

East Side Story Part I

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Published on Lush Stories on 26 Dec 2011

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EAST SIDE STORY

Lois Lynch had passed puberty almost four years previous whilst attending an East Village Catholic school by the name of Saint Anne. This is not to be confused with the prestigious St. Ann's with more prosperous offspring of more prosperous parents.

The sudden demise of her union-boss father at the hands of "persons unknown" caused great sorrow and much tumult in the Lynch household now comprised of her mother Jessica aged 45 still possessed of physical beauty even after the birthing of five little Lynch's; her grandmother Tess devoid of teeth and maker of fine gravy; and her four siblings, all of her same gender.

There was little doubt that Lois was the prettiest little girl of 16 sitting obediently in her seat in the eighth grade of the very proper and well-organized Saint Anne's.

Lack of funds required that at least one of the Lynch girls had to be withdrawn from the sedate school as family charity tuition offsets were capped at no more than four children in any one family. It was decided by both Mrs. Lynch and Sister Consulata that the unfortunate dismissal would be the eldest child, Lois.

Lois was distraught.

However, she maintained a stiff upper lip (a very gorgeous lip, I might add) and shrugged off her misfortune. On Monday next, she would be attending the much maligned P.S 13 in a more over-

populated section of the East Side. Her so-called friends hounded her with horror stories of what they did to nice-looking little Catholic girls over at “that place”.

Even though it had been years since she had crossed the puberty threshold and she would be 17 in a few short months, Lois had never come close to losing her virginity by virtue of the fact her father’s sometimes shady dealings involved some very physical resolutions. Teenaged boys in the neighborhood and even prospective pedophiles were rightfully cautious about any of the females in the Lynch household with the possible exception of Tess, young Lois’s 80 year old grandmother.

Lois slept in a bed with two of her sisters, one plump and the other skin and bones, but there was never any suggestion of hanky panky as they were all well-trained by the Sisters of Mercy to treat their bodies as temples of the Lord. In all honesty, poor Lois had no idea of what compromised a dreaded “cock” in a house of 6 other females and a father who valued his privacy more than his life.

The new school looked more like a prison fortress than an institute of learning.

When she asked another girl of her same age why there were dogs in the hallway, she was astonished to hear that they were searching for “drugs”. Why would there be drugs in a school? Lois was certain they should be in a drug store and kept under lock and key.

Lois kind of stuck out with her head of wavy red hair and face full of freckles. Most of the students were quite dark skinned or of the Hispanic persuasion. They seemed to congregate in groups and she was all by herself.

At the end of the hall she saw a girl of her own age with flaming red hair and very blue green eyes. Lois approached her and when she turned around, it was like looking into a mirror. Her very own freckles stared back at her and she thought for a moment she was meeting her twin sister.

“Hello. My name is Lois Lynch and I am new here. It is so strange we look so much alike.”

The girl looked at her and spoke in Spanish or something that sounded a lot like Spanish. Since she had studied Latin for the last three years, she could make out some of what the girl was saying. It was also easy to decipher the dirty words just from the way they were said.

“Tu maricon bastardo. No digame, puta!” That certainly did not sound very friendly to Lois. The group of girls surrounding the pretty girl who looked just like Lois giggled and made some unmistakable gestures that brought the red hue to Lois’s cheeks.

She beat a hasty retreat and headed to her first class on the second floor.

On the staircase, Lois saw a very handsome young man with long wavy black hair and pants so tight, she could see the curves of his tempting tight ass. She felt her little tinkle spot start to go all tingly but she knew it wasn’t to go pee because she had just come from the ladies room. It was something else making her all damp down there but it was not a need to tinkle.

The girl in front of the handsome boy was pinned against the wall by his long lean body. Her face was all flushed and Lois could see her bosom heaving with a high level of agitation. Probably because the boy's hand was wandering all over it.

"Ramon, don't do that here. Anybody can see."

Lois's attention was drawn to the pronounced bulge in Ramon's jeans. It looked like a banana. She was certain this was the devil's work, the "cock" she had been warned about by the dedicated Sisters of Mercy. She figured it was this thing that made the girls in Saint Anne's giggle when they saw the boys playing "Johnny rides the Pony". No self-respecting girl ever played that silly game but Lois thought it looked like a lot of fun and sometimes wished she was a boy and could jump on the boy's backs and lock her legs around them so she would not fall off when the next boy jumped up hard behind her.

Lois walked past them and she thought about how it would feel with the "banana" thing pushing up into her bottom from behind. Her heart was beating fast and she didn't know if it was from the long staircase or the thought of cocks and bananas and how she would open her legs for them.

Her first class was a science class and she loved it. Lois could not understand why most of the boys and girls were oblivious to the words of the teacher, Mr. Simpson. He was explaining in great detail the way people were evolved from life-forms in the ocean. She found it fascinating as the Sisters of Mercy made a point of describing such science as being an abomination against the work of God. Lois was soaking up every word trying to compare it to her other lessons.

Suddenly, she became aware of a hand roaming all over her soft bottom.

She looked over her shoulder and saw a good-looking black boy of about 18 years of age smiling at her knowingly as he fondled her ass cheeks protruding through the open back school chair. Lois was a little bit scared. No boy had ever touched her there except when they were playing and that was always by accident. This boy with the nice smile was learning her geography back there and seemed determined to get his strong fingers up into her crack. She could not understand why anyone would want to put their fingers right up into her poopy hole. Thank goodness she always cleaned spotlessly every day and she was certain her cotton undies would keep his actual finger from touching her little pucker hole "skin to skin".

Since they were in the back of the class, Lois could see no one was aware of her anal impalement by the strange black boy's fingers.

It felt so nice that she leaned forward and gave his finger a little more access to her most private area.

She knew her panties were soaked in the front now and she hoped the boy would not discover her naughtiness. She wanted him to continue thinking she was an innocent victim and not a willing

participant in this very interesting experiment.

Lois pretended nothing was happening and listened intently to each word Mr. Simpson was saying.

The middle finger was now right on her tight little rear door. The boy had somehow scooted her panties to the side and was touching her little brown hole with the tip of his finger. It felt delicious to her. He couldn't possibly want to go up inside her dirt hole. That was just too nasty to even think about. It made her feel very excited and right then and there Lois was convinced she was a "bad" girl because she wanted it so very much.

When the long finger slid inside her, Lois squirted her female juices right onto the waxed wooden floor of the classroom. Both Lois and the black boy could see it dripping down like a sticky puddle on the clean floor. She felt she was the dirtiest girl ever and it really felt good. If this was Public School, she was sorry it had taken her so long to get here.

After the class was over, the boy picked her book bag up off the floor and handed it to her. He told her his name was Derek and he was the number one "Black Tiger" at P.S. 13. Lois had no idea at all what he was talking about but she listened to him with rapt attention. After all, this was the boy who had taken her anal virginity with his exploratory finger. She could see looking down that he had the same tempting bulge that Ramon of the hallway exhibited. Lois found herself wondering which of the two "cocks" was the biggest and felt the best going in between her virgin pussy lips.

Derek touched her bare arm with his hand and she felt a little electric shock like when you rub your feet on the carpet. His arm was so very black and she pictured his "cock" thing sliding into her red bush and between her snow white legs. The thought was so erotic that she felt her pussy lips brim up again.

The teacher was looking at them funny and with a great deal of suspicion. Lois figured it was because she was one of the few Caucasian female students in the school and that was a tinder point for trouble in social relations. The fact that there were almost no black, Hispanic or even oriental students at her old school, Saint Anne's gave her no insight to the frictions presented by interracial friendships at P.S. 13.

"You want to go to a movie Saturday, girl?"

Lois pictured Derek and her sitting in the last row and all the delicious things he could do to her with his very skillful hands.

But she knew her mom would throw her out of the house if she knew she was on a date with a non-Irish boy. Her family rarely talked disparagingly about blacks or Hispanics because the concept was so far out they didn't even think it worthy of mentioning. They were mostly focused on teenaged boys of Italian descent or Jewish boys. The simple truth was, poor Lois was desperate for the attention of any boy that possessed one of those "cock" things.

Overcome with desire focused between her pretty legs, Lois replied,

“I will meet you there, Derek. Just follow me to the last row and sit right next to me. Is that OK?”

Derek who possessed wisdom far beyond his 18 years got the picture right away and nodded his head in agreement.

Lois watched the good-looking boy walk away with a self-assured swagger.

Things were sure a lot more interesting at P.S. 13 than they ever were at Catholic school.