

A Night To Remember (Part 1)

By AwkwardKid94

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I was the kid everyone loved to laugh at when in high school. I was really overweight, blotchy, acne-ridden skin and grades too good for the neighborhood I grew up in. The only time anyone talked to me was for answers to a take home quiz or homework they hadn't done. Other than that, I rarely communicated with others outside my World of Warcraft world. I'd spend time on the Internet in chatrooms, but it wasn't as fun. My lack of social skills and monstrous weight made me the center of sexual teasing. Not in the pleasurable way, but in the red in the face, want to hide under the desk type of way. I'd hear comments all day like "I bet this guy jerks off twelve times a day," or, "With what? His dick is probably the size of my baby brothers."

The guys always found a way to say this when the most attractive girls were around. I'd excuse myself to the bathroom so I could gain composure as their words angered me nearly to tears.

Given my reputation, when I became a senior in high school, I was shocked when one of the most attractive girls, Scarlet, asked me out. I thought it was all for a rouse at first and was hesitant to take her up on her offer for a date. After almost ceaseless persistence, I agreed, just to have her stop bothering me.

It didn't take long before I learned her past, her present and where she wanted her future to go. She was a cheerleader, yes, but one with a 4.0 and a full ride to Stanford. She was mercilessly harassed by her own teammates and lusted after by the majority of the school.

I never really asked her why she actually wanted to date me. When the subject somehow came up, she just said she felt a type of attraction toward me, one that couldn't easily be explained. It took me a while to accept this fact, waiting for someone to jump out and tell me I'd been punk'd and that I'm a poor excuse of a person for believing such bullshit.

It never happened. We dated the entire year. Then prom came up.

I hadn't considered going and now that I was dating someone, I felt almost obligated to go. She'd want to be seen in a beautiful dress, ride in a gorgeous, elaborate limousine and feel like the belle of the ball. Me, on the other hand, would be the sweating pig in a corner of the room trying not to have an anxiety attack. She wasn't ashamed to be seen with me and that was enough to make me want to do whatever she wanted. I just couldn't pull off an elaborate scheme to ask her to prom like half the school. I'd have to find another way to do it.

We sat in my truck after school one day. I didn't have anywhere to be and neither did she. I finished up my uneaten lunch and cleared my throat. I had developed bad anxiety and eating in front of people was too much for me.

Looking toward Scarlet, I asked in a voice that had to have cracked twelve times in the few seconds it took to ask the question, "You..You wanna go to prom with me?"

Scarlet smiled and nodded.

"I was waiting for you to ask." She flung her small arms around my beefy neck and kissed my lips.

My heart sped up and my little guy began to awaken from its almost everlasting slumber. Something about her lips against mine drove me wild. She parted us and held her hand on my thigh the whole way home. Right before she hopped out the car, Scarlet smiled at me and said we would have to go prom shopping soon so that everything correlated right. I rolled my eyes, more thrilled than anything else. For once, things were going my way.

It was the night of prom and I stood in the doorway of my closet, staring at the tux I'd bought nearly a month ahead of time. Something deep within me didn't want to go, but I couldn't let Scarlet down. I pulled the tux from my rack and tossed it on my bed, heading to the shower before my cousin came over.

Letting the warm water engulf me, I reach down between my legs and took hold of my semi-hardon. Dreams of a naked, seductive Scarlet with DD breasts, beautiful bronze skin, thick, sensuous hips and a shaved, tight pussy to match had been running through my mind all week. With family flying in and staying for my prom night and graduation, I'd had no time to relieve myself. Many of them had gone out for a tour of the town that afternoon. I lean against the cool, damp, tile wall and pull at my

average sized, pinkish dick. My full balls swung with the force of my stroke, clapping against my wet thighs. I closed my eyes, happy at this small bit of satisfaction.

It didn't take long before my balls tightened and I could feel the tingling sensation of orgasm. My body tensed, my hips bucking in rhythm with my orgasm, each white rope of cum mixing with the water at my feet. I could not breathe until it was over. Standing straight up, I slowly pulled my foreskin back and cleaned it before replacing it. Slightly weaker but feeling much less stressed about what the night held, I hurried to my room and dressed, just as my cousin burst through the door.

"Man! Tonight is gonna be bomb! I bet you can't wait! I got so much pussy my prom night." He slapped my back, nodding to the beat of imaginary music.

Rolling my eyes, I slipped on my shiny dress shoes and placed my wallet in my back pocket as my cousin handed me a bunch of condoms. "Take these bro, you'll need them."

"No thanks," I scoffed. "I'll be fine."

"Just in case."

I grabbed half the handful and put them in my wallet. I took off down the stairs so that I could get to Scarlet's house on time.

At Scarlet's house, we took pictures. It was only her and I, since most of her friends had graduated the year before. I stood behind her, wrapping an arm around her waist, my pelvis slightly pressed against her round ass. I kept thinking of non-sexual things to keep myself from becoming evidently aroused. Her family and mine saw us to the limo. After we pulled off, Scarlet crawled next to me for the thirty minute ride to the school.

"Thanks for bringing me to prom," she whispered in a hushed voice, her eyes low and seductive, almost exactly like I'd seen in my dreams.

I just breathed a "no problem" and looked out at the picturesque night.

I suddenly felt the fly of my pants going down. I looked to see Scarlet fishing into my pants. I could barely respond before she had my little pecker out. My eyes widened as her mouth covered the top of it, her tongue running rings around the sensitive tip. My hands laid at my side, making and unmaking a fist to control the unbearable pleasure that was ripping through me. I stiffened in no time, though I continually wondered if she was secretly laughing at my pathetic size.

Scarlet then took the entire thing in her mouth, pulling my balls out to let any excess drool lather them for her hands to cup. I was in heaven. I thrust into her mouth, making her moan, her eyes dancing as they met with mine. She began sucking harder, the suctioning feeling making me think she was gonna pull the cum from within me before I was ready. Her mouth left my engorged cock for my red balls. She gave each one adequate attention.

Just as she returned to my dick, I felt a load stirring within me. Pushing against the seat, I hissed through my teeth, "S...Scarlet..I'mma cum. I'm about to cum."

Wickedness in her eyes, she took all out but the tip and wrapped a small, soft hand around the base, jerking me off as quickly as she could.

"Give it all to me baby."

That was all she needed to say. I let go of one of the strongest loads in my life. I resisted the urge to cry out, swallowing it deep within myself. Not a drop oozed from her mouth. Swallowing it in two big gulps, she smirked, taking a Kleenex from her purse and dried me off.

"There's more to come tonight," she said happily, as we pulled up.

I tried to regulate my breath, wondering if I'd survive the night if all my orgasms were like that one.