

Characterisation
Plot
Language

My Date with Marcie
By Serena Moloch

So get this. This guy David, David Josephs, who is in my AP Bio and English classes, who I've sort of been seeing for a while, he calls me up and says, "Oh, do you mind if we make tonight a double date?" "No, I don't mind I tell him. "Who with?" "Keith Welz and Marcie Loewenstein," he tells me. "Oh God," I say, because I hate Marcie Loewenstein too much to even begin to describe it in this paragraph, and I'm not too eager to fritter away my swiftly passing youth in the company of Keith Welz either. "Do we have to?" I moan. "Lighten up, Barbara," he says. "Don't be so neurotic." "Oh fine," I say, "well, fine. So what time are you picking me up?" So here I am, about to go out on a double date with Marcie Loewenstein, which is absolutely positively totally unbelievable.

Let me explain, even though I can't, because it is just beyond belief. How can I begin to tell you how much I despise, detest, loathe, excoriate Marcie Loewenstein? (My SAT teacher made me learn all those words. I hate my SAT teacher, but not as much as I hate Marcie Loewenstein.) Marcie Loewenstein is a muskrat. She has bleached blond hair and wears a ton of makeup and spends all her time in classes freshening up her lipstick; she has a big fat mouth that takes up most of her face. The only part of her I can tolerate looking at is the part of her hair where the roots show all black. They contrast so well with her nasty pale skin. She's short and not that developed, really, but she wears extremely tight clothes—you can count the change in her pockets. And it's pretty obvious to anyone who looks that nothing comes between her and her Calvins. Or her Jou-jous or her Sassoons.

Marcie does not mix with the likes of me and I do not mix with the likes of Marcie Loewenstein. We are the Cold War of our high school. I'm considered a brain. This offends rue, but I'm not going to start failing classes so that people will realize I have a body just like everyone else. Marcie Loewenstein is willing and eager to play dumb to make boys like her. And they do. But behind her back they call her a slut. I call her one of the Purple People—purple eye-shadow, purple suede fringe boots, purple Cacharel jeans, purple underwear if she ever bothers to put any on, which as I've mentioned I'm pretty sure she does. I think we would have noticed a panty line by now.

Marcie smokes in the bathroom, where she shows off her inhaling skills and blows smoke rings in everyone's face. Mainly mine. Which is what she did the time she cornered me in the girl's bathroom and started up with me. I mean maybe a little bit of it was my fault. I was smoking with some friends (other nerds like me, we get the urge to be bad sometimes too, just like the Purple People; a woman has needs) and we lit some toilet paper on fire by mistake, but we were putting it out, and laughing and screaming, and Marcie Loewenstein and her purple cronies came barging into the stall where we were, like they were the fucking security guards or something, yelling "Okay, who's starting a fire?" And Marcie Loewenstein came up to me really close and stuck her face in mine so that I could see her beige foundation and the layer of blush caked up on top of it and I could smell her second-hand smoke and the grape bubble gum she chews incessantly and the Love's Baby Soft she slathers all over herself. She snarled, "You're trying to get us in trouble, aren't you? You know they'll just blame us if anything happens here." I mean, she had a point,

not that she gave me a chance to apologize or clean up the mess or anything like that.

Also, she completely ignored my two friends who were doing their best to fade into the toilet bowl.

So then she goes, "You want to smoke, huh? Well, if you want to smoke, let's see you smoke." She took out a cigarette and lit it, and then drew in this huge breath and sucked smoke down for at least five minutes. Much as I despised her I was impressed. Then she exhaled through her nostrils, just like Bette Davis (not that she would know who Bette Davis is) and said, "Okay babe. You wanted to smoke. Go ahead. Smoke." She handed me a Marlboro and I was at this point pretty scared and the way out of the stall was blocked by Marcie's purple sweater and purple pants and all I could do was try to stare down her purple-rimmed green eyes—snake eyes—while I lit the cigarette with my hands shaking. And of course I lit it at the wrong end which just amused everyone immensely, including my supposed friends, and when I finally did light it properly of course I couldn't inhale without choking and she made an utter fool out of me, which you think would have satisfied her. But no, next thing I know it's a week later and she's starting up with me in the hallway. "You stepped on my foot. Don't you say excuse me? You're so rude." That whole routine. And I hadn't stepped on her foot; I don't know why she's so obsessed with me. The whole thing ended up with me talking into the air going, "She's having delusions, she's insane, she's mentally impaired," and with her hissing at me, "You are so rude," until finally a teacher stepped in.

So then she has to tell me she's going to get me after school. These people are obsessed with "after school"; it's like it's their special imaginary friend, Mr. After School. So there she was, true to her word, after school, following me down the street and sort of poking at me with a whole crew of spectators trailing behind her.

I'm not very good at fighting so I just ignored her until she started announcing, "I'm going to slap her face." So I turned around and said, "Marcie, give it up. I didn't do anything to you. Why are you bugging me? I'm flattered that I'm so important to you, but you mean nothing to me. Why don't you just ignore me?" Not very effective really, but I was trying the gentle art of verbal self-defense,

So she goes, "I don't want to leave you alone. I want to bother you.

So I say, "Well, I'm too busy to be bothered by you. You bore me.

I started to walk away but she grabbed my arm. I happen to have very strong arms, even if I can't do the number of push-ups required to pass the Presidential Fitness test (but then I bet the President can't do them either), so I shook her off really hard and kind of twisted her hand in the process. She changed her tune then. "I know boys who wouldn't mind beating a girl up for me, you know."

For some reason I found this statement really pathetic, so I just snorted and said, "That's great. I'm really happy for you, Marcie.

Tell them to call me so we can make an appointment for them to beat me up,” and walked off and that was the end of that and we haven’t spoken since, except that when people make fun of her in class [laugh really hard and when people make fun of me in class she laughs even harder. This is why I hate Marcie Loewenstein.

This is the girl I am going on a double date with tonight. I can barely contain my joy.

Well, this is even more unbelievable, I mean even more unbelievable than the concept of my going on a double date with Marcie Loewenstein was what actually happened on this double date. I mean, your’re not going to believe it, and the only reason I believe it is because never in this world could I have imagined it I mean, it didn’t start out unbelievable, it started out like a perfectly normal horrible double date with Marcie L.oewenstein. Marcie was dressed, or should I say undressed to the nines, in royal purple of course: purple halter top, purple short shorts, and purple Candies which made her about two feet taller than me. You could totally see her nipples through this top. I felt pretty boring in my jeans and chenille top; I knew I’d look good in the clothes Marcie had on, but my mother wouldn’t have let me out of the house in them.

I sat in the front of the car with David, and Marcie sat in the back of the car with Keith, and I didn’t say a word and neither did Marcie, though her wad of gum was speaking volumes: snap,snap, snap about every ten seconds. I looked at her in the rear view mirror and got some genuine insight into her eye-makeup technique but absolutely none into how to start a conversation. The boys were wrapped up in talk about sports teams I had never heard of so Marcie seemed like my only option, but she wasn’t biting.

Somehow we ended up at a Chinese restaurant. Marcie was still refusing to communicate with me directly. “I wouldn’t mind Indian food,” I said to David, who said to Keith, “How do you guys feel about Indian?” So Keith goes, “Yeah, I don’t know, you like Indian, Marcie?” “No, I hate that shit,” said Marcie. Back reports to front: “Marcie doesn’t want to eat Indian.” Front confers. “How about Italian?” You can see how it all took some time.

They don’t card at this restaurant so we all had drinks, the kind with pink plastic ferns in them and names like Zombie and Killer and Sloe Comfortable Screw. I’m not allowed to drink—who is— but my parents are always asleep by the time I get home. I was well into my third Sloe Comfortable Screw and feeling pretty sorry for myself for being on this miserable double date when Marcie said to me, “Come with me to the bathroom.”

“What?” I said. I would have liked to have a snappy reply but I was too soaked in self-pity to be anything but shocked that she’d spoken to me.

“I hate going to the bathroom alone. Come with me.

I trailed behind her purple butt like a puppy, following her into the bathroom. It was all ornate with a dressing room when you first come in, and the stalls and sinks in a separate room. We stood in the dressing room and I felt my head spinning.

“What are you afraid of the bathroom for?”

‘I just hate going alone. Just wait out here, okay?’

“Yeah.” When she went in to pee, I looked in the mirror. It was smoky gray and had light bulbs all around it. I looked at my face in gloom. I kind of got lost in contemplation and took out my hairbrush and started to work on my hair when all of a sudden Marcie was saying, “Can I use your hairbrush?”

My English teacher always says everyone has several hygienic principles that they break constantly and one or two to which

they are excruciatingly attached. I sit on toilet seats without covering them with toilet paper, I don’t wash my hands after I go to the bathroom, I even share tissues—but no one touches my hairbrush.

So I said to Marcie, “Sorry, I never lend my brush out.”

“I guess I’m not good enough for you,” she snapped. “You think I’m dirty, right?”

She seemed genuinely insulted, which surprised me, but all I said was, “No, I just never lend it out,” I started to walk to the door, but she grabbed my arm from behind.

“Why are you so snooty to me? You think you’re better than me?”

“No, Marcie, I don’t,” I said wearily.

‘Yeah? Well, then prove it.’

“What do you want me to do? Lick your feet?”

“Maybe,” she said, moving closer to me. “Maybe I want you to suck my face. Come on. Kiss me. Kiss me right here on the mouth.” She moved even closer. ‘Come on, you let David do it. Don’t you think I’m good enough for you?’

“That’s sick,” I said, “I’m getting out of here.” And I ran back to our table where my fourth drink was waiting for me. I dove right into it. She followed and sat down like nothing had happened, but we kept sneaking looks at each other, staring when we didn’t think the other was looking. I felt edgy about what was going to happen when we got back in the car and started making out, which is always how these double dates end. I didn’t want her to watch David kiss me.

But we didn’t end up in a car. We ended up in a motel near the expressway because David had his father’s credit card, and I guess his father’s permission to use it to take girls to motels and try to Luck them. You know how fathers are with their sons—go ahead, son, enjoy yourself; wink wink, you take after your old man. It had been a while since I’d had sex—the last time was four

months ago, right before I broke up with Jed—so I figured, what the hell, I'll live it up tonight. I didn't have to be home until two.

We found ourselves in a tiny room in the Kew Motor Lodge, Marcie and Keith on one of the beds and David and I on the other. I was still pretty drunk and I was really enjoying what David was doing to me. Okay, this is what he was doing (I feel like such a pervert for writing this down): He had my pants off and my top pushed up to my neck and he was rubbing his chest, which has lots of really nice hair, against my breasts and grinding his ... his I don't know what, his loins into me; it felt good and I kind of moaned.

Most of the time my eyes were closed but when I opened them I couldn't help but see Keith and Marcie. They were a lot further along than we were; she had all her clothes off and so did he; she was lying on top of him with her legs apart and her head thrown back, and she was sticking her fingers in his mouth and watching him suck on them. Once in a while she took her fingers out of his mouth and played with her breasts, circling around her nipples, getting them really big and red. It all looked very bold and I got even more excited looking at her, but I was afraid to be caught staring, especially after our scene in the bathroom. So I concentrated on David again, who'd started stroking my thighs, moving his hands up and down and kind of pushing my legs apart as he did it. I felt my underwear get hot and wet from me, and I reached down to his crotch and rubbed my hand over his penis, which felt all fat and hard and was leaking, I bet, just a little bit at the tip. They explained that to us in health class—the pre-ejaculate. That's why I kept my underwear on, because of the pre-ejaculate. He slipped a finger into my underwear and rubbed it around in my wet, then he got a thumb in and started stroking my clit. It felt really good. I got my hand into his shorts and wrapped it around his penis, which I started jerking off, real slow—I've done that a lot and I think I'm getting good at it. My last boyfriend said I had nimble fingers.

I looked over again at the other bed where Marcie was still on her stomach on top of Keith, but reversed this time, so that her head was between his legs. I could see her shiny pale butt moving up and down, like she was humping him, and then she started rooting around in Keith's crotch with her mouth. She'd pulled out his penis and was licking it up and down, and then sucking just the first inch or so in and out of her mouth while her hands bunched up around the bottom of his thing to hold it steady.

When her mouth got free for a second she'd go "Umm, good" in a really sexy voice. Keith was writhing around but Marcie kept pushing his hips down. I threw my legs around David and twisted around his fingers, almost forgetting to jerk him off I felt so close to coming. I made little noises in my throat even though I really wanted to scream. I had my spare hand around David's neck holding him tight against me, and from what I could hear Keith was about to come all over Marcie too. David had three fingers up me and was working them in and out hard and slow, his other hand was under my butt, squeezing my cheeks, when all of a sudden Marcie pulled away from Keith, flicked on a light, sat up, tossed her hair and said, "Let's watch porn flicks."

Keith groaned and tried to pull her back on him but she swatted his hand away; David and I had both broken stride and had taken our hands off each other. I pulled my shirt down and biked my underpants firmly back up. "Come on, Marcie," Keith said, pointing to his penis, "come back

here and finish what you started." He's always been kind of a pig, ever since elementary school.

"Oh. I will," she said, "but first I want to watch some porn movies. Come on. They're really cheap, and there's a big selection. What do you want? 'Wet Nurses'? 'Pretty Pink Pussies'? 'Hot Rods'? 'Lesbo Lust'? Or 'Tittie City'?" She looked straight at me. "Come on, what's your vote?" I looked down at my fingernails. It's one thing to all be in a room naked when the lights are down and you're just paying attention to the person you're with. Of course the turn-on is knowing the other couple is there, but no one really cops to that. It was different to have Marcie staring at me when all I had on was a shirt and soaking wet panties, and she was totally naked with the biggest nipples I had ever seen staring me right in the face. I noticed that her pubic hair was a lot darker than the hair on her head. I remembered how she'd looked when she wanted to suck ray face, but I couldn't tell if she'd already forgotten about that.

Keith and David answered before I had a chance to, and their vote was unanimous: "Lesbo Lust." I didn't feel like exercising veto power, so we switched the TV on to cable and got the channel. We all crowded onto the bed right opposite the TV and watched.

"Lesbo Lust" was a real revelation. In it these three women were making a porn movie but the man who was supposed to be in it was late, so one of them started playing the man. She was a petite blonde and she put on this cute deep voice and started telling the others, "Come over here and fuck me, babe," which they did. One of them had a huge silver vibrator which she slid in and out of the other and they were all licking each other's breasts and going down on each other and moaning and whispering a lot too, a constant stream of whispers: "Suck my cunt." "Come on, lick my hole," "That's right, yes, yes, fuck me." I think it was the whispering that got to me; I felt it all under my skin and in my ears and I got so excited. I had never been so excited before in my life without being touched at all. The same went for everyone else in the room and pretty soon David and Keith developed the bright idea of having Marcie and me put on some kind of show. "Come on," David said, prodding my butt with his hand, "you two show us. Do what they're doing in the movie."

"No," I said.

"Be nice," Keith said. "Do it for us to be nice. You're never nice. Don't you want to do it, Marcie?"

"Yeah," David said, "you want to do it, don't you, Marcie?"

Marcie will do anything," he laughed. "I heard about Marcie in the back of that car with Steve and Alan and Paul."

What a mistake. Marcie's face got really mean and really smart. I thought she was almost baring her teeth, she looked so ferocious. "Oh yeah," she said, "really? I'll do anything huh? You guys think you're so smart, maybe you should put on a little entertainment for me." She leaned over the edge of the bed, grabbed a belt, lashed David's hands behind him and looped the belt around the bed frame before he could do anything about it in his drunken state. Hey, I thought, hands off,

that's my date; but I kept quiet.

"What are you going to do to me?" he chortled. "Make me lick your pussy or something? Yeah," he snorted, "that would be a big punishment. P-U," he sneered, "you smell."

It was getting ugly now. I mentally berated myself for not having brought enough money to take a cab home.

"No," she said, "you're going to put on a show. You and Keith. 'Hot, Homo and Horny.' You're going to sit there while he sucks your cock. Because there's nowhere for you to go, is there?" She flicked her nails at his penis and he inched away as far as he could, but she'd immobilized him pretty well. She turned to Keith. "Well," she said, "let the show begin."

"Very funny, Marcie."

"I'm not kidding," she said. "Get on with it. Do you need instructions? You were pretty sure about what I should do. Just do unto others, asshole. Love thy neighbor. You'll be fine."

"We're not going to do this," he said.

"Yeah," David echoed. "We're not going to do this. Get me out of this thing, man."

"You wanted us to," I said. "Why shouldn't you?" Marcie looked surprised but nodded in appreciation. I was beginning to think we girls had to stick together. And I was curious to see what they would do.

"Yeah," Marcie said, and threw in the refrain from her theme song for the evening, "aren't we good enough for you?"

"We won't do it," said Keith.

"Yeah," David said, "we won't do it."

"Okay," Marcie announced, "fine. But if you don't do it, I'll spread it all over school that you did do it. I'll tell everyone that you're a pair of faggots, and you'll be lucky if you make it out of homeroom alive. And just think," she said, "what would your parents say?"

It was a pretty weak threat, if you ask me, and maybe they secretly really wanted to do it, because they didn't call her bluff. So the next thing we knew; they were both swigging tequila to get their courage up—Keith had to hold the bottle for David because David was still tied up—and then Keith was down on his knees, his hands pulling David towards him, then holding David's penis while he kind of tentatively cupped his mouth around it. David jerked wildly when Keith touched him.

"Come on," Marcie said, "use your tongue, lick him, take it in your mouth and suck it, really get

in there.”

Keith was turning red but he dipped his head down and David’s penis disappeared all the way into his mouth, and he sucked on it hard, moving his mouth up and down over it. Then his hands slid down to David’s balls and stroked those—pretty inventive, I thought. David strained at his bonds and thrust his hips up so that he could push his penis further and further in. Eventually they worked out a rhythm where David pushed up and Keith drove down, then David pulled back while Keith sucked up. David strained and twisted when Keith’s hands roamed and grabbed David’s ass and then Keith’s head was deep in David’s crotch and he was pulling David’s ass toward him. From the side, I could see David’s penis bulging in Keith’s mouth as he sucked furiously. In the meantime, Marcie got behind Keith and started jerking him off while he sucked, and in two seconds David came all in Keith’s mouth and Keith spat it out all over David’s legs and then Keith came all over Marcie’s hands and the pink patterned carpet. But as far as I could tell, Marcie hadn’t come, and neither had I, though I was very, very close. I was almost tempted to take advantage of David by sitting on his face and making him eat me, but what with the tequila and all, he and Keith basically passed out seconds after coming.

Which left Marcie with come all over her hands and me on the bed squeezing my thighs together under a sheet, wishing she’d go away so I could masturbate fast and then just go home. Not knowing what else to say—it was definitely an awkward situation—I decided to be helpful.

“You should be careful about that sperm,” I told her. “You can get pregnant, you know, even without having intercourse.”

She stared at me in disbelief. “You are such a nerd, I can’t take it,” she said. She came over to me and yanked my sheet off and started wiping her hands all over me. I tried to struggle away from her and all of a sudden we were wrestling and she pinned me down fast and rubbed her hands on my stomach. “It dies within three minutes,” she informed me.

“I didn’t know that,” I said politely, always happy to add a new fact to my arsenal of contraceptive information. She kept rubbing my stomach, in almost a sexy way. Part of me felt good. Part of me wanted to start talking about the weather so we could get back to normal again.

“You’re such a nerd that you’re kind of cute,” she said, grinning. “Maybe we should put on a show together. Look—we can see ourselves in the mirror.” She pointed at the huge mirror over the dresser. “But you could see us better if you took off your top.” She was like a hypnotist, talking slowly in a husky voice, moving her hands up me very steadily, taking my top off, pressing her cheek against mine to turn my head towards the mirror. I couldn’t look. I slipped my face away and said, “No way, Marcie, no mirrors.” She looked pissed and moved her hands away; they’d felt good and she’d felt good and it almost felt like we were getting to be friends so I said,

“~Anytbing else, but no mirrors. They freak me out”

“~Anything? You wouldn’t have the guts”

I may be a nerd but I can't resist a dare.

"Is that a dare?"

"It isn't even a dare. It's a half-dare, a quarter-dare, a—"

"—mere infinitesimal fraction of a dare" we both yelled at the same time. We were in the same math class and our teacher was always using that expression.

"Nor look, dare me," I said. "I'll even bet you."

"What?" she laughed. "The savings from your piggy bank? Okay, I dare you. I dare you to lie on top of me and put your tits on top of mine."

flts, I thought to myself, she sounds like the women in the movie. I pushed her onto her back and got up on top of her and carefully laid my breasts on top of hers. Mine were bigger. I held my face up away from hers.

Not like that," she snorted. "Act sexy. Like this."

And she arched her back and started rubbing her nipples against mine. I could feel them hot and crazy and a huge flush started going all over my body. She grabbed my face and started kissing me, and before you could say Roseanne Roseanna Danna our tongues were all over each other. Her body was amazingly hot everywhere, even her tongue felt hot and my mouth went all warm sucking on it. She circled my ear with one finger and her other hand stroked my hah~

"You feel good," she whispered to me. "Bite me."

"Bite you?" I whispered back

"Yeah, give me a hickey."

I pressed my teeth against her neck and started sucking. She was so soft, I'd never felt anyone like her before. So much soft hot skin and her hand grabbed the back of my neck as I nipped her. She put one of her legs between mine and we started rocking and rubbing against each other. I could feel her wetness against my thigh and all of a sudden I really wanted to put my fingers inside her; I'd never thought of doing that with another girl, ever. I started moving my hand down. We moaned as loud as we wanted because there wasn't anyone awake to hear. But she pushed me up so we were sitting, her back to me, and now we were in the mirror. There she was, all blonde, with her raspberry nipples jutting forward, and she grabbed my hands and put them on her breasts. I didn't exactly know what to do, but I remembered her circling around her own nipples before, so I did that.

"Harder, harder," she moaned, and so I pinched them more and more and watched her face in the mirror, all ecstatic. I stopped for a second to give her a break—her nipples were so hard I was

afraid they were going to explode.

"You're so pretty," I told her. "I'm excited."

"I know," she said. "I'm going to go down on you. Just touch me a little more first."

"I'd like that," I said, my index fingers teasing her nipples. "But I want to go down on you too."

"Okay, let's sixty-nine."

"What's that?"

"God, I can't believe I know something you don't. Sixty-nine is when two people go down on each other at the same time. The numbers look like what you're doing because the nine is like, flipped over, sucking the six."

"Well, don't be so conceited about it."

"I'll be even more excited after I make you come all in my mouth." We were grinning. From enemies to X-rated Bogart and Bacall all in one night.

"You or me on top?"

"Whatever—it doesn't matter."

"Here goes," I said. I pushed her down, put a pillow under her to support her neck, and turned myself around on top of her. I started kissing her thighs, she opened her legs and I saw her vagina. I don't look at mine very much, so the sight was kind of unfamiliar; but I started getting acquainted real fast, working my way down to kiss her there. I wanted to taste her. She was pulling me down over her, and with no work-up at all I felt her tongue flick against my clitoris—just that little touch was more incredible than anything I'd ever felt before. I hoped my legs wouldn't start shaking uncontrollably. She smelled really musky and good and I started licking her, hoping I was in the right place, trying to concentrate on her while she was driving me crazy on her end. I loved how her hairs felt, all swirly and wiry~ I put one finger, then two inside her; she was real soft and tight inside, pulling on my fingers, moving up and down them while I damped my mouth to her clitoris and sucked and licked it. I was pushing myself all over her face, and things got wilder and wilder, and then she came—I actually made her come and I could feel it all around my fingers.

I took my mouth away and I just stayed over her on all fours. My arms were tired but I stayed like that while she kept licking me and flicking me with her fingers and then I came too, and then we both collapsed on each other, holding each other and trying to get our breath back.

Things got a little awkward then, the way they always do after you've had sex with someone for the first time, even when it's normal sex. (Maybe especially when it's normal sex, boys can be so

weird.) We got dressed and stuff but we didn't act really romantic. I mean, we both date guys. I don't know.

We concentrated on unbuckling David and trying to dress him and Keith. I kind of wanted to ask her if she thought they'd remember what happened, but I wasn't sure we wanted to remember what we'd just done, so I didn't bring it up. We shared a cab home; it turns out she doesn't live that far from me and she'd been smart enough to bring some money with her—but of course we couldn't talk about anything in the cab.

So I don't know what's going to happen, but today is Sunday and I thought maybe I'd give her a call and we could go shopping or to the movies, but what if she's really obnoxious to me on the phone?

If this were a book report I'd have to state the main idea. Maybe I'd say the main idea is to stay away from double dates; they seem innocent but they can really get out of hand, like a journey where you've lost the map and forgotten your destination. My English teacher would like that. She's really into analogies.