

# Ms Marca At 16 Was My First Big Dance Date

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Sweet 16 Oh Me

My First Big Date

That fall I went into high school (10th grade) I was 16. It didn't take long for the word to get around that I was a player. I was asked to a formal Christmas dance at the country club that year by a guy who lived not far from us. His mother and father were big wheels at the country club and I was growing up faster than my mother or father wanted me to. I begged for weeks for them to let me go on dates, so when I got asked to this big formal thing, I saw mother was going to give in. The mother of the boy called my mother and talked about me being her son's date, he was 16 just got his drivers license and we would be with his mother and father at the dinner and dance and I would be home by 11. But the main thing that won mother over was I would be where his folks and they would see to it that we would not have any drinking by us.

Fuck that drinking, I had a date with a guy who had a car and I was going to show him why my close friends called me by my nick name "MARCA THE HOOVER!"

After a few trying days and nights' mother and dad said yes, but I had to do, you know the drill. Mother and I went shopping for my dress, I got a pair of black 4" high heels and a short evening dress that came a long ways up my legs and the top, well mother shook her head when she saw it on me.

"Mother this is the dress, I just got to have this one, and it was made for me!"

The sales lady who had to be 50 or more looked at me and then at my mother and said honey, the way you're built any old dress is made for you.

"Oh how will I tell your father this is ok?"

Mother just rolled her eyes and said, "I guess we will take it, God help me, and God help me get her to 18!"

For the next few days I went around the house wearing the heels, you think it is easy to walk in these things, and making my father practice dancing with me, slow dance, you know grown up stuff. With the heels on I was pushing 5' 11" almost 6' and dad being 6' 1" was taken back the first time I stood next to him when I had them on.

"Daddy please just one more time show me how you dance with mother." He would give my mother a look and look back at me.

"Who is the boy you got a date with?"

"Oh daddy it's just a date ... his mother and father will be at the same table."

The afternoon of the big date mother took me to an up scale beauty salon and I got my first big time hair do, which added 5 years to my real age and hell I was passing for 18 as it was. I had my two best girl friends over that afternoon and we all put on make up and did the nails, even the toes had the royal treatment. By 6PM I was done with the make up and mother helped with just a few little things that as she put it you learn a few things after you do it a while. When she said that I told myself, I know just what she means, I get better with each cock I suck.

Father got home and mother left the room ... I think to remind my father I was growing up I would not look like a 16 year old when he saw me. What mother didn't know were my girl friends and I bought a black lace thong and I put it on after mother left the room and the bra was built in to the dress, that's what made the dress look so hot or was it me who made the dress hot, whatever I looked hot. I was to be picked up at 6:30PM and at 6:25 the boy was at the door, ding dong, my first car date.

I could hear my father talking to the young man and he was asking him about the basketball team and how good they were going to be this year, oh ... fuck the team dad, well that is a different story. I came down the hall ... click, click of my heels and out in to the living room and made my first of many first impressions on a man.

Here stood my date, 16 years old, tall about 6'1" skinny, maybe 175 pounds, but a nice looking guy, cute and dressed in a tux. He gave me that look, like holy shit, that's not the skinny girl who rides her bike around here. His mouth was falling open I knew he was going to say something.

Dad was next to him he had his mouth open and please god, please don't let dad say anything.

"Wow ... Marca you look hot!"

Oh shit that was the last thing he needed to say in front of my father. I went up to dad gave him a kiss on the cheek, and whispered in his ear, "thank you daddy, I'll be ok, don't worry." I hugged mother and just gave her a smile as she began to cry. As I went out the door I called back over my shoulder, "Don't wait up for me it might be 12 before I get in!"

Before I got off the front steps my mother was at the door "Marca no later than 11:30 you hear me young lady." She winked at me knowing dad standing behind her still in shock.

This was my real first date his name was Danny Martin, over the years Dan and I would be come good friends, he and I had a lot of sex together for the next 5 years, if there was anyone guy that I gave more blow jobs to it was Martin he was the man. When I say I had a lot of practice on giving

blow jobs, he was the guy who stood up for me, and could that boy keep it up.

That night at the country club I saw the rich and the famous and that night told me one thing ... "Marca this life is for you!" When we got to the club I was introduced to Dan's folks and the look I got from the mother said, this bitch is my son's date and Mr. Martin was so proud of his son, in fact the old man invited me to come over to the house anytime I wanted to hang out. I wonder why? To tell you how dumb I was cocktails were from 6:30 to 7:30 and we got to the place around 7. After meeting his parents and standing around looking pretty, a black waiter came up to me and with tray in hand ... "Miss may I get you a cocktail?"

I looked at him than I looked down at his crouch and than looked at Dan than back at the black guy. "I got a date but thinks anyway!"

Dan spoke up said just bring us a 7UP and he shook his head as the black guy walked off but kept looking at me, in fact he was smiling at me all night long. "Marca a cocktail is a drink!"

It took me a few minutes to understand what had just happen.

"Oh shit ... Dan I didn't hear tail, all I heard was cock."

Dinner was at 7:30 and I remembered which fork for the salad, the correct spoons to use, dinner went off without any problems. I think I was charming at the dinner table, the wives didn't like me, with the set of tits I had back than I was better built than they had ever hope to be. Mother had told me I would never be a hit with other women; men would always be on me like stink on shit or was that flies on honey.

The dance started at 8:30 and I got my fair share of dances with all the men at our table. Dan was not very good at slow dancing. Dan was my age, almost a year older than me and this was his real first date, in fact he was as out of place as I was. Most of the men looked at poor Dan that night and thought "what a lucky guy," I thought to myself he had scarcely kissed a girl, and I was about to do

more than kiss him. Not to be self-praising, but I do know what I'm doing, hey I've been having sex, blow jobs only, since last summer and I planned on showing him a good time.

I had a lot of looks and still being a child at 16 your mind is not ready for the real world, even if the body was way past that young age. I had men/husbands say things to me that I think it was suppose to be flattering, but I think they were just trying to see my tits one or two had a feel. I had a lot of old guys dance with me, good thing I got dad to show me how to slow dance. I did notice one thing different; dad didn't hold me that close and dad didn't get a hard-on. This was the night that I learned all men can get a boner when they rub up next to you as these old farts did.

Feeling so many hard cocks rubbing up next to me made me ready to get it on with Danny ASAP and around 9:30 as we went out on the dance floor I ask him would it be rude if we left in a few minutes I didn't want to be late getting home and my folks would be waiting up for me.

"Shit Marca I was trying to figure out what to say to you so we could get out of here, fuck lets go!"

"Danny after this song just tell your dad I have to be home early."

He did and I thanked Mr. & Mrs. Martin for having inviting me to the party. Mrs. Martin just gave me a smile and said.

"Marca we were so glad you came ... you're a pretty child!"

Mr. Martin gave me one last hug and a feel of my ass and my tits as I kissed him on the cheek, I moved up real close to him and brushed my hand over his crouch ... I smiled down at her as she sat looking at her husband put his hands on me ... fuck you Mrs. Martin, I'm learning how to play this game, and Danny is next, you bitch.

We walked up to the valet parking and in minutes Danny's car was there for us. I made sure to keep my knees together when I got in; mother showed me how to get in and out of a car with a short dress on. Hell why was I not letting this poor guy not see my lace thong, every guy in the place that danced with me had his hand on my ass and some even tried to feel for my panties. Here was a girl in a miniskirt in the dead of winter and an extremely nervous-looking boy with a blushed face-I don't think our purpose for being someplace other than this country club could have been any clearer if we had tried.

Danny drove to the lover lane spot, my first time, and tonight was my first for a lot of things. We sat in a dark area. Before anything could become awkward for him, I put up the arm rest between us and placed my hand on his knee.

"Danny I had a great time tonight, thank you for inviting me, you made me feel very special." Before he could answer, I kissed him. It was a wet, raw, hard kiss, the kind that screams "I want to fuck you," both on his part and mine. One of his hands went for my tits as we kissed. It sent a tingle of electricity through my body. My hand crept up his leg. He sighed softly. I moved my hand so slowly that it took minutes to reach his cock, and by that time, his cock was rock solid. He had worked my top down and was kissing and sucking my nipples. My mind was going a mile a minute as I stroked his cock inside his pants and with his sucking on my nipples I was in climax land.

He shifted in his seat and the full effect of his cock seems to spring up even more. I gasped aloud at the size of it. And people wondered why we were such good friends for so many years. The other guys I had been with, OK the other 2 guys I had been with weren't particularly well-endowed, so even an average dick seems big to me. Danny was definitely above average, and thick. I could feel the blood pulsing through the veins in his cock through his pants. While acting as if I was paying attention to the kissing he was putting on my nipples, I unzipped his pants and freed his cock.

"Well, there's no going back now," I thought, and wrapped my fingers around his engorged dick. We continued to kiss again and again, and at last I felt his hand on my bare knee.

"Good, he's being bolder now," I thought, as I ran my hands up and down his shaft. It was hard to focus, though, as I was preoccupied with his hand on my leg and the rush of my own juices wetting my pussy. Telling myself not to be selfish-yet- I went back to his cock, pumping up and down. His face was so hot-his eyes closed, his lips pursed in pleasure. I had only sucked cock maybe 6 times

before this night, but with each venture in to oral sex I was becoming an expert at polishing the knob. Yes even at this age I knew what I like and I love sucking cock.

I was so tempted to bend over and take all of him down my throat. But I didn't want him to think I was an easy blow job date I had to teasing him some and I wasn't about to give in yet. I figured I would give him a small taste of what was to come, though. Catching him by surprise, I leaned down and swirled my tongue around the head of his dick, sucking and licking it. He gasped and slid his hand down my inner thigh. I pulled back

"Did you like that?" I cooed at him.

"That was... amazing," he replied, looking in awe. I looked at him, unable to get over how hot he was.

"Well, I'm not doing it yet," I teased. "Just how many girls have done that to you?"

The look on his face said it, I was the first. The first nipple kissing he had done and his first cock sucking. Over 10 minutes or so, I kept playing with his cock, occasionally bending over and teasing him with my tongue. I could tell he was uneasy about making the final move from my inner thigh to my pussy from his uncertain movements.

"So... are you wearing anything under that dress?" he inquired. I sat up and reached up under my dress and in one motion pulled my thong off and held it up by one finger and held it up to his face I know he got a slight smell of my un tapped love hole. I put the thong over his rear view mirror.

"No," I said, smiling. "Oh god!" he groaned. Of course, this immediately brought another rush of wetness between my legs.

I jerked his cock faster. We shared another spine-tingling kiss. I knew he hadn't fingered anyone

before, so I guided him a bit. I was paying more attention to sucking his cock, so I was shocked when his finger drove deep inside me. I threw my head back and couldn't stop a loud moan and an "Oh yes, Oh Jesus Christ yes!" escaping my lips.

"Marca keep your voice down!"... "He whispered, turning his head to check to his side to see if there was any reaction from the people in the other cars. I couldn't care less if anyone knew what was going on at this point; I was in that zone where the physical is all that matters. I pulled his hand to my lips, licking my own cum off his fingers and sucking them as I wanted to do to his throbbing cock.

"Use two..." I moaned, and he thrust two fingers deep inside me.

"Oh god ... harder," I begged him. He pulled my leg over his own and leaned over me, breathing hard like he had just run a mile. My top was down to my waste, the lower part was up to my waste, my panties were off and he was fingering my pussy and sucking my breast. He pulled up off my nipples.

"I love your pussy," he said. The juices were gushing out of me. He went faster, making that motion with his fingers that says, "This is how to fuck," sending wave after wave of pleasure through me. I buried my face in his shoulder, stifling cries of ecstasy. The waves started building.

"I'm going to go off, oh god, oh god," I cried. I didn't care who heard me. I suddenly reached the peak, that explosion of incredible feeling like nothing else in the world. I bit his neck hard as it happened. It subsided, and my hand went back to his cock.

I had rubbed myself a few times when I got horny thinking about a guy or a guy with his cock out, and had a few small orgasm, but what Danny just did to me was the best one I ever had. At 16 you don't have many.

I leaned over and grabbed his cock. He shuddered and stroked my hair as I ran my tongue up and down the underside, stopping and sucking on the sensitive spots. I stopped and smiled at him.



"Not yet," I said, and reached up and kissed him. I snuggled in his arms as I stroked his shaft, keeping it hard. A few minutes passed.

"Marca please suck me again. You're killing me! "

I looked around, and just as I thought, our windows were fogged up and no one was going to disturb us. Danny and I locked eyes just as I slid down over his cock. I took the head in my mouth, sucking on its reddish-purple tip, pumping the shaft with one hand. I kept looking up at him, the look of bliss on his attractive face an incredible turn-on. I took the length of his cock down my throat, my nose touching his stomach, and moved up and down, pausing to flick the head with my tongue. He had completely given up resistance now; there was no defiance in his body about being seen or being embarrassed. I sucked his cock passionately, as only a girl, who loves sucking cock can do, loving the feel of it in my mouth and the little buck of his hips every time I went down.

Just then I pulled off I sat up and kissed him on the lips. "Danny I don't think I can continue,"

He grabbed my face and pulled me to him.

"No, you have to. You have to," he moaned.

I pulled back and covered my breast trying to hide from his eyes that were taking me in as if he would go blind at any minute and I was the last sight he would ever see.

"Marca why did you stop ... what did I do wrong?"

"I feel like your using me, this is all you want, just to have me suck your cock, I know what you been

told by Paul over on Crenshaw street .

"Marca he didn't say anything to me! He didn't tell me about you and him in his dad's garage!"

The fucking workshop is in back of the garage, so guys don't talk.

"Oh so he didn't say anything about kissing me with his tongue in a special place?"

"He just said you were at his dad's garage, he did say it was a special place, just some place to be alone."

Hey I'm 16, he is 17 we both have an I Q of 160, if you count them together.

"Would you kiss me the same way he did?"

"Oh Marca anything if you suck me again all the way!"

I pulled Danny around and down on to the front seat and moved over him with my pussy just above his head ... "Please kiss my thing Danny with your tongue!"

He looked up as I lowered my pussy on to his mouth, with one hand I spread my lips as I had seen my mother do with Ray the guy that was our handy man. (that is a story in its self). I tried to pull his face deeper into my pussy, and my hips thrust down on his face forcefully with each of his tongue stabs. Danny did not stop when my moans, screams, and hips were straining for my orgasm. His tongue flicked even faster on my clitoris, sending me over the top. When I screamed and shook with my orgasm, He penetrated my vagina with his middle finger, stimulating my G- spot. I could feel my

vaginal contractions around his finger, and I stopped counting the times I went off. I almost passed out as my body enjoyed its giant orgasm.

I sat on him for a good 20 minutes telling how good he was doing with his tongue kissing on my special spot. Then I saw the time on his dashboard clock, my

God it was 10:45 PM .

"Oh no ... Danny get up quick ... oh shit hurry get your pants on ... we got to go!"

Danny pulled out of the parking spot as fast as he could and was hauling ass as my father would say. I was getting my dress on and checking my make up and hair in the rear view mirror as we made our way to my home. He pulled in front of my house at 11:08 . Come on big guy we got to tell my folks what a great time we had tonight, and wipe my pussy juice off your chin. The poor boy it was still hard when we went in the house.

"Hi I'm home, everyone still up and dressed?"

Fuck they were ... shit no cock sucking for me tonight. Danny was like most young 16 years old boys he acted guilty as sin, God forbid he was naughty. He left after about 20 minutes of being polite to my folks and I walked him out on to the front porch.

He kissed me goodnight and I told him I would make it up to him if he would give me a ride home from school one day next week.

"Trust me, it will be even better this way," I reassured him.

More to cum....

