My first time with a black woman

By whiteknight

Published on Lush Stories on 08 Dec 2006

Our first screw with a black prostitute

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/interracial/my-first-time-with-a-black-woman.aspx

I am going to reveal my absolute first time with a black woman. This goes back to the summer of 1979. I had just finished baseball practice that day and thankfully didn't have work. I asked a couple of buddies if they wanted to roll into NYC with me. We lived in the NE corner of Jersey. Only John was game to hit the city. We grabbed
a six pack of Budweiser and set off.

Believe it or not we were legal to drink at that time? I figured to go through the Lincoln
tunnel so we would end up downtown. I had been into the city at least 50-60 times with my buddies, ever since one of us had a car to drive. Our outings usually ended in some type of mischief. I was rolling in a gold 1972 Plymouth Gold Duster, 4dr, automatic, bench seats. This thing was a tank!

Our trip was uneventful. We had had 2 beers each. Coming out of the tunnel, I decided we should head toward the village. This took us past the bus terminal. Cruising by, I spotted a good looking black woman on the stroll. Then and there
I told John we were going to get laid. I had cruised hookers before with friends, but never saw one I wanted to get with.

John looked kind of shocked, but told me he was in for whatever. I circled the block and came around to the woman I had seen. She was dressed in a mini-skirt, halter top, and fuck me pumps. I pulled up to the curb, behind 3-4 other potential
customers. There were 5 other girls on the block doing their thing. I had to brush off 2 other women before the one I wanted stepped to the car. She leaned in, a tit fell out of the halter top, and she started working John's groin through his pants.

The first words out of her mouth were, "what do you 2 fucking horn dogs want?" I told her we wanted some pussy. So negotiations began. 2 things I was looking for before I set a deal. I wanted to make sure this was really a woman and I wanted to check if she was on the level or a cop.
It was hard to concentrate with that juicy looking tit staring me in the face. I figured with the other girls working and that tit flopping in the breeze, she wasn't a cop. Then,

she pulls John's hand up under her skirt and into her pussy. John pulled his hand back in a flash, like it was on fire. I had never thought he was a prude.

But, this answered my second concern. And, no we did not think about disease. We were horny teenagers, with condoms, who had not heard a lot about aids. We reached a price and she got in the back. I climbed over the seat and forked up my half of the cash. She started working my cock right through my pants, like she had done John. I was far from experienced and didn't know how long I could really last. So, I nearly ripped my jeans and BVD's off over me sneakers to free my cock.
I was hard and slipped a condom on with a racticed move.

She actually told me I didn't need to do that, but I wasn't really paying attention to what she might have been saying. John tried to bail on me and said he was going around the block. I told him to sit the fuck down, have another beer, and watch out until his turn. Some people just do not have your back. That woman straddled my cock and took all of me with no problems.

She started rocking, I started grinding, and off we went. I know she was telling me some BS about how good I was, how big I felt, etc. At that time, all I knew was that I was 'The Man'. I was not about to be screwing with my eyes shut, so naturally I saw this yummy tit dancing before me.

I made to go suck on it and she tells me, "you didn't pay for that." So all I got was a quick lick. I have come to realize that it was only several minutes, But it was working for me. I worked my hands around to her ass and that felt so
damn good. I was trying to fuck my way up into this woman. I think she was telling me, "oh, yay baby you're the one, " when she reached behind herself and started working my balls. That didn't take long before I shot my load. This woman jumped off me, grabbed a t-shirt off the floor, and cleaned herself off.

It couldn't have taken 2 minutes. I'm looking around dazed and confused. She tells John, "okay lets go!" John tells her, "no, I don't want to anymore." That popped me right out of my afterglow. Now I'm scrambling to get on my underwear and jeans. This lady starts shouting
and cursing. John, that asshole, was denying her the money she felt she was owed. She had negotiated for 2 fucks and she was going to get her money. I had abandoned my BVD's and managed to pull my jeans over the shoes. This lady kept
looking at me like it was my fault. So much for being any kind of memorable. After a lot of threats and another working girl coming up to John's window, we made a deal.

I threw the lady a bit more cash and my last beer, then she agreed to leave. She cursed us up one side and down the other. After we took off, I saw that John had creamed his pants already. He had either got off on the preliminary hand job or watching me screw. I never asked and he never told me.

But, John did come across with his side of the cash after I told him how low down he'd been. I can look back at that moment in time and laugh my ass off. I hope you have enjoyed this.