



Oral Masturbation



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(M-solo, oral)

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Selfing my way into 1998

At the tender age of seventeen I discovered, on a dare from a girlfriend that I could suck my own cock. Since then my life has not been the same.

I suppose that it shouldn't have been such a revelation to me, but never having heard of auto fellatio, (or "selfing" as I like to call it), and not being overly experienced in the art of masturbation, probably had something to do with my surprise and joy. Since that fateful August evening I have successfully mastered the techniques used in oral masturbation, and am a happy man.

I guess the only relevant facts about my physical stature anyone needs to know here is that I am 6' tall, weigh 170 lbs., and have a thick long cock that juts off of my lean frame like a club. My cock is truly a magnificent specimen of manhood, and has invariably received adulation from nearly every woman I have ever been with, and jealous glances from men in locker rooms.

When I mount a woman I have no fear or doubt as to my ability to completely satisfy her yearnings to be stuffed full of cock. Indeed, a few times the size of my cock has actually been too much for my partners, 'causing them discomfort and pain. In addition to being well-endowed I also seem capable of producing extraordinarily large amounts of cum.

This last New Year's Eve 1998 found me without a woman, and no desire to drink a lot of alcohol. Instead I celebrated the beginning of the New Year with one of my special selfing sessions. I tend to have these selfing sessions about once a month or so. It is a time when I am able to commune with my body and fully enjoy my big cock all by myself. This last New Year's Eve session was not particularly different in any way from any other selfing session I have had, other than I also paid tribute to 1998.

For the three days before my "selfing sessions" I don't allow myself to masturbate, this is always difficult, but it's important to the over all experience. During this time I took my herbal cocktail (I won't say what 'cause I don't want anyone to hurt themselves). I may also stroke myself to heavy erection, but stop immediately.

Anyway, when New Year's Eve finally arrived I spent some time at the local porn shop and picked out three hardcore pornos and a couple of the latest mags. (I look for silicon titted cumsluts, and anal whores. Max Hardcore has got it figured out as far as I am concerned). After that I went to the gym for an hour or so and got good and pumped up.

At home I unplugged the phone, closed all of the curtains, and transformed my bedroom into a masturbation chamber. I have two of those folding three sided mirrors which I positioned around a television with one of the pornos playing. On the right side I have another television with a camcorder mounted on top which feeds directly into the TV, and is set to record. On the other side of the mirrors I have another TV playing the tape from one of my previous

sessions.

When I am done I can literally sit on a stool in the center of this SHRINE TO MY GOD and be surrounded by images of myself stroking one of the largest cocks in the world, while watching beautiful women being fucked senseless, and sprayed down with loads of cum.

When all of this is arranged I light a dozen or so candles around the room, turn off all of the lights, and start the porno. To maximize this submersion into my cock I have made a 110 minute cassette tape of about 100 different porno movies laid over one another, which when played sounds like a chorus of cock happy angels all cumming and screaming and groaning at once. When I used to live in an apartment I would wear my belt and hook my walkman onto that and play this as loud as I liked. Now that I have my own house out in the middle of nowhere I just plug it into my stereo on continuous play.

Alone with my god-like Cock, my cock-like God, I began my private act of worship.

I sat in front of my mirrored shrine and 'read' my mags for awhile luxuriating in long oiled pulling of my cock, working the oil into the skin of my cock and body. I massaged the oil all over my body, my lust gripped face, and hair until I was completely covered in oil and the warm glow from the candles glinted off of every angle of my body and swollen cock. I struck poses and admired myself in the mirror, loving the feel of my hard body, the oil, and the electric pulses which arced from the base of my cock and climbed into and up my spine.

After a couple of hours I was ready to burst, but it was only 8 p.m., and I wanted to spray myself down at the stroke of midnight, so I stopped completely and chilled out for awhile, letting my cock slowly shrink to its normal size.

After awhile I started to play with myself again. It is always awesome to sit there in front of all those mirrors, oiled from head to toe, stroking my massive organ. I would take ten long slow strokes with my hands and then bend over and lick around the smooth, warm head of my cock, slurping up any pre-cum which might have been worked out of the shaft of my penis.

The taste of my pre-cum is something of an aphrodisiac for me, and the more precum I tasted the more turned on I became, causing my already massive cock to swell larger and for the mushroomed head to turn purple. Stroke ten times and then watch myself over and over again in the mirrors surrounding me, go down on and suck my own cock, and tasting on my tongue my homebrewed aphrodisiac. Like Ourbours sucking his own tail, I was

completing the circle of life by bringing my huge cock to my face and moist lips.

I played like this for an hour or more, keeping myself on the brink of climax, working my cock and balls into an extremely unstable state of arousal. At that point the sexual energy was surging out through the base of my cock, racing up my spine into the ganglion of my brain and then seeping back down through my lips and mouth into my swollen appendage.

With each stroke or lick of my thick cock a jolt of primal lust would explode into my brain and I would see stars momentarily, and then my vision would clear to be filled with visions of my oiled body glinting in the candlelight with my huge monster cock sticking upward toward my chest and face. Better than any manufactured drug I rode that wave of self lust and uncontrolled narcissism until, at last the clock struck twelve in the living room, and I let go of the cum-beast-within, loudly erupting into orgasm.

Unleashed from my tight control the cum boiled out of my heavy balls, and roared into the small confines of my bedroom. The first blast spurt over my head to rain back down on me and the floor with wet smacks. I stroked again and again, each stroke evoking another burst of beautiful cum from my twitching cock and onto my body.

As the flow began to slow I bent back over and suckled on my cumcovered cockhead, and was rewarded with two final blasts of cum into my hungry mouth, and all over my greedy lips. Swept up in the aftermath of my orgasm I rubbed my white cum and semen all over my face with the head of my cock, and breathed deeply of the pungent aroma in my sperm filled my nostrils.

As I finished nuzzling my cock and stood up, I was greeted by my own cumcovered visage in the mirrors. I licked my lips and laughed and said, 'Here's to a great '98!!'

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