

What We're Worth to Her Ch. 01

by [sweetsock](#)©

This story contains elements of humiliation, size comparison and size worship, and also slight reluctance. It is entirely fantasy, and as such, has little to do with reality and very little to do with the way that most people actually think, feel, or behave. That said, enjoy.

Part 1

The pill I'd taken was as advertised. The receptionist, who'd passed it to me through the window in a small plastic cup just like I've seen in movies, told me it would take effect in a matter of minutes. And minutes later, as I sat in the waiting room, I could feel a warm, pleasant sensation enveloping my crotch. Like clockwork, as though she could sense the erection beginning to form in my pants, the receptionist disappeared from her station and quickly reappeared at the door leading to the examining rooms. She called my name. "Please go into room B3," she said, holding the door open for me.

When I entered the room labeled B3, it first appeared to be empty, but in the next moment I caught sight of a dark-haired woman standing on one side of the door at a counter with her back to me. She wore a white lab coat and I could see that she held a clipboard in one hand. She raised the other hand behind her, lifted a finger, and said, "Stand over there and take down your pants and underwear far enough so that your penis and testicles are completely visible."

I was surprised that this direction came before even the slightest greeting, but I also felt relieved. By now I was certain that my cock was as hard as it had ever been in my life, and it would be a relief to release it. I lowered my clothing as instructed and placed my hands behind me on the examination table, leaning my weight against it. My cock stood out in front of me perpendicular to floor.

At this point the woman turned around. I expected to meet her eye, but she looked directly at my crotch first. This would have surprised me if I hadn't already had a greater shock. She registered my face as I let out a startled gasp. "Oh! Karen!"

There was a pause as neither of us said a word, staring awkwardly at each other for a moment instead. Finally, I could think of nothing to say but an apology. Somehow it seemed wrong to have my cock out in front of my former boss. "I...I'm sorry." I felt as though I should cover up, though she hadn't turned away or instructed me to. I reached toward my pants, but she held out a hand and motioned for me to stop.

"Hello, Adam. This is a surprise. It's been a little while."

I'd last seen Karen about two years ago, when she'd left my company to return to academia. We'd worked together for about two years. We'd never been close. She was my superior and never showed an interest in knowing me in any other way. Some months after she left I heard she'd gotten a position at a

university.

"Adam, I should say that you can opt out of this right now if you wish. I can understand that this would be uncomfortable for you. Of course, you won't receive any payment if you choose to do that."

I was going to be paid six hundred dollars for taking part in this study for roughly thirty minutes of my time. I wasn't exactly hard-up financially, but I certainly could use the money. When I saw the advertisement last week, I thought it was impossible that I'd be paid six hundred dollars just to show my cock to a professional for a half-hour. But here we are. We looked at each other for a moment. I stuttered, "Uh, well..."

"I will point out that the cat is already out of the bag, as they say, so..."

I laughed, "That is very true. I guess there is no undoing this. I take it...I mean, you are probably quite used to this, anyway, I assume?"

"Yes."

"Ok, sure, yeah, let's go ahead."

"Great." She scribbled on her clipboard.

"So...how are you," I offered.

"Fine, and you?" She looked at my cock as she spoke.

"At this very moment, I will say that I've been slightly better, but generally I'm good, thanks."

She stepped closer to me. Karen was tall, my height, with a graceful figure, long and lean, about ten years older than I, though I'd never been entirely sure that was true. She just seemed older. She pulled a ruler from her coat pocket. "Adam, we can catch up later, but at this moment, I need to measure your erection."

Her hands were gloved. She placed one hand on the underside of the shaft of my cock, holding it aloft, and used the other to set the ruler along the top, the edge of the ruler just touching my skin at my pubic area. She returned the ruler to her coat pocket and recorded an entry in her paperwork. She then removed a measuring tape from the same pocket.

"Didn't you just get the measurement?"

"This is for circumference," she said. After a moment, presumably for clarity, as she began to wrap the tape around my cock just above the mid-section, she added, "For girth."

She made another entry and then walked to the counter. She took out two thin strips of red paper, which almost looked like string. She clipped each of these with a pair of scissors and then faced me again. "Now I'll need to take a photograph."

"Excuse me? I...there wasn't anything about a photograph in the advertisement I read."

"It's mentioned explicitly in the agreement you signed, Adam. It's just for reference purposes, in case we need to check our data. Obviously your face won't be in it. Everything is anonymous, Adam, of course. I'll be placing these adhesive measuring tapes on your penis so that your measurements will be visible in the photograph."

She moved her lab coat aside and took a phone from her jeans pocket. I'd expected her to have an actual camera, but I didn't quite feel comfortable questioning her any further. She removed her gloves and placed a finger on the phone's fingerprint reader. "Have to unlock it," she said.

She set the phone down on the table next to me and picked up the strips of adhesive measuring strips. She did not put another pair of gloves on her hand. Before I could remind her, her bare hands were already at my cock. She stretched one piece of tape along the length of my cock and wrapped the other around my shaft in the same place as before. I had looked at the ceiling when she'd previously taken her measurements, but now I stared at her while she worked, her bare hands on me. I could see that she'd cut these tapes to perfectly fit me. I already knew the size of my cock, of course, but with these strips taped to me, its size was constantly advertised — and it drove home that at every moment Karen knew fully, down to the nearest measurement, what I had to offer.

Karen picked up the phone and took a photograph. She then removed the strips of tape and set them aside. She paused for a moment, looking at my groin, as she had done throughout the examination. She placed a hand on the underside of my cock, wrapping her fingers at the base. She raised the camera again. As I began to speak, to question the need for this second photograph, she tapped the button, took the photo, and interrupted me, "You may sit for the next part if you like. Now we'll collect your ejaculate."

"What? Really? Is that...was that also part of the agreement?"

"Yes. We'll be measuring the volume and sperm count." She returned to the counter and removed a small plastic jar from a drawer and then handed it to me. "Please release your ejaculate into this receptacle."

"...Ok." I stood there, holding the jar. She took a seat next to the examination table. "Uh...are you going to leave the room?"

"No, Adam, I'm not," she said, "I have to witness the ejaculation."

"Wow...I..."

Again she interrupted me before I could compose a thought. "The pill you've taken has increased your sensitivity temporarily. You may notice your testicles already feel tight. Please stimulate your penis until you ejaculate. You may sit or stand."

Bewildered, I looked at her, but she continued to stare straight at my cock. I considered whether I should leave, but my former boss had already touched, measured, and photographed my cock. What was the difference at this point? I began to stroke myself. She was right. I could feel that I was near the point of cumming after only a few strokes.

My eyes darted about the room, unsure where to land. I'd glance at Karen intermittently, expecting to find her occupied with her notes and hoping, I suppose, that she'd somehow communicate that she was not disturbed by this. But she did nothing but intently follow my fist as it moved along the length of my cock. She showed no emotion.

After only a minute or two, I could feel that my orgasm was imminent. I held the jar with my other hand and aimed the head of my cock directly into the opening. I tried to stifle any sounds I might make — it seemed inappropriate — but the power of my orgasm surprised me. I let out a moan at the same time as I did several thick ropes of cum.

Karen spoke. "Please squeeze your penis to release any last drops of semen."

I did as instructed and a surprisingly thick glob of cum oozed from the head, but landed on the outer edge of the jar. I'd missed. "That's all right," Karen said, "I'll take it."

She stood and turned from me, walking toward the counter. As she turned, I was almost certain I saw her scoop the cum streaking down the edge of the jar with her bare finger. But it was only a moment, and then her back was to me. I heard the lid of the jar clamp into place.

"Thank you, Adam. We're finished. The receptionist will give you a check."

I pulled up my pants. "I...Karen...this," I stammered.

"Adam, I'll have to see another participant in this study now. I'm sorry."

"Right, sure, goodbye." I walked out of the office and to the receptionist's window to request my check. As I waited, I saw Karen enter through a door in the back of the room. She put a sheet of paper in front of the receptionist. "Please file this when you have a moment and send the next participant in."

Karen made a polite wave in my direction and walked out. The form was clearly in reference to a

participant in the study, and though there was only mention of a participant ID number, the receptionist must have known it was mine. It did not seem terribly anonymous to me to pass along a single form to be filed just after the participant has exited.

I thought perhaps the receptionist would quickly tuck the document into a folder, but instead she took a moment to register the data for herself. I could see her eyes move across the page. She began to turn the page over, which caused me to notice there was a second document paper-clipped to the form. To my astonishment, it was a 4X6 glossy print of the photograph of my cock, its measurements on display. I did not see a copy of the second photograph Karen took.

She left the photograph face-up on the desk and pulled a sheet of checks from the drawer and began to fill one out. She tore off the bottom check and handed it to me. "Thank you," she said.

I took the check and lingered for a moment, still expecting her to slip the form and photograph into a folder. But she made no so much movements. I can't say that I was embarrassed, but I certainly found it strange. But there was really nothing left for me to do, and six hundred dollars for a little strangeness was well worth it. Conveniently, there was a branch of my bank only a few blocks away.

When I handed the check to the teller at the bank, she laughed and said, "Another one! I've seen about a dozen of these." She was young, short and thick, with round cheeks.

"Yeah, they are doing a study over..."

"Oh, I know, after about six of these in a few hours yesterday, I got curious and asked. I know all about it." She then smiled widely and quickly brought a hand to her mouth. She appeared embarrassed. "But this is the first time I've seen a note on one."

"What do you mean?"

She held the check against the glass, the face of the check pointing in my direction. I could see something was written in the memo line. It took me a moment to make out the handwriting. It said, "If only we paid per inch, you'd have made a fortune."

Part 2

Later that afternoon I received a text message from Karen, which came as a surprise. She'd behaved so coolly toward me, I assumed she'd want to put it all behind her. I still had her number and name in my contacts, and I'd never deleted our thread of messages, few as they were. I could see her last message to me from two years ago, sent the evening of her last day. She'd forgotten her keys to the office in her desk drawer and asked me to return them to facility manager. Not much in the way of sentiment. She must have deleted the thread from her own phone, as she felt it necessary to let me know it was her.

— hi! it's karen!

— hey

— thanks for doing that today. i know it probably seems weird, but it's part of some important work

— np, sorry if it was weird for you

— not weird! it's work and i gotta be very professional about it there, given how personal it is. but i was glad to see you

— i get it. and me too!

— i was especially glad to see your cock. it's so hugggee!! highlight of my day! fuck, highlight of the month, tbh

— Karen, Jesus...

— i'm sure you know, adam. you better know! someone should be telling you every day how big and beautiful your cock is

— wow, well thanks. i guess that's quite a compliment coming from someone who studies them

— true! very, very few like yours, believe me. ur hung af.

— i'll take your word for it

— loved watching you cum too! very creamy load

— fuck, that's hot

— it tasted good too, adam. i cleaned up that mess you made on the jar, went straight to my tongue

— you're fucking kidding me

— i still had your cum in my mouth when you saw me at the front desk, waited to swallow it

— omg, karen, fukkkk. i had no idea...about any of this

— hey, i'm having a couple of people over for dinner tonight at 7:30. will u cum and join us.

— ok, sure

— great, here's the address. see you later

— see you

It was not news to me that I am well-endowed, but I was shocked by Karen's bluntly-expressed interest in me. I'd never thought of her as someone who might talk dirty. She was always fairly aloof and to-the-point. She screamed maturity. And she'd never shown even a hint of attraction toward me. I had the impression that she really did not think about me at all.

When I arrived at her home, the door was instantly opened by a young woman, perhaps college-age. She was strikingly beautiful, with long black hair falling almost to her waist. She wore a pair of shorts — emphasis on short — a tank top and a bandana around her head. A bit of well-tanned skin peeked from above her waistline. "Hello!" she said, "come in."

"Hi, I'm Adam. I'm looking for Karen."

"Sure, she told me she's expecting guests."

"Are you one of them?"

"No, I'm Karen's house sitter. She's just gotten in, so I'm about to take off. That's why I answered the door so quickly. I was literally walking out."

"Oh, I was wondering if you were just waiting there."

"Yep, just waiting for you," she laughed.

At this moment Karen came down a hallway and approached. She was wearing a long, billowing red skirt and a tight black top. "Oh, I see you've met. Did you introduce yourselves?"

"Almost," I said.

"Adam, this is Ellen. Ellen's been looking after the place for me. I actually haven't been home for a stretch before today. She's a student at the university. Media studies, right? Unless you've changed it again?" Karen laughed.

"That's right," Ellen said.

"Cool," I said.

"Ellen, this is Adam. He has a very big dick."

"Christ, Karen!" I did not know what to say.

Ellen raised her eyebrows and addressed Karen, "Does he? Well, now I'm sad I have to run. I'd like to see this big dick of his." She began to step toward the door. "But I'm really late!"

"Don't worry, I'll text you a photo," Karen said.

Ellen continued out the door, "Oh, perfect! Bye bye. Be seeing more of you soon, Adam!"

Karen closed the door behind her. "Karen, why would you...you can't just...those photos are for the study only. I really doubt texting them to your friends was part of the agreement I signed."

Karen walked further into her home, entering the kitchen. The first floor was a fairly wide-open space, almost like a gigantic studio apartment. "Don't be silly, Adam. Your cock is special. It should be shared."

She picked up her phone from the kitchen counter and began tapping at the screen. "Anyway, do you have a problem with Ellen seeing your dick? Do you not like beautiful women being excited just to see your cock?"

"I...that's not the point."

"Good, because I just sent her the photo. No need to make a fuss about a good thing. And anyway, speaking of good things, I'd like to see your dick. Take it out now. Your balls too."

I was beginning to think that Karen may be slightly unhinged. Her deficiencies in the area of social grace were greater than I ever imagined. But then, Ellen seemed rather nonplussed that Karen had brought up my cock so randomly. That was surprising, come to think of it. And of course, Karen was right. I didn't mind the attention. Who knew where this might go? I unzipped and pulled my cock and balls above the waistline of my pants.

Karen ran a single finger gently along the length of my cock. "Oh, that's good, yes. My first time seeing it soft. This is a treat. What is that? About five and a half inches soft?"

"Something like that."

"It's very meaty. The veins are pronounced even when soft. You know, it's upsetting to me that I didn't know about this when we were working together. Look at all this cock you have, just hanging there. You should have told me or just shown this to me. This was just in your pants all that time! Damn!"

"Sorry, I guess."

"You should be sorry, Adam. When you have something special like this, when you're hung like this, you have a duty to entertain women like me. Your cock is meant to entertain me. If I want to see it, you show me. If I want to show others, you show them. If I want to use it, I use it. If I want to see your cock spray cum, then you cum. Yes? Do you agree?"

"Yes." I was almost surprised to hear myself agree. I looked at Karen to gauge her reaction, but as she did earlier today, she simply stared directly at my cock.

"Frankly, Adam, I'd prefer that your cock be out at all times, because I like to see it, just swinging around, taking up space. I want others to see it at all times too. They should know what a truly big dick looks like, how they or their partner's stack up, what they're missing. It's better that way. But...for now, you may put your cock away. We have guests arriving soon, and it's not time for that yet. But understand, Adam, I will be showing your cock off tonight. It will be on display. That will happen. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good. Now I've got to do a few things in kitchen. Why don't you relax in the living room? Can I get you anything to drink?"

"I think I'm good." I took a seat on the couch and ran the last few minutes through my mind. This was not what I'd expected. After her texts, I had figured Karen would want to fuck, certainly, but she was operating on another level here. And I'll admit, I was incredibly excited by the way she objectified me.

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I pulled it out. A text — a heart-eyes emoji from an unknown number. Whoever it was they were typing more.

— omg, adam, your cock!

— is this ellen? what about it?

— it's amazing, so thick and long. would you tell karen i said thank you? I almost walked out without knowing!

— i'll do that

— ur dick makes karen's hand look so tiny. also really makes my bf's penis seem puny :(

— sorry

— he should be sorry, not you. im thinking about breaking up. can we hang out tomorrow? it'd be nice to talk to someone about it.

— sure

— great! do you have any more pics or vids?

— sorry, i don't. maybe later.

— k, i'll ask karen.

"Is that Ellen?"

I turned and saw Karen standing behind me. "Yes," I said.

"What did she say?"

"I guess you gave her my number, huh?"

"I did. It'd have been cruel of me to send a photo of your very large penis without your number, don't you think? What did she say about your cock?"

"Well, she likes it."

"Be more specific."

"She said it's amazing. That it makes her boyfriend's look puny."

"That girl's such a little size queen."

"Well, apparently not, if her boyfriend—"

"Adam, cocks like yours are very hard to find. Sometimes you have to make due, at least for a while, until—"

At that moment the doorbell rang. "Ah, my other guests have arrived. Let's go."

We walked to the foyer and when Karen opened the door, I was taken aback by another visitor from the past. Marjorie, an intern from two years ago, who'd worked closely with Karen. I had quite the crush on her. She was just my type. Short, button cute, a bob of black hair to her jaw, golden skin. I hadn't seen her since the internship ended. We'd only spoken on a handful of occasions at the office. Now here she

was approaching me.

"Hi, I'm Marjorie, but feel free to call me Marj and this is my friend Paul."

"Hello. Hello, Paul," I replied.

"Marj, this is Adam. Don't you remember him from your internship a couple of years ago?"

"Adam? Ohhhh. Now that you mention it, I do. I'm sorry! It's been awhile. How are you?"

"I'm very good, thanks. And you?"

She put her arm on the inside of Paul's and gave his arm a squeeze. "Good!" she said.

Karen then ushered us into the living room and served wine. A few minutes later she brought out dinner. We spent a couple of hours in pleasant enough conversation. Commuting, television shows, jobs. The wine certainly added to things. I noticed that Marjorie and Paul were getting really quite drunk. I also noticed that Karen seemed to be holding back, not talking quite as much as I'd have expected, as though she were just watching us all, as she sat at the head of the table. I don't think she had more than a glass herself.

Toward 10 P.M. Karen excused herself and returned with four cups of coffee on a tray. She proceeded to set a cup in front of each of us. "I think this might be useful, no?"

"Yes, shit. I could use a cup, thank you," said Marjorie.

There was a lull in the conversation and again I had the impression that Karen was watching us carefully, waiting perhaps. And then for the first time in the evening, she introduced a topic of conversation.

"So, Marj, this is your third date with Paul, right? But you've been chatting, getting to know each other, for longer. Is that right?"

Marjorie looked at Paul, "Mmm hmm. Chatting for about a month, first met about a week ago."

"You met on a dating app, right? Marj told me you were rather aggressive, Paul."

"I know what I like," Paul replied, laughing.

"She said you have something of a dominant personality."

"You might say that."

"Have you fucked her yet?"

Marjorie burst out laughing. She must be pretty close with Karen, I thought, judging by her reaction. I half-expected her to get angry. Myself, I was on edge. I knew Karen was leading somewhere. "Jesus, Karen, take it easy!" Marjorie finally said after her laughter subsided.

"You know me, Marj, the curious type. So Paul?"

"No, Karen, not yet. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I heard from Marj here that in all that chatting you do that you might have said something about having quite the cock on you. Is that true?"

Dumbfounded, Paul looked at Marjorie, who smiled and shrugged. "We...Marjorie was telling me about how short she was. She said something about being small all over. I said it might be a tight fit. We were just flirting. But why am I telling you this? This is personal. Marjorie, don't you think?"

"Maybe this is flirting too," Marjorie answered Paul.

At this time I became aware of that same warm, pleasant feeling in my groin that I'd felt earlier today in the waiting room. I could feel myself getting hard. I thought the turn the conversation had taken must be arousing me in a way I hadn't expected.

"Do you have a big dick, Paul?" Karen asked directly.

"Jesus. Adam, you don't want to hear about this, do you?" Paul said.

I raised my hands in the air in the universal signal of surrender.

"What, are you embarrassed by your dick, Paul?" Karen kept pushing.

"No. And to answer your question, yes, Karen, it's a good size. Happy?"

"Ah, a good size. No, I'm not happy, Paul. I'm worried for Marj. I don't want her to get hurt. How big is it exactly?"

Marj laughed again. "Like in inches? Are you kidding?" asked Paul.

"Yes, in inches."

"Seriously?" Paul looked to Marj. She made a half-frown, half-smile.

"Look, I don't know inches. It's above average, I know that."

"Ooooh la la la," purred Marjorie, "nice."

"And how thick?" Karen asked.

"Fuck, I don't know. I'm not sure."

"Above average? Big? Huge?" Karen would not quit.

"Oh my god. Above average, like I said. Is that enough? Do you know enough about my dick now?"

"Why don't you show us, Paul? And if it's above average, as you say, Marj and I will both fuck you tonight."

"Karen, what? You're really pushing it now," Marjorie interrupted, "I know you like to fuck around, I know you can be pretty filthy too, but..."

"Would you not like to have two women like us worship your cock, Paul? You'd like that if you were in Paul's place, wouldn't you, Adam?"

"I would," I said.

"Paul, I know you have a raging hard-on right now. I know you're turned on by this," Karen said.

"You...how do you..." Paul stammered.

Now I became suspicious. It's possible that Paul and I were both extremely aroused by this conversation, but Karen's announcement caused me to think this was not an entirely natural occurrence.

"C'mon, Paul, show us ladies your cock. We want to see your cock. How about I show first. Will that help? I show you mine, you show me yours."

Paul looked around and after a little hesitation, Marjorie said, "Gonna be honest, I...I'd really like to see Karen do that."

"Up to you, Paul," Karen pressed.

"Ok. Ok, fuck, deal, show me yours, I'll show you mine. You first, Karen."

"Deal," Karen calmly replied. I expected her to pull her dress up just for a moment and give us a quick flash. But instead she stood from her position at the head of the table, lifted her leg and placed one foot

on the seat of the chair. And then the next. We could see her feet move into position underneath her long skirt, but the rest was hidden. She settled into a crouching position on the chair, knees up, ass down, and thrust her ass out toward us.

She steadied herself by placing one hand on the back of the chair. The other hand began to pull her skirt up. This was no flash. In this position, her dark, little asshole appeared first. Crouched as she was, her skin was taught, and instead of being hidden in the crevice of her cheeks, her asshole was completely exposed, short lines encircled the hole, those little wrinkles, leading to it like a target.

"Fuck," I exclaimed.

Her skirt continued to ascend. Her lips appeared next, almost black against her light skin, like nothing I'd seen, as though a marker had been taken to them. You could not help but stare at them. And then her clit, deep red and shockingly engorged, the hood pulled back, as though she'd been teasing her clit for some time. Her pussy was framed by a full bush, which she clearly made no effort to tame — a thick and wild patch of black hair ran the full width of her pubic area and extended down her lips. Her clit shown like a light in a dark forest. I could see the pink between the lips and the darkness of her hole, just a dot peeking out at the moment. I felt as though heat wafted from her pussy, pulling me in.

"That is glorious," I said, "Fucking glorious."

"Thank you, Adam. Do you like my holes, Paul?"

"Yes, I do." Paul began to extend a hand toward Karen's pussy.

"Nah uh uh, Paul. It's time to show me something that I'll like. You know the deal. You must be bursting hard by now."

"Ok, yeah." Paul stood, putting his fingers to the button of his pants.

"Wait," said Karen.

We all looked to her.

"What if you lose, Paul? What do I get?"

Part 3

"What do you want?" Paul asked.

"If you lose, I want you and Marjorie to do whatever I say tonight."

"Fuck no. That wasn't the deal. You shoulda mentioned that little detail before."

"She's already shown you her pussy, Paul. Little unfair to back out now," Marjorie chimed in.

"You're willing to do whatever she wants?" Paul asked Marjorie, daring her with the question.

"Marjorie has always loved to do what I say," Karen answered for her, "And I think you want to do what I say too, Paul. Admit it. You want to be controlled by me, to be judged by me, to know your value to me. Don't you?"

Paul stood in silence and then simply said, "Ok."

"Before you show us all that you have to offer, Paul, I have a bet for you, Marj. Would you like to make a bet?"

"Yes," Marjorie said.

"If Paul loses, I'm generous, I'll give him a second chance. But you have to guess correctly the answer to the question I'm about to give you, Marj. If Paul loses but you're right, I'll let him out of this deal. Neither of you will have to do whatever I say. If he loses and you're wrong, Adam is going to fuck you, Marj. Think of it as double or nothing."

I raised my eyebrows at this. I knew I would be coming into this play at some point. Paul raised his voice, "No! Absolutely not."

"Paul, you've already made your deal. You've made your gamble. If you lose, whatever I say goes. Let Marjorie have her turn."

"What's the question?" Marjorie asked, straight-faced.

"Who has the bigger cock, Adam or Paul?"

"Fuck, I knew you were going to ask that, Karen. Fuck," Marjorie stewed, "Just give me a minute."

Despite my now direct involvement in this game, I continued to be drawn to Karen's pussy and asshole throughout. I stared openly, but that seemed only fair. Karen must have sensed my desire. As Marjorie considered, Karen ran two fingers through the lips of her pussy and then ever so slightly pushed them just inside of her. She then raised her hand and spread the two fingers apart. A slick of her wetness dripped between the fingers. She stretched her hand toward my face and fed me her cream. "Thank you," I said, and Karen gave me a small smile.

"That's not helping me think," Marjorie said.

Paul had half-watched too, torn between the scene and Marjorie's deliberation. "Marjorie?" he said, prompting her.

Marjorie spoke. "No offense, Adam, but I'm not really into fucking you. I mean, obviously I'm kind of on a fucking date with Paul here, but you and I, you know, I just never felt any attraction to you."

"No offense taken," I said.

Marjorie looked to Paul. "Your cock is big, right? This is important now. You have a big dick, don't you?"

"You have to answer based on what you already know," Karen said.

"Figures. And so I'm guessing I can't ask Adam about his cock, right?" Marjorie put to Karen.

"No," Karen answered.

"Well, again, no offense, Adam, but the odds are that you're average. That's what average means, I guess. Most people. So I'll say that Paul's dick is bigger. He said it was definitely above average. Also, again, I'm dating Paul, so I think I should probably pick him."

"Again, no offense taken," I said.

"Shall we agree that average length is five-and-a-half inches? And girth is somewhere shy of five, so being generous, we'll round down to four-and-a-half inches. Agreed, Marj?" Karen asked.

"Sounds good."

Karen lowered her skirt and sat back down in her chair. I hoped that that would not be the last time I'd see between her legs. "Ok, Paul," she said, "time to show us your big dick."

Paul unbuckled, unzipped, and lowered his clothing. Out bobbed his penis, looking as hard as a penis can be.

"Oh goddamit," exclaimed Marjorie immediately. "Paul, why didn't you just tell the truth? If you'd told the truth, I'd have had a better chance with my guess."

"What do you mean?" Paul asked.

"What do you mean 'what do you mean'? Your penis is small, which means you definitely lost your bet and there's a good chance I lost mine, unless Adam is really under-endowed."

"Don't listen to her, Paul. We have to measure before we can know," Karen said, "Marj is just worried about losing."

"Yeah, now I'm fucking worried," Marjorie quipped.

Karen revealed two of the same red adhesive strips she'd used on me earlier from a drawer that rolled out from underneath the kitchen table. She was prepared. She placed one along the length of Paul's penis and the other around the shaft just above the middle, as she'd done to me. She took a pair of scissors and snipped the excess.

"Let's see," she said, "a little shy of four-and-a-half inches in length. It's four and a third, to be precise. And four inches in girth. That is definitely not above average, Paul."

"No shit," sneered Marjorie.

"Well, you simply don't have enough cock, Paul. You can see for yourself, as can all of us." Karen took a ruler from the drawer and held it next to Paul and pointed her finger to the five-and-a-half inch mark.

"This is where we said average is but your penis stops here and then there's nothing, just air. There should be more cock here, but you run out pretty quickly. That's just for average, mind you. But you said you were above average. You're missing multiple inches. What do you think, Marj?"

"I think it's fucking small."

"It would be better if you had a bigger dick, Paul. Does it get bigger than this?" Karen asked. Paul shook his head.

"Why not?" Paul was silent and Karen continued. "Why would you bring a small cock like this to us here tonight? We're easy to please. Just have a large penis, simple. Just have more inches. Well, so you've lost your bet. Why did you lose, Paul?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do, Paul."

"Because I have a small dick."

"That's right, and you like that I know you have a little cock, don't you, Paul? Every time I see you from now on, I will think only one thing. His cock is tiny. You like that, admit it. In fact, I'm going to call you Tiny Dick from now on. That feels right, don't you think? But maybe you'll still win, Tiny Dick. Maybe Marj will bail you out and win her bet. But before we see about that, I think you should apologize."

"Apologize?"

"Yes, to Marj."

Paul faced Marjorie, his penis pointing toward her head. "I'm sorry for exaggerating, Marjorie. I'm sorry that I don't have enough cock." Marjorie sat with her arms folded.

"Now apologize to me, Tiny Dick," Karen demanded.

"To you? For what?"

"I showed you my beautiful pussy. I know that excited you. But did you excite me? That is your job. Your job is to display a long, thick cock, heaving out in front of you. I should be thinking about how each wide inch will feel sliding into me. But you don't do that for me, Tiny Dick."

"I'm sorry for not doing my job, Karen. It's my responsibility to have a big cock for you and I failed."

"I don't forgive you." Karen then turned to Marjorie. "Are you ready to see if you've won your bet?"

"Yes. His dick better not be, like, just a millimeter bigger than Paul's. That would be the worst. Two small cocks, plus I lose."

Karen then instructed, "Adam, show us your cock." At that, I stood, unbuttoned, unzipped, and lowered my pants.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" Marjorie screamed. "Now that is a cock! There's so much. It's like a fucking brick."

"Is it bigger than Tiny Dick's penis?" Karen asked.

"Fuck yes! It's not even close. There's no competition. It's like we're not even comparing two of the same thing. Are you seeing this, Paul? Look at that!"

"Marj, his name is Tiny Dick."

"Oh right. Still think you're above average, Tiny Dick? Actually, suddenly I don't find your apology very satisfying. I was really annoyed at you for lying before, but now that I've seen Adam's huge cock, I'm really fucking angry at you for not being hung like that."

"Apologize to her again, Tiny Dick, for not having a huge cock like this. You obviously didn't do it right the first time. Apologize for everything you're lacking," Karen demanded again.

"I'm sorry, Marjorie, for not having a huge cock like that. I'm sorry that my cock doesn't resemble a ripped, muscular forearm like that one. I'm sorry that my cock doesn't demand attention like that. I'm

sorry that my cock isn't hard to look away from like that one."

"I'm still mad, but you're right. That dick does demand attention," Marjorie said. She looked at me for a moment as she said my name but then returned her attention to my dick. "Adam, it's really, really gorgeous. It's just standing out there, like almost a separate entity from you. There's you, and there's your dick. Your huge fucking dick."

"Do you find it attractive, Marj?" Karen asked?

"Of course! Adam, I don't think I could even be near you anymore without wanting to see your cock. It would be so frustrating, like something really important was missing or hidden. Promise me, Adam, that whenever we see each other from now on, you'll take out your cock, please?"

I looked to Karen, who answered for me. "Adam can't promise you that, Marj. His cock is too special for those decisions to be entirely his. So I decide. It's my cock to show off."

"Karen, whenever I see Adam, can I please see his dick, at least for a little bit?"

"Yes."

"Can I tell people about his big fat cock?"

"Yes, you may. But right now I want you tell someone about Tiny Dick."

"What do you mean?" Paul interjected. "Who would you tell? I thought this was just between us, just for tonight."

"Paul," Karen began with his real name, "be honest with yourself, do you really care if we tell other women that you do not have enough cock? Really, think hard about your feelings. Don't you want women to know that you're lacking in this essential way? It's natural. Women should know. We have a right to know about your small penis."

"I agree," Marjorie added.

"It would be one thing," Karen continued, "if you were above average, as you claimed, or even just average. That can be expected, but we can't anticipate someone under-endowed like you, Tiny. And doesn't it make you feel better? Isn't it better that I know exactly what you are worth? No games, no pretending. I know that you are a small penis. That is who you are."

Paul opened his mouth, but Karen did not wait for his answer. "Marjorie, who would you like to tell?"

"Hmmm." Marjorie looked at Paul. "Who do you think, Tiny?"

Again Paul began to speak, but Marjorie interrupted with a burst. "Oh! Oh my god. I know. This is obvious." Marjorie turned to address Karen. "I went to college with one of Paul's oldest friends. We were just texting last week, I was telling her that we'd gone on a couple of dates."

"Do you know who she is talking about, Tiny Dick?" Karen asked.

"Yes, she's talking about Amanda. We've known each other since we were seven," he answered.

"Do you think Amanda has a right to know about your not even four-and-a-half inch hard-on?"

Paul hesitated. "Y...yes, she deserves to know." But Marjorie was already tapping away at her phone.

"Tell us what you're typing, Marjorie," Karen instructed.

"Well, I'm telling Amanda that things haven't panned out between Tiny and I. She asked why. And I wrote back, 'small penis.'

"And what is Amanda saying now?"

"She's typing. Let's see. She sent the emoji of the face crying with laughter. She wants to know how small."

"Offer to show her."

"Ok, I did. She's typing...still typing. She said ok, sure. Should I offer to send a photo, Karen?"

"No, tell her you're going to do a video call."

Paul started, "I don't think—"

"She says I'm a nasty freak. She wrote 'lol' but then she said ok." Marjorie began the call and pointed her camera directly at Paul. He was in the frame from his knees to his belly.

"What the fuck!" Amanda's voice exploded from the phone. "Is that you, Paul?"

"Yes," said Paul, meekly.

"What's all the red tape on you?"

"It's to show the exact size of my penis."

"Well, I can see it's small with the eyeball test. Get closer, Marj, let me see what that tape says." Marjorie moved the camera, now showing a top-down view of Paul's penis.

"You're really hard, Paul, what are these ladies doing to you? You look like you are about to burst. Does that say four-and-a-half inches long?"

"Answer her, Tiny," Karen instructed.

Paul winced at the use of his moniker. "Yes."

"Tiny..." Karen whispered.

"No, Amanda, actually it's a bit smaller," he corrected himself.

"And four inches around?"

"Yes, that's right."

Amanda provided her assessment without prompting. "Yeesh. It's definitely short, Paul, but more than that, it's really, really skinny. That would qualify as a genuine pencil dick if it were longer, but it's too short for that."

"Tell her thank you, Tiny," Karen said.

"Thank you, Amanda."

Amanda laughed. "You're welcome. Oh, and thank you, Marjorie, I guess I'm glad to find out about this. Paul, we should get together soon and talk about how this changes our relationship, ok? Oh! Wait, actually, Paul, come over tomorrow night. I could use your help with something."

"Uh, sure, what can I help you with?" Paul said, as Marjorie continued to point the camera only at his cock.

"Well, you know Dave, my boyfriend, well, he has a perfectly average penis, but he's kind of insecure about it. I mean, sure, it's not big, but it's fine. It's workable. But still, it affects his confidence. And maybe if you come over and he can see how he's bigger than you, and I can show him what the difference is, you know, compare your cocks — that might make him feel more confident. That would really help, I think, Paul. Is eight o'clock good?"

"I don't—" Paul began.

"Ooh! Do you remember my friend Rachel, Paul? She actually told me she has a similar problem with her

boyfriend. I think they watch too much porn, you know, and think everyone but them has a fire hydrant for a dick, which you know, that would be nice, but what can you do? Anyway, I think I'll ask if she and her partner want to come too. See you at eight tomorrow! Bye! Bye, Marjorie!

Marjorie swiveled the camera back around to face her, catching both Karen and then myself in the frame as she did so. The camera now faced Marjorie as she began to say goodbye.

"Holy shit!" Amanda screamed before Marjorie could speak. "I thought you were alone with Paul, Marj! Fucking fuck! Whose giant dick was that? Jesus, that was so big."

"Say hello, Adam," Karen said.

"Hello."

"Hello, Mr. King Cock, who the fuck are you? Who is that, Marj? Show his cock again."

Marjorie laughed. "Amanda, I'll tell you all about it later."

"Fuck, you better. Bye."

"Bye."

Karen clapped her hands at her thighs. "Well, that's a good segue. I think it's time to show off Adam a little more. Or a lot more, I should say. Marjorie, would you like to worship Adam's cock now?"

Marjorie looked me in the eye this time. "Yes, I would."

"Well, Mr. King Cock," Karen still looked only at my cock as she spoke to me, "our friend Ellen has been texting me every 10 minutes asking to see more of your cock, and I'm beginning to feel withholding at this point. Would you like Ellen to see more of your cock?"

"That's up to you, Karen."

"Very good, that's right. We're going to go to the living room now. King Cock, take all of your clothes off and go sit on the couch. Marjorie, you will sit to his right and stroke his cock while you tell him how special it is. Tiny, you will sit to King Cock's left and record video of Marjorie stroking him. Oh, and don't worry, Tiny, I'll send this video to you too. You are not to appear in this video at all, of course, Tiny. If I know Ellen, she will certainly get herself off to this video, and your small penis would be a turn off. Oh, one other thing, Marjorie, when there is pre-cum — Adam's pre-cum — feed it to me. All right. Ready?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Part 4

Marjorie reached across her body and wrapped her right hand around my cock and began to move it up and down my cock in long strokes, pulling at my skin just slightly with each stroke. I sat with my legs spread, which I always found enhanced my pleasure, and so that Marjorie could freely fondle my balls. She sat next to me, with her legs angled toward me. Karen sat in a chair a few feet across from us and watched Marjorie play with my cock. Paul came into the room last. He'd put his penis away and buckled his pants. When Karen saw him, she was visibly angry.

"Who the fuck told you to do that, Tiny Dick"

"I...I thought, you said, you said that you didn't want me to accidentally appear in the video," Paul replied.

"Yes, so be fucking careful, Tiny. That's what I meant. I still want your little penis exposed. There's no hiding it, Tiny. We know how small you are, and it's better if we see at all times just how little you have to give. Aside from that, it helps us savor the majesty of Adam's cock to see how incredibly different it is from your penis. This is the only way in which you can actually come close to doing the one job you have to do, Tiny. You have a small dick, so you're still choosing to fail at your responsibility, of course, but at the very least your little penis can enhance the excitement we feel for Adam's cock. Now, here, take my phone and take a video of your date here absolutely worshipping a big cock."

Paul again released his penis and took a seat to my right at a respectful distance. He framed the shot carefully. I could see that the camera was close but not too close. You could see my thighs and stomach and Marjorie's arms up to her elbows. She'd moved her left hand to my cock and her right now cupped my balls, randomly swirling her fingers.

"Start filming now, Tiny Dick." Karen asked.

The fingers of Marjorie's left hand sat at the base of my cock, providing just enough pressure to hold it straight in the air. "Let's all just take a moment and look at this cock. Tiny, and you too Adam. Just look closely, stare at it."

All four of us did as we were told. No one spoke for half a minute. Finally, Marjorie broke the silence. "It's a monument. It's a monument to fucking. It demands your lust. It demands your desire. It's unforgettable. It's elemental."

She began to stroke me and leaned in closer, now almost cooing her words at me, "Adam, do you know what I like about you?"

"What do you like about me?"

"No, not like — love. I love your huge, fat dick. I love it so much. I'm so grateful. I want to thank you for having this cock, Adam. It's a special thing you've done for us, and I appreciate it so much. We all do." She now looked me in the eyes, perhaps for only the second time since Karen had asked me to expose myself. "So thank you, Adam. Thank you for your huge dick."

"You're welc—"

Before I could finish the words, she'd turned her attention back to my dick.

"But more than that, I want to thank your cock, this fucking absolute thick slab of cock, I want to thank your dick for existing, for being here for me. I want to thank your cock for exciting me, for making me feel such intense desire. If you didn't have this big dick, Adam, I wouldn't be touching you right now. I wouldn't be thinking about having this monster slammed up inside of me, stretching my walls as far as possible, pushing up into my belly, just pushing farther and farther every time I think there couldn't possibly be anymore room. I wouldn't be thinking about rope after rope of your hot, thick, white cum unloading deeper inside of me than I've ever felt.

"Because I've never had a giant cock like this. It's special. This is what makes you special, King Cock. This is what I care about, your size."

She held her hands apart, one flat against the base and the other flat just atop the head. "The length. Look how long this is."

She wrapped both hands around my shaft and stroked slowly. "Look how much cock you have. Look at all these inches. Look how I can work it, look how I can stroke it with two hands and there's still plenty to see. That's what I want. That's what I like. There's just cock and then more cock. I just imagine watching your cum dribble down inch after inch after inch, cum just flowing forever down this mountain of a cock. Oh, look at that."

As she stroked me, a thick stream of pre-cum began to pour from the head. Marjorie scooped it up with the pointer finger of her right hand and then held the finger in the air. I knew what was coming. Karen been enjoying the show, staring intently, and rubbing herself through her skit. Now she stood and stepped forward. She leaned over and licked Marjorie's finger clean, slowly, and then took her seat again.

Now Marjorie began to swing my cock around, slapping it against my thighs and stomach, making a thudding sound with each strike. "Listen to that," she said, "that's a heavy dick. It's THICK." She emphasized the word, raising her voice, drawing it out.

She slapped it against her own palm, over and over again. "That feels good, that feels right. I love fat cocks, and this is just what I want, a heavy, wide cock like this. This is a girthy, meaty fucking pussy pleaser right here. That's what I like. Cocks should be thick. That's what makes me happy. This super fat

dick makes me very happy."

It was a surprise to hear Karen speak. "Stop filming, Tiny Dick."

He did as he was told and handed Karen her phone. "Adam, stand up. Marjorie, take your clothes off. I want you to kneel in front of Adam and suck his big dick in long, slow strokes. Get a good rhythm going and take at least half of his cock into your mouth with each stroke. I'm going to lie under you and lick your pussy while you do so. Tiny, stroke yourself while you watch King Cock have his huge fat cock sucked. I want you to stroke yourself until you cum on the floor, Tiny. When you're done, you will go to the kitchen and get some paper towels and clean up after yourself. You little penis stays exposed, understood?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Paul.

Marjorie stripped. She had a nice round little body. Fit, but with wide curves, almost just a touch doughy. Every piece of her begged to have a hand squeezing it. She had a thin stretch of long, wispy hair just above her pussy, but aside from that she appeared to be shaven. As Marjorie removed her clothes, Karen set down a pillow and laid on the floor. "Sit right on my face," she said to Marjorie, planting her hands firmly on Marjorie's ass as it was lowered down onto her.

Marjorie took several inches of my cock into her mouth, giving me a little jolt from the new sensation. I could see Karen open her mouth wide and envelope Marjorie's pussy. Marjorie moaned loudly into my cock. Paul took his place just by my side and began to stroke himself.

Marjorie pulled herself from my cock with a loud pop. "Oh my god! It's crazy." She held my cock straight out.

"Look at this huge duck just thrusting out and look at that little one," she exclaimed. The comparison was certainly highlighted by us standing next to each other in this way.

"Tiny, I'm going to touch you, but I want to understand it's just to demonstrate how small your penis is and how incredibly different it is from a truly good dick like this one I'm sucking."

Marjorie reached out her right hand toward Paul's cock but lost her balance as a spasm of pleasure ran through her as a consequence of Karen's seemingly thorough work. Marjorie gripped my cock tighter. "Mighta just fallen over if it weren't for this fucking baseball bat of a cock. What a handle. Thank you for the assist, giant penis."

She reached out again and wrapped her hand around Paul's cock, as her left hand held mine at the base. "Jesus, poof, it's gone! Just this thin little head poking out, like a worm. It's just unbelievable. Look how much of Adam's cock just thrusts out from my hand, look at all of those inches of BIG DICK. So good." She took my cock deep into her mouth again and began to build to the rhythm that Karen had instructed

her to.

Karen craned her neck slightly, untethering herself from Marjorie's pussy. I could see the dampness on her face. "Tiny," she said, "tell Marjorie why it's better that she's sucking Adam's cock and not yours."

"Good idea!" Marjorie shouted. "I'd like to hear that. But first, before you do that, I tasted something."

Marjorie gave my cock a nice squeezing stroke, increasing the pressure at my head, causing a long line of precum to flow from me. Marjorie held her other hand beneath my cock and let the precum pool in her palm. When there was no more, she lowered her hand and smeared my pre-cum all over her pussy, coating herself as much as possible.

"Oh fuck, that's hot, thank you," said Karen, her voice slightly quivering. She greedily lapped at Marjorie's pussy before subsuming it again with her whole mouth.

Marjorie began to stroke me again with her mouth, but after a few strokes, she pulled off again in a loud pop. "Tiny, don't forget," she said and returned my dick to her mouth.

Paul continued to stroke himself. "Marjorie, I don't deserve your mouth. It's better that I watch. I know you want a cock that you can really work over, something you can stroke with both hands. My little penis cannot give you that. I know you want to push yourself, to feel a man's big dick taking you over. My little penis cannot do that for you."

Again, Karen loosened her mouth from Marjorie. "Very well said, Tiny Dick. Your eensy weensy penis is not good for stroking or sucking. It's certainly not good for fucking. And we know it's not a turn on to see. Tell Marjorie the only thing your little penis is good for."

"Marjorie, the only thing at all that my small penis is good for is just to do one more little thing to help make it absolutely, perfectly clear how amazing big dicks are—oh, oh, I'm cumming."

And with that, Paul came right onto the wooden floor, a few little plops sounding out as his drops hit the floor. Karen slid out from under Marjorie and now sat on the floor. She examined Paul's load. "Well, that's hardly very much at all, very watery too for a man's cum. Paul, don't bother with paper towels. Just get down here and use your sleeve."

Paul did as he was told as Marjorie continued to suck my dick. Karen reached over, smiling at me, and caressed my balls with her fingers. When Paul finished he stood again. I could see he'd lost his erection. I'd become certain that Karen had added something to the coffee she'd served he and I earlier, something that duplicated the effect of the pill I'd taken before today's examination. As it did earlier today, the effect seemed to wear off after one orgasm.

"All right, Tiny, that's good," Karen said, "I wanted to make sure you'd gotten your little load out of your

little penis. I don't want you getting turned on any longer. I know when you have cum to shoot you're not thinking straight. All that matters is getting that cum out, even when you're watching your date work over another man's extremely large dick."

"I want to make sure you're clear headed from here on, Tiny. Are you feeling clear headed?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good. Here is what is going to happen now. I trust that you're listening, Marjorie?"

Marjorie moaned on my cock. "Mmm hmm."

"All right then, here is what is going to happen. Marjorie, I want you to rest your head on the foot of the couch. Rest your head just at the edge here, your face to the right, and stick your ass out and up. I am going to lie on the couch and prop my ass up on the arm of the couch, next to Marjorie's head. Adam, my hung friend — as you might imagine, you are going to pound Marjorie's pussy with your extraordinary endowment until she is barely conscious."

Marjorie moaned and seemed to shake just a little, her eyes closed and my cock lodged deep in her mouth.

"And Tiny, I have a job for you that you can actually do. Obviously, you're incapable of having a big dick. You continue to fail at that job. Why you choose to fail at that job, I don't know. But what you can do is eat my asshole, and that is what you are going to do. I am going to pull my legs back far so you can get in there deep, and I want you to lick and tongue fuck my asshole until I tell you to stop.

"And let me be clear, this is not a punishment. My asshole is pretty as fuck, as you've seen. I know you like it. But I do suspect you are somewhat less excited about giving my asshole a tongue bath now that you've just cum. And let me be clear about one other thing, you are not to touch my asshole with anything other than your tongue and you are not to touch my pussy whatsoever, not with your fingers, not with your mouth, and not with anything else. Do not touch it, not my lips, my clit, my hole. My pussy is reserved for men who deserve it, men who have big cocks. Men with little penises like you earn only one privilege, and only if they are good — eating ass. Understood?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Paul.

Karen took her position on the couch, and Marjorie bent over the foot of the couch, as she'd been instructed, and arched her back, heaving a big round ass in the air. Paul kneeled on the floor in front of Karen. She took her skirt off and pulled her legs back almost behind her head. As nice as Marjorie's thick ass was, I have to admit I was most thrilled to again see Karen's full bush and that ballooning clit, her little puckered asshole.

"Marj, I want you to put your mouth right against Paul's ear," Karen instructed.

Marjorie did as she was told, and Paul began to lick Karen's asshole while Karen rubbed her clit, randomly darting her fingers inside of herself. I ran the head of my cock through Marjorie's lips. She was completely drenched — either from all of this twisted foreplay or the mouth fucking she'd received from Karen. Probably both.

Marjorie whimpered directly into Paul's ear. "Oh my God. Fuck me, Adam. Please fuck me, you hung fucking stud. Please push that fat cock into me. Please, Adam, please!"

I looked to Karen and continued to tease Marjorie's hole. "Karen?"

"Tiny Dick, ask Adam to fuck her."

"Oh fuck, hurry, Paul," gasped Marjorie.

"Adam—"

"Tiny, don't call him Adam," said Karen.

"What sh—Oh, King Cock, please fuck Marjorie."

"Oh God, yes." Another whimper from Marjorie.

"Try again, Tiny. Fuck her with his what, Tiny?" Karen wanted to know.

"King Cock, please fuck Marjorie with your big fat cock."

"Yes please!" Marjorie cried.

"Ok, Tiny, back to my asshole. Lap it up, get it nice and tender and wet and then fuck my asshole with your tongue." Karen demanded.

I began to push my head into Marjorie.

"Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God, it's so fucking THICK. The head, I can feel everything, the curve, the ridge," Marjorie squealed into Paul's ear.

I pushed the head all the way in.

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck. That's so much! That is SO fucking biiiiiig."

I made short strokes only to coat the first few inches in her wetness. She continued to whimper. "I love it, it feels so good."

For all of her talk, I decided not to take it easy on her. I was not going to introduce her to my size bit by bit with each stroke. I could feel how wet she was, and my cock was now slick enough to push farther forward. In one motion, in one slow stroke, I began to press all of my length inside of her.

"Shit! Holy fucking shit!" She screamed at Paul. "HUGE! That is huge! It's never-ending. Oh God. I just—"

She started to shake. I had about two inches still to go, and I continued to push, never stopping the forward motion. I was going to bury myself inside of her right now.

"FUCCKKK! You—OH FUCK!"

She seemed to be almost in a state of delirium. She reached out to hold Paul's hand.

"Jesus, fuck, he's so huge. Paul—oh my god—his cock—" Her speech was interrupted by her own shriek.

"That dick! It's—" Now she made a series of guttural sounds. "I am so full of cock. I can feel every inch. I've never—never been this full before."

I had my hands at her ass, and now I squeezed her hard with my right hand and reached forward to yank her hair with my left. I leaned into her, close to her left ear. "I'm balls deep in your pussy right now. Every fucking inch. How do you like having my huge dick balls deep inside of you?"

She screamed and spoke in stops-and-starts between a series of gasps, moans, and more shrieks. "I love it. I love it so much. Your fat cock belongs inside of me."

"That's right. Are you ready to get fucked hard now? I'm going to slam my whole fucking big dick up in you, over and over again. I'm going to destroy this pussy now."

"Please...please." It came out of her like a welp.

The room was filled with her screams as I began to pummel my entire length into her again and again. I pushed her head down, held her face against Paul's ear. I could see her cream all over my cock each time I pulled out of her. She did nothing but moan and shriek for several minutes. We all got lost in her sounds until Karen suddenly interrupted.

"That's enough, Tiny, "she said and then stood, "And Adam, slow down. Slow strokes now."

Karen walked over toward me and held her phone at the height of my chest and turned on the camera. The camera showed Marjorie's full ass spread open, her asshole staring straight up, and her lips

stretched and dragging along my cock.

"Tiny, I want you to watch this video and the other we recorded tonight four times a day for the next month and masturbate each time. Do you understand? Doctor's orders. You are to cum four times each day for one month, each time watching these videos.

"When you watch this video, I want you to focus on how thick and wide Adam's cock is, really look at how far open Marj's pussy is stretched, how her pussy just eats up a truly fat dick. We measured your pitiful girth tonight, Tiny. I really shouldn't use the word girth at all, honestly. But every single time you watch this video, I want you to focus on width in specific. Each time I want you to take a ruler and measure the width of your own cock. And then I want you to think about how much wider Adam's cock is — and how his fat cock just looks so good sliding in and out of her hole, how that looks so right, how natural it looks to see her pussy pulling that hefty meat into her."

Marjorie continued to gasp and squeal and scream as Karen spoke.

"Tiny, after you've thought about this a great deal for one month, I will contact you. As I told you earlier, women have a right to know about your little penis, and there is more work to be done there. And mind you, this starts today, so when you get home, you must cum three more times before you go to sleep — but only while watching these videos. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Marjorie, how many times have you cum?" Karen asked.

"Oh fuck, so many."

"King Cock, fuck her harder. Make her cum again. And I want you to cum as well, but not inside of her or on her. Your cum is mine, and I will eat it."

I pumped hard again.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck." Marjorie let out long breaths as though she were struggling for air. She again spoke in stops-and-starts between her moans. "Holy fuck. Thank you. Fuck, fuck. Thank you for this huge cock. I'm cumming. Th-thank you for your fff-fat diiick. Cummming. God bless your biiiig, beautiful, THICK cock."

She let out a final shriek and slumped over. It appeared as though she'd passed out, but I couldn't be sure. I pulled my cock from her. It was covered in her grool. A long string of wetness spilled from her pussy, extending to her thighs.

"Your cum is mine, remember," Karen said, as she lowered herself to her knees. "Put your big cock head right at the opening of my mouth and aim straight into my mouth. Understand? I want every drop in my

mouth."

That was enough for me. I felt the explosion build and release and I shuddered as I poured stream after stream of cum straight into Karen's mouth. Cum dripped from her teeth and the roof of her mouth. Her tongue was covered. She held her mouth open and stood. She brought one finger to her mouth and smeared the tip in cum. Then she looked me in the eye, closed her mouth, and ran her tongue across the inside of her mouth, from cheek to cheek, as though to savor my cum. And then she swallowed. When she was finished, she stepped toward Marjorie and smeared the cum from her finger across Marjorie's lips. Marjorie, with her eyes closed, licked her lips.

"Don't ever say that I am not generous," Karen said. "Adam, I think you should check your phone. I'm sure Ellen has been texting you, since I already sent her that first video some time ago. I don't want her to feel as though she's being ignored by a well-hung man. That's harder to take. Oh, and she mentioned that you'd agreed to talk to her about her relationship difficulties tomorrow. Don't forget."

My cock hung between my legs, still at full thickness, and leaking a final few drops of cum. That is the only place Karen looked as she spoke to me.

The End