

HARDISON PARKER



My First Toy

Bucket List Diaries -
Prequel

PROLOGUE

Dear Diary. Today I turned 19 and someone gave me you as a present. Not sure what I should write. Not much to tell really. As a result of being a mostly plain, somewhat sarcastic girl growing up, I have very few experiences to share. Shondra, my friend who thought you were the greatest gift ever, told me I should write about my first time. Well, that would take 5 lines. I was 18. It happened in the back of my boyfriend, Mark's Camaro. It lasted about 15 seconds before he was finished. Luckily, he used a condom so the only damage I was dealt was an unhealthy apathy towards sex. I won't bore you with any more details.

My mom, in her infinite wisdom, told me to use you for a bucket list. You know, a list of things I want to do before I die. Well, I don't plan on dying any time soon and I have lived such a sheltered life that I have absolutely no idea of what adventures await. I mean who my age wants to climb Mount Everest? Becoming president has to wait until I am at least 35 years old.

Now that I am in bed, I got to thinking. Maybe I can combine the two. I mean I am 19 and still haven't orgasmed. Well, ok. I have orgasmed from my hand, but never with someone else. My first time was also my only time. I do watch porn religiously now that I have my own tablet and have learned just where to touch myself when I am dripping wet. Still, I wonder if it feels different with a guy. Or maybe I would like it better with a girl. So, I am going to write my bucket list. I know, that only fills this first page. So here is my pact with you. Everything on the below list I will do. And when it is done, whether today, tomorrow or ten years from now, I will write about it. I hope I enjoy the experiences. I hope you enjoy them as I write them. So without further ado, here is my sexual bucket list. Note: I left space to add more as things go.

SEXUAL BUCKET LIST

ORGASM WITH A MAN

ORGASM WITH A WOMAN

BLINDFOLDED

BONDAGE

THREESOME

SPIT-ROASTED

CONTROLLED BY A TOY

SWING CLUB

GANG BANG

My First Toy

Dear Diary. I know, I know, the way I wrote yesterday, it sounds like you were the only present I received for my 19th birthday. That isn't true. I also received gift cards, clothes, a pair of cute boots I wanted, and socks. My grandmother always gives me socks. It drives me nuts.

Well, anyway, after the party, Lori, my best friend and confidant, pulled me aside and gave me a package. She told me to hide it until I was alone. I figured it was lingerie until I got upstairs, shut the door, and tore open the adorable raccoon wrapping paper. Let me tell you, it was not lingerie. I was shocked to find a penis-shaped thick glass dildo. It was thick, like a big cucumber.

At first, I found it frightening. I mean the only thing I ever put in my pussy other than a single finger was Mark's penis and that was so small and over so fast, I'm not convinced it was actually inside me.

At first, I put it back in the box and slid it under my bed intending to leave it there.

However, although it was out of sight, it was certainly not out of mind. My father used to play a game with my brother and I. He would tell us to go stand in the corner and no matter what we did, we were not allowed to think of a red polar bear in white spandex. Of course, once he put that ridiculous image in our head, it was impossible not to think about it. Well, this was the same thing, only sexier.

The more I tried to think about other things, the more I thought about how the cold glass would feel against my clit. As my sex moistened, I found myself imagining how it would feel to have such a thick object stretching me. The more I thought about it, the wetter I became. My nipples were already begging for attention. Absent-mindedly I began massaging them. I don't know if everyone is like this but when I tug on my nipples in just the right way, the sensations travel right to my clit.

By now my pussy lips were slick and needy. I thought about just using my finger like usual, but some naughty part of my brain kept whispering, "Use the toy!" I swear the box under the bed began calling to me. Finally, I gave in and grabbed the box, dumping the contents on the bed. Along with the dildo, Lori gave me a silicone-based lube. I didn't think I would need it as I was extremely wet, but for good measure, I put a few drops on the top and spread it around like I was spreading pre-cum over a penis. The glass became extra slippery, and I nearly dropped it a few times.

Before I slid it between my legs, I wanted to see how it felt somewhere safer. So I ran it between my breasts, then around the underboob and over my nipple. The glass was cool, but not cold and my little nubs stiffened beneath the slick touch. I took a deep breath and began sliding the toy over my abs as slowly as possible. My body was twitching everywhere it touched but my brain was still apprehensive.

Did you know how to shut off your brain? I do now. Just touch your clit with something hard and slick. That first touch silenced any resistance I felt. How could something feel that good. I circled my clit for a minute, letting my juices mingle with the lube. As if the dildo had a mind of its own, it took advantage of a circle that went a bit wide and slid right between my puffy pussy lips.

I was leaning against my headboard, my legs bent at the knees. In the mirror over my dresser, I could see the clear glass part my lips. Damn, it was sexy as fuck. That was all I needed to send me over the edge. My arousal had suddenly become a hunger. I needed to know how much of this 8' long sculpture I could fit in my tiny core. It hurt at first but it was so well greased from the lube and my dripping wet,

that it pushed past the initial resistance. I watched, transfixed as I wiggled about a third of it inside me. Let me tell you, the manufacturer knew exactly where to place those blue ridges. I settled in at about half. Hey, it was my first time, don't judge me. It took a few attempts with different angles to find the right spot but when I did, my mind was blown. The filling sensation, the pressure against that spot that feels so good. The way my hand hit my arm hit my clit as I thrust the toy inside me. My hips began to push themselves toward my hand as I pushed it inside. I felt my arousal build quickly. When I came, it was faster and harder than when I used my fingers. Is this what a sex orgasm feels like? This is so much better. I hope it is because I need more of this in my life. When my body settled down, my thighs and comforter were soaked. I cleaned the toy carefully and placed it on my nightstand underneath the panties I keep there for when I need a quick change.

I'm glad I have you, diary. Between you and my new toy, the lonely nights won't feel so lonely. I cannot wait for my freedom, but first I need to get a job and a car. Hopefully, by then I will meet someone and start that bucket list I wrote about yesterday. Till then, it's just you and me.

If you enjoyed this, please pre-order/buy [My First Orgasm](#) and see how Dalia kicks off her bucket list.