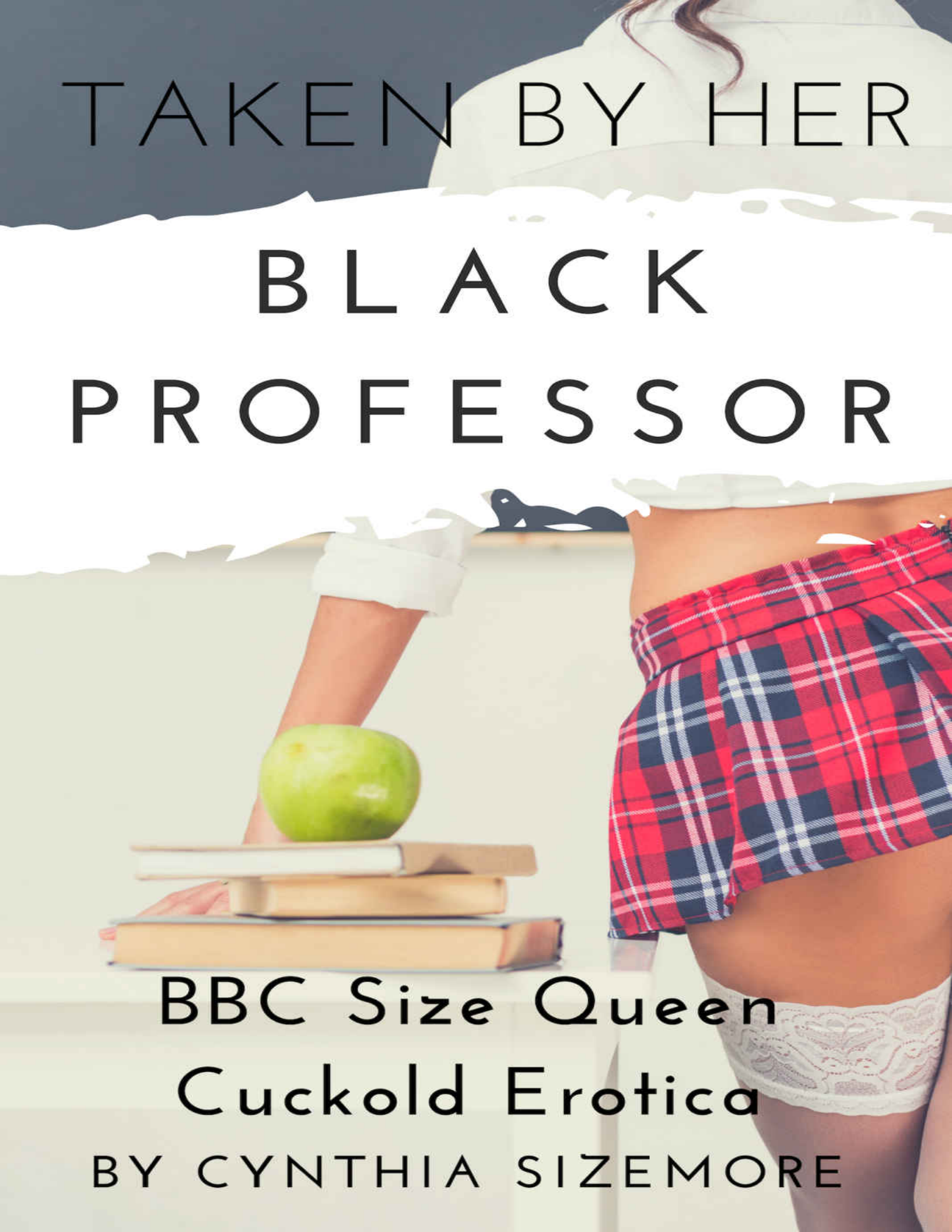
TAKEN BY HER BLACK PROFESSOR



BBC Size Queen Cuckold Erotica

BY CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

Taken by her Black Professor:

BBC Size Queen Cuckold Erotica

by

Cynthia Sizemore

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cynthiasizematters@gmail.com

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A WELL-ENDOWED SCHOLAR

There are a lot of larger-than-life rumors circulating about Prof. Lorrain. Not only is he a beloved instructor, he's also purported to have a physical endowment as outsized as his intellectual one.

Now that Jessica Price is no longer his student, she gives herself permission to investigate the rumors – behind her smaller boyfriend's back. What he doesn't know can't hurt him, right? And size doesn't really matter. It's how you use it, right?

Right?

If she's so sure about that, why does Jessica keep trying to get a glimpse of Prof. Lorrain's bulge? None of this matters anyway. Professor Lorrain is simply too professional. Until the day of her graduation, when Jessica finally gets him alone...

Taken by her Black Professor

Chapter 1

Jessica Price was everything a man could want. Not only was she stunningly sexy, with flowing red hair, voluptuous curves and a full bust, she was also intelligent, vivacious and creative. She was the kind of girl that turned heads wherever she went. All of that male attention was fun *sometimes*, but it got to be a lot of pressure being the center of attention whenever there were men in the room. The other problem was, no matter how much men *admired* her, there were very few of them out there who could *handle* her, intellectually or otherwise.

That's why she was so glad to have found Christopher, her boyfriend of the last nine months. Being out with him didn't prevent men from ogling her, but at least they didn't approach her *quite* as often.

Christopher was her age (22), very cute, and smart enough to keep up – most of the time. And he was great to hang out with. They both loved French new-wave films, cooking Thai food, and distance running. They even did yoga together.

They were practically best friends! That's what love meant, right? Jessica was sure that Christopher was her soulmate. He satisfied her in every way.

Except for **one**.

Yes, there was one place that he just couldn't please her, no matter how she coached him: in bed. And Jessica knew why, even if she couldn't admit it to him.

His cock was too small.

It was as simple as that. Jessica kept telling herself that it didn't matter. That she was satisfied with his fingers or mouth, or with using her vibrator on herself after he'd fallen asleep beside her. The stories about big cocks being better were just that – stories. Guys cared about size more than girls, anyway. Right? Jessica had never been with a well-hung guy, but she would never cheat on Christopher just to experience it.

Would she?

Besides her beauty and infectious, outgoing nature, Jessica had at least one other positive quality: extreme diligence in her studies. And so it was only logical that she had developed a little crush on her college English professor.

Soon-to-be-*former* English professor, that is. Jessica was scheduled to graduate in just a few days.

Dr. Lorrain, an immigrant from France with African heritage, was special for a lot of reasons. His scholarship was incisive, his lectures were engaging, and he always went out of his way to help his students, not only in their academic and professional lives, but also personally as well. In short, he was the perfect professor. The fact that he was tall, incredible shape and a great dresser was just an added bonus.

There was also a rumor concerning Dr. Lorrain that greatly interested Jessica. One that had *nothing* to do with his intellectual prowess. It went like this: despite his kind, mild-mannered exterior, Dr. Lorrain was very kinky. He loved dominating former students. And – so the rumor went – not only was he incredible in bed, he also had a huge cock. At least that's what an alumna had told her during homecoming. It was hard for her to imagine this soft-spoken man, the paragon of professionalism, actually crossing that line with a student. But the more she thought about it, the more she wanted it to be true.

Needed it to be true.

She started daydreaming more and more often about seducing Dr. Lorrain, about finally figuring out if the rumors were true. It could just be a fun fling – nothing more. A way to thank a man who had been incredibly formative in her intellectual development. A harmless little affair. What Christopher didn't know wouldn't hurt him, right? It could be her little secret. Something to fantasize about for years: the time she fucked her hot college professor.

All of these thoughts and more were running through Jessica's head that day, as she sat next to Dr. Lorrain at his desk putting the finishing touches on her final summer internship application.

That meeting was also when things between them started to change. A certain tension began to develop that had never been there before.

"You're so nice to help me with this. It's really not your job, and I wish there was some way that I could show you how…," Jessica looked Dr. Lorrain in the eye and smiled, touching his shoulder gently, "...profoundly *grateful* I am," she finished, giving him the most suggestive look she could muster.

"Oh please," said Professor Lorrain, in his deep gravelly voice, "it's nothing I wouldn't do for any student."

"I know," she said, "and that's what makes you such a great professor."

That and your killer eyes, your trained body and huge cock, she thought.

"Thanks."

Her hand moved now from his shoulder to his arm. Would he get the message? Or was she taking things too far?

What if he had a girlfriend...or a wife?

Jessica had never seen him wear a wedding band. He never mentioned any romantic interests. All she had to go on were the rumors about him dominating his former students. She knew she would have to work to crack his armor, to get past his professionalism, but she was determined to do it.

"I guess I just want to repay you for everything you've done for me," she said, letting her hand linger, "but I suppose there are rules about professors getting gifts from students."

"Yes," he said, "we're not allowed to accept gifts worth more than $10, for ethical reasons."

"I can understand that," Jessica replied, finally removing her hand, "but aren't there things that professors like that money *can't* buy?"

"Like students paying attention in class?"

She smiled. He always had a quick wit.

"I can't give you that! At least not anymore."

"You don't need to give me anything. Your professional success is all I ask for. And maybe an e-mail once in a while."

Prof. Lorrain gave her a look that made her melt inside. He wasn't just tall, black and handsome. He really cared about his students!

Jessica blushed.

"Thanks. I know I could never repay you anyway!"

"There's one thing that I would like," said Prof. Lorrain, suddenly.

"Oh?" Jessica's heart leaped.

"To accompany you at commencement."

"Of course! My parents and boyfriend will be so happy to meet you."

"Oh," said Prof. Lorrain, "I'd be happy to meet them as well!"

Accompany her at commencement? Was this how he made his move? Had he started things with other girls in the same way? All she had to go on was the fact that he only fucked former students. And as soon as she walked across that stage she would be his former student. Ethical and professional considerations would no longer apply. At least not for him. For her, there was the matter of Christopher of course, but she quickly dismissed that concern. Christopher wanted her to be happy, right? She was sure that seducing Dr. Lorrain – or being seduced by him – would not only satisfy her in the moment, but

give her memories to treasure for years to come. She told herself again: what Christopher didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

And that was how she began to form her plan.

Chapter 2

The last week of classes passed quickly. Soon, it was Saturday morning. Time for graduation. The weather was beautiful, so the festivities would be held outdoors, just as planned. Jessica met Christopher at his dorm, then walked with him to the quad, where they met her parents and walked together to Dr. Lorrain's office. They got there a few minutes early, but waited for him in awkward silence. Her parents had only met Christopher a few times before, and she could tell that her Dad was a little uncomfortable being around the guy that was fucking his daughter, even if she was a grown woman. If only he knew how she felt about Professor Lorrain.

Jessica knew that the graduation gown she was wearing concealed her figure, but she'd done a lot of work styling her hair to ensure that it looked soft and alluring. You never knew what might appeal to Dr. Lorrain. If only he would come...

Then, suddenly, he was there, as handsome as ever, even in his gigantic academic robe. It made him look even more professorial, actually. And hence even more attractive. The only drawback was that his garb offered absolutely no hint as to the veracity of the rumors surrounding his endowment.

Jessica introduced her parents, who shook hands with Dr. Lorrain. Christopher shook hands with him as well, but Jessica could tell that he was wary. He could probably sense her attraction to the older man. She would have to be discreet. But not so discreet that Dr. Lorrain didn't get the message.

Jessica sat between Dr. Lorrain and Christopher during the ceremony. It was hard not to look at her professor. When it came time to cross the stage with him to get her degree, her heart pounded. But when she went for a congratulatory hug, he went for the handshake.

Fuck, thought Jessica, *maybe he doesn't really want to fuck me as bad as I want to fuck him. This could be much harder*

than I thought.

After the ceremony, Jessica profusely thanked Prof. Lorrain for attending. Then, looking over her shoulder and noticing that her parents and Christopher were talking, so she decided to venture a more intimate comment.

"I'm officially not a student anymore," she laughed, hesitating, "it's ok to hug me you know."

"I know," said Prof. Lorrain, a bit sheepishly, "it's just that in this age of #metoo, I'm just a little careful."

"Well you don't need to be careful around me," said Jessica.

She wanted to add "you can sexually harass me anytime you want. I'd beg for it!"

But she thought better of it. After all, her parents and boyfriend were still close by.

And anyway, she had already decided to take matters into her own hands.

"We're going to eat now," she said, "and my parents and Christopher would be so honored if you'd join us!"

"I really would like to eat with your family," said Prof. Lorrain, "but unfortunately, I've already scheduled a meeting for the afternoon. It's a skype call from France, and I've already postponed it twice. I really can't cancel. I'm sorry."

"Well, maybe I could come by and say goodbye again after we eat? When is your meeting over? I have a small token of my appreciation I'd like to give you."

"Oh Jessica," he said, "that's very nice of you, but like I said, the chance to accompany you was more than enough for me. But if you must come by, I'll be finished around 3:30."

"Great! See you then."

Jessica's heart pounded all through lunch. She had a secret under her robe. A secret just for Prof. Lorrain. A token of her gratitude.

"So that was Dr. Lorrain, the English professor you're always talking about?" asked her Mom, giving her a sly smile, "I wish *my* professors had been as handsome as him."

She giggled and nudged her daughter, who turned beet red.

Christopher didn't look at all pleased with the banter.

"He seemed nice," he said glumly.

"He is nice, and that's all, mom," said Jessica in exasperation.

"How about that speech today?" said her Dad, trying to change the subject, "I didn't know that your school had so many famous alumni. It looks like the two of you will have a lot to live up to!"

"I have to finish my degree first," said Christopher, "because I changed majors, I still need 30 more credits."

"Your being here will give Jessica a perfect excuse to stay in touch with her professors...and the rest of the campus community," said her Mom.

"We get it, Linda. You think Jessica's professor is hot," said her Dad, "maybe you can go on a date with him while I watch the game back at the hotel."

Jessica blushed.

"Not to change the subject, but is it ok if you drop me off on campus before we go start to move out? I need to say goodbye to a few people. Besides, Christopher can't help us until around 4:30 anyway, because he's going to play soccer."

"That sounds fine, honey," said her Mom, "we can go back to the hotel and rest in the meantime."

"Great!" she said.

The truth was, there was only **one** person that she needed to say goodbye to: Dr. Lorrain.

"Hey," said Christopher, when her parents had left, "I don't really need to play soccer today. I could come along with you to say goodbye to people. Who are you talking about, anyway? Your roommates already moved out, and Emily and Sarah left for the summer..."

"Um, other people. Some professors," she said awkwardly.

"Professor Lorrain?" he asked, a note of suspicion entering his voice.

"Yeah...him too. Why do you ask?"

"No reason. It just seems like you really like him."

"Of course I do," she said defensively, "he was my most important mentor."

"So it has absolutely *nothing* to do with what your Mom said? She certainly seems to have the hots for him. And I've heard those rumors..."

Jessica did her best to look completely innocent.

"What? I have no idea what you're talking about. There are all kinds of weird rumors about lots of people. Why don't you just go play soccer. You have nothing to worry about, from Professor Lorrain or anyone else. I promise."

She batted her eyelashes at him playfully and then gave him a kiss. She hoped that she was convincing.

"Ok," he said, a slight tone of mistrust still in his voice, "I trust you. Just make sure you're there at 4:30 to start moving out. I don't know if I can be around your parents alone. Your Dad is so awkward around me."

"I know," she said, "and I promise to be there. Just let me go say goodbye to Dr. Lorrain."

"Alright," he said, giving her hand a squeeze, "go and have fun saying goodbye."

Have fun. That was *exactly* what she planned on doing...

Chapter 3

Finally, it was time. Still in her graduation gown, Jessica knocked on Prof. Lorrain's door. Her parents had arranged to pick her up again in a couple of hours. Christopher had gone off to play soccer with his friends. What he didn't know wouldn't hurt him...

Now, here she was. About to go through with her plan.

Her plan to finally find out if the rumors were true. And if size *really* mattered.

"Hi, professor! I'm so happy you were able to met me," she said, smiling at him, "maybe I can get that hug now?"

"Yes," he beamed, "of course. Sorry if I was awkward before."

"No need to apologize," she said, leaning into his tall, strong body.

She felt as if she would melt as his arms closed around her. She held the hug just a little too long for it to be merely friendly. She hoped he would notice, and was sure that he did.

"Thanks again for being my faculty escort at commencement. Christopher and my parents really enjoyed finally meeting you. They hear me talk about your class all the time, and I think they were really eager to put a face with your name."

"Hopefully all good things."

"Yes, of course I say only good things! I wouldn't have taken your courses for all four years if I didn't enjoy your teaching."

She stepped completely into the room.

"And not only your teaching," she continued, giving him a knowing smile.

"You know what? Why don't I close this door. After all, I just graduated. I'm not a student anymore, and you're not my

professor. At least not officially. I hope that we can still continue to explore our...pedagogical dynamic."

"Certainly," he said, "I don't see anything wrong with that."

"Perfect. There we go. All alone now," said Jessica, turning to him.

Prof. Lorrain took a seat and gestured to a chair near where she was standing.

"No thanks, I don't mind standing, at least for now," said Jessica, taking off her graduation cap and shaking out her hair.

"I can't believe you're still wearing that," said Prof. Lorrain, "I took mine off the first chance I got. It's murderously hot out there."

Jessica smiled.

"You know you're right? It is pretty hot in here. It will probably feel great to get this off."

She reached back and unzipped her gown, letting it fall to the floor dramatically.

She was wearing a schoolgirl-style skirt and white button-down blouse that looked absolutely slutty combined with her high heels.

"What's the matter, professor? You're usually the last one to be at a loss for words!"

The older man grinned, shaking his head slowly.

"Jessica," he murmured, "I'm not sure what to say...I don't know if your boyfriend would..."

"I thought you'd like it," she said, cutting him off, "you see, I noticed how you couldn't take you eyes off of me the first time I wore a plaid skirt to your class," said Jessica, laughing and slowly walking towards him.

"Do you have a schoolgirl fetish, professor? It's ok if you do. I like dressing up like this for you because I know you appreciate it."

"Well…," he said, smirking, "I have to admit that I find it to be quite...enticing."

"Enticing? Well then," she said, slowly lowering herself onto his lap and draping her arms around his neck, "let's explore that

attraction. I'm not your student anymore, remember? We're just two people, having a conversation in an office on a nice summer day. We don't need to tell anyone about this. Not my parents. Not the dean or department chair. And *definitely* not my boyfriend."

His breath was hot on her ear. She could sense the arousal in his voice as a sizable bulge began to form in his pants.

Oh God. He really was ***huge****.*

"My, my, professor," she said, touching his bulge gently through his pants, "I'm beginning to think the rumors I've heard about you are true. They say that you've got a dick as long as your list of publications and as thick as your first monograph."

"Ha ha," said Dr. Lorrain, his facade cracking a bit, "is that right? Well, I'm sorry to say that, as a student, you won't have the opportunity to test the veracity of those rumors."\

He was teasing her now. Jessica knew how to play along.

"Please, can I? I just want to be a good girl for you. All I want is to show my appreciation for your years of mentoring. I know that it wasn't always easy for you," she whispered, "during office hours, I could tell sometimes that I made it quite *hard* – if you catch my drift. And from that, I already know it's impressive. I just need to know *exactly* how impressive. Please?"

A look of concern mixed with resolve crossed his face.

"Jessica. I don't know if we should be doing this. I mean, are you sure…"

Jessica laughed, grinding her cute uniformed butt onto his gigantic bulge.

"Of course I'm sure! You know, you made things quite difficult for me as well, professor. And not just academically. Did you know I had to change my panties after every discussion we had in your office? It's true. Every. Single. Time."

"Jessica…," he said, "there are rules about doing this with students."

He didn't sound very convinced that those rules were a good idea.

"It's ok, Prof. Lorrain. Let me remind you again that I'm not a student anymore. Besides, I know you could never make the first move. That's why I'm doing it now."

"Jessica," he laughed, "are you trying to tease me? Be careful – you might get more than you bargained for. Some women talk about how they want something bigger, but in the end, they can't take it."

"I'm counting on that, Prof," she said, grinning, "taking it in the end, I mean. I *am* trying to provoke you. I admit it. I want to see if you can handle me. My boyfriend sure can't. Now where were we? Oh yes. Panties."

She hopped off of his lap for a moment and twirled in front of him to give him a little show. Then she bent over the desk and lifted her skirt, peeking coyly back at him over her shoulder.

"Do you like them, professor?"

"Very much so," he said, his voice hoarse with desire.

She turned back towards him and gave him a little smile.

"That was pretty naughty of me, wasn't it? I guess I'm a bad girl. Would you like to punish me? What do you think I deserve, professor?"

"I think a spanking would be in order."

"I agree completely, professor. I shouldn't be allowed to get away with showing my panties to a powerful older man."

"Bend over that desk and pull up your skirt, young lady," he said, his voice now decisive and dominant, "I'm going to teach you a lesson."

Jessica was ecstatic. Her plan was working. She had provoked her professor, and now he was going to punish her in the way she'd always fantasized about. All of her dirty dreams were finally coming true. She'd finally discover just how dominant Dr. Lorrain could be. And more than anything else, she would *finally* get to experience his **big black cock**.

"I just want to please you, Sir. I just want to be your good student," she said, bending over the desk once more and flipping the skirt up onto her butt, "I just want to take that huge prick in all of my holes, Sir. But let's not get ahead of ourselves.

I'll just take down these panties first…," she said, slipping her thumbs under the waistband of the frilly pink underwear.

"No," he said authoritatively, slapping her hand away, "from now on, *I* give the orders, understood? That's clearly what you want."

"Yes Sir," she purred, "do what you want with me."

"The first thing we have to clarify is what to call me. 'Sir' is nice, but I prefer something a little kinkier: I want you to call me 'Daddy.'"

"Oh god," she gasped.

Calling an older, dominant man "Daddy" had always appealed to her. *Nothing* got her wetter than that. She was *desperate* to please him now.

He pulled down her panties, slowly, as if savoring every inch of her young skin as it was exposed.

"What's this?"

He had noticed the surprise under her panties.

"Oh, did I forget to mention it?"

Jessica employed her most innocent-sounding voice.

"It's a buttplug, Daddy. Do you think it's pretty? I tried to pick one I thought you'd like. Your lectures on aesthetics were *always* my favorites."

"I have to say that your taste is impeccable," he said, running his fingers over her bare buttocks, "I approve of your choice."

"Mmm, thank you Daddy," she cooed, "did you know I've worn a buttplug to every lecture of yours this semester since the second week of class? Not only this particular plug. This is only the final stage in my training. Each week I've worn a different, progressively larger one. Getting ready for today."

"So each and every day in class. In my lecture, where you should have been paying attention --" Professor Lorrain seemed to work himself up into a feigned rage – "all you were really thinking about is coming in here, showing me your panties and – what? Me fucking you in your ass?"

"Oh no, Daddy. I always paid attention in lecture," Jessica sighed, "all I could think about was getting ready for this moment. The day when I finally express the depth of my gratitude for all that you've done for me. The day that you'll finally unveil that magnificent cock. And of course I want you to fuck my ass. But I hope you'll also use my other holes as well."

"You have an extremely filthy mouth, young lady," said Dr. Lorrain, caressing her inner thighs now, "and I'll be the one deciding *where* you get fucked and *when*."

"Yes Daddy," she panted, feeling her pussy get even wetter at his authoritative words and tone.

"I admit that even if my intentions were noble, the actual acts themselves were quite naughty."

"Naughty isn't *quite* the word for it. I'd call them something else," he said, grabbing a handful of her hair in his left hand, then leaning in close.

"Slutty. You're acting like a *slut,* Jessica."

Slut. It was a word that turned her on like no other. Especially coming from him.

"Yes, Daddy. I just want to be your slut, Daddy."

"That's right. And I'm going to show you how to be a good little slut for me now, Jessica. And the first lesson you need to learn is that there is only one way to deal with sluts: to spank them."

"Oh please," she moaned, her lust unmistakable now, "spank me, Professor."

He drew his hand back and slapped her hard across the ass, three times in quick succession. The sensation of being spanked while wearing a buttplug was incredible. Each smack sent a string of vibrations through the nerve endings in her pussy and clit.

"Ouch! Oh professor, you spank harder than I thought. It hurts, but it feels so good," moaned Jessica, sticking out her ass and waving it at him playfully.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

The next two were hard, but the third slap was soft.

"Ouch!" cried Jessica, "you really like to keep me guessing, don't you? I guess I deserve it. I just want to be a good girl for you, Daddy…"

"I'm going to make very sure that you'll be a very good girl from now on," said Dr. Lorrain, opening a drawer in the desk.

"Jessica," he said, "can you guess what I have in my hand?"

"Is it your cock, Daddy? Please? I need to know if the rumors are true."

"Very funny, Jessica. It is in fact not my cock – at least not yet."

She felt smooth wood against her burning backside.

"Is it a ruler, Daddy?"

"It is indeed."

"Oh," she said, sighing in pleasure, "do you really have to use that?"

"I really do, Jessica. You have to learn how to take a spanking like a good little slut."

"Ok, Daddy. Whatever you want. I just want to please you."

The next three blows caused angry red marks across her ass. Then, he gave her three softer ones: two on her upper thighs, and one straight across her pussy lips.

"Fuck, professor," the girl moaned, looking up at him over her shoulder, her eyes filled with tears, "did...did you do that on purpose, Professor? Did you mean to spank my pussy like that?

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"Oh! I guess you did!" cried Jessica, rubbing her thighs together in sexual frustration.

"This is how cheating sluts like you get spanked, Jessica. You're here behind your boyfriend's back, begging to suck your professor's cock. What would he think if he knew you were acting like this? What would your real dad think if he knew his daughter was such a whore?"

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

She was so turned on now she didn't care at all how hard he spanked her, or what kinds of filthy things he said to her. She

just wanted to be fucked. Filled with his big, rock-hard professor prick.

Once again, the buttplug heightened every sensation. It was like torture each time he landed a blow. She was just on the edge, but she knew she'd never be able to come without the help of his prick, tongue or hands.

She decided to try to provoke him further.

"Mm...fuck professor…," she groaned, "this is getting me so wet. I feel like such a little slut bent over like this in my plaid skirt, my panties down around my ankles, getting spanked by the man I respect and admire so much…"

"That's because you *are* a slut, Jessica," he growled, "you came into my office dressed like a whore, behind your boyfriend's back, while your parents are doing who knows what. You came here to get fucked. And that's exactly what's going to happen. But not until I have my fun first."

"I just want you to do anything you want with me, professor. Teach me all of those things that you wish you could have during class," she moaned.

He gave her a sharp slap on her ass.

"What's my name, slut?"

"Daddy!" she shrieked, reaching between her legs to try to finally bring some release to the enormous erotic tension that was building.

"Not so fast you little whore," he growled, "I know you want to come, but there's no chance of that happening without my permission. And I love keeping you on the edge like this."

"But Daddy!" she pouted in frustration, "don't you want to experience my tight, wet, young pussy hugging your big black dick? I know it's probably been a long time since you've been with a woman my age. And I know for sure you've never had pussy this good…"

"I'll be the judge of that, Jessica," he said, slowly pushing a single finger into her tight young hole, "and you're not going to come without my permission. Is that clear?"

"Oh yes," she groaned, "mmm that feels soo good Daddy. You playing with my pussy like that. Do you feel how wet and tight I am for you?"

He slapped her ass twice with his free hand.

"I'll take that as a 'yes,' Daddy," she sighed, wiggling her rump against his hand.

"Oh Daddy," she groaned, "that feels so fucking good. But...but… I need something else professor. Please..."

She grabbed his hand, stopping him for a moment while she fixed him with her most innocent gaze.

"There's something I've been really really curious about. The entire time I've known you, Professor."

"Oh?"

"You're going to make me say it, aren't you, Professor?"

He slapped her ass again.

"Yes, Jessica. Just say it."

"Ok, I'll say it. I know you have a big cock, Daddy. But I want to know if that really makes a difference. My boyfriend is on the smaller side, and I love him and all, but I need to know what I'm missing. That's why I want *your* cock, Daddy. I want it inside me. I...I...want you to take me...starting with my pussy. But not stopping there."

"If you want my cock," he said, matter-of-factly, "you're going to have to beg for it."

"Of course, Daddy," she said, more than a hint of desperation in her voice, "I'd love nothing more."

"Then get on your knees you little whore," he growled.

She dropped to her knees, looking up at him with her tear-stained eyes. She hoped that from his perspective he could still see her cute little ass, still red from the thorough spanking he'd given her. "Please, Daddy? Please let me see your cock? Can I take it out? I need it inside me so bad," she moaned, doing her best to sound innocent.

"I love it here on my knees, Professor. That's where a cheating little slut like me should be anyway, right? I've dreamed

about doing this for you so often before. May I please, please touch your bulge, Daddy?"

He nodded.

Jessica reached up and began to stroke him through his pants.

"Mmm it feels so big and hard in your pants, Daddy. I bet you just can't wait for me to really touch it, can you?"

"Unzip my pants and take it out," he commanded.

Jessica did as she was told, finally beholding his big black cock in all its splendor. For a moment, she was speechless, simply staring at the monstrous phallus that swing just in front of her face. It was arousing and intimidating all at once.

"Daddy... it's even bigger than I imagined. So big. Fuck. I *really, really* want to feel it inside me, but I can't resist just sucking it for a little while. I want to make sure it's lubed enough to fit. Is that ok? May I please suck it, Daddy?"

"Since you asked so nicely, slut, how can I possibly refuse?"

She grinned up and him and began to suck hungrily on the head, using only the suction of her mouth to pleasure him. She kissed up one side of his shaft, then down, maintaining eye contact with him the whole time as he sighed and groaned in pleasure.

"Oh Jessica," he moaned, "that feels so fucking good. You're doing A-level work."

"Just an A?" she said, giving him a pouty look, "what do I have to do to get an A+?"

"Just keep sucking you little whore. There's nothing like practice to improve your performance."

She took his prick even deeper now, bobbing up and down on the head and the first third or so of his shaft. He really was *extremely* well endowed. It felt fundamentally different from pleasing Christopher. As if Christopher didn't really even have a cock at all in a meaningful sense.

"Fuck yes, Jessica," he groaned, stroking her hair, "you love sucking this cock, don't you?"

"Mmmhmmm," she moaned in affirmation, before coming up for air for a moment and looking him in the eye.

"Have you imagined this moment before, Daddy? Your favorite student on her knees in front of you, looking up with her big eyes and telling you that all she wants in the entire world in this moment is the privilege of tasting your big, hard, black, cock?"

He nodded, as if speechless from arousal.

"I know I have, Daddy. I've imagined being on my knees under your desk, giving you the sweet relief I know you need after working hard all day long. Now that I'm not your student anymore I can finally do it…"

"Yes Jessica," he growled, "show me how much you love this big fucking prick. I know you'd much rather suck me than your boyfriend."

Jessica blushed a little at the mention of Christopher, but somehow the idea of Prof. Lorrain comparing himself to him only turned her on even more. It was so clear to her that Christopher could never measure up to Dr. Lorrain. In any capacity.

She returned to her efforts, moving her mouth down the shaft and licking his balls. He smacked the shaft of his cock across her face a few times, groaning in pleasure as he did so.

"You love this, don't you, Jessica? You love finally being treated like the little whore you really are, don't you?"

She moaned as she took one testicle into her mouth. It barely fit.

Then she paused for a moment, looking up at him with puppy dog eyes.

She saw a cell phone in his hand.

"I'm going to snap a few pictures, ok? In case you want to show your boyfriend how you suck a real man's cock."

Fuck. The fact that he was bring Christopher into this again only turned her on more. She posed for the camera, smiling up at him with his balls in her mouth, his thick black dick resting across her face. Then she made a show out of kissing his prick,

being sure to look directly into the camera lens as he snapped several more pictures, then put the phone aside.

Then she reached between her legs. She couldn't take it anymore.

"I can't help it Daddy, I just have to touch my pussy while I suck on your big cock. I'm so fucking wet for you right now."

"No. You will not touch your pussy," he said, in a hoarse, yet commanding voice, "I've got a better idea. Turn around, right there on the floor, and stick your ass out. I'm going to mount you like the horny little bitch you are."

Jessica felt a tiny spasm in her pussy when she heard his obscene command. It was almost as if he could read her mind. It was some kind of telepathy. He might be able to bring her to orgasm just through the power of his words. That was what made this man so fucking hot.

"Yes… Oh god please, Daddy. I need that big black cock."

She turned, going down on her stomach and offering her ass to him submissively.

Then his prick was there, teasing her pussy lips. They were positively dripping. She was so open for him. Like a flower. So feminine. So submissive.

So ready to be taken, broken and used.

"Oh fuck. Oh yes…a little lower…oh god… oh yes, it's inside now. Oh fuck. I dreamed of this so many times. You taking me from behind exactly like this. Rough. On your office floor. Just take my pussy, Daddy. It's your property now. Just take it."

He grabbed her hips firmly and began to slam his dick into her.

There was nothing intellectual about this particular office hours encounter. It was completely primal.

"Yes, yes, yes," he grunted, "fuck I love this. You were always my favorite student. Even though I always said I don't play favorites. You know your boyfriend can't compete. You white girls are all the same. All out for the big black dick as soon as your daddies and boyfriends aren't around."

He started slapping her ass in time with his thrusts, causing her to squirm and cry out. Jessica was so close to coming, but she didn't want to disobey him. Holding back was so hard. Almost as hard as the throbbing slab of hot black cockmeat that pummeled her pussy. And every single one of her professor's strokes was amplified exponentially by the buttplug she wore in her ass.

"Tell me that you love this big black cock, slut. Just admit how bad you wanted this."

His words had that same delicious edge of authority that she'd come to love in his classroom. Jessica completely let go now, yelling in wanton lust. She didn't care if the office walls were thin, or if the people outside could hear her. If her former classmates, or even her parents, knew what was happening in that office.

"I love your big black cock, Daddy," she exclaimed as he continued to fuck her within an inch of her life, "I fucking admit it. I wanted your cock from the first day of class. I've been imagining you taking me like this since the very first fucking time I stepped into your fucking classroom."

"Oh shit yes," he groaned, "keep talking dirty like that you little fucking whore. I'm so close…"

Despite her own extreme state of arousal, Jessica had a moment of clarity. She was proud at the way she'd provoked this older man into taking her. She loved being the object of his affection. His lust.

"I need your cock. Please, don't hold back. It's so much bigger than my boyfriend's, Daddy. I need to be fucked so fucking bad. Just give it to me. Spank me please! Pull my hair. Just treat me like a little slut. I'm your slut, Daddy. Your dirty little secret. I want you to use all of my holes and then send me back to my boyfriend and family like nothing happened. Send me back filled with your cum, Daddy!"

"God damn…," he groaned, "that's it Jessica. This pussy is so fucking good."

"Oh Daddy," she groaned, no longer able to hold back, "I can't wait any longer."

He pulled out suddenly, breaking all physical contact with her.

She cried out in frustration.

"Ok, ok, I'll try. I'll do my best. I'll be a good girl and only come when you tell me to, Professor. I promise. Please?"

He slapped her ass.

"What's my name, slut?"

"Daddy!"

"Beg for permission to come on this big black cock, slut."

"Fuck… I need it so bad. Please, Daddy? I need to come on your big black cock so bad. I need you to stretch me, to break me with it…"

"If you want it so bad, just keep begging, slut," he said, bending down and giving her a long kiss on the mouth.

Jessica was in heaven and hell at the same time. Her pussy felt like it was about to explode. She'd never been more turned on in her life. Not even close.

"I promise to be your dirty little slut," she blurted, "I promise to take your cock and your cum whenever and wherever you want. In any hole that you want. I promise to be yours and yours alone for as long as you want to teach me. You can even fuck me in front of my boyfriend if you want. Show him how a real man fucks. Please let me come? Please?"

He grabbed her hair and rode her even harder than before, pushing her down onto the carpet, the rug burning against her naked skin, in the best possible way.

"Come for me you little white slut. Come on your professor's big black dick," he growled.

His command was all she'd been waiting for. It was as if the floodgates had been opened. She was washed away in a long, strong and forceful burst of pleasure.

"Thank you…oh THANK YOU," she moaned, "Fuck yes, Daddy. Thank you."

When she finally came back to herself, she realized that he was still fucking her, grabbing her hair forcefully as he slammed her into the carpet. She was completely flat on her stomach now as he boned her from behind. She decided to see what she could do to help him get off.

"Thank you, Daddy," she moaned, "that was so fucking good. But I need your cum now, too, Daddy. I need you to shoot a nice big load in my tight little pussy."

"God yes," he moaned, picking up the pace of his thrusts, "your pussy feels so amazing. Keep talking dirty to me you little slut."

"Only you are allowed to cum inside me, Daddy. I've never let another man do it. I make Christopher wear a condom."

"Fuck yes you white slut. I know you need this big black dick in your unprotected cunt."

"You know what else?" she moaned, "I'm not on the pill now, Professor. And I want you to be the first man to claim my pussy with your cum."

"Oh God, Jessica," he moaned, "fuck, I'm so close."

He slipped out for a moment, cursed silently, then re-positioned her so she was back on her knees. Then he slid back in and began to fuck her doggy-style once more.

"Tell me what you want, you little fucking whore," he growled, fucking her with long, smooth and slow strokes.

Jessica was more eager than ever to please him. All she wanted was to make him shoot the biggest load of his life into her tight young coed cunt.

"I want your cum, Daddy. I want you to drain those big black balls in my tight little white cunt. Please fill me, Daddy. Please? I need your cum so fucking bad. I think I'm going to come again when you shoot it inside me. Just grab my hips and pound me. Pound me like the dirty little fucking whore I am. I need your cum. I need you to claim my tight little unprotected pussy," she groaned, looking back over her shoulder at him in lust, "do what my pathetic boyfriend would never be allowed to do..."

"Oh GOD YES!!" he roared, slamming himself to the hilt and holding his cock against her cervix as he exploded inside her.

"Oh yes. Daddy. Give it to me. Shoot that fucking cum inside me. I want it so bad. Yes, I'm coming again!"

Jessica's pussy clenched around her professor's cock as she climaxed for the second time in less than five minutes. She felt like she was floating. She was in total ecstasy as his seed flowed into her fertile womb.

"Oh Jessica," he moaned, the tension slowly leaving his trained body, "that was...incredible…"

"Mmmm," she moaned, "that seemed like a lot of cum. Do you feel better now, Daddy? Did it feel good to drain those big heavy black balls into your cute little white student?"

He slowly pulled out of her. Jessica felt his cum slowly dripping down her thigh.

He sat back on the floor, panting in exertion.

Chapter 4

"Jessica," he said, "I can't believe that just happened. I've never done this with a student before in my own office."

"Well I'm glad you did it with me."

"I am too."

He pulled her in for a kiss.

"I bet it's been a long time since you've been inside a pussy as young and tight as mine, hasn't it?" she whispered, teasing him again, "did you like mounting me? It felt so primitive. So wrong and yet so right."

"Oh Jessica," he said, "are you trying to get me going again?"

"What if I am?"

"You just might succeed," he said, cupping her cheek in his hand.

She loved the fact that he was so much bigger and stronger than her. But that didn't mean she couldn't still try to get him to do what she wanted. And she wanted more.

"Well, we're not done yet, are we, Daddy? I still need to clean up. That's what good girls do, isn't it?"

He smiled at her.

"I suppose that's true."

She leaned in and whispered into his ear.

"I can't wait to taste my pussy on your big black cock while suck all of our juices off of it, Daddy. Would you like that? I'd never do something that dirty for my boyfriend."

"Oh Jessica," he moaned, "you're such a fucking slut."

He lay back on the floor and she bent over him, taking his cock in her mouth and licking it clean.

"Mmmm, Daddy, I bet your balls need some attention too, don't they? I want to make sure they're nice and clean, too," she said, moving down his shaft and licking his balls.

"Oh God, Jessica," he said, "you're so talented with your mouth."

"Mmm they taste so good, Daddy."

"Yes. Keep going you little slut," he ordered.

His cock was now rock hard, once more. Jessica was proud of her work.

"Just think of this as your reward for all of those questions I always had during office hours. You took your time with me then. And I'm going to take my time with you now. Take my time getting your cock nice and hard so that you can fuck my ass," she purred, "would you like that, Daddy? No man has ever had my ass before. Not even Christopher. Especially not him."

"You have such a filthy mouth, Jessica," he groaned as she sucked his cock once more, "didn't you learn anything from that spanking?"

Jessica popped off his cock for a moment and grinned up at him. He hadn't heard anything yet.

"Professor, would you like to find out what it feels like to fuck your favorite student in her tight little butt? Would you like to watch your big black cock disappear inside my tight little back door? To hear the kind of sounds I make as you completely own me?"

She felt his cock twitch in her hand at the sound of her words. It seemed that he wasn't the only one with telepathic powers.

"Fuck, Jessica…"

"You're going to get a chance to do that, Daddy. But first I have to make sure that you're as wet and hard as possible…"

For the next minute or so, the only sounds in the room were of Jessica slurping as she made love to his shaft with her mouth. Slowly but surely, she increased the pace and the depth of her efforts, stroking him with her hands as well. Then she paused and took a hold of his hands, guiding them to her hair.

"Go ahead and fuck my face, Professor. I'm your little schoolgirl whore today. Use me. Make my makeup run. I need to know that you're doing exactly what you want with me. Don't hold back, please!"

"Oh shit, Jessica," he moaned, taking hold of her hair with both hands and pushing her down on his cock, "where did you learn to be such a little fucking whore?"

The slurping sounds turned into sucking sounds as he began to pummel her throat with his cock, pushing her head down on it until her face was at his stomach and his balls tickled her chin. Jessica loved being used like this. She loved submitting to his desire entirely. When he pulled her up for a moment to let her take a break, she told him as much.

"Yes, Daddy, that's it," she gasped, "fuck my cute face. Choke me with your big dick. Slap my face with your cock if you want. Go ahead. I'm here for you to use."

"Oh God, Jessica," he moaned, pushing her back down on his cock and thrusting into her throat vigorously, "this is incredible. I love fucking your face like this…"

He pulled his cock out and slapped it across her face, first one cheek, then the other. It made Jessica feel so dirty...so submissive. Like his personal whore.

"I'm not going to last much longer like this, Jessica," he panted, "I want to fuck your ass now."

"Yes, please, Daddy," she gasped, looking up at him with tear-stained eyes, "I want to finally feel your big black dick in my butt. It's what I've been training for all semester. This will be like my final exam…"

He stood, looming over her for a moment, his presence dominant and demanding.

"Bend over the desk, slut."

"Yes, Daddy!"

She stood and bent over the desk, dressed in nothing but her schoolgirl skirt and her buttplug. She reached back and parted her cheeks.

"Ok, Daddy," she said, "go ahead and pull it out. Slowly."

She felt him grab the base and pull until there was a small "pop."

"I'm nice and stretched for you, Daddy," she said, "waiting for you to take me. Check the pocket of my robe," she said,

“there’s something there you might need.”

He bent over and rifled through the pockets of the graduation gown she’d discarded, and found what she’d been referring to: a small bottle of lube.

“Have you thought about this before?” teased Jessica, as Prof. Lorrain squeezed some of the lube onto his rock-hard prick, “I know I have. I’ve spent a lot of time imagining being so vulnerable for you. So submissive. Just an obedient little student with nothing on my mind but pleasing my big black professor in every way I can.”

“Fuck, Jessica,” he said, pressing his lubed prick to her back door and slowly pressing it inside.

“Go slowly, please, Daddy,” she groaned, “Oh fuck. Oh fuck it’s so big. Does it feel good, Daddy? Does it feel good to be the first man to fuck my ass?”

“Fuck yes, you little fucking whore,” he growled in a hoarse whisper, as if attempting to hold his concentration.

“I feel so dirty right now. Bent over your desk like this, with your cock in my ass.”

“You are dirty,” he answered, “you’re a dirty fucking cheating schoolgirl whore. I should take some more pictures for your boyfriend.”

Jessica heard the camera sounds from his phone, then looked back at him and smiled into the camera.

“Did that one look good?”

“Perfect,” he said.

He began to take strokes now as the lube spread itself across the length of her tight tunnel.

“Does it feel good fucking your petite student’s tight little ass? Being the first man to violate my tight little virgin butthole?”

Jessica had already noticed how much Dr. Lorrain liked dirty talk, and so she tried to make the experience as exciting as possible.

“Oh yes. Just take it. Just fucking hurt me with your big black cock, Daddy. Send me back to my parents ad boyfriend

totally filled with your cum. I want to be sore tomorrow so I remember this."

He grunted and growled, spanking her ass with one hand while he grabbed her hair. Jessica loved the feeling of him taking control, owning her with his black cock.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

His hand stung her where she'd been spanked just minutes before. It hurt so good, and Jessica loved it.

"Yes, use your hand to mark me as your whore, Daddy. I want to feel your burning handprint on there all day. I want to remember this when I'm celebrating at the restaurant with my boyfriend and our families. Every time I sit down all I'll think about is my favorite professor spanking and fucking my ass with his huge black prick…"

Dr. Lorrain was clearly thoroughly enjoying his young student's tight tunnel, but Jessica was no less aroused. She was pleased to discover that being fucked in the ass stimulated many of the same nerve endings as being fucked in her pussy, and many new ones besides. She was now on the verge of yet another climax.

"Oh yes," she moaned, "keep fucking me. Please fill me, Daddy. I need to feel your cum in my ass so bad. I need to know that I've pleased you in every way. That you've taken everything you need from your favorite student."

"Shit, Jessica," he groaned, "don't come until I say. I want us both to come at the same time this time, and I'm so fucking close."

He was fucking her so hard now that the desk slammed into the wall.

"God, your cock is so big, Daddy," she moaned, "it feels huge in my tight little butt. You're sooo much bigger than Christopher! Size really does matter!!"

"Of course it does, you little whore," he moaned, "I'm going to come, Jessica. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Daddy, I'll come when you do."

"Good girl."

"All of my holes belong to you, Daddy. Please claim them...YES!"

She moaned in ecstasy as she felt him fill her with warm, hot cum. He fell forward against her, collapsing in exhaustion. The two of them lay there for a few moments, completely intertwined, basking in the afterglow of their explosive encounter.

"Mmmm thank you, Daddy. That was better than I could have possibly imagined."

"You're quite welcome," he said, finally lifting himself off of her and falling back into his office chair, "that was quite unlike any thank you gift I've ever received."

"Well, you're quite unlike any professor I've ever had," said Jessica, smiling at him as she stood to inspect her clothing.

"And thank you once again for being such a wonderful teacher and mentor."

"Thank you for being such a wonderful student. But tell me – what did you learn today?"

"I learned that size matters, Daddy. I learned that no white guy – especially one as small as Christopher – will ever be able to fulfill me sexually. I think I learned that I'm a size queen, Daddy!"

He chuckled.

"Every woman is a size queen," he said, "some of them just don't know it yet. I have yet to meet a woman who didn't think that big black cock was superior."

"Mmm," she said, "I guess you're right. Even my mom was kind of hinting at that."

"I know I'm right."

She plopped herself into his lap and they shared a long embrace, then a kiss.

"Before I go, Daddy, I want you to have these. My panties."

She pressed the frilly pink cotton underwear into his hand.

"You're such a tease," he said, "I'm going to keep these in my office desk. Under lock and key, of course! Thank you."

"No, thank *you*, Daddy," she said, bounding up from his lap and grabbing a notepad and pen from the desk.

"Here's my number. Text me those pictures, please!"

She put the piece of paper on his desk, next to his phone.

"Are you going to show those to your boyfriend? Don't you think he deserves to know who he's really dating?

"Maybe he does need to see them. Would you like that, Professor?"

He nodded, giving her a mischievous smile.

"I think it's only fair for him to confront the truth."

SLAP! His hand cracked down across her butt for a final time.

"And I also think that *you* need a little more discipline in your life," he said, winking at her, "and definitely more black cock. I suggest we have private tutoring sessions at my house this summer. Twice a week. You can even bring Christopher along if you want. He can wait downstairs at first, and if he's *really* lucky, *maybe* he'll even get a chance to see me stretch your white pussy. What do you think?

"I think I'll be seeing you very soon!" she replied, pulling the large robe over her body once more.

"Until then, Jessica," said Dr. Lorrain, holding the door, and fixing her with a smile, "and tell Christopher and your parents I said 'hi.'"

"Of course, Professor. Or should I say, 'Daddy'?"

"You should indeed," he said, giving her one last slap on her ass, "never forget who owns your holes."

"You do, Daddy," she said, winking at him as she closed the door, "you do."

THE END

SNOW BUNNY SIZE QUEEN:



When Stephanie (an attractive neighbor a few years his junior) gets his mail by mistake, Jason Jones doesn't miss the chance to strike up a conversation with her. Stephanie is intrigued by Jason's past as a college skier, and wonders if she could be a **"snow bunny" herself**. Perhaps one that doesn't ride the *slopes,* but rather … *something else* entirely?

After all, she's never been with a black guy before, and the bulge in Jason's shorts is making her wonder if the rumors she's heard just might be true...

As her flirtatious behavior escalates, Jason seizes the opportunity to show this hot white housewife what she's been missing. But is there more to the situation than it seems? Has Stephanie's husband been in on the plan since the beginning? Is Stephanie a cheating size queen, or is she a devoted wife, helping her husband get what he wants?

One thing's for certain: after Stephanie's first time getting it **hard and unprotected** from a black man, her life and her marriage will never be the same.



Becoming a Size Queen

By Cynthia Sizemore

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

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

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

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

About the author

Cynthia Sizemore is the pseudonym of a real-life sizequeen who has been in a cuckold relationship with her husband for over five years. All of her erotic fiction is based on her real-life experiences of cuckolding her husband.

Follow her on amazon to leave feedback and find out about new releases, special offers, and more!

E-mail her at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.