

# Ms Marca: Sucking Off The Neighbor

By MsMarca

Published on Lush Stories on 13 Sep 2009

*Getting started doing what I do best*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/ms-marca-sucking-off-the-neighbor.aspx>

I grew up in Fort Worth , Texas and was an only child. I was modeling before I got out of high school and I had a lot of men after me, men of all ages:

## SUCKING OFF THE NEIGHBOR

I had just started my Freshman year at T C U and was going wild dating and seeing how many parties I could make in a week. I made them all! I came home after a few weeks, not much of a drive, across town, but still I was not living at home anymore and out on my own. I didn't wake up until noon on Saturday and getting my coffee in the kitchen I saw the note from mom .. your father and I had something to do, we will be home at 6, and I want us all to have dinner at the club tonight, mom...

I took my shower, did my make up and slipped on my robe as the front door bell rang. It was Mr. Austin an old neighbor from down the street.

Hi Mr. Austin, how are you? Come in Dad is not here, in fact they are both gone!" The old guy, old as in 45 maybe 47, no more, gave me that look that all men do, he liked what he saw, I remember him

looking at me when we had the pool parties in some ones house.

"Marca dear you look as pretty as always, I was just returning this wrench set I borrowed from your father. Hey you still at the mall on weekend, modeling?"

"Not this month, will do some over the holidays, they want me to do sweaters and furs!" His eyes went to my big boobs when I said sweaters.

"I can see why they asked for you when it comes to sweaters!" I smiled at him and giggled.

"I bet you get a lot of guys trying to put the move on you when you work a weekend!"

"Seems I always got some guy asking me out, even a few married ones!" I giggled and put my hand to my mouth as if hiding. "Had one married guy offer me money to go out with him, funny huh!"

"Damn he offered you money for a date, Marca you knew what he was after, don't you?"

"Sure, but it wasn't enough!" I laugh out loud and joked about it. "Got to be more than 200 bucks, to be out with him for 4 or 5 hours!"

"Damn girl, you kidding right, he said 200 for real!" I nodded yes and smiled.

"Please don't say anything to my dad, I'm still his little girl."

"Marca do you date older men on the side?" I lower my head, look up under my hair that had fallen down over my face, a peek-a-boo look.

"Yes sir."

"Shit I'll give you 300 hundred right now!"

"Mr. Austin your not kidding are you?"

"Not about this, I'll not tell anyone, if you do the same."

"Um... Mr. Austin, I... I don't know..." "Okay," he said calmly, as if he'd been reading my thoughts the whole time. "Four hundred." Four hundred dollars! Four hundred fucking dollars! God, strange or not, I wanted to say yes. I had to say yes! But if my father had taught me anything, it's that you always renegotiate. "Five," I said flatly, folding my arms. I saw the hint of a smile on his face. He pretended to think about it for a minute. "All right. Five it is. But I want you to start coming to my house more often, Marca. For five hundred dollars, one time a month isn't enough. Let's make it two, okay?" Just to play along with the give-and-take, I winced. Giving up every other weekend did have the potential to put a serious crimp into my social life. But for an extra five hundred a month, I was willing to do anything! Unable to hide my enthusiasm any longer, I broke into a grin. "It's a deal!" Mr. Austin smiled back at me and I giggled as we shook hands for extra emphasis. Right then and there he pulled out his wallet and counted the money out on the counter. Now a full five hundred dollars richer, I was more than ready to deliver on my end of the deal. I pulled a chair away from the kitchen table and sat down as a chill ran up my spine. As Mr. Austin stepped in front of me, I could barely remember the last time I'd felt so nervous and excited! I mean, I could barely even sit still as I watched Mr. Austin take out his cock. "Ooooooh," I cooed, wrapping my hand around it. "You've really got a whopper!" I had always been a little curious about how big Mr. Austin's package was. Now that I was getting a good look at it, I saw that it was even bigger than I would have guessed. Not that long, all things considered, but so fat and thick! It was definitely a pussy-pleaser. But, for the moment at least, that wasn't where it was going. I grinned at him while I swirled my tongue around the plump, purple head. Mr. Austin groaned and his cock hardened instantly. "Yeah, that a girl," he coached. "Ta... take it in your mouth, Marca. Yeah! Yeah, that's it." Not hesitating a bit, I slid my lips down his shaft, moaning happily as I got a feel for the thickness and flavor of his meat. I slowly went down on it as far as I could go before pulling back and deeply tongue-kissing his crown. Then I went down again. And again. And, just like that, I

was sucking his dick. "UNNNNGGGHHH! You... you're really doing it! Oh, suck it, baby! Good God!" As I looked up into his eyes, I could barely believe what I was doing. I was actually sucking off my own neighbor, Mr. Austin! He and his wife had lived down the street since I could remember. Never in a million years would I have thought that I'd come home from school one weekend and end up giving Mr. Austin a blow job. It was such a bizarre feeling. I mean, I knew how naughty it was, but at the same time it felt so risky and exciting. What if somebody caught us? What if Mom came back in? I started getting wet just thinking about it. I slurped Mr. Austin's prick at a nice, steady pace, stroking him with my hand at the same time. I made sure to smile and keep good eye contact to let him know I was enjoying myself. "Yeah, just like that," he gasped, brushing my hair back. "That's my good girl. Oh, I always knew you'd do it for me, Marca. I knew you would. God, I've been waiting so long for this." His comment really piqued my interest. Just how long HAD he been thinking about this? Since I left for college, or even longer, like when I was still in high school? God, imagine if Mr. Austin had been having dirty thoughts about me while I still lived at home when I did my first blow job! The very thought of it made me even more excited, and I knew I owed him my best effort for all the years he'd been able to control himself. "You're gorgeous, baby, and so fucking gorgeous. You look so good with a dick in your mouth!" I bore down and started working him harder. My lips flew up and down his shaft while I took hold of his balls with my free hand. I was like a tornado; my mouth sucking, my fist jerking, and my hand squeezing all at the same time. I could tell that Mr. Austin appreciated my commitment. "Yeaaaaaahhhhh," he groaned happily. "You're not holding back, are you, baby? Christ, what a great fucking mouth!" Between his breathing and his grunting, he was clearly getting ready to pop. I didn't normally let guys shoot in my mouth, although sometimes I'd allow it on my closed lips and chin if they really insisted. But Mr. Austin deserved better than that. And for five hundred bucks, it was the least I could do!

"Oh, don't stop, don't stop! Here it comes, baby!" I stared right at him, my eyes begging him to shoot his load. "Sw... swallow it," he gasped. "Swallow it, Marca! Swallow for me! OH, FUCK!" He let out a final groan and then his cock began to spurt. His hot spunk splashed against the back of my throat and started filling my mouth while I kept right on slurping, licking, and jacking his dick. I didn't have time to swallow right away, not while I was trying to work as much cum out of Mr. Austin's balls as I could. But I moaned and purred happily, making sure he knew how much I liked my very first mouthful of his cream. Once he finally stopped shooting, I carefully pulled back and let his cock slide out from between my lips. Then I opened my mouth and let Mr. Austin take a look at the nice, thick load he had given me. Making sure to draw it out for his enjoyment, I took a long, slow gulp and slurped down his juice in one swallow. I did it again later that night, too. And the next morning. And later that day, while his wife was out having lunch with some friends, I decided to let Mr. Austin fuck me. Hey, all that cock sucking can make a girl horny! By the time I went back to school, I'd probably had his dick in me more times than Mrs. Austin had in years. As promised, I started coming home from college twice a month. Mrs. Austin never caught on to what we were up to, and, as you can probably imagine, the extra money I got from sucking and fucking with Mr. Austin and a few others on the side, it started to add up pretty fast. Before long, I had a nicer apartment. A better car. It was fantastic! I've been out of school for a few years now and I make plenty of money on my own. But even today, if I need a little extra cash, I know I'll always call Mr. Austin for some quick cash.

More to cum...