

# The Continuing Cocksucker Chronicles

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*My first foray fellating black cock*

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What had begun as youthful sexual experimentation as a teenager with my best friend Larry when we were both 16, quickly turned into an obsessive need for me to be on my knees sucking on his very big cock in order to get him to cum in my mouth. I had happily become a full fledged cocksucker and I eagerly blew him at every opportunity until he went off to college. After he left, however, I began to have second thoughts and I felt ashamed for having been consumed by those intense oral cravings while all along, I also experienced the typical sexual obsession with the opposite sex. I felt extremely guilty for having loved sucking his cock so much and for having been his shameless cum slut for all those years. I decided to devote myself exclusively to having sex with women only, even though I couldn't stop myself from fantasizing whenever I masturbated to the memory of the wonderful erotic sensations of his thick cock fucking my throat and the delicious taste of his creamy cum filling my mouth. The years passed and eventually I got married and began raising a family. I never actually forgot that I used to like sucking cock, but I convinced myself that I was no longer a "cocksucker". That all changed one day at a neighborhood barbecue where the liquor was flowing and I'd had much too much to drink. It was during a conversation I was having in the kitchen with the host, Jerry, that I foolishly confessed to him that as a young teen, I used to like giving blowjobs to my best friend. The conversation was about oral sex and he had just told me that his wife didn't suck his cock because she thought it was gross. He and his wife were black and he said that most black women didn't enjoy sucking cock and that all the blowjobs he had gotten in the past had been from white women. I boasted that my wife liked sucking my cock. I should have left it at that, but I went on to say that I could understand why she liked doing it because I had also enjoyed sucking my very best friend's very big cock. His wife, Susan, walked into the kitchen at that point so we quickly changed the subject. About a week later, my wife was out shopping and I was home babysitting when someone knocked at the door. When I opened the door, I saw that it was Jerry. I had been avoiding him ever since my foolish admission at the party. After some small talk he said the real reason for his visit was that he wanted to pursue our interrupted conversation about blowjobs. He asked if it was true as he had heard that men gave the best blowjobs. He wanted to know if I still liked sucking cock and if I did, would I like to suck his, since he wasn't getting any of that from his wife and he really missed it. I had been thinking again about cock sucking ever since that conversation at the barbecue and I was

kicking myself for having said what I did while I was drunk. When he asked me if I would suck his cock, I immediately felt consumed by that old craving again just as strong as I remembered it. I impulsively told him I would. I knew my wife wouldn't be back for another few hours and the baby was sound asleep in his crib so I decided to do it right then and there before I had a chance to change my mind. We were sitting on the sofa in my den where I had been watching television so I suggested that he stand up and take out his cock. Jerry stood up and unzipped his pants and took out a cock that was very big, very black and very thick. It was beautiful! He was uncut and I had never seen an uncut cock before. The only black cocks I had ever seen were in locker rooms and I only glanced at them briefly. As he stroked his cock it began to grow harder and bigger. I leaned forward and replaced his hand on his cock with my own and I continued to stroke his cock which by this time had grown to over 8 inches and even thicker than it had been before. He moved closer to me and taking the cue, I opened my mouth in anticipation of sucking my first cock in over seven years. I could smell that familiar musky male aroma that I loved. As I felt Jerry's cock sliding between my lips and into my mouth I immediately recalled how contented sucking cock made me feel. I closed my eyes as I sucked on his cock and focused on the erotically pleasant sensations on my tongue and against the roof of my mouth. I knew that Jerry was enjoying this as much as I was because his cock was rock hard and he was softly moaning. I could taste the precum that was freely oozing into my mouth. After about ten minutes of steady sucking, I moved my head forward in order to take as much of his cock into my mouth as I could. When I felt the large head of Jerry's cock pressing against the back of my mouth, I instinctively swallowed causing my throat muscles to relax and allowing the head of his cock to slide deeper into the opening leading down into my throat. Although I loved it when my best friend fucked my throat, it had been many years since I last did that and I had grown unaccustomed to the sensation. Jerry's cock wasn't much longer than my friend's had been, but it was considerably thicker, making me gag and causing my throat muscles to involuntarily contract and tightly squeeze around the cock that was invading my throat. As a result of this and since he hadn't received a blowjob in so long, these stimulating sensations to his cock triggered his orgasm and he began to ejaculate into my mouth. The profuse amount of thick, warm semen quickly filling my mouth joyously transported me back in time to my earlier days when I'd been my friend's personal cocksucker and it made me realize how much I missed the taste of cum . I waited until his cock stopped pulsating and spewing semen into my mouth and then I slowly swallowed, savoring on my tongue the warm, thick ejaculate that he had just given me. His eyes opened wide as he watched me eagerly gulping down his load and then he thanked me profusely. After apologizing for the brief duration of the blowjob, I promised that I would do much better the next time. My wife was in the habit of spending Monday afternoons visiting with her parents at their home. I would usually meet her there after work and we would eat dinner with them before returning home in the evening. I asked her if she would mind if I opted not to join her as often saying that I would prefer to stay home and watch the football game with Jerry. She told me that it was okay and that she was happy that I had made a new friend. If she only knew what I intended doing with my new friend. When I told Jerry of my plan, he was delighted. In fact, when he told his wife Susan, she offered to prepare a light dinner for him to bring along unaware that her husband

already intended to supply me with all I could eat. Just as you never forget how to ride a bicycle, I dusted off my cock sucking skills and in no time at all I was deep throating Jerry's cock with ease. Our sessions always culminated with him depositing a healthy dose of delicious semen either in my mouth or more often, deep in my throat. With a few exceptions, I sucked him off every Monday evening until the end of the season. Jerry would sit at one end of the couch eating Susan's delicious fried chicken and watching the game as I sat next to him with my face buried in his lap as I sucked and slobbered on his delicious black cock occasionally looking at the screen out of the corner of my eye. He would often get oil from the chicken in my hair as he held my head and pushed it down further on his cock while cumming deep in my throat. Once he came in my mouth just as the Giants scored the winning touchdown. I don't know what event excited him more. I would supply the beer to wash down both the chicken and the cum. On a couple of occasions, if we had been unable to meet on Monday, I took him out to the garage, on the excuse of helping me with a repair to my motorcycle. I'd quickly drop to my knees to suck his cock as he held me by my ears and forced his cock down my throat. We had to be careful and do it quickly because my wife could easily have come in and caught us in the act. Sadly, this all came to an end when he accepted a transfer by his company back to Atlanta where he and his wife were from. Shortly before he left, he asked me if it was okay if he brought someone else along to our next meeting. His 18 year old cousin had come up from Georgia on a visit and was going back home on Wednesday. Jerry had told him about me and had told him about my cocksucking abilities. I was unsure about this as I had never sucked a cock with someone else watching but at the same time I was excited by the idea of being the star of a cocksucking exhibition. Jerry and I were both about 25, and the prospect of sucking off a young stud was too good to reject so I agreed. Jerry suggested that I come over to his house that weekend to meet his cousin before Monday's game. When I got to his house, Susan greeted me and introduced me to Stan, Jerry's cousin saying that I was the friend that her husband watched football with every Monday. Stan shook my hand and said with a wink and a smile that he was looking forward to "watching the game" with us and that Jerry had told him a LOT about me. Jerry and I were both about 6 feet tall, but Stan, at 18 was already at least 6' 6" and quite muscular. I began to wonder what I'd gotten myself into. After I got back home, I spoke to my wife and asked her if she intended to visit her parents on Monday as usual and when she said yes, I checked to make sure I had enough beer and chips. When Monday finally came, I was extremely nervous as I opened the door to allow my guests in and led them into the den. I offered them both a beer and after the initial awkwardness wore off, it was Jerry who broke the ice and asked me if I was ready to demonstrate my oral abilities and show Stan how good a cocksucker I really was. I said that I'd be happy to and I asked them who would like to be first. Jerry suggested that since Stan was his guest that he should get to go first. I asked Stan if he had ever been given a blowjob and he said that he'd gotten a few from his girlfriend but that she wasn't very good. I'd had a beer before they got here so I was feeling a bit buzzed. I hadn't eaten since lunch because I preferred to suck cock on an empty stomach so I took the initiative and reached out and began to stroke his cock which was beginning to make quite a bulge down the leg of his pants. In less than a minute I could see that his cock had grown to the point that it had become very uncomfortable to him so I pulled down the zipper and

reached in and grasped his cock to move it from where it was positioned within the confining clothing and to allow his cock to spring free. Even before it emerged from his pants I could feel the smooth texture of the skin of his cock encasing the hardness within. When I was finally able to extricate Stan's stiffening dick, I was amazed at it's size. It had to be 10 inches long and as thick as my wrist!! I could hear Jerry behind me drawing in his breath in surprise and saying "take a look at that thing! No wonder your girlfriend wasn't any good. I'm not sure that even Bill here can fit it in his mouth" The same thought was going through my mind but I was determined to try. I gripped it in my hand and my fingers couldn't meet around it even though I was holding it tightly. I motioned over to the couch with my head and never letting go of his massive cock, I dropped to my knees in front of Stan as he sat down. With both of my hands, one above the other, I held the shaft of his big dick leaving the large helmet shaped head of his beautiful, black cock protruding above my fist. I could see emerging from it a great big glob of crystal clear precum. I lowered my head and extending my tongue, I swiped it over the head of his cock, licking up the precious fluid and savoring it's sweetness. Wanting more, I parted my lips and took just the plum sized head of his cock into my mouth, sucking first softly, and then harder to extract even more of this tasty elixir. I soon realized that in order to encourage him to produce more of this addictive substance, I'd have to provide more stimulation to the rest of his cock. I parted my lips even wider and removing one of the hands gripping his shaft, I lowered my head taking almost half of his length into my mouth until I felt the bulbous head of his cock hitting the back of my mouth where it could go no further. With one hand still trying without success to encircle the shaft at the base of his cock, I began to greedily suck on the part that I was able to get into my mouth, causing Stan to groan and lift his pelvis off the couch in an attempt to penetrate my mouth even deeper. While I'd been focusing on sucking Stan's cock, I'd forgotten all about Jerry. I suddenly became aware of him moving at my side and I realized that not only was he watching me as I sucked on Stan's giant cock. He had a camera and he was taking photographs of me with Stan's huge cock stuffed into my mouth. My first instinct was to become alarmed at the thought of photographs being taken of me sucking someones cock and of the possibility that somebody I knew, maybe even my wife, might see them. But another part of me was aroused at being made to feel so vulnerable and excited by the idea that I'd be observed by strangers while I was performing this obscene and shameful act. I wondered at how slutty I must appear with this big black cock fucking my mouth and I wanted to be able to look at those pictures myself. These thoughts ran through my mind in an instant. I took my remaining hand from Stan's cock and tried to get up to object but Stan quickly placed both his hands on the back of my head, holding it on his dick and preventing me from getting up. He pushed my head down hard, forcing his cock deeper into my mouth. I began to panic. I could hear the camera clicking away as Jerry continued taking pictures. Stan was very strong and it became apparent that there was nothing that I could do to stop him, I gave up struggling and instead I resigned myself to being orally raped. When I stopped resisting, Stan must have taken this as a sign of consent because he began pushing my head down even harder, forcing his cock deeper and deeper, past my tongue and into my throat. Normally, whenever I sucked Jerry's cock, my own cock remained soft, but as Stan continued forcing his huge cock into my widening throat, I realized that I

was getting an erection! It felt as if my jaws were being dislocated and my throat was being torn apart, but in spite of this, I was getting very excited and extremely turned on!! I could feel my lips gradually sliding further down along the massive shaft of his huge cock until eventually, they were nestled in the wiry hairs at the very base of Stan's cock and they were spread open wider than they had ever been before!! Stan had managed to force that giant cock of his all the way into my throat!!! With Stan's thick cock completely blocking my windpipe, I hadn't been able to take a breath for at least two minutes and I was starting to feel light headed. Just as I thought I was going to pass out, Stan relaxed his grip on my head and withdrew his cock from my throat and I was able to take a few great gasping breaths even though the massive head was still filling my mouth. When I stopped gasping for air, Stan tightened his hold on my head and in one continuous motion, he once again plunged the full length of his enormous cock completely down my throat. He held it there for a few moments before sliding it out only to roughly ram it back in again. While all this was taking place, Jerry continued snapping pictures. It reminded me of a fashion photo shoot with the camera clicking and Jerry offering words of instruction. I held my arms limp at my sides and opened my mouth as wide as I could to encourage Stan to use my throat as roughly as he liked to jerk himself off. He held me by my ears as he worked my head up and down, impaling it repeatedly onto his thick cock as he raised his hips to penetrate my throat deeper. Each stroke stretched my throat open even more and as a result, it became easier and easier for him as he fucked my throat faster and faster. I could sense Stan's arousal increasing and I became aware of his impending orgasm. By this time, my own cock was as hard as a rock and I knew that I too was about to explode. With a loud roar that I was sure the other tenant upstairs must have heard, Stan made one final thrust, slamming my head down and ramming his monster cock deeper into my throat than I thought possible. As he held it there with a death grip on my head and his fingers digging into my scalp, I could feel his cock pulsating deep in my throat as he deposited multiple spurts of cum directly into my stomach. When he came, so did I and as I felt the sticky semen coating the inside of my jeans, I was wondering how would I ever be able to explain this to my wife. After he stopped cumming, Stan's cock quickly returned to it's normal size. He let go of my head and withdrew his cock from my throat making it possible for me to straighten up. He asked me if I was okay and said he was sorry that he got so carried away, but that it was absolutely the best blowjob he had ever had and that Jerry's description of my cocksucking abilities didn't do me justice. I responded hoarsely, telling him that although I was terrified by his savage assault of my throat, it also made me more excited and erotically aroused than I had ever been before! I told him that I loved it and that he had just given me the best throat fucking of my entire life!! That was when Jerry apologized for not telling me about the camera but he was afraid that if he had asked me, I might object. This was before the age of digital cameras and he said that I could have the roll of film if I wanted to destroy it. He was amazed that I was able to deepthroat Stan's monster cock and he hoped that I wasn't injured as a result. I admitted that my throat was very sore and I sounded as if I had laryngitis, but the experience was well worth it. I told him that although I was alarmed at first, I was also very turned on and that I had even cum in my pants which had only happened once before while I was sucking off my best friend. I said that I was glad he had brought along his camera and had taken the photographs. He

was right not to have asked me because I would have refused, but now I liked the idea that others would see pictures of me getting throat fucked. I said that he could keep them if he gave me copies and promised never to show them to anyone I knew. After a few more beers, my throat felt sufficiently recovered for me to give Jerry his weekly blowjob but with Stan taking the pictures this time. We never did get to watch the football game, but Jerry and Stan managed to finish the fried chicken. I had already eaten.