The Beginning

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Learning to deep throat

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The doorbell sounded as I was watching TV. I wondered who it might be, thinking it just might be the Up's delivery I had been waiting for. I peeked thru the peephole in the door and it was an Up's delivery man. I opened the door and he handed me the package. I quickly signed for it and closed the door.

I scanned the outside of the package, fearing that it would have some identifying marks that indicated who it was from, but to my relief it didn't. I took it into the kitchen and got one of my kitchen knives and slit open the small box, it was only about 10 inches by 6 inches by 6 inches, and inside it was packed to the top with the white plastic popcorn I had expected, I dug my hand in and felt.

I found it; it was a smaller box, 8" by 3" by 3". I drew it out and looked at it. My heart was pounding. I opened the smaller box, my cheeks turning crimson and my fingers trembled as I opened it. And I took out the object inside.

It was a life size replica of a man's penis, 7" long and 1 and a half inches in diameter. It was a realistic soft rubber like replica and as far as I could tell it was perfect.

I imagined it in my mouth, the taste, of it on my tongue; I paused for a long time imagining the sensation. Then quickly I turned on the kitchen faucet and waited as the water heated.

I used some liquid soap and washed it and washed it then rinsed it for a very long time to make sure every last vestige of soap was removed.

Now I was ready. My heart was thudding in my chest as I clutched it firmly in my right hand and slowly brought it to my lips; I tasted the tip with my tongue and let my mind drift. My eyes closed. Then I opened my mouth and pushed the head inside, my lips and tongue caressed it, licking and sucking.

I had been fantasizing for months before building up the courage to actually go on-line to a sex store and ordering it, worrying about the size, the color the shape, filled with dread of being exposed, trembling in terror and sexual excitement at the thought of sucking it and most of all my most secret inner hunger to force it down my throat, pretending it was a man forcing me.

Now I had it, now I was sucking it, oh damm it, not here, not in the kitchen, where? Yes of course in the bedroom and naked. I pulled it out of my mouth and then walked quickly to the bedroom, to my secret drawer to my little pleasure toy, the vibrator.

I slid out of my blouse and skirt, and stripped off my shoes and pantyhose, I ran my hands over my

bra and felt my nipples harden, I pinched them, they hurt, and I pinched them even harder, my excitement grew, I had a little voice in my head saying “you like that don’t you” yes I did like it. But I couldn’t make myself say it. My voice in my head could say it, but I couldn’t. I felt my breasts as if my hands weren’t really my hands but the hands of a mysterious and slightly mean lover. A demanding lover who was going to make me suck his cock and was going to force me to learn how to deep throat his cock.

I opened my eyes and they fastened on the bed on the pink flesh colored cock lying on the bed.

I picked it up, it was slick with the remains of my saliva and I walked over to the bedroom door, it had a full length mirror, I knelt before the mirror and imagined my own image replaced by a tall man, naked in the mirror, I licked the base of the cock and pressed it against the mirror and it stuck there. It hung not quite rigidly erect, sort of simi-hard I got up and went to the secret drawer and opened it, and withdrew my little toy, my vibrator and two clothes pins, and I had 3 in the drawer and didn’t usually use the third one. It was for my clitoris, and I had to be very horney to use that one. Then I grabbed it, who knows this was going to be a special session I just might decide to use it. Or maybe my special lover would force me to use it.

I walked back to the mirror and then quickly pulled off my panties and unhooked my bra and shrugged it off. Then I knelt again in front of that lovely magnificent cock.

I picked up the clothes pins and then carefully attached one to each nipple, my breath suddenly quickened to short little gasps as the pain of the clamps bit into each tender nipple. I had learned to endure it for a long time, but it still hurt a lot. And it excited the hell out of me.

Then I leaned forward and opened my mouth and closed my eyes and began to lick and suck the lovely cock.

It slid smoothly in and out of my mouth and my imaginary voice filled my head demanding I suck it, and telling me I must prove my love by enduring the pain in my nipples for his pleasure. I dropped my hands to the clothes pins and pulled them stretching my nipples as I let the cock slide deep into my mouth it was soft but firm then suddenly I gagged as it touched the back of my throat and I quickly withdrew my head. Suck it bitch the voice in my head demanded and my fingers twisted the clothes pins on my nipples till I gasped and let out a soft moan of pain and hunger.

Then I pushed forward again taking the sexy cock into my mouth slow, inching a tiny bit at a time deeper and deeper. I felt the gag rising quickly and I stopped holding perfectly still, hoping the urge to gag would pass, it did but very very slowly. Again I began to torture my nipples, to pull and twist and then I used my fingers to increase the pinching till it was all I could bear. Then I pushed forward again, and I got another quarter of an inch then suddenly I gagged hard, I choked and vomited. Dammit, I cursed and I quickly got up and went to the bathroom and got a wash cloth and towels and after I cleaned myself I went back to the bed room and cleaned the mirror and the floor.

I hadn’t thought about vomiting, I had thought of gagging but not vomit, I hate vomit. Worse most of my desire to suck cock had gone right down the drain. I was still pretty horny so I took the cock and washed it off and dried it carefully then returned to the bedroom and used my little vibrator to finish myself off. All the while my imaginary voice scolded me and made me punish my nipples very

severely for my poor showing.
A very poor start for my deep throat training I thought, well maybe later I would try it again.