



Deep Throat Diva: A Novel (Zane Presents)

By Cairo

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Deliciously dirty, *Deep Throat Diva* is the titillating story of a young woman who will do anything to keep her secrets from coming to light and ruining her wedding.

With brains, beauty, and a four-carat diamond engagement ring, Pasha Willow seems to have the perfect life. She's the successful owner of a trendy hair salon, lives in a posh condo with her handsome soon-to-be husband, drives an expensive car, and indulges in relentless shopping sprees. But behind the high-end fashion, captivating smile, and mesmerizing eyes, belies a woman with a deep, dark secret.

While her fiancé served five years in prison, Pasha found an alternative way to feed her desires—one that ended with several obsessed men clamoring for more of her. And now, with the love of her life a free man and back in her arms, she must find a way to balance her past with her present and not give into temptation.

As her wedding day slowly approaches and her dirty secrets begin to unfold, Pasha scrambles to keep her lies and indiscretions from getting out of control and ruining her life.

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Editorial Review

About the Author

Cairo is the author of *The Pleasure Zone*; *Dirty Heat*; *Between the Sheets*; *Ruthless: Deep Throat Diva 3*; *Retribution: Deep Throat Diva 2*; *Slippery When Wet*; *The Stud Palace*; *Big Booty*; *Man Swappers*; *Kitty-Kitty, Bang-Bang*; *Deep Throat Diva*; *Daddy Long Stroke*; *The Man Handler*; and *The Kat Trap*. His travels to Egypt are what inspired his pen name.

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Deep Throat Diva

ONE

You ready to cum? Imagine this: A pretty bitch down on her knees with a pair of soft, full lips wrapped around the head of your dick. A hot, wet tongue twirling all over it, then gliding up and down your shaft, wetting it up real slippery-like, then lapping at your balls; lightly licking your asshole. Mmmm, I'm using my tongue in places that will get you dizzy, urging you to give me your hot, creamy nut. Mmmmm, baby...you think you ready? If so, sit back, lie back, relax and let the Deep Throat Diva rock your cock, gargle your balls, and suck you straight to heaven.

I reread the ad, make sure it conveys exactly what I want, need, it to say, then press the PUBLISH tab.

“There,” I say aloud, glancing around my bedroom, then looking down at my left hand. “Let’s see how many responses I get, this time.”

Ummm, wait...before I say anything else. I already know some of you uptight bitches are shaking your heads and rolling your eyes. What I’m about to tell ya’ll is going to make some of you disgusted, and that’s fine by me. It is what it is. There’s also going to be a bunch of you closeted, freaky bitches who are going to turn your noses up and twist up your lips, but secretly race to get home ’cause you’re as nasty as I am. Hell, some of you are probably down on your knees as I speak, or maybe finishing up pulling a dick from out of your throat, or removing strands of pubic hair from in between your teeth. And that’s fine by me as well. Do you, boo. But, let me say this: Don’t any of you self-righteous hoes judge me.

So here goes. See. I have a man—dark chocolate, dreamy-eyed, sculpted and every woman’s dream—who’s been incarcerated for four years, and he’s releasing from prison in less than nine months. And, yes, I’m excited and nervous and almost scared to death—you’ll realize why in a minute. Annywaaaay, not only is he a sexy-ass motherfucker, he knows how to grind, and stack paper. And he is a splendid lover. My God! His dick and tongue game can make a woman forget her name. And all the chicks who know him either want him, or want him back. And they’ll do anything they can to try to disrupt my flow. Hating-ass hoes!

Nevertheless, he’s coming home to *me*. The collect calls, the long drives, the endless nights of sexless sleep have taken a toll on me, and will all be over very soon. Between the letters, visits and keeping money on his books, I’ve been holding him down, faithfully. And I’ve kept my promise to him to not fuck any other niggas. I’ve kept this pussy tight for him. And it’s been hard, *really* hard—no, no, hard isn’t an accurate description of the agony I’ve had to bear from not being fucked for over four years. It’s been excruciating!

But I love Jasper, so I've made the sacrifice. For him, for us! Still, I have missed him immensely. And I need him so bad. My pussy needs him, aches for the width of his nine-inch, veiny dick thrusting in and out of it. It misses the long, deep strokes of his thick tongue caressing my clit and its lower lips. I miss lying in his arms, being held and caressed. But I have held out; denied any other niggas the privilege—and pleasure—of fucking this sweet, wet hole.

The problem is: Though I haven't been riding down on anything stiff, I've been doing a little anonymous dick sucking on the side from time-to-time—and, every now and then, getting my pussy ate—to take the edge off. Okay, okay, I'm lying. I've been sucking a lot of dick. But it wasn't supposed to be this way. I wasn't supposed to become hooked on the shit as if it were crack. But, I have. And I am.

Truth be told, it started out as inquisitiveness. I was bored. I was lonely. I was fucking horny and tired of sucking and fucking dildos, pretending they were Jasper's dick. So I went on Nastyfreaks4u.com, a new website that's been around for about two years or so. About eighteen months ago, I had overheard one of the regulars who gets her hair done down at my salon talking about a site where men and women post amateur sex videos, similar to that on Xtube, and also place sex ads. So, out of curiosity, I went onto their site and browsed around on it for almost a week before deciding to become a member and place my very own personal ad. I honestly wasn't expecting anything to come of it. And a part of me had hoped nothing would. But, lo and behold, my email became flooded with requests. And I responded back. I told myself that I'd do it one time, only. But once turned into twice, then twice became three more times, and now—a year-and-a-half later, I'm logged on *again*—still telling myself that *this* time will be the last time.

I stare at my ring finger. Take in the sparkling four-carat engagement ring. It's a nagging reminder of what I have; of what I could potentially end up losing. My reputation for one—as a successful, no-nonsense hairstylist and business owner of one the most upscale hair salons in the tri-state area; winner of two Bronner Brothers hair show competitions; numerous features in *Hype Hair* magazine, one of the leading hairstyle magazines for African-American women; and winner of the 2008 Global Salon Business Award, a prestigious award presented every two years to recognize excellence in the industry—could be tarnished. Everything I've worked so hard to achieve could be ruined in the blink of an eye.

My man, for another, could...will, walk out of my life. After he beats my ass, or worse—kills me. And I wouldn't blame him, not one damn bit. I know better than anyone that as passionate a lover as Jasper is, he can be just as ruthless if crossed. He has no problem punching a nigga's lights out, smacking up a chick—or breaking her jaw, so I already recognize what the outcome will be if he ever finds out about my indiscretions. Yet, I still choose to dance with deception, regardless of the outcome.

As hypocritical and deceitful as I've been, I can't ever forget it was Jasper who helped me get to where I am today. He's been the biggest part of my success, and I love him for that. Nappy No More wouldn't exist if it weren't for him believing in me, in my visions, and investing thousands of dollars into my salon eight years ago. Granted, I've paid him back and then some. And, yes, it's true. I put up with all the shit that comes with loving a man who's been caught up in the game. From his hustling and incarcerations to his fucking around on me in the early part of our relationship, I stood by him; loved him, no matter what. And I know more than anyone else that I've benefited from it. So as far as I'm concerned, I owe him. He's put all of his trust in me, has given me his heart, and has always been damn good to me. And, yes, *this* is how I've been showing my gratitude—by creeping on the internet.

He won't find out, I think, sighing as I remove my diamond ring from my hand, placing it in my jewelry case and then locking it in the safe with the rest of my valuables. Jasper gave me this engagement ring and proposed to me a month before he got sentenced while he was still out on bail. He wanted me to marry him

before he got locked up, but I want to wait until he gets released. Having a half-assed wedding was not an option. But, there'll be no wedding if I don't get my mind right and stop this shit, soon! *I'll stop all this craziness once he gets home.* This is what I tell myself, this is what I want to believe. The fucked-up thing is that as hard as I have tried to get my urges under control, there are times when my "habit" overwhelms me; when it creeps up on me and lures me into its clutches and I have to sneak out and end up right back on my knees sucking down another nigga's dick.

See. Being a seasoned dick sucker, I can swallow any length or width without gagging, or puking. I relax, breathe through my nose, extend my tongue all the way out, and then swallow one inch at a time until I have the dick all the way down in my throat. Then I start swallowing while I give a nigga a nice, slow dick massage. The shit is bananas! And it drives a nigga crazy.

I sigh, remembering a time when I once was so obsessed with being a good dick sucker that I used to practice sucking on a dildo. I had bought myself a nice black, seven-inch dildo at an adult bookstore when I was barely twenty. At first, it was a little uncomfortable. My eyes would water and I'd gag as the head hit the back of my throat. But, I didn't give up. I was determined to become a dick-swallowing pro. Diligently, I kept practicing every night before I went to bed until I was finally able to deep throat that rubber cock balls deep. Then I purchased an eight-inch, and practiced religiously until I was also able to swallow it. Before long, I was able to move up to a nine-inch, then ten. And once I had them mastered, it was then, that I knew for certain I was ready to move on to the real thing. I've been sucking dick ever since.

The only difference is, back then I only sucked my boyfriends, men I loved; men who I wanted to be with. But now...now, I'm sucking a bunch of faceless, nameless men; men who I care nothing about. Men I have no emotional connection to. And that within itself makes what I'm doing that more dirty. I realize this. Still—as filthy and as raunchy and trifling as it is, it excites me. It entices me. And it keeps me wanting more.

As crazy as this will sound, when I'm down on my knees, or leaned over in a nigga's lap with a mouthful of dick while he's driving—it's not him I'm sucking; it's not his balls I'm wetting. It's Jasper's dick. It's Jasper's balls. It's Jasper's moans that I hear. It's Jasper's hands that I feel wrapped in my hair, holding the back of my neck. It's Jasper stretching my neck. Not any other nigga. I close my eyes, and pretend. I make believe them other niggas don't exist.

The *dinging* alerts me that I have new messages. I sit back in front of my screen, take a deep breath. Eight emails. I click on the first one:

Great ad! Good-looking married man here: 42, 5'9", 7 cut, medium thick. Looking for a discreet, kinky woman who likes to eat and play with nice, big sweaty balls, lick in my musty crotch, and chew on my foreskin while I kick back. Can't host.

I frown, disgusted. *What the fuck?!* I think, clicking DELETE.

I continue to the second email:

Hey baby, looking for a generous woman who likes to suck and get fucked in the back of her throat. I'm seven-inches cut, and I like the feel of a tight-ass throat gripping my dick when I nut. I'm 5'9, about 168 lbs, average build, dark-skinned. I'm a dominate brotha so I would like to meet a submissive woman. I'm disease free and HIV negative. Hope you are too. Hit me back.

Generous? Submissive? “Nigga, puhleeze,” I sigh aloud, rolling my eyes. *Delete.*

I open the next three, and want to vomit. They are mostly crude, or ridiculous; particularly this one:

Hi. I'm a clean, cool, horny, married Italian guy. I'm also well hung 'n thick. I'd love to put on my wife's g-string, maybe even her thigh-highs, and let you suck me off through her panties, then pull out my thick, hot cock and give me good oral. I'm 6'2", 180 lbs, good shape. Don't worry. I'm a straight man, but behind closed doors I love wearing my wife's panties and getting oral. I hope this interests you.

I suck my teeth. “No, motherfucker, it doesn't!” *Delete.* What the fuck I look like, sucking a nigga who wears women's panties? *Straight man, my ass! Bitch, you a Miss Honey!* I think, opening up the sixth email.

Yo, lookin' for a bitch who enjoys suckin' all kinds of cock. Hood nigga here, lookin' to tear a throat up. Not beat to hear whinin' 'bout achin' jaws and not wantin' a muhfucka to nut in her mouth. I'm lookin' to unzip, fuck a throat, then nut 'n bounce. If u wit' it, holla back.

Delete.

Ugh! The one downside of putting out sex ads on the internet, you never know what you're going to get. It's hit or miss. Sometimes you luck up and get exactly what you're looking for. But most times you get shit even a dog wouldn't want. Truth be told, there's a bunch of nasty-ass kooks online. And judging by these emails, I'm already convinced tonight's going to be a bust. Try to convince myself that it's a sign that it's not meant to be, not tonight anyway; maybe not ever again.

My computer *dings* again. I have three new emails. My mind tells me to delete them without opening them; to log off and shut down my PC. But, of course, I don't. I open the first email:

5'11", 255 lbs, trim beard, stache, stocky build, moderately hairy, and aggressive. Always in need to have my dick sucked to the extreme! I love a woman who is into my cum. Show it to me in your mouth and all over your tongue, then go back down on my dick and try to suck out another load.

That's right up my alley, I think, deleting the note, *but not with you. Your ass is too damn fat!* I move onto the next email:

6'3", 190 lbs, 6" cut. Black hair, brown eyes. Here's a pic of my dick. If you like, hit me back. Before I even open his attachment, I'm already shaking my head, thinking, “no thank you” because of his stats. Don't get me wrong. I'm by no means a size whore, but let's face it...a nigga standing at six-three with only a six-inch dick. Hmmph. He better have a ripped body, a thick dick, and be extra damn fine! I click on the attachment, anyway. When it opens, I blink, blink again. Bring my face closer to the screen and squint. I sigh. His dick is as thin as a No. 2 pencil. Poor thing! I feel myself getting depressed for him. *Delete!* I click on the third email:

Do u really suck a good dick? If so, come over and wrap your lips around my 8-inch dick until I bust off on your face or down in your throat. 29, 6'1, decent build here. Horny as fuck for some mind-blowing head.

I smile. Maybe there's hope after all, I think, responding back. I type: *No, baby, I'm not a good dick sucker. I'm a great one! Send me a pic of your body and dick so that I know your stats are what you say they are. And if I like what I see, maybe you can find out for yourself.* Two minutes later, he replies back with an attachment. I open it, letting out a sigh of relief as I type. *Beautiful cock! Now when, where, and how can I*

get at it?

I know, I know, aside from being risky and dangerous, I am aware that what I am doing is dead wrong. No, it's fucked up! However, I can't help myself. Okay, damn...maybe I can. But the selfish bitch in me doesn't want to. I mean, I do try. I'll go two or three days, even a week—sometimes, two—and I'll think I'm good; that I've kicked this nasty habit. It's like the minute the clock strikes midnight—the bewitching hour, I become possessed. I turn into a filthy cumslut. In a local park, dark alley, parking lot, public restroom, deserted street in the back of a truck—I want to drop down low and lick, taste, swallow, a thick, creamy nut. Either sucked out or jacked out; drink it from a used condom or a shot glass—I want it to coat my tonsils, and slide down into my throat. Not that I've gone to those extremes. Well, not to *all* those extras. But, I've come close enough.

And tonight is no different. Here it is almost one A.M. and I should have my ass in bed. Instead, once again, I'm looking to give some good-ass, sloppy, wet head; lick and suck on some balls; deep throat some dick, gag on it. And maybe swallow a nut. Yes, tonight I'm looking for someone who knows how to throat fuck a greedy, dick-sucking bitch like me. I'm looking for someone who knows how to fuck my mouth as if they were fucking my pussy, deep-stroking that pipe down into my gullet until my eyes start to water.

Ding! He replies back: *You can get this cock, now! No games, no BS, just a hot nut going down in your throat. I'm at the Sheraton in Edison. Room 238.*

I respond, practically drooling: *I'm on my way. Be there in 30 mins.*

I get up from my computer desk, slip out of my silk robe, tossing it over onto my American Drew California-king sleigh bed. Standing naked in front of my full-length mirror, I like...no, love, what I see: full, luscious lips; perky, C-cup tits; small, tight waist; firm, plump ass; and smooth, shapely legs. I slip into a hot pink Juicy Couture tracksuit, then grab my black and pink Air Max's. I pin my hair up, before placing a black Juicy fitted on my head, pulling it down over my face and flipping up the hood of my jacket. I grab my bag and keys, then head down the stairs and out the door to suck down on some cock. I glance at my watch. It's 2:24 a.m. *Hope this nigga's dick is worth the trip.*

Users Review

From reader reviews:

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