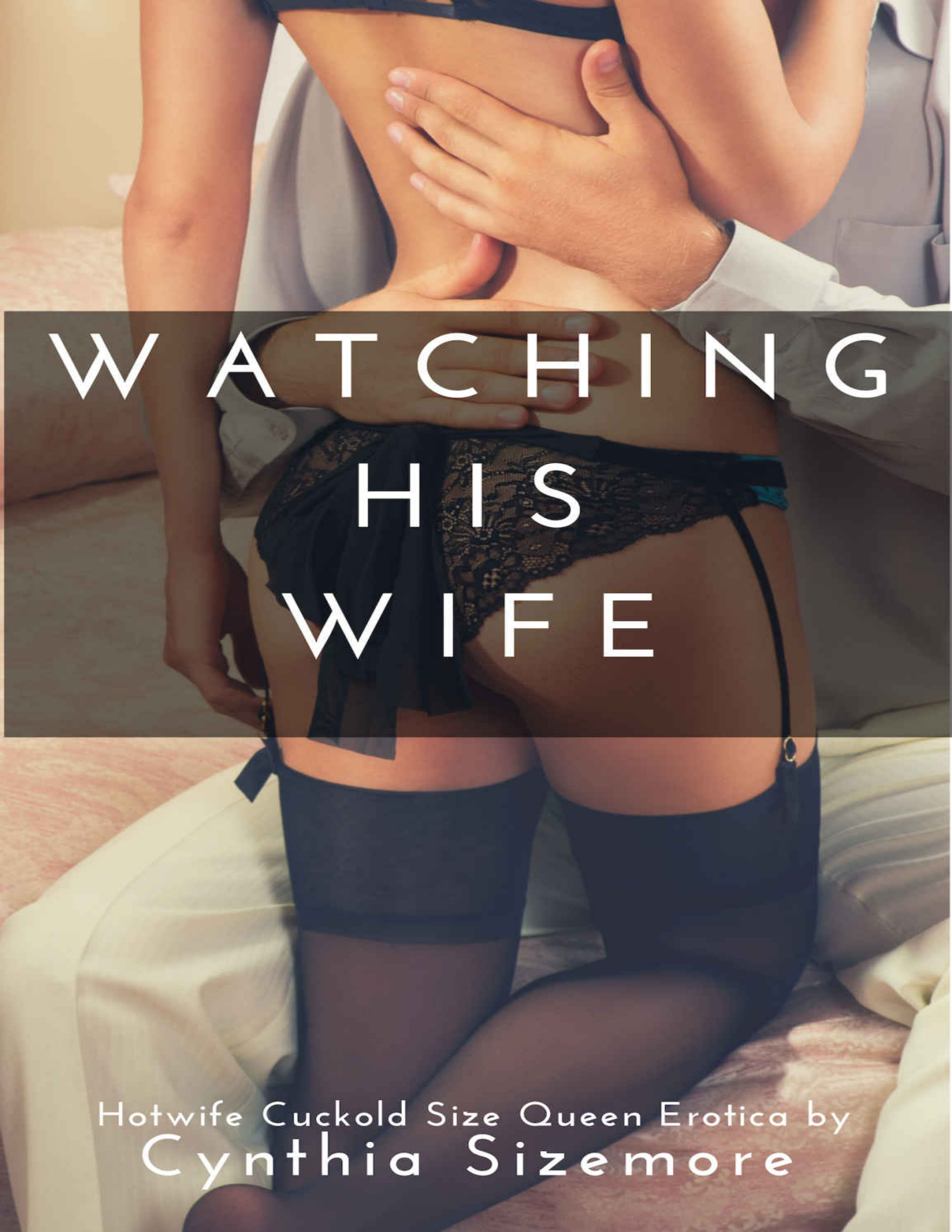


A photograph of a woman from the back, wearing black lace underwear and stockings. A man's hands are visible, touching her lower back and buttocks. The scene is set on a bed with white and pink bedding.

WATCHING HIS WIFE

Hotwife Cuckold Size Queen Erotica by
Cynthia Sizemore

Watching his Wife: Hotwife Cuckold Size Queen Erotica

by

Cynthia Sizemore

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cynthiasizematters@gmail.com

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Watching his Wife

Tim's adrenaline was pumping as he pulled up to the hotel. He checked his watch. It wasn't quite time yet. But it soon would be. Soon it would be time for him to witness something that he'd been dreaming about for a long time: his wife was going to cheat on him with another man.

Well, was it really "cheating"? Yes and no. *Yes* in the sense that she was involved both mentally and physically with a man outside their marriage. *No* in the sense that they had discussed it together, and decided that the best thing they could do was to have Tim there to watch – when both he and everyone else felt prepared.

Tim had felt prepared earlier that day, when he'd come home from work and picked up the babysitter who'd be watching their son during the "big night." Now he wasn't so sure.

As he checked his watch again (only to see that there were still five whole minutes to go before he would be allowed to go inside), he thought back to how it had all begun.

The first few years of his marriage to Cynthia had been happy. They'd done a lot of fun things together, built their careers, and had their first child. After Cynthia gave birth, she'd been a little self-conscious about her body. Their sex life had become a little more inhibited. The lights were out more often than they were on, and no matter how many times he told her it was ok and actually turned him on, Cynthia didn't want him to see her naked.

Things began to change, however, after she started going to the gym regularly. After a few months, she was not only back to her original, pre-baby weight. She looked even better than before! Her

tummy was flat and toned, and her breasts and hips took on new, even sexier curves. She had transformed from a typical suburban housewife into what he could have only called a MILF.

The probably was, while he still wanted to fuck her, she didn't want to fuck him. He tried hinting around about it, but she found ways to avoid the subject. But finally, one night after they'd been drinking at a party, things came to a head.

"Do you want to know the truth about why I don't want to have sex anymore?" she asked, point blank.

"Yes," he said, "I do want to know."

"I'm not sure if you're ready to handle it," she said, laughing to herself, "and besides, I don't want to hurt your feelings."

"So it is something about me? Come on, honey," he said, taking her hand, "you know I'll do anything for you. Whatever it is, I can change it."

"I'm sorry, Tim," she said, "it's not so much something you are, as something you're not. And I don't think you'll ever be able to change it."

"Something I'm not?" he was confused for a moment.

"Do I have to spell it out?" she laughed, "take a look in your pants."

Tim turned red. He was humiliated, but at least the truth was finally out.

"But you always told me that size didn't matter. And that I was the biggest guy you'd ever been with anyway."

Cynthia laughed.

"I told you that because I didn't think telling you the truth would accomplish anything. But now, since you've insisted, I thought it was time to come clean."

"So you really have been with bigger guys?"

"Mmm-hmm," she said, nodding.

"Just how big?"

"About twice as big."

"Twice as big as me?"

"That's right, Tim."

Tim was shocked. His eyes were wide and his knees went weak.

"I have to sit down."

"Go ahead," she said, pouring him a glass of water, "ask me any questions you need to."

"So I've always been too small for you?" he asked after taking a drink.

"Well yeah," she said, "you probably knew that deep down, didn't you?"

"But you always have an orgasm."

"Yeah, but only after you've gone to sleep and I have a moment to myself with my vibrator."

Tim was devastated.

"Really? That's it?"

"That's it."

"I've never made you come?"

"With that little thing? Don't be silly."

Tim was angry now. He flushed red and stood, pacing the room in a rage.

"You're just saying this to make me mad. You're jealous of me for talking to Diana too long at the party."

Cynthia merely laughed.

"Go ahead and talk to Diana all you want. Maybe she wants to be with a guy who's only four inches long. As for me, I'd much prefer something quite a bit bigger."

"So you really want to sleep with another guy?"

She nodded gravely.

"I really do. I need it. I crave being filled."

"I don't know," he said, "this is all too much. Let's get some sleep and talk it over tomorrow."

They did exactly that.

In the cold light of the next morning, she told him everything. About her history in college. How she'd slept with at least 14 guys,

and sucked more dicks than she could count. About how out of all of the guys she'd sucked, his cock was undoubtedly the smallest.

"So why did you choose to marry me?" he asked.

"Because I love you, silly. You're so much more to me than just a dick."

Tim smiled. At least there was that.

"So you don't want to leave me?"

"No."

"But you do want to have sex with other guys. Other guys with bigger cocks?"

"Not just want to, honey. I need to. It's something that you can't understand if you're not a woman. I have an urge to submit to a powerful man with a big dick. And you just can't fulfill that urge."

Tim nodded. He was beginning to understand.

Over the next few weeks, they talked about it more and more. Cynthia reassured him that their marriage would never be in danger. That she loved him for who he was, and that nothing would ever change that.

As time went on, Tim became more and more turned on by the idea of Cynthia having sex with another man. Soon, he agreed to let it happen.

It didn't take long for Cynthia to come home with stories of her conquests. She'd met a few guys at the gym. All of them had bigger cocks than Tim, but none of them were big enough to really scratch her sizequeen itch.

That is, until she met Mark.

Mark was a few years younger than her. He was actually a college football player, a second-string quarterback, which meant that he was in great shape without being too beefy. He was exactly the type that Cynthia went for.

Soon, Cynthia was leaving on dates with him more than twice a week. She'd come home and give Tim long, slow handjobs while she explained the ways in which Mark had fucked her. She'd make Tim cum all over himself while he heard about how superior Mark's cock was to his own.

He came to love it.

Then came one day last week. She'd come home after one of her encounters. Something was different this time.

"He says you can watch next time, honey," she explained, "he wants you to. He says you need to see how a woman really needs to be fucked. And I couldn't agree more."

Tim's heart raced and his cock grew hard in his pants.

"He told me I'm not allowed to touch you until he gives me permission. And you're not allowed to touch me, either, unless he tells you it's ok. Those are the ground rules."

"For when I'm watching?"

"No. For all the time."

Tim nodded. He knew that Mark had out-manned him. There was nothing to do but obey.

Now, waiting outside the hotel room, he remember the instructions. He was to enter the darkened suite with the keycard at precisely 9:05. He looked at his watch. It was 9:04. He got out of the car and entered the hotel, quickly finding room 121.

As the time switched to 9:05, he opened the door and stepped inside, taking a seat in the armchair in a dark corner of the room as he'd been told.

He sat there for a few minutes in the dark, listening only to the sound of his own blood pumping hard through his veins. He wasn't entirely prepared for what the night would bring. He knew that much for sure. But there was also no turning back now!

Then, just when he was about to get out his phone to check for a text, there was the sound of laughter in the hallway. Cynthia's voice was unmistakable. It was the same high, clear voice of the woman he'd fallen in love with so long ago. And her laugh — her laugh was actually beautiful! Not as beautiful as her eyes of course. It almost hurt him to realize that she wasn't laughing at one of his jokes, but rather at something that Mark had said.

Then the door finally opened and the two lovers spilled into the room. They'd already told Tim that he was allowed to watch, but not interact with them in any way. They would pretend like he wasn't there. And they'd make no attempt to censor themselves. Not even to spare his feelings. Mark had been very clear on that, and very keen on making sure that Tim understood in no uncertain terms that he, Mark, called the shots that evening.

Now there they were, Mark and Cynthia, standing in the darkened corridor of the hotel suite, their bodies illuminated only by the light cast from the light in the bathroom. Tim could tell they were kissing. Cynthia let out a low moan of lust the likes of which

he'd heard only years ago, if at all. Mark was already drawing things out of her that he'd forgotten were there.

They embraced and kissed passionately for several minutes. Then, without warning, Cynthia dropped to her knees in front of Mark.

"Ready for me to suck your cock, big boy?" she asked.

"Since you asked so nicely," the young, muscular man said, "I guess you can go for it if you think you can take it."

"Oh I can take it," she laughed, "not that it won't be a challenge of course. But I love a challenge. I somehow don't get many of them at home."

Tim winced a bit at this obvious reference to his size, but he tried not to let it bother him. He remembered the rules they had set out, and that he was there to watch his wife enjoy herself.

"Oh god yes," groaned Mark, "you're such a good little cocksucker."

The sounds of obscene slurping continued for a few more seconds, then Cynthia stopped and looked up at her lover again.

"I'm only this enthusiastic when it's really big."

"Then mine must be the biggest one you've had in a while."

"Mmhmm. It might be the biggest one I've ever had. I haven't measured every guy I've been with though. Just the ones that really wanted me to."

"Well maybe we can measure me later," laughed Mark, "but first I want to explore that I crest body of yours."

Tim watched from the darkness, his emotions in turmoil and his cock tenting his khaki pants as the two lovers moved past him and into the main bedroom area. Mark turned on the light, but Tim's position remained bathed in darkness. They couldn't possibly have missed him, but they were both acting exactly as if they couldn't see him.

Cynthia's blouse was already open, her full breasts spilling out of a pink lace bra that Tim had never seen before. God she was a beautiful woman.

Tim felt a pang of regret at not being able to please her sexually, but then reassured himself that this was the next best thing. He watched as they kissed again, Mark's hands wandering down and pawing eagerly at her breasts. Soon, her bra was unhooked, and she wriggled out of her blouse as well, letting it fall to the floor.

When she stepped aside for a moment, Tim caught his first glance of Mark's cock. It stood, angry and erect, jutting out what looked like a full foot from his muscular torso. It was probably more like eight or nine inches, but that distinction barely mattered to Tim, who couldn't help but feel emasculated in the presence of this man who was clearly his superior.

Cynthia was wriggling out of her pants now, letting them drop to the floor in a pile next to her clothes. Then she set to work on Mark's shirt and pants. Soon, he was completely naked and she was only in a cute pink pair of panties that matched her new bra.

"Do you like them?" she asked, grinning at Mark, "I got them just for you."

"I love them," he said, "turn around for me and let me see that gorgeous ass."

The smile on her face was infectious as she turned and wiggled her ass for her younger lover. Tim couldn't help but delight in the feelings that he knew his wife was experiencing. Even if she wasn't experiencing them for him.

"Take those panties down for me. Slowly," Mark commanded in his deep, masculine voice.

"Yes, sir," she said, slowly and sensuously pulling her panties down over her round bottom.

Mark stroked his massive erection and nodded approvingly.

"Does your husband appreciate this ass enough?"

"No," she said, stepping out of the panties and turning again to face him, "he certainly doesn't. He can't even fuck me from behind. He's so small he just slips out."

Tim wriggled uncomfortably in his chair. The truth hurt.

"Mmm, well I'm going to have to give you the doggy-style deep-dicking you deserve," said Mark, leaning down to kiss her.

He gave her a sharp slap on the ass.

"Ooo," she said, "that hurt."

"Mmm," he said, "just wait until Daddy gets his belt."

"Oooh," she said, "I like that. Would you like it if I called you 'Daddy'?"

"I'd love it," said Mark.

Even though Mark was younger than Cynthia, it still seemed totally logical for her to call him "Daddy." After all, he exuded more masculine authority than Tim, the real father of her child.

"Mmm, Daddy," she said, her voice high and feminine, "can I please play with your cock some more?"

"Of course you can, honey," he said, taking a seat on the edge of the bed, "just hop over here and start stroking it."

She knelt on the bed next to him, and Tim realized that they had probably chosen the position specifically so he could have a perfect view of his wife pleasuring Mark's monster cock. She bent down and took it in her mouth for a few minutes, bobbing up and down and licking it as if savoring a tasty treat.

Then she came up for air and simply stroked it with one hand, looking up at Mark adoringly.

"Do you like it when I stroke your big prick, Daddy?"

"Oh yes," said Mark, reaching around and under her to finger her pussy from behind, "I bet you never do this for your husband, do you?"

"No, Daddy," she said, "he's not allowed to touch me anymore. Remember?"

"Yes," he said, "I remember. You've been abiding by our agreement, right?"

"Of course, Daddy," she said, returning to sucking and licking his massive cockhead while her petite hands slid up and down his slick shaft.

"That is," she said, coming back up for air once more with a look of concern on her face, "I did have a slip-up last week. I gave him a handjob after we fucked in the gym parking lot."

"Well well," he said, clicking his tongue in disappointment, "I guess I have to teach my little girl a lesson."

"Yes sir," responded Cynthia, "are you going to spank me?"

"Yes I am," he said, "get over my lap."

It was an easy matter for Cynthia to assume the position he'd requested, but it was another challenge entirely for Mark to force his enormous cock into a position that allowed her to lay across his lap. Finally, he managed to force it down so that it rubbed against her stomach as she offered her ass to his open hand.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

He began to punish her, his palm cracking down on her pristine white flesh, leaving angry red hand prints in its wake. It was an erotic site to behold: this woman, so completely submissive to this younger man that she allowed him to punish her as if she were a naughty child.

Tim could see the look on her face after every smack. It was a look of blissful pleasure that seemed to be at odds with what must have been a painful punishment.

"Oh yes, Daddy," she moaned, "spank your little whore. I'm sorry for touching my husband's cock without your permission."

"You'd better be, slut," he growled, dealing a flurry of blows across her ass and pussy, "and now you're wet. I think it's time for me to remind you who this pussy belongs to."

"Yes, Daddy," she cried, "please reclaim my pussy. It's all yours."

"You're damn right it is."

He pushed her aside for a moment, then directed her to get on all fours on the bed, with her ass up to the edge. Then he stood on the floor behind her. He was tall enough (and his prick was big enough) that he easily slid into her from behind. Tim could see the entire thing in profile: this muscular college football player deep-dicking his innocent-looking wife.

"Oh Daddy," she moaned, clutching the bedsheets, "I need your cock so bad. I've missed being filled like this so much."

She pushed her hips back toward him, absolutely desperate for him to give it to her faster and harder.

"Did you learn your lesson about touching your husband's cock without my permission, you little whore?"

"Does it really count, though, Daddy?" she pouted as he began to fuck her with slightly faster strokes, "he barely has a cock at all. It's like three inches."

Tim squirmed again, but felt precum leaking out all over his boxer shorts. He would have to start touching himself soon if this kept up. He didn't even have time to be mad at her for understating his length. He was so turned on it didn't matter.

"It counts because I say it does. Even if your husband's cock is pathetic, he's still a man, and I don't want you near him or any other man without my permission, understand?"

He slapped her ass as if to emphasize his point, then used his other hand to grab her hair.

"I understand, Daddy!" she yelped, her face flushed with desire as he began to pound her.

"Oh yes," she moaned, "give me that big dick. This cock feels so fucking good."

He pulled her head back and pounded her pussy mercilessly. Tim had a good view of the action, and unzipped his fly to gain access to his almost painfully swollen member.

"I bet your cuck husband jerks off thinking about you getting fucked like this, doesn't he," laughed Mark, his balls bouncing off Cynthia's ample ass.

"He...probably does..." she panted, too much out of breath from the fucking she was receiving to think too much about what he was saying.

It was as if he'd been watching Tim, but he wasn't even looking in his direction. She must have told Mark a lot about him, he thought, pumping his cock in his fist as he watched his wife being manhandled by the hulking young stud.

"Who does this pussy belong to?" growled Mark, slapping her ass again, hard.

"Ouch!" she exclaimed, "it's yours, Daddy! It's all yours."

"That's right it is, slut," he laughed, "and I never want you – or your pathetic little husband – to forget it ever again."

"I promise, Daddy," she moaned, "I need your big dick so bad. Oh my god, I'm going to come."

"Come on this big cock," he encouraged, grabbing her hips now with both hands as he slammed her back onto his rod.

Tim watched in a strange mixture of shame and delight as he witnessed his wife reach climax through vaginal intercourse for the first time. Of course it wasn't the first time for her, but since she'd never been able to do it with him, it was the first time he'd ever witnessed it.

"Oh god," she moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head and her face flushing as her hips bucked, her inner muscles contracting around her lover's prick, "it's so good. So...good... DADDYYYYY!"

Mark allowed her a moment to catch her breath as she fell forward onto the bed, face down in the sheets, his cock still buried to the hilt in her clenching pussy.

Slowly, he began to fuck her from behind once more, her body firmly pressed into the bedspread now. A few moments later, the hotel room was once again filled with the sound of flesh slapping against flesh.

He took a few long, slow strokes now, pulling his cock out all the way, as if to give Tim a chance to admire the way it glistened in the light of the hotel room, coated with his wife's juices.

It was only in that moment that Tim had the presence of mind to realize that Mark was not wearing a condom.

Cynthia had never gone back on the pill after she'd had their child. And since she'd given up breastfeeding, they'd been using condoms at home. That is, of course, until she stopped having vaginal sex with him altogether, which had happened relatively recently.

Tim thought back to when she'd last had her period. He couldn't be sure, but it seemed like several weeks back, which meant she might be fertile.

Oh God, he thought, if he comes inside her, he might knock her up. And I'd be here to see it.

On the bed, Mark continued to give Cynthia a long, slow, deep-dicking. She was moaning in time with his strokes, as if expressing verbally the way in which his member reached parts of her pussy that had never before been stimulated.

"Oh...Daddy...yes...," she moaned, burying her face in a pillow as Mark continued assaulting her unprotected cunt, "you're so deep. Keep going deep. Get all the way inside."

"Mmm," moaned Mark, "this pussy is so fucking good. I fucking love fucking your tight little pussy like this. I'm getting close though. Where do you want my first load?"

Tim's heart leapt for joy. Mark was giving her a choice about where he would come. That meant that she might tell him to shot it somewhere – anywhere – else, not directly into her fertile womb. There was still a chance that she wouldn't go all the way. He may have a small cock, but he was still the father of their first child, and wanted to be the father of their second as well.

"Oh Daddy," she moaned, stuck her ass up higher into the air as her head continued to rest on the pillow, "I want you to come inside me. Fill me with your cum, please."

This spurred him on to even rougher fucking. He was absolutely slamming into her now, clearly on the verge of his own orgasm.

"You want this fucking cum in your tight little pussy, whore?"

"Yes, Daddy!" she groaned, apparently on the verge of her own orgasm, "I need it so fucking bad. Fill me up, please. Give me a baby."

She'd actually said it. She'd spelled it out. His wife was begging to be knocked up by another man. Right in front of him. While he watched. They'd never discussed this possibility before, and frankly Tim hadn't even considered that it could happen. But in retrospect, it made perfect sense. It was the logical culmination of the process that had begun in their marriage a few months ago. First it was his cock that had been called into question, and now it was his biological fitness to be a father.

As he watched Mark pound his wife into the hotel bed, his face a mask of deep concentration, Tim understood why. There was simply no way he could compete with this man's sexual prowess. And now he wouldn't even get a chance to.

Suddenly, Mark let out a loud groan and held his cock deep inside her. Tim could see his groin muscles contract, and almost thought he could detect the cum itself traveling from out of Mark's big heavy balls and into Cynthia's fertile, unprotected cunt.

"Oh God," moaned Mark, as he shot his load directly against Cynthia's cervix, "you little cheating slut. You love having your cunt filled with Daddy's cum, don't you?"

"Yes," she moaned, "I want to make you a real daddy. I hope you knocked me up!" she exclaimed.

Tim noticed that she hadn't cum for a second time yet. Mark, however, was clearly spent for the moment. His huge erection was now drooping, a blob of white cum visible at its tip.

"Damn," he said, "I'm going to need to rest for a moment, but I have an idea."

"I'm all ears," she said, grinning back over her shoulder at him.

"I want you to clean me up," he said, gesturing towards his cock, "and he can clean you up."

He pointed directly at Tim. Tim's heart raced.

"That's right, cuck," he said, "you can come over here and eat your wife's pussy while she sucks my cock."

Tim nodded, pulling his pants up enough to make it over to the bed.

"Hi honey," said Cynthia, "have you been enjoying yourself?"

Tim nodded.

"I'm sorry about letting him come in my unprotected pussy like that. It seemed like the right thing to do at the time!"

She laughed.

Tim shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course, honey. Whatever you want."

"What I want is to come again. And since the only dick that can make me do it isn't hard yet, I think you're going to have to go down on me while I get it hard. Sound good?"

Tim nodded, dropping to his knees and burying his face in his wife's mound. He could taste Mark's salty cum as it intermingled with his wife's juices.

In the meantime, Cynthia was sucking the last bits of cum out of her lover's dick, which was slowly returning to its erect state.

"God I love this cock," she moaned, clearly also responding to Tim's tongue on her clit and pussylips, "just look at how fucking magnificent it is. This is what a real man's cock looks like."

She began to lick his balls as well.

"Such a good girl," he said, "you're making Daddy really happy."

"Thanks, Daddy," she mumbled, her mouth filled with one of his balls.

"Mmm," she moaned, "I think I'm going to come again, Daddy. Do I have permission to come?"

"Not yet," he said, "I want to coat your pretty face first."

"Get out of here," he said to Tim, "we're done with you now."

"You mean?"

"You can go jerk off in the bathroom. We need to be alone now," said Mark, gesturing for Tim to leave.

Tim nodded. He stood up and looked at Cynthia one last time before turning to leave. She looked at him with a mixture of pity and amusement.

"Bye, honey," she said, "see you back at home."

Tim nodded, then ducked into the bathroom and took out his cock. As he stroked it furiously for a few seconds, he could hear his wife begin to moan once more. Mark was clearly fucking her again.

"It's so big, Daddy!!" she cried, as Tim shot his load all over the bathroom floor.

He quickly cleaned up the spunk while Cynthia's moans grew louder. He washed his hands, and decided there was nothing else for him to do now but leave.

He went back to the darkened corridor, and was about to exit the hotel room, but he couldn't stop himself from turning around and tiptoeing back, one last time.

Peering out from the darkened hallway of the suite, he saw his wife on her back in the bed with her legs wrapped around her lover, who penetrated her in missionary position with long, slow, smooth strokes, each one of which seemed to shake her to her very core.

"Oh God. Oh God, Daddy. You give it to me so deep. I need it just like that."

Far from shooting his load on her face as he had promised, Mark seemed on track to inseminate Tim's wife once again.

Tim was rooted to the spot, watching the muscular young man's buttocks flex as he pumped his full length into Cynthia's tight cunt, which looked absolutely tiny in contrast to the mighty rod that stretched it.

"Tell me what you want, slut. Tell me what you need."

"I need your cock," she groaned, "I need you to breed me. Knock me up, please. Give me a fucking baby. Fuck, I need your cum inside me so bad, Daddy!"

Tim couldn't believe the words he was hearing. This time, there could be no question of this being a charade for his benefit. For all

the lovers knew, he was long gone. This was just between the two of them, and Cynthia clearly was merely following her instincts.

It seemed so natural, so right, what he saw there: a dominant, virile young man, about to deposit his seed into a fertile woman. It was the way of nature, and Tim was relegated to a completely passive position as he received this difficult lesson.

"Oh God," she moaned, "I'm so close."

"That's it, slut," he groaned, "I'm going to fill your little cunt. I'm going to knock you up. Tell me what you need."

"I need your cock. Fuck I love it so much."

Tim thought he could see tears coming to his wife's eyes as she reached climax.

"I need your cum inside me," she moaned again, squeezing him to her with her legs as if to pull him even further inside, "I love your fucking dick. I love your dick more than I love my husband."

Those last words hurt Tim, but they also made him rock hard again. He pulled out his cock once more and stroked it furiously as he watched Mark groan one final time and slam his entire length into Cynthia's pussy, holding his prick against her cervix and filling her once more with his seed.

"I love you, Mark," Cynthia shrieked, her hips bucking as her pussy milked the last bit of cum from his balls, "I can't wait to have your baby."

Tim shot his load quietly into a Kleenex, wiped himself off, and quickly sneaked out of the hotel room, closing the door very softly behind him.

He didn't mention to Cynthia that he'd stayed in the hotel room longer than instructed. And she didn't tell him anything either.

Everything remained as it did before, until a few weeks later, when she missed her period. A few days after that, she emerged from the bathroom, waving a small white stick.

"It's positive!" she said, giving Tim a big hug.

Tim never asked who the father was. He didn't have to.

THE END

Also from Cynthia Sizemore:

[Becoming a Size Queen](#)



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](#) and find out about new releases, special offers, and more!

E-mail her at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.