

G.O.A.T. THROAT

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM OF HOUSE - DAY

The doorbell RINGS.

APRIL a woman dressed only in a towel prances barefoot to the door. The towel in a tug of war against her full breast.

APRIL

How many times do I have to tell
you I always want the hedges
trimmed. Every time!

April rushing tugs open the door.

APRIL (CONT'D)

(surprised)
Oh hi.

Standing in the doorway id DR. JOHNSON.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Did I leave something at your
office? Come on in.

Dr. Johnson strides into the living room and April bumps the door closed with her butt.

DR. JOHNSON

A sense of worry actually.

APRIL

Oh don't be silly, my mouth isn't
numb anymore, see.

April contorts her lips all around.

APRIL (CONT'D)

You didn't have to come all this
way.

DR. JOHNSON

More, inside your mouth.

APRIL

Found another cavity to fill? Why
didn't you just call?

April tugs up on the losing towel.

DR. JOHNSON

It's something I needed to tell you
personally. You see--

APRIL
(worried look)
Is it something serious, you're
scaring me.

DR. JOHNSON
It's your throat I noticed some
bruising. A lot of bruising.

April tugs up on the towel again and looks down.

APRIL
(talking like a
ventriloquist)
No bruising here.

DR. JOHNSON
Raw redness is what I saw. You
don't even think I could confuse
you with someone else.

APRIL
Cherry Jell-O shots, because I'm
always nervous about going to the
dentist.

Dr. Johnson stares down at her winning breast.

DR. JOHNSON
Is your husband home?

April twist the towel back into place smiling awkwardly.

APRIL
Playing golf, but the gardener is
around here somewhere.

DR. JOHNSON
I've been at the gym with your
husband April, I know it wasn't him
that caused that rawness. Should I
call for the gardener?

April suddenly drops all pretense and puts her hands shapely
on her hips giving the towel a huge advantage.

APRIL
So you're blackmailing me now?
'cause I'm so sure this is genuine
concern.

DR. JOHNSON
Oh no you've got me all wrong.

APRIL

Oh I see that. Drive all the way
out here just to--

DR. JOHNSON

I'm always looking out for throats.

APRIL

What?

DR. JOHNSON

Oh don't be coy. Any woman with
that kind of bruising loves taking
a big cock deep down her throat.

April just shakes her head and yanks up on the towel.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

No gag reflex whatsoever I'm
guessing?

APRIL

So how much do you want not to tell
my husband? I have a pretty strong
prenup.

DR. JOHNSON

When I say I'm always looking out
for throats, I'm always looking out
for throats to use.

APRIL

My therapist is going to love this.

DR. JOHNSON

We probably have the same one.

April suddenly drops the towel to the floor and holds out her
arms and twists.

APRIL

All of this and you only want my
throat.

DR. JOHNSON

Isn't that all you want?

APRIL

(playing with her nipples)
The big cocks do get harder and
fuck me longer after they cum in my
throat.

Dr. Johnson abruptly grabs April by the throat.

DR. JOHNSON
I know they do.

Dr. Johnson reaches into his pocket as he lifts April up by the throat.

April struggles on her tip toes.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
First I have this collar for you to wear. A good throat slut always deserves a collar.

Dr. Johnson lifts her back down and wraps the collar around her neck snapping it in the back.

APRIL
You know I do.

DR. JOHNSON
I even had it monogrammed for you.

Dr. Johnson take out a scrunchie and places it in her mouth.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I think you know what to do with this.

April quickly puts her hair up in a pony tail.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Mm, mm, mm, you are going to be good.

Dr. Johnson reaches into his pocket again and pulls out some lips gloss.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Put this on it will make it easier for you.

April smears the lip gloss on.

Dr. Johnson undoes his slacks and lets them fall to the floor.

His huge cock pops up to attention.

APRIL
Oh my God! That's gonna choke me out dead.

Dr. Johnson grabs April by the pony tail and pushes her down to her knees.

DR. JOHNSON
We'll go real, real slow at first
ok dear.

April on her knees compare the cock to her forearm.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
You'll probably need one but you're
not going to get one. Good throat
sluts never do.

April starts to suck the tip of the cock rolling her tongue
all around and underneath the shaft.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
You're going to be better than I
thought aren't you.

April try's taking his cock deeper down her throat.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Keep trying... mm... you can handle
it. You'll make it work.

Suddenly April plunges down on his cock taking it deep. Her
lips pressing into Dr. Johnsons abs and she gags and tries to
breathe.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Suck that fucking dick!

Dr. Johnson grabs April by the pony tails and bucks his hips
hard into her face.

April moans and makes gaging noises as she smacks him in the
stomach as gobs of spit start to froth and drool out of her
lips and hang swinging off of her chin.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
You need this dick don't you.

April reaches up and twist his nipples.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Look at you go, look up at me.

April looks up at dr. Johnson as her eyes go back in her
head.

Dr. Johnson bucks and thrust his cock int Aprils throat over
and over as Aprils gaging noises grow louder.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)
The gardeners looking in the
window.

April smacks Dr. Johnson hard on his abs and pulls up and off
his throbbing cock blowing gobs of spit and pre cum all over
her tits.

APRIL
(looking around to the
window)
What the fuck?

DR. JOHNSON
My fuck face princess upset?

April see's there is no one staring in the window and smiles
up at Dr. Johnson, sticky pre cum hanging off of her chin.

APRIL
You are so bad.! I hate you!