.”

“Ok,” I said, “go ahead and ask it.”

“Are drinks always free on this flight?”

“Ha. As if. Back in the old days, maybe. But every single domestic airline that I know charges. At least in couch.”

“That’s what I thought,” she said, “I guess the guy on the last flight was hitting on me after all. It can be so hard to tell sometimes.”

“Was he buying drinks for you?”

“I think he must have been.”

“Sounds like you’ve had enough then,” I said, looking her up and down in a way that conveyed interest without being too forward.

“Oh no,” she said, “when I said last flight, I meant a week ago when I came out. You can buy me a drink if you want.”

“Only if you promise not to think that I’m flirting with you.”

“I promise,” she smiled, buckling her seat belt.

It was starting again. I only hoped that I could get a chance to wash the smell of Monica’s pussy from my cock before I ended up balls deep in this girl. But such are the hazards of my life!

THE END

Size-curious Cheating Wife

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

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Cynthia