

Class Float

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Sarah McCarraher, a fifteen year-old teen, gets more than she bargained for when she meets up with her dream boy, Danny Garrity, during an evening school project – building a float for the homecoming parade for their school.

(mf-teen, first, unsafe, impreg)

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Thump... thump... thump... I cranked the volume up on my iPod to try to drown out the sounds my sister, Allison, and her boyfriend, Mike, were making as they bounced her bed frame against the common wall between our rooms as they screwed each other to hell and back. I tried to concentrate on my homework reading assignment but... I was just too horny to pay attention.

This was the third time this week Mike and Allison interrupted my homework after school as Allison rode Mike's big, hard boner and rattled the rafters next door. At least in my imagination Mike sported a huge boner. God, I was so horny! It's no surprise that a pair of seniors who had gone steady for the past six months balled like rabbits every chance they got. Me? I wondered what it was like after overhearing my sister for the past three months. It must be sweet. But what guy would have an interested in me?

I'm Sarah McCarraher, a sophomore in high school, 5'-3", 122 pounds. Yeah, I could lose a little weight. My titties could and should be bigger. Allison is a knock-out. Me... at best I could be described as plain. I think I have a good personality. I get along well with most of my classmates at school. I do lust after a few boys in my school, especially that dreamboat, Danny Garrity.

I knew Danny from the school choir and from the Art class we shared. He was a hunky, sixteen-year-old, 160 pound guy a grade ahead of me. The almost six footer wasn't stuck up like so many of the jocks who were so in love with themselves. He talked with me occasionally before and after class and was friendly. I wished he would ask me out on a date. It hadn't happened... yet.

----oooOOooo----

Mrs. Rice announced in home room that all students were invited work on the school float for homecoming. My sister and I were hosting the work. I had volunteered to be our homeroom's representative to student government. My older sister, Allison, was the senior class treasurer. When the student government came looking for a place to build the float, our barn was a natural. The hay from our farm was in. The corn was still in the field drying, so it wasn't ready for silage until later that

fall. We could spare a wagon and one bay of our barn for a few weeks in late September and early October. I was proud that Allison and I could help our classmates out.

During the morning a few kids asked directions to our farm. We were located a couple miles out of town on Old Ridge Road. I made sure everyone knew how to get to our farm.

At my Fourth Period Art class, Danny Garrity greeted me with a cheery, "So you're hosting the float this year? I'll be sure to come out and help tonight after practice."

"That's super, Danny," I replied. We shared one of the tables in the Art Room.

"I'm looking forward to working with you," Danny said. "You're such a good artist. I can't wait to see what you do with the float."

"I'm not that special as an artist," I protested. "Anyway, I'm not directing work. I just do what I'm told to do."

"I'll be there, helping wherever you're working," Danny promised. I glowed inwardly at the praise from this hunky football star. Maybe there was hope that he could be interested in plain old me.

The school day went too slowly as I waited impatiently for evening to come. Geometry, lunch, Chorus, Biology, Phys Ed, one boring class after another. I got to see Danny at chorus but we didn't get to talk. He's a baritone. I am a soprano and am seated at the opposite side of the chorus room. He did give me a big smile and a wave.

Mom made our family at quick supper that evening. She and Dad had to go over to the church to help the Reverend set up for next Saturday's bazaar. Allison and I helped Mom by washing the dishes after dinner. The two of us headed for the barn when we were done.

Some of Allison's friends and classmates arrived early. They were part of the committee organizing work on the float. Our float was coming along well. Our team's mascot was a mountain lion. The framework that would hold the wire for the lion's head was done. About half the chicken wire was in place to form the head. Tonight we would finish the last half of chicken wire. Shelly Andrews, the chair of float committee, told me I would be applying crepe paper to the chicken wire tonight. She thought my artistic talents would be perfect for the job.

Shelly assigned a couple ninth grade girls I didn't know to help me. Danny Garrity showed up and joined my papering crew. Danny stood and watched me for a couple minutes without joining in. Finally he stepped up behind me, placed his hands on my hips and watched me closely, peering over my shoulder.

"So that's how you do that," Danny remarked. "You're such a wonderful craftsman."

"It's not that hard," I said. I tried not to blush from his excessive praise to what was really a simple task. He leaned in and watched more as I poked strips of crepe paper in the holes in the chicken wire. I could feel his breath on my neck.

Was I crazy? Was Danny Garrity coming on to me?

"Are you ready to try it?" I asked.

"Sure," he agreed. He reached an arm around each side of me and began stuffing paper into the row of holes below the one I was working on.

"Is this OK?" Danny asked. I wasn't certain whether he meant to practically embrace me as he worked or if he meant was his crepe paper work proper? His breath tickled my neck, cheek and ear lobe. Did I care which he meant? This was the stuff of my wildest dreams.

"This is fine," I managed to stutter. Danny continued working, surrounding me as we worked. His arms brushed against my boobies a few times as he reached to the holes directly to my front.

"You smell wonderful?" Danny murmured into my ear as we continued. "What perfume are you wearing?"

"It's Light Blue," I answered. Danny leaned in close to me and drew a deep breath.

"I smell a hint of apples and something floral," Danny said. He kept his face close to my cheek as he leaned his body against my back.

"Jasmine," I said. I felt a distinct puff of air blow into my ear. I shivered at the stimulation. Was Danny Garrity really coming on to me? Plain, little me? I was both intrigued at his interest and frightened at the same time. I ducked out from his semi-embrace.

"Would you like a Coke?" I asked. "We have a cooler full of them over by the barn door."

"That would be wonderful," Danny agreed. I ran over and grabbed two, one for him and one for me. We drank the refreshments and went back to work. Danny picked his own work area rather than sharing my space. Still wherever I went, he seemed to gravitate to a spot near me.

My hope that Danny might have an interest in me and perhaps could ask me for a date seemed more possible than I ever could have expected. A junior, football star dating a plan-Jane tenth grader? Maybe it could happen.

Danny stopped every few minutes and slipped beside me to ask if he was doing his work properly. There was always a hand on the shoulder, a bump into me or something so he could be close. He sniffed and complimented my perfume a couple more times. I got the distinct impression Danny Garrity was interested in me. I didn't mind at all. I flirted right back as he made his interest plain.

The work night went on for a couple hours before kids started leaving. A little after nine o'clock, Shelly Andrews announced, "I guess that's a wrap, folks. Thanks for helping out tonight. Anybody who is available, we're going to work again Friday night."

I finished up the roll of crepe paper I was stuffing before quitting. Danny was wrapping up as I finished.

"You're such an artist, Sarah," Danny said. He stepped over and gave me a hug. "It was fun to work with you tonight." He leaned in and gave me a kiss.

I expected a quick, thank you type of kiss. I got a long, searing kiss full on the lips. His intense hug and ravenous kiss communicated his eager desire. My knees went weak as the kiss continued. I panted when our lips finally parted.

"Light Blue?" Danny remarked. "That perfume is driving me crazy. You're so hot, Sarah."

"Um... um..." I stuttered. Danny's lips locked onto mine again before I could finish my answer. He stared into my eyes. I felt his tongue slide along my lips, wetting them. I first experimented with Frenching before with a previous, eighth-grade boyfriend. I parted my lips and allowed Danny's tongue to invade my mouth. I melted against his body, only his eager hug kept me from dribbling to the ground in a puddle.

We kissed for too long in so public a spot but for much too short a time from my libido's desire. I experimented by touching my tongue to Danny's. I saw stars in my eyes as electricity jolted down my spine. It was not like this when Billy Waters and I tried this eighteen months ago.

Both of us pulled apart when my sister, Allison, cleared her throat. The barn was deserted now, except for Allison and two of her friends over by the barn door.

"I'll get this light," Allison announced. "Turn the other light off when you're done, Sarah. Don't do anything too crazy." My sister flashed me what I took for a knowing smile.

Allison turned off the lights that had illuminated the skeleton of our float when she left. This bay of the barn was dimly lit by a light across the way. The distant light shined into Danny's face as he stared at me.

"May I kiss you again?" Danny asked as he tilted his head and leaned in closer to me.

"Yes," I murmured before puckering my lips. I shuddered as his lips touched mine. His tongue slipped between my lips. I felt a zap as his tongue touched mine again. My knees began to buckle but fortunately Danny had embraced me as we started the kiss. His strong arms held me tight against his hard body as we continued the deep kiss. Our tongues twirled and tangled. He slurped mine into his mouth. I did the same to his. We nibbled on tongues and lips.

First base is wonderful. I had been there with a few boys before and knew how great this could be. It was even better because the boy I dreamt about when I fingered myself at bath time was doing it to me. I melted against Danny, pressing my body against his.

I could feel something shaped like a piece of pipe pressing into my tummy. I knew I was turning on this dreamboat. Thirty seconds later I had further confirmation. Danny slipped a hand between us and gently grasped my right boob.

That was fine. I allowed Jamie Morris to do that a couple times in the movie theater on dates. I enjoyed when Jamie did it. Danny... well, Danny was more than fine. He was so gentle as he caressed and squeezed my boob.

I had worn a sports bra that evening so I could be more comfortable, instead of a stiffer, bulky regular bra. Danny's magic fingers had easy access to my boob. We continued making out. Danny nibbled my ear lobe. He kissed down my cheek to my neck and then back to my mouth. Our tongues engaged again.

Danny's fingers felt up my boob and circled but never quite touched my nipple. The making out and feeling up continued for a couple minutes before Danny escalated things.

A finger circled my left nipple a few times before sliding across it. I felt the tingle immediately, first in my boob and then again lower. I could feel I was getting wet down below too. Danny alternated, teasing first my left nipple and then my right.

I contemplated as I enjoyed the tingle Danny's magic fingers were giving me. I had never let a boy have unclothed access to me boobs before, though I felt fine about going to second base with Danny.

"You make me so hot," Danny repeated as we made out and he felt me up. He alternated telling my how much he desired me with the question, "Are you OK with this?"

His concern for my feelings made me feel so warm and safe. Everything felt so good. Why should I stop him from doing these new things that felt so exhilarating?

Danny kissed my ear lobes and neck. He stared into my eyes as he felt me with a hand on each boob. "May I see them?"

"For a bit," I allowed. Danny pulled my blouse over my head. I blushed a little as I pulled my sports bar over my head and revealed my boobies to a boy for the first time.

"Wow!" Danny gushed. "You make me so hot, Sarah. I had no idea you were so well endowed." He dived his head into my cleavage and kissed before I could form a coherent answer. He kissed around each boob and then went for the kill. He kissed and tongued my right boob and then did the same to the left. He circled it, raining kisses around my sensitive nipple until he planted a kiss right on it. He sucked it into his mouth and twiddled it with his tongue.

I could feel my juices gushing down below. I was more turned on than I believed possible. The boy of my dreams knew exactly which buttons to push to drive my desire insanely higher. Where were we going? I didn't care as long as this wild, intense ride on a river of lust continued.

Danny made his deep appreciation for my boobs explicit as he kissed and caressed them. All I could do was moan and squirm with delight. This continued for a few, intensely erotic minutes. Danny slipped a hand down my belly and gave me a tummy rub. The rub gave me a pleasing tingle.

“Is this OK?” Danny asked as he rubbed my tummy.

“Mmmmm...” I hummed as he punctuated his question by sucking and teasing my right nipple. “Oh, God! Yes...”

Danny already passed one of my personal barriers tonight. No hands on bare boobies. I knew he intended to move that hand on my tummy down into my pants and get his hand on my hot, tingling sex. This had been a big no-no before tonight. I should stop him. My intentions waivered as Danny continued suckling and kissing my breasts and rubbing my tummy.

I ran my hands across Danny's bare sides and back. His chest muscles were so well defined. His abs rippled. This was one gorgeous hunky boy. Hey, when did he take his shirt off?

The moment of decision was on me before I had firmed my resolve to stop this wonderful make out session. Danny slipped his hand down to my pants and wormed a couple fingers in just under the belt line.

“I'm going in,” Danny murmured as he gazed up at my face. “Is this OK?”

I was so hot and horny by now that I wanted to slip my own hand down my pants and frig my clitoris until I had a big, glorious come. My frazzled brain didn't see what difference it would make whether I frigged myself or Danny did it for me.

“MMmm... yeah,” I sighed. Danny had anticipated my assent. His hand brushed past my clitoris as I gave my consent. One finger slipped down between my inner and outer pussy lips. He quickly located my vaginal hole. Danny didn't penetrate me. He teased the finger around the opening and slid it back up my slot until it rested on my clitoris. This boy knew his way around a girl. He teased and tickled my clit without assaulting it.

Danny drove my desire higher as he teased and fingered my button and we continued dueling our tongues as we kissed and made out. Danny's finger drove me wild. I needed to climax and I needed it badly.

He teased my clitoris, my gushing slot and around my pussy hole. We kissed and he fingered me for a couple minutes. I needed to come desperately and Danny got me close but never over the hump to my desperately desired climax.

Danny broke our kiss and stared into my eyes. "Your jeans are in my way, Sarah. Can I take them off?"

"We're not getting naked!" I gasped.

"No. Oh no...no," Danny cooed. "Of course not. Keep your panties on. Your jeans are limiting access and I can't get the proper angle to get you to orgasm."

Get me to orgasm? That sounded great. "The panties stay on," I insisted.

"You're in control," Danny said. He rubbed my clitoris a couple times more before hopping off the wagon bed we were making out on. Danny pulled down my jeans when I lifted my butt off the wagon.

"Panties stay on," I insisted.

"Absolutely," Danny agreed. "You're in control here." I didn't dispute him. I'd never been so out of control in my life.

Danny didn't sprawl over me to resume kissing. He stayed between my legs to see what he was doing to my pussy. His hand pushed my panties to one side for better access. The finger that found my pussy hole before? It slipped a fraction of an inch into my pussy.

"Is this OK?"

Danny penetrated deeper as I gasped, "MMmm... yeah." It felt fucking awesome! He pressed his digit in and pulled it out slowly. He pushed it in more forcefully and withdrew. Soon Danny established a seductive, carnal beat. My eyes closed tight and I lay my head back on the wagon. Here I was, a lowly tenth grade nobody, being finger fucked by the hunkiest boy-toy in eleventh grade. I was so going to hell for tonight. But what a way to go!

Danny slipped his thumb up my slot and strummed it across my clitoris. He strummed and finger fucked me. That highly desired orgasm came on like a crashing freight train.

Danny needed no more than thirty or forty-five seconds to bring the explosion to my body. Stars burst in my tightly closed eyes as my body spasmed and jerked to the most intense orgasm I had ever endured.

I realized Danny was sitting between my legs, grinning at me as I slowly came to after the most intense, searing orgasm of my life.

"Did you enjoy that, Sarah?" Danny asked innocently.

"Wow!" I gushed. "Oh, wow."

"I knew you'd like it," Danny said as he straddled my body with his. He leaned down and kissed me. My fuzzy brain hadn't recovered from that earth-shattering orgasm completely. I kissed back willingly. Danny had more to show me? Hell, yeah! I'm in.

Danny lowered his body until his smooth, muscular chest pressed against my boobies. Our tongues and lips danced and teased each other. My temporarily sated lust was rising. My pussy gushed again.

I felt Danny allow his crotch to rest against me. There was no mistaking how I turned on this boy-hunk. The big, hard lump in his pants made that clear. It pressed and rubbed against my womanhood as he rubbed against my body and we continued making out.

I knew I had allowed things to go far too far. It was time to put a stop to what we were doing... but it felt so good. I'd stop Danny... in a minute. Meanwhile he rubbed and humped against me while we kissed and tongued.

I slid my hands down his smooth sides as we made out. To my shock, when my hands reached his waist, I didn't feel jeans. Instead I found an elastic waistband and then smooth, silky material covering his butt cheeks. When had Danny taken his pants off?

"We can't go all the way," I insisted, breaking our lip lock.

"No, of course not," Danny acknowledged. "I'll stop when you tell me to. You're in total control, Sarah. Do you want me to stop?"

My conscious brain knew I should run screaming from the barn, right now. The newly aroused animal desire in me kept whispering, 'This feels great! Just a little more, please.'

"No... don't stop..." I gasped between kisses. "Not yet."

Danny ploughed his hard, cloth-covered lump up and down my furrow. It drove me nearly insane. I pushed my bottom up to increase the friction. Danny drilled his tongue into my mouth. This boy could turn me on faster than I could have believed was possible. Was I going to have another one of those glorious, mind-blowing orgasms? Please let him get me there!

Danny rubbed his cloth cover prick up and down my womanhood. We kissed like there was no tomorrow. I was horny and turned-on beyond all belief. This state of slowly increasing arousal continued for a couple minutes before Danny suddenly stopped.

"Oooohhh..." I wailed. "Don't stop, Danny."

"I want to make you feel good, Sarah," Danny murmured as he gazed into my teary eyes. "Do you trust me?"

"I do," I agreed. "Keep rubbing against me, please."

"It will feel better if I take off your panties," Danny commented calmly. "By the way, this is called dry humping. Doesn't it feel great?" My poor, overlooked conscious brain screamed, 'Don't do this!' The newly aroused animal lust in me ignored this thought.

"You'll keep your underwear on?" I asked.

"I promise," Danny responded.

"OK," I agreed. "We can't go all the way tonight."

"You're in total control, Sarah," Danny promised as he pulled off my body. "I stop when you tell me to."

If my conscious brain had a smidgen of control anymore, I would have bolted from the barn. I was going to be bare-assed naked and totally out of control. I knew... just knew where I was heading – straight to hell! I meekly lifted my hips off the wagon bed when Danny pulled my panties down.

"God, you make me so hot," Danny breathed as he gazed at my nakedness. "No other girl at our school holds a candle to your looks."

"I'm fat," I answered. "I should lose weight."

"Nonsense," Danny insisted. "I don't date beanpoles." Danny rubbed his hands across my hips, rubbed my tummy and then felt up both of my boobs. "I like a girl with soft curves – just like yours."

I got a chance to check out Danny's "package" while he was off of the top of me. His gray boxer-briefs bulged obscenely from the contents. I would have guessed it was 10 or twelve inches long from the bulge but I knew enough to know he didn't have a horse cock. However big it was, it was big by my limited experiences.

Danny laid down over me again and began dry humping me while we shared sloppy kisses. The sensations his cloth-covered lump gave my unprotected crotch were intense. That orgasm was coming closer.

My conscious brain enquired, 'When was your last period?' September 15th was the answer. My next period is... uh... fifteen days away. This has gone far enough! Stop the boy. The lust-filled animal in me snarled, 'Shut the fuck up! This feels so great.'

A seam on Danny's boxers rubbed my clitoris as he dry humped against my bare womanhood.

"Danny, stop," I gasped. "Your boxers are irritating me."

"No problem," Danny replied. He hopped off me and pulled his boxers off. His hard prick stuck out at a 45 degree angle from his naked, delicious looking body. "It will feel great this way, Sarah."

"Uh...." I gasped as his clambered back on me prone body. Danny sawed his naked prick up and down my slot. "Oh, God!" I moaned. Bare cock on naked pussy was so unbelievably stimulating. That second orgasm was closing in on me.

"We can't go all the way," I gasped between pants and grunts.

"I stop when you tell me to, Sarah," Danny answered. "You're in control. Do you want me to stop?"

"NO!" I wailed as he rubbed and humped against my unprotected body. Oh, God. I need that orgasm. Danny continued dry humping me and driving me to a lustful insanity. He continued his assault on my body for a couple minutes.

"Do you want to feel even better?" Danny asked.

"Yes," I moaned.

"I could put my thing in for a minute," Danny suggested. He pulled his prick and torso off me. "Sex feels really wonderful. Much better than dry humping like we've been doing."

"I don't know," I gasped. I felt Danny place a hand over my pussy again. One finger snaked inside my body. His thumb gently rubbed on my clitoris. "I don't know if..." His thumb's rubbing abruptly cut off my protest that I wasn't ready for sex. Danny finger fucked me, rubbed my clitoris and played with one of my boobies as I considered his offer. Could I? My inner animal growled, 'Hell yeah! This boy is so hot. Let him do it!'

My conscious brain struggled on. "Danny, we need to stop," I gasped as he finger fucked my tight pussy.

"Why?" Danny breathed between suckles at my left nipple. "I want you."

"Wrong... ungh..." I gasped. Danny was wiggling his finger inside me. Oh... My... God! "Ohhh.... wrong time of month." I remembered enough from sex ed that I knew this was a bad time for what Danny and I desperately wanted to do.

"I have a rubber," Danny answered. He looked across my heaving chest and stared into my eyes. "Two actually." He stuffed his slick fingers into my pussy a couple times before pulling them away.

"Ohhhh..." I moaned at my emptiness. Danny sat up on his haunches and rifled through his pants briefly. He pulled two small, red, square foil packs out of his pocket.

"We can do this and be safe," Danny promised.

I was so wet and horny after our making out, fingering and dry humping. I NEEDED to have Danny's big, hard bone stuffed in my hot twat. My inner animal was demanding it.

"Do it!" I gasped. I wrapped my arms around his neck as he leaned over me and pulled him down into a hot French kiss. His body pressed against mine, smashing into my boobies. We swapped tongues as Danny drove my lust higher. His smooth warm skin rubbing mine was exquisite. Danny humped his hips against mine, dragging his big, delicious dick up and down and against my clitoris.

Stars burst in my closed eyes. Danny continued humping and kissing. I could feel my juices gush. Fuck! I was so ready for this!

"Danny!" I spit out between pants. "Now... [pant] I want... [pant] [pant] Now! [gasp] I need..."

Danny slipped a hand between our sweaty bodies and grasped his manhood. I felt it nudge my clittie before settling by my hole. I squirmed to try to slip that hot pole into my hungry body.

"Are you sure, Sarah?" Danny asked as he stared down at me.

"I NEED THIS!" I insisted. Danny didn't hesitate. I felt a brief sting as Danny's cock stretched me to slide in. I stared across his muscular chest and rippled abdomen. His cock head had disappeared into my puss. I could see four or five inches of shaft poised to enter me. I pushed my butt off the wagon bed to embed more of that cock in me.

"Easy, Sarah," Danny said. "You're so tight. Have you done this before?"

"Sure," I lied. Why did I care if he knew I had been a virgin?

"Let's take this slow," he suggested. "We can enjoy it more if we don't hurry."

"You're on top," I agreed. I rested my hands on Danny's sides just above his hips. Danny squirmed and another inch of cock disappeared into me. More squirming plunged another couple inches into me.

I was surprised first by the way I felt every little ripple and bump on his cock as he speared me on his tool. The sensations as it nudged and tugged at my puss was scrambling my brain. Stars burst in my eyes as I closed them and concentrated on the amazing feelings. Danny hunched his hips at me a couple more times. I knew I was fully impaled on his big cock now without looking.

God, this wonderful boy stretched and filled me like I have never experienced before. I opened my eyes to see Danny staring down at me. His face didn't hide his concern.

"Are you all right?" Danny whispered. "You're really tight and I don't want to hurt you. Should we stop?"

"You're perfect," I answered. "Don't you dare stop." I wrapped my arms around his head and pulled him down so we could kiss. I enjoyed the fullness as Danny kissed me and teased my tongue with his. I felt Danny's body jitter as we swapped tongues. His curly pubes were brushing against my clit, teasing and further overloading my senses.

My puss shouted to my brain, 'I am woman!' I viscerally understood now why my sister was so loud when Mike screwed her after school. I'd be screaming to the barn rafters, if it weren't for that invading tongue in my mouth.

I panted when Danny finally broke our lip lock. "Ready for the real action?" he asked. Danny withdrew his big prick without waiting for my response.

"Ohhh..." I moaned as I felt it slide out. "No... keep... go... UNGH!!" I grunted forcefully as Danny reversed direction and impaled me on his wonderful prick again. After a couple more strokes in and out I could sense Danny's rhythm. I humped my butt up in time to his thrusts. Ohhhh... this felt so good!

Danny humped and thrust. In and out. In and out. My overloaded nerves were screaming in ecstasy. His hot, slippery prick filling my puss felt totally natural. I moaned my approval as Danny screwed me into a stupor. A sheen of sweat formed as Danny continued stuffing that warm prick into my body. The way Danny's body was banging into my clitoris increased my lust for more.

Danny's face flushed as he continued. I rubbed my hands up and down the smooth skin of his sides and butt cheeks as I cherished the intense feelings of my first time. His pounding increased in intensity and rapidity as the flush traveled down his neck and onto his chest.

"Ohhh... you're a great fuck," Danny moaned.

"You are wonderful," I gasped as Danny banged into me hard. I felt my orgasm approach. Just a little more... Just a little...

Danny stabbed me hard with his prick and froze. I saw his eyes go unfocused.

"Oh, GOD!" Danny moaned. I felt his cock twitch in my puss. I smiled up at Danny as I clung to him. This is what it feels like to make a boy come. I wished Danny could have gone a little longer and gotten me off to, but this was amazing.

Danny's cock twitched half a dozen times before he slumped down and collapsed on my chest. I could feel my juices seeping out around the prick that was still impaled in me. Sex felt juicy but I was surprised to feel even sloppier now that Danny came.

Danny clung to me lethargically. His prick must of have deflated. It made an audible plop as it slipped out of my puss. I felt an immediate gush of juices run out and drip across my asshole.

“OH!” I gasped as I pushed the sluggish boy off me. I stared down at Danny's crotch. His prick had shrunk down to about four inches. It was covered with white slime - and no rubber!

“Danny!” I barked “What about the rubber?”

Danny turned his head towards me and gave me a faux-innocent look. “Oops?”

“OOPS?” I growled. “Is that all you have to say? What happened to the rubbers you had?”

“You were begging me to put it in,” Danny answered. “I guess WE got carried away.”

“Now is a terrible time for you to come in me,” I said. “What if you get me pregnant? My body will have an egg ready any day.”

“Relax, Sarah,” Danny suggested. He rolled over and put his arm across my chest. “It's actually very hard to get pregnant. Married couples can take months of doing it to make a baby.”

“That will be cold comfort if my belly starts to swell,” I retorted.

“That won't happen,” Danny said. “Don't you know a girl can't get pregnant her first time? This was your first time, wasn't it?”

“Well... yeah,” I allowed.

“Did you enjoy it?” Danny gave me a kiss and rubbed my tummy.

“Well... It was nice,” I agreed. Danny wrapped his hand over my left breast and teased my nipple. He schooched halfway onto my body and covered my neck and cheeks with kisses before drilling his hot tongue into my mouth. We made out with increasing hunger. My anger over Danny's carelessness slipped away in my euphoria.

Danny slipped his hand down to my sloppy puss while we continued our tonsil swabbing. My no-longer-virgin puss was hot for more touches and to be filled again. Danny finger-fucked me while we made out. After a couple minutes of foreplay, I felt Danny's now hard prick nudge my hip. He nudged me repeatedly. His thumb gently rubbed my clitoris while he finger-fucked my hole.

My conscious brain knew we should stop. The animal part of my brain was having none of that. I felt my face flush as Danny drove my sexual arousal higher. His fingers plunged in and out of my poor, abused puss while his thumb strummed across my clitoris. The orgasm I missed earlier was returning with a vengeance. I lost track of time as Danny plucked all the right strings to make my body hum.

I finally allowed the climax to wash over me. Oh... the glorious rapture! Danny slowed his torture of my throbbing pussy while I squealed and panted my delight. Danny sat up and allowed me to ride out my orgasm.

"Was that good for you?" Danny asked as I reconnected with my senses. He lay down beside me and draped an arm over my tummy again.

"That was amazing," I admitted. "That was even better than the first one."

"I aim to please," Danny replied. He leaned over me again and kissed me. We kissed, nibbled and slipped each other our tongues. After a minute or so Danny slipped one leg and then both between my legs. He lowered his torso so his crotch rested against mine. I felt that wonderful, hot rod of his again, resting in my sloppy furrow.

We continued deep kissing. Danny rocked his hips, sliding the wonderful, steely, baby maker through my lips so he bumped my clit with each stroke.

"Do you want to do it again, Sarah?" Danny asked quietly. "You enjoyed it didn't you?"

"It felt great," I agreed. Danny dipped deeper this stroke and notched his prick against my drenched hole.

"Rubber this time," I insisted. Danny skewered his prick deep into my body as I begged for protection.

"We don't need it," Danny answered as he mashed his pubic bone on my clit. "You can't get preggers your first time with a boy. We're totally safe."

"I don't think that's..." I started. Danny smothered my comment with a deep kiss. "Not the way it works," I added when our lips parted. Danny stared into my eyes.

"It's basic biology," Danny explained. "Your body isn't ready to make babies until AFTER your first time with a boy."

"This isn't my first time, is it?" I questioned. "We did this already."

"First time, first night... whatever," Danny replied. "Your body needs time to get ready to make babies. You're totally safe tonight. Now next week... we shouldn't do it without protection then."

"I don't know if that's what they said in health class two years ago," I said. "I thought putting sperm in my pussy anytime could make a baby."

"No, it doesn't the first time," Danny insisted. "Anyway, you have a load of sperm already. More won't hurt if I'm wrong."

"It won't help," I countered. My animal subconscious whispered, 'You got a nice hard prick in you. Keep this pretty boy and let him get to work.' I surrendered to my inner animal.

"I wouldn't do anything to hurt you, baby." He rocked his hips and pulled part way out before plunging in again. Danny worked into a nice, steady rhythm. "Doesn't this feel good?"

"It does," I admitted. I allowed this gorgeous boy to screw away. In and out. In and out. The boy boffed and screwed. The pleasure built quickly. My nagging worry about making a baby was washed away with the euphoria Danny was giving me.

Danny circled his hips as he pumped in and out. He varied the pace, swiveling his hips. Everything he did drove up my lust and need to be screwed. I humped back in time with my lover's strokes. Danny mashed against my clitoris repeatedly as he fucked me. The good feelings welled up. This wasn't going to be a two orgasm night for me.

I grasped an ass cheek in each hand and made sure Danny couldn't stop screwing. My inner animal begged, 'Screw me! Do me! Fill me up, pretty boy.'

Danny grasped my ankles and pushed them up into the air. He folded my legs at the knee and pushed them up until I was scrunched in a tight ball. He continued banging and humping. Danny's hard-on felt so long. The constant banging on my clit was driving me crazy. I moaned as this hunk blew all the synapses in my brain.

Danny continued on. Minute after minute of driving my body to rapture. My climax came closer... and closer and...

"OOOHHHH!" I moaned. "Oh GOD!" Danny increased his pace. "Jeez... sus..." I wailed. The next impact on my clit sent me over the edge. My eyes went blank. I shivered and twitched as I lost all control of my ecstatic body. My puss clasped and squeezed Danny's big invader. He smiled and gave me a kiss but continued screwing away while I climaxed.

My feelings were starting to subside when Danny growled. 'Shit! Here I come!' He drilled me hard a couple more times and cut loose. I felt his cock swell and throb in my hot little puss. My puss went all sloppy. I could almost feel Danny's monster spitting baby-making sperm into me.

All I could do was cling to him as he orgasmed and filled my already full puss. He wrapped his arms around me as he collapsed on top of me. He had me pinned under him. Danny's twitching and spurting prick set me off again. My puss throbbed and squeezed Danny's prick as I enjoyed another orgasm, not quite as spectacular as the last one.

Danny and I clung to each other for a couple minutes as we tried to recover from this overwhelming crescendo. Danny kissed me after we started to recover.

"I hope you enjoyed that, Sarah," Danny said.

"It was mind-blowing," I said.

"I am glad you enjoyed your first time," Danny said.

"You're sure we're safe without protection?" I asked.

"Perfectly," Danny reassured. He gave me another kiss.

"What happens now?" I asked. Was I going to be his girl?

"I should probably head for home," Danny replied. "I have a little more homework to do."

"Are we..."

"We'll talk tomorrow," Danny promised as he pulled off my body. I unfolded my legs and lay flat on the wagon. "You were spectacular tonight." Danny gathered up his clothes and dressed as he continued to praise my body and sexual prowess. I glowed from the praise from this hunky boy I desired for the past year.

"You are the best, Sarah," Danny said. He gave me one last kiss before disappearing from the barn.

----oooOooo----

I lay on the wagon bed for a while enjoying the glow from my sexual liaison. The late September air was cooling, so I finally dressed and headed back to the house. I don't know if anyone noticed how gingerly I was walking. Sex with Danny was tremendous but he did make me sore down below. I worked on my homework for a while before heading to the bathroom for a good long soak in a tub full of steamy, hot water. Wispy strings of translucent semen drifted out of my hole as I soaked away the pain and stiffness from my body.

There was an awful lot of sperm leaking out me. I hoped Danny was right that we were safe. It would be mess if I got knocked up. Danny was older and obviously sexually experienced. I comforted myself that he probably knew what he was talking about.

I expected to feel different when I woke up the next morning, but I didn't. There had to be some way people would know I was no longer an innocent. I expected Mom or Dad to comment at breakfast. They didn't.

At school before home room, I made a point of going by Danny's locker on the way to my locker. I spotted my lover talking with a group of his friends.

"Hey, Danny," I commented as I reached them. Danny turned to face me briefly.

"Hey, Sarah," he remarked quickly. I expected a kiss or a hug. Danny turned back to his friends and resumed talking with them. I was disappointed but hid it. I headed off to my homeroom. I was anonymous as ever during my first couple classes. I had a spooky feeling as my math class gathered at the start of third period. People were looking at me and whispering. I could feel it even though I couldn't spot anyone actually doing it.

The eerie feeling of being the butt of gossip continued the rest of the morning. I found out I wasn't crazy when my friend, Katie Hanson, sat down across the table from me.

"You won't believe the crazy ass rumor I just heard," Katie said. "A couple girls were tittering that you went all the way with Danny Garrity. I told them in no-uncertain-terms that you wouldn't have anything to do with a pussy hound like Danny Garrity."

"Umm... well," I stuttered. Pussy hound?

Katie stared at me for a second. I don't have a good poker face. Katie's eyes grew wider. "You didn't!"

"Well... uh..." I admitted. "I did."

"What! When?" Katie demanded. "What happened to waiting for a boy who loves you?"

"Umm... well..." I stuttered. "Danny's really cute and... well... he said I was pretty and..."

"His tongue is magic," Katie commented. "He can sweet talk girls into almost anything. What did he tell you? 'You're so pretty. He's worshiped you from afar and just couldn't get the courage to tell you? That he has dreams about you?'"

"Well... yeah," I acknowledged. Katie knew exactly how Danny talked me into making out with him. Almost to the word. I had a sinking feeling.

"At least tell me you were safe," Katie said. "You DID insist he use a condom."

"Well... I did ask him to," I explained. "But he..."

"Oops, I forgot?" Katie said. "Did he pull that one on you? Danny gets off having unprotected sex." I hung my head and nodded my acknowledgement. "At least you didn't fall for his 'You can't get pregnant your first time.' That one's just stupid."

"You can get pregnant your first time?" I gasped.

"Of course you can," Katie stated. "Didn't you pay attention in health class two years ago?"

"They didn't tell us much," I protested. "It was a long while ago and..."

"Oh, sweet Jesus," Katie said. "You allowed Danny Garrity to go all the way and screw you without any protection. Please tell me your period is happening soon or you just finished it."

"Well..." I stuttered. I was well and truly fucked now.

"When is your next period due?" Katie asked.

"About two weeks from now," I said. Katie looked disgusted.

"That miserable fucker!" she snapped. "He better not have gotten you knocked up. He's already knocked up Whitney Phillips last spring."

"She's not pregnant," I said.

"Not anymore," Katie said. "The Phillipses insisted Garrity pay for her abortion."

"Oh, God!" I asked. "How screwed am I?"

"When did this happen?" Katie asked. "You could get Plan B contraception if it wasn't too long ago."

"It was last night."

"You didn't even get a date out of that asshole?" Katie said. "Last night was a school night. I thought you were going to work on the homecoming float."

"I did," I said.

"It was at your house?" Katie asked. "When? After everyone went home?"

"It was," I confirmed. "Are you sure I could get Plan B? I thought I would need a prescription for that. I'll die if my parents find out about what happened."

"Plan B is over the counter," Katie said. "You have an older sister with a license. You should ask Allison for help."

"This is so embarrassing," I said.

"Not as embarrassing as showing up at school with a big belly," Katie retorted. "Is that what you want?"

"No."

"Get Allison to help you get Plan B," Katie instructed. "With any luck, you won't catch from last night."

"I'll die if I get knocked up," I whimpered.

"You'll deal with whatever life hands you," Katie replied. "You're strong and capable. You WILL handle whatever comes your way."

"I guess," I allowed.

----oooOooo----

Allison and Mike were screwing when the bus dropped me off at our house. Mike drove, so the pair in the next room had a ten minute head start on their fun. I went on-line to search for pregnancy info while my big sister screwed her boyfriend next door to me. I found an ovulation calculator on-line. It predicted that yesterday and today was my "very fertile" times. I continued searching on-line about fertility and pregnancy. I found a couple interesting facts.

"MYTH: You can't get pregnant the first time you have sex

It may seem like the odds are in your favor, but there's no reason to risk it: You are just as likely to get pregnant the first time you have sex as any other. 'In fact, some statistics say that 20% of people get pregnant within a month of starting sex,' says Dr. Yen." <http://www.health.com>

*"Your probability of conception is **increased** when you have intercourse multiple times in your fertile window. While it is true that sperm concentrations decrease slightly with increasing intercourse frequency, frequent intercourse is still more likely to result in conception than infrequent intercourse for couples with no male factor fertility issues. Each additional act of intercourse within your fertile window increases your probability of conception for that cycle." <http://www.fertilityfriend.com/FAQs/Intercourse-Timing-and-Frequency.html>*

Allison was next door getting screwed. I was already totally screwed. Believed the 'Can't get Pregnant the First Time' myth – check, did that. Allowed a boy to have unprotected sex while I was very fertile – check, did that. Allowed him to have unprotected sex with me multiple times – check, did that. Orgasmed as the boy came in me – check, did that the second time. Was there anything I did that made it less likely that I would be knocked up on the only night I ever had sex? No, not that I could find.

As normal, Mike split about fifteen minutes before our Mom came home from work. I headed straight over to Allison's room when he left. My sister was sprawled on her bed, still naked from her afternoon fun. I noticed a sheen of juices on her pussy. No white semen, just her own lubricating juices. At least Allison was smart enough to be safe.

"Allison, can we talk for a few minutes?" I asked politely when my sister saw me.

"Were Mike and I too noisy?" Allison asked. "Sorry about the noise. You know how it is."

"Yes, I totally know how it is," I agreed. "That's what I wanted to talk about."

"You and Danny Garrity?" Allison asked. I nodded agreement. "He was really into you last night. His flirting was getting outrageous. Did he ask you for a date Saturday night?"

"No," I responded.

"Really? I'm shocked," Allison said. "From the way the two of you were necking at the end of the night, I would have sworn he would have asked you out."

"We went beyond necking last night," I stated.

"Second base?" Allison asked. I shook my head no. "Third base?" I hung my head. "Please tell me you didn't let that boy in your pants."

"Everything we did felt so good and..." I explained.

"You went all the way with Danny Garrity?" Allison repeated. "Please tell me you made him use protection."

"That is why I need to talk to you," I said. I tried to straighten up and look my big sister in the eye. Allison stared at me in disbelief. I continued. "It all felt so good last night. Everything I allowed him to do was wonderful. I let things get carried away."

"No protection at all?" Allison queried.

"None,"

"Shit!" Allison snapped. "How bad is this? When is your next period due?"

"It's as bad as it can get," I stated. "I was researching on-line while you did Mike this afternoon. The web says I am very fertile yesterday and today. My next period is due October 13th." I watched as my sister mentally counted backwards.

"SHIT!" Allison snapped when she reached the same conclusion as the information I found on-line.

"Can you give me a ride into town tonight after dinner?" I asked. "I'm told you can get Plan B contraception without a prescription. It's my only hope."

"Of course!" Allison said. She shook off her surprise and began questioning me about how I allowed something like this to happen. I told the whole story, without embellishment. Allison agreed to help me get Plan B contraception after dinner.

I was embarrassed as hell going into the pharmacy but Allison insisted that if I was old enough to have sex, I was old enough to purchase my own birth control. The Plan B boxes were kept behind the counter, so I had to ask the older lady clerk to get it for me. She was very understanding with me.

"Make sure you take this as soon as you get home, dearie," she directed. "Insist your boyfriend use protection the next time. It is much safer with proper protection."

"Um... we had it but kind of... got carried away," I answered.

"That happens at times to the best of us," the clerk replied. "In case this doesn't work, talk to your parents, a counselor at school or the local woman's clinic for help. Help is available. You aren't alone in this."

"Thank you," I said genuinely. "It's been a tough time for me." The clerk got an alarmed look on her face.

"The boy didn't force you, did he?"

"No, it was consensual," I answered. The concern drained from the lady's face.

"Remember, take this immediately when you get home," she repeated. "If it doesn't work, get help. You are NEVER alone in this."

"Thank you for being so kind," I replied. I paid for my purchase and headed out to my sister's car. Allison and I talked a bit about my experience with Danny the previous night and got the low-down on Danny's reputation around school. He might be easy on the eyes, but he wasn't anyone I should consider boyfriend material. Allison said I was lucky to be rid of the dick. I took the Plan B pill as soon as I got to my room that evening.

That directions with the pill reported that Plan B contraception worked in about seven of every eight cases. It also warned that if I was already pregnant, this pill wouldn't help at all. All I could do was hope Danny's sperm hadn't found my egg yet. The package said the only way to tell if Plan B worked was for me to have my period in two weeks. If I didn't get it, I was well and truly fucked.

----oooOooo----

I was on pins and needles for the next week. I helped out with finishing the Homecoming float. Danny never showed to help. He virtually ignored me in the halls at school. I returned the favor to the bastard.

A week later, on Friday morning before 2nd Period, Austin Burnett shuffled over in front of my desk.

"Um... um... Sarah... uh," he stuttered. The poor boy looked totally nervous. I gave him a big smile. "You know the... uh... Homecoming Dance?"

"Yes?" I confirmed.

"Do you have... um... you know... like a..."

“A date?” I added to relieve Austin a little. “I don’t have a date.”

“Would you... uh... you know... go with... me?” Austin finally managed to say. Austin didn’t have the dreamy looks of a Danny Garrity but he didn’t have that nasty personality either. Austin was pretty average looking tenth grader with a little more acne than he probably wanted. He was also a real sweet heart.

“I would be honored to be your date to the Homecoming Dance,” I replied.

“You... you will?” Austin gasped. His smile grew and his chest puffed out. “Cool! I guess we can talk next week about when my mom or dad brings me over to pick you up. Thanks, Sarah.”

“I’m looking forward to it, Austin,” I replied. The elated boy floated off to his own seat. I had a good feeling about accepting Austin’s offer of a date. I should have paid more attention to boys like Austin. I wouldn’t be worrying about being knocked up if I hadn’t blinded by Danny Garrity’s looks and smooth talking.

I fretted about the possibility of pregnancy over the weekend. Monday morning Austin caught up with me before home room. We got to talk for a few minutes before heading to our respective homerooms. Every day Austin stopped by to talk a bit. I found he was funny and engaging. By Friday afternoon, the two of us decided to go to the football game together that night – not as a date, just as two friends.

We had a good time cheering for our team. I enjoyed spending the evening with Austin. I especially enjoyed a play in the third quarter. Danny Garrity had gone across the middle for a pass. The other team’s safety clocked Danny good as he stretched out for the ball. I didn’t explain to Austin why I cheered on that play.

Austin showed up Saturday evening with his dad to give us a ride to the school Homecoming Dance. Austin and I talked, danced and hung out with our friends. We both had a great time. Danny Garrity showed up escorting Amber Stevens, a tenth grader I knew a little. I watched across the room as Danny put the moves on Amber, the moves I knew too well.

Dumb luck put me in the girl’s restroom at the same time as Amber later in the evening.

“I see you’re here with Danny Garrity,” I commented as we washed out hands.

“I am,” Amber confirmed. “I am having the best time. He is so sweet to me.” She giggled. “He makes me feel so... so sexy.”

“Be careful with that,” I remarked. “Danny’s line on girls is so smooth. Look out for him. He’s dangerous.”

“I’m sure you’re mistaken,” Amber said. “He’s a sweet, gentle guy.”

"If that sweet, gentle guy gets you pinned down naked, crazy with lust to screw, make sure you put the condom on him yourself. Do NOT trust him to do it." I reached Amber.

"Really?" she gasped. "I can't believe that. Are you sure?"

"Been there, done that," I retorted. "I didn't get the souvenir rubber afterwards."

"I am sure Danny doesn't intend anything like that on a first date," Amber said. "Thanks for the warning anyway."

"Just protect yourself," I said.

I rejoined Austin. The DJ put on some slow music, which suited me fine. Austin started out with his hands on my hips and a few inches between our bodies as we started dancing. I wrapped my arm around his back and pulled him against my body. I wanted more contact with my date. I enjoyed the contact. I knew Austin was feeling it too. Rather quickly a lump formed in his pants. I didn't mind bumping into it occasionally. I was turning myself on. My nipples pressed against Austin's chest and rubbing him had me so aroused.

Fortunately Austin and I had a few minutes as the dance ended to calm down after the final slow dance. My date seemed a little dazed at the past twenty minutes.

"I had a wonderful time," I gushed as I hugged Austin.

"Um... yeah, it was great," he agreed.

"Maybe we could do it sometime again?" I suggested.

"Again?" Austin gulped. "Yeah, again... maybe, like a, uh... movie?"

"A movie next Friday night?" I offered. "That would be wonderful. It's a date." I hugged Austin again and planted a hot kiss on his lips. I gave him some tongue. He responded slowly at first but with increasing enthusiasm. Our necking session was cut short when Austin's dad arrived too soon for our tastes. We held hands in the backseat on the way home. Austin walked me to the door. We enjoyed one more intense kiss. I wanted to do a tonsillectomy on Austin with my tongue, but I suspected my parents could be watching us. We said good night.

I enjoyed my date with Austin and hoped this could be the start of something more. He was a sweet, well-behaved guy. I enjoyed his company. I knew he had enjoyed mine. It kind of turned me on to think what Austin would be doing when he got home. He most likely would whack off his hard cock, dreaming of the things he wished to do to me. What a turn on for me. I frigged myself before I went to sleep.

I had a little bit of cramping on Sunday morning. I was pleased when I went to the bathroom to get ready for church. I was bleeding! Thank God! My period was a day early. Danny hadn't knocked me up. I was so relieved. I hopped in the shower and washed up. When I got out and was drying myself I noticed something odd. My nipples were larger and darker than they used to be. I shrugged it off. Like the health teachers at school said, we are developing and changing from all the hormones coursing through our bodies. I guess this was just the latest change. I reported the great news to Allison after we got home from church.

----oooOooo----

I was surprised Monday morning when I changed pads to find the one I took off didn't have much blood in it. I put on another pad. Normally my period lasted at least three days.

Amber Stevens caught me in the hallway before homeroom.

"Oh... MY... God, Sarah!" Amber gushed. "You saved my ass on Saturday night. That prick Danny Garrity started making out with me. That was OK. I allowed him to feel me up. That was good too. Too good. He tried to push me into sex, just like you warned me. I shut that slimy S.O.B. down when he pulled that 'can't get pregnant the first time' shit on me. Thank you for warning me about him."

"Hey, that is what friends are for," I said. "I'm glad everything worked out OK for you."

----oooOooo----

Austin and I got together more often between classes to talk. We had a single class in common – sixth period Biology. That class gave us an extra couple minutes to talk, which was a bonus. I learned to appreciate his dry sense of humor. Austin and I decided to include pizza before our movie date on Saturday night. Austin and Mrs. Burnett picked me about at six o'clock.

We enjoyed a couple slices of pizza before walking over to the theater, hand in hand. We decided to see a romantic comedy. Austin tried to get us aisle seats in the middle of the theater.

"Let's move to the very back," I suggested.

"We can't see as well back there," Austin protested.

"We can't BE SEEN as well back there," I countered. It took a couple seconds for Austin to grasp my intent. He got a goofy grin on his face.

"The back," he agreed quickly. We found a spot in the back row of the theater. We deposited our coats on the chair beside Austin, towards the aisle. More camouflage and privacy for us. We nibbled on popcorn and sipped our sodas through the previews and ads. Finally the movie got going. A couple minutes in Austin pulled Move 101, the one every boy learns first – the stretch and drape the arm behind your date's neck.

I snuggled against him to let him know I approved. It took Austin a couple minutes hesitation to allow his hand to flop down and lay against the side of my breast. I could feel him shaking. I relieved his tension immediately by grabbing his hand and placing it directly on my breast. I looked over at my date. Austin's face displayed his shock at this development.

I grinned and said, "It's OK. I like this." His face went to a huge smile as he began to feel me up. He was being a little rough, especially on my nipples. "Gentle," I cautioned. "Be gentle."

"Sorry," Austin gasped. He took care as he fondled, caressed and squeezed my breasts. I knew Austin was inexperienced at this but he was turning me on just as well as Danny had last month. In many ways this felt better and less hurried. Danny had a goal last month and feeling me up was just a milepost towards his goal of screwing me. I suspected Austin already had surpassed his goal for the night. He was in no hurry.

I allowed the boobie session to continue for fifteen or twenty minutes. I turned my head to Austin and leaned in. "That was fun." I leaned in further so my face was inches from Austin's. He took my intent and leaned in to kiss me. Our noses mashed together at first until Austin twisted his head a little. Our lips met. Our tongues followed, meeting between our cinched lips.

Austin and I had deep kissed a few times before. I had enjoyed each time, but I suspected Austin didn't have a lot of experience Frenching. I had made out with half a dozen boys over the past year and a half and considered myself experienced in Frenching. I don't know why, but Austin was the best kisser I had ever experienced, including that shit-for-brains Danny Garrity.

Our kissing marathon continued on. We were lost from time. I know Austin felt me up some as we made out. I rubbed and caressed him too. I even felt his "package" as we made out. I was surprised at Austin's size. I am no longer inexperienced about boy's cocks. Austin had to be bigger than Danny by at least an inch.

Our making out had me so hot. If the theater would have had anywhere that we could have had privacy, I would have dragged Austin there, stripped him and raped him. I suspect though from the hard boner in his pants, that rape would not have been necessary. I think Austin was as hot to screw my brains out as I was to do him.

The movie's musical finale brought us back to the real world. We were a mess – hair disheveled, flushed in the face and sweating.

"We need to get ourselves together," I suggested.

"Yeah, we need to pass Mom's inspection when she picks us up," Austin agreed. Austin adjusted his cock so it didn't tent his pants quite as obscenely. I ran a brush through my hair and then did Austin's for him. The couple minutes of credits gave us time to look presentable and for the flush to drain from our faces.

"Damn, that was something else, Sarah," Austin commented as we exited the theater, holding hands.

"I know," I agreed. "I've made out before but it was never remotely like tonight."

"Do you want to go on another date next..." Austin said. He stopped abruptly mid-sentence. "Shit! This isn't what I really want to ask you. Sarah, would you be my steady girlfriend? I don't want to date anyone else. You're great."

"I would be willing to be your steady, Austin," I answered. We sealed our pact with a deep kiss. It felt like we floated out of the theater on a cloud.

"One thing we need to figure out, Austin," I suggested, "we need to find some time somewhere to get more privacy. First base was fun tonight, but there are other things I'd like to do."

"I agree completely," Austin replied. "The problem is I don't turn sixteen for another month. I'll need at least six months of practice driving before I can get my license. We're going to be stuck with my mom or dad driving us for quite a while."

"Maybe I could say something to my sister and her boyfriend," I suggested. "She and Mike might be willing to drive us occasionally."

"That would be great," Austin said. We kissed again. Too long. A car stopping beside us and blowing its horn brought us to the here and now. It was Austin's dad. I'm sure I was blushing when Austin and I hopped in the back of the car. Mr. Burnett just smiled at us and asked, "Did you enjoy the movie?"

"The movie was great, Dad," Austin replied.

"The most fun I've had in a long, long time," I added. We snuggled together in the back of the car, holding hands. We whispered to each other but otherwise kept things tame.

Mr. Burnett stopped along the curb in front of my house fifteen minutes later. "Austin, do you want to walk Sarah to the door?"

"Sure, Dad," Austin agreed. "Thanks." Austin helped me out of the car and held my hand as we walked to my front door. We paused on the porch.

"I had such a good time tonight, Sarah," Austin said. "Thank you for agreeing to be my girlfriend."

We embraced and shared an intense, deep kiss. We broke apart too soon, but what else could we do? My parents could be watching us from the window.

"I'll talk to my sister," I said. "We can have even more fun if we can get some privacy."

"That would be wonderful." Austin agreed. He reluctantly drifted back towards his dad's car before calling out, "Good night, Sarah."

"Good night, Austin," I called back.

----oooOooo----

I found time to talk with Allison privately on Sunday afternoon after church. I stuck my head in her door and politely asked, "Do you have a couple minutes free, Allison?"

"What's up?"

"A couple things," I answered as I stepped into her room and shut the door. "Austin Burnett asked me to go steady with him."

"Cool!" Allison responded. "I hear he is a nice guy, if a bit of a nerd."

"You hear?" I questioned.

"After the fiasco with Danny Garrity, I thought I should check out who has been dating my sister," Allison said. "I am the big sister and I don't want you to get hurt again like you did with Danny."

"Well... OK, I guess that is an acceptable reason to check up on my boyfriend," I allowed. "By the way, isn't Mike a bit of a nerd too? Isn't he planning on going to the Pennsylvania College of Technology?"

"True," Allison agreed. "Though Mike does know there is more to life than keyboards, hard drives and mice."

"I know he does," I retorted. "I hear you emphasizing that point to Mike when you have sex after school way too often."

"Sorry about the noise," Allison said. "I guess it is a little distracting."

"I guess it's a lot distracting," I answered. "That is the second reason I wanted to talk to you. Austin and I only have one class together during school. We eat different lunches. Neither of us drive. We're having a problem figuring out how to find free time together."

"And this involves Mike and me how?"

"Well... Austin lives about a quarter mile from Mike's house," I explained. "Could you talk to Mike and see if he would be willing to pick Austin up on the way here on school days and drive you and me to school?" I gave Allison my best pleading look and added, "And maybe a ride home in the afternoon after Mike leaves here."

"Ahh... the cat is out of the bag," Allison teased. "My little sister has discovered sex is fun. Now you've found a nice boy who you trust. You're horny and ready to try things out with a safer boy."

"Yeah, that's pretty much it," I agreed. "Will you, Allison?"

"I guess Mike and I owe you for all the afternoons we've driven you crazy while we fucked our brains out next door," Allison said. "You have kept our afternoon activities secret from our parents."

"I'd really appreciate this help, Allison," I said.

"I'll call Mike and see if he is willing," Allison said. "It's his car and time, after all."

I thanked my sister for her consideration and headed back to my own room. Half an hour later Allison reported back. Mike was willing to drive Austin and me to and from school.

I texted Austin immediately, "MIKE COLLINS WILL DRV US 2 SKL. MIKE WILL CL & CONFIRM." [Mike Collins will drive us to school. Mike will call and confirm with you.]

"GR8 NEWS!" Austin texted back. [Great news!]

"WANT 2 HU AFTER SKL 2?" I texted back. [Want to hook up after school too?]

"PROB. PWOS. WL CALL WHEN ALONE" [Problem. Parents watch over shoulder. Will call when alone.]

I was forced to wait half an hour for Austin's phone call. "You aren't able to get together with me tomorrow after school?" I asked when he called.

"I'd love to, Sarah, but I can't," Austin repaid.

"I thought you were free after school," I asked.

"I am... sort of," Austin explained. "I watch my twelve year old sister, Anna and my eight year old brother, Jacob, after school most days. My parents are OK with Anna watching Jacob occasionally as long as I have a good reason. I don't think they will buy, 'I want to make out with my girlfriend,' as a good excuse for me to come over to your house."

"This is disappointing," I said.

"We can have time in the mornings before school," Austin said. "Mike called and set things up. My parents are OK with me riding to school with you, your sister and Mike. My parents know the Collins family."

"Well, that is fifteen or twenty minutes extra together each day," I agreed. "I'll see you in the morning, Austin."

"I'm looking forward to it, Sarah."

----oooOooo----

Mike showed up right on time Monday morning, with Austin in the back seat. I slipped in back with my boyfriend, while Allison sat in front with hers. We both thanked Mike for giving us a ride to school. I wasn't going to miss riding the bus at all. Mike and I made out a little on the way to school. I felt kind of bad. He was desperately trying to hide his boner when we got to school. We hung out together before home room, since Mike got us to school earlier than our buses normally did.

Austin and I gained about twenty-five extra minutes together a day, thanks to Mike's kindness. Austin and I took our normal buses back to our respective homes each afternoon. I was horny as hell thinking about my boyfriend at his house while I was here, listening Allison and Mike screw each other silly. Austin and I needed to find some good excuse for his parents to allow him to come over after school.

Austin and I were heading to the movies again on Saturday night. I offered to ask my parents to drive us, so Austin's didn't have to do it every time. I hadn't planned it this way but the offer worked out better than I anticipated. Allison and Mike offered to give us a lift since they were going to the movies Saturday night too. Austin and I accepted the offer.

Mr. Sandoe, our biology teacher, made an announcement in class on Friday afternoon. "The next big project for class is a typed, ten page essay. This is roughly three thousand words. You may do it solo or you may join up with one or two partners."

I glanced over at Austin and smiled. He gave me a thumbs up sign. I had a partner for this project.

"I will need the teams formed by next Wednesday and appropriate topics picked out," Mr. Sandoe explained. "I am handing out a list of ideas you may choose from. You may also pick your own idea, discuss it with me and if I approve, you may write your paper on your own idea. You will have from next week until Thanksgiving vacation to do your research. I will look over all research notes you take over that vacation. You will have a little more than two weeks to write your paper, which is due on December 15th."

Austin was as psyched up as I was when he joined me after the class was dismissed. "Do you think your parents will allow you to come over to my house after school on Monday to work on your biology term paper?"

"I know I can sell that," Mike agreed. "All I need to do is to promise we will have a chaperone present while we work."

"I am sure Allison and Mike would be willing to vouch for us," I said.

"Isn't that sort of like the wolves watching after the sheep?" Austin teased.

"That is information your parents don't need to know," I countered. "Are you ready for our date tomorrow night?"

"Totally," Austin said.

"Are you prepared for anything?" I asked.

"Anything?" Austin asked blankly. He stared at me for a few seconds. "Anything? All the way?" he whispered.

"Probably not tomorrow night," I said. "I like you a lot. I hope we reach at least second base tomorrow night. After that, who knows what or when? Will you be prepared?"

"Prepared?" Austin asked. "Like protection?"

"You used to be a Boy Scout," I answered. "Aren't you supposed to be prepared for... anything?"

"Yeah... OK," Austin agreed. "I guess I'll be stopping by the drug store tomorrow."

"I'm not promising that tomorrow night or next week," I said. "I do know I like you and I'd like to explore more things with you. The day may come when we need protection. I just want us to be ready, when and if that day comes."

"Absolutely," Austin agreed. I knew I had pretty much blown Austin away with the admission that I was horny for him and ready for sex. I knew he was a virgin. I didn't mind him knowing where I wanted our relationship to go.

----oooOooo----

Mike and Allison took us Austin and me to a Taco Bell on the way to the movies. It was a good break for poor, turned on Austin. We had made out the entire half hour between my house and the shopping complex that held the movie complex. We enjoyed a quick dinner before walking over to the movie theater. Allison and Mike headed for one movie. We headed for ours after stopping for snacks and sodas. We found a private spot way in the back like we had last week.

Mike and I were cuddled together before the advertisements and previews were over. We made out frantically throughout the movie. I wished I would have had the foresight to leave my bra at home. I just couldn't get enough of his hands feeling up my boobs. His gentle caresses drove me wild. I stroked Austin's package through his jeans for a bit, until it became too much for my poor boyfriend.

Neither Austin nor I could tell you anything about the movie when the lights finally came up. We'd enjoyed it thoroughly anyway. We went out to the foyer and waited until Allison and Mike's movie was over. We had to wait about fifteen minutes until they appeared. Austin and I followed Mike and Allison out to Mike's car.

"What's everyone's curfew?" Mike asked as we hopped in the car.

"You know mine's midnight, honey," Allison said.

"Me too," I added. "Mom and Dad figure I'll be OK double dating with Allison."

"I have to be back home by eleven," Austin said. "Sorry it's so early."

"It's fine, Austin," Mike said. "What do you all want to do? We could stop off and grab some pizza if you guys want." He laughed. "I have a big empty house back home. Maybe we could find privacy and finish what we started at the theater."

"I like the way you think, sweetie," Allison said. "I vote for private time for each couple."

"What do you think, Austin?" I asked. I saw the look of shock on his face.

"I couldn't get... get... rubbers," he whispered. "I'm sorry."

"No worries," I replied out loud before whispering back, "We don't have to go all the way. I would love to feel your hands on me without this damned bra in the way." I patted his still semi-hard lump of a cock. "I wouldn't mind helping you with this either."

Austin gave me a weak smile. "Next stop, Collins' home," I announced. Austin and I made out while Mike drove us back to his home.

"You and Austin are welcome to use the family room," Mike offered as he led us into his house. He pointed the way for Austin and me. Allison headed for the stairs. She knew her way to Mike's bedroom. I overheard Mike whisper to Austin, "Do you need any rubbers, man?"

"No... not ready, not tonight," Austin answered. I felt a twinge of guilt at Austin's answer. Was I rushing things too quickly for Austin comfort? I decided not to rush my guy quite as much.

I flipped on a table light and asked Austin to turn off the overhead light. It gave the Collins' family room a nice ambience for what we wanted. I sat down on the couch and beckoned Austin to join me. We cuddled together and started to make out. I could feel Austin's heart wasn't into this as much as back at the theater.

"Am I rushing you too fast?" I said when we broke our lip lock.

"Not rushing me exactly," Austin replied. "I just... well... I'm new to all this and..."

"I am rushing you," I added. "You know I am not virgin."

"I heard that," Austin allowed. "Not that it is my business. It's just that kids talk at school and... well you know..."

"I do," I agreed. "I went all the way with one guy. It all happened too quick for me to enjoy all the fun on the bases before the guy hits his home run. Have you enjoyed first base?"

"Making out?" Austin answered. "Hell yeah."

"What about second base tonight?" I asked. "We've played around but never quite made it to second base yet. We've got forty minutes. Do you want to see what second base is all about? Would that be too far, too fast?"

"No, it would be fine," Austin said.

"Shirts off then," I said.

"Me?"

"I'm not getting bare above the waist by myself," I answered. "You want some eye candy from your girlfriend? I want some from my boyfriend too."

"OK," Austin agreed. I pulled off my sweater, blouse and then my bra while Austin pulled off his sweatshirt and plaid flannel shirt. I could see my boyfriend blush a little as I checked out his bare chest for the first time.

Austin surprised me. I expected to see a little baby fat or padding on his body. There wasn't any. I could see some muscle definition on his chest, shoulder and abdomen. I couldn't wait to get my hands on that handsome chest. Austin looked my bare breasts over while I checked him out.

My boobs weren't anything special last spring. Over summer and especially this fall they had grown to excellent proportions for a fifteen-year-old. My nipples and aureoles swelled as I grew up. Austin just stared, either too afraid to touch me or mesmerized at the sight. I held my arms out and asked, "Let's kiss some more."

"Sure," Austin agreed. We turned to face each other on the couch before embracing and kissing. I wrapped my arms around him and caressed his wonderful smooth skin. The feel of his bare chest rubbing against my bare chest skin was amazing. We tongue wrestled for a few minutes. Our lips were still locked together when I felt a hand slip between our bodies and cup my left boob. He gently squeezed and felt up my boob. It felt wild!

"AAaeeeiii," I squealed when Austin's thumb brushed across my nipple. "Too much, Austin. Very gentle on my nipples, pleaseeee..."

"Sorry," Austin said as he pulled his head a few inches from my face. "I'll be more careful." To my surprise, Austin didn't return his lips to mine. He kissed my cheek and then down the side of my neck. The gentle kisses made me tingle. My right boob enjoyed his lips' attention next. Austin's free hand joined his mouth on my right boob. The feelings my boyfriend was generating in my body were exquisite. Second base felt great when Danny Garrity did it to me a month ago. Somehow, Austin was turning me on better than Danny had. Was I frightened the first time and comfortable this time? Was Austin a sexual prodigy? I did not care. I just wanted him to continue worshiping my breasts.

After a few minutes I experimented by bringing my hands onto Austin's chest. I rubbed my thumbs over his nipples. They rose to hard nubbins and Austin gasped and moaned as I did it. Who knew a boy's nipples were an erotic zone for him? Austin returned my experiment with one of his own. He was kissing around my left boob when he planted a kiss directly on my nipple before sucking the whole, engorged nipple into his mouth.

Oh! My! God! My pussy gushed as the boy drove me towards orgasm. The stimulation was too much but... it hurt so good! I allowed the assault to continue for a minute or more. "Stop!" I gasped. "Stop... too much..." I could feel my pussy gushing with juices to lubricate for the sex I wasn't going to have that night. "STOP!" I commanded, pushing Austin's mouth away from my poor, abused nipple.

"Too much," I gasped as I tried to recover from my sensory overload. "You need to be real gentle with my nipples. They are super sensitive."

"If I don't stop?" Austin teased.

"Our plan to take things slowly will die," I answered. "If you kept up like you were on my nipples, I would have ripped your pants off and jumped your bone."

"Jump my bone?"

"I'd have fucked myself silly on your dick," I replied. "Let's go back to making out." I laid down on my back on the couch and pulled Austin on top of me. We swapped tongues again. Austin's bare chest against my sensitive nipples kept my lust up. I don't know if he was doing it consciously or not, but Austin was humping his crotch against my poor, soaking wet and hungry pussy. I could feel the delicious lump his hard cock formed in his pants. I placed one hand on each of his ass cheeks and pulled and prodded him to continue humping me as we deep kissed.

The humping, rubbing against my sensitive chest and tongue swapping was driving my lust to a peak. I knew I shouldn't but I wanted so much to pull Austin's dick out of his pants and stuff it up my pussy. I was so ready for get fucked again.

"Stop!" I announced as I pushed Austin up off my body.

“Huh?”

“I know I’ve driven you crazy,” I said. “I can feel how hard you are. I bet you have the worst case of blue balls in history. I could help you with that, if you want me to?”

“Help me?” Austin asked blankly. I made the motion to show me jerking him off. “Oh, help me.”

“I am sure you need relief,” I said. “I could jerk you off or I could fuck you. Your choice.”

“Fuck me?” Austin said quietly. I could see he was tempted.

“I know we said we wouldn’t hurry things but...”

“I don’t feel like that would be hurrying things,” Austin replied. “I’d so like to... to... fuck you, but... we don’t have protection. How bad would it be if we went all the way? What are the chances of me knocking you up if we did it tonight?”

I calculated for a couple moments. “Fuck!” I growled. “Chances are too good that you’d knock me up if we fucked without protection tonight.”

“How bad?” Austin asked.

“Like one chance in three,” I answered. “Tomorrow is actually the riskiest day in my monthly cycle.

“Fuck!” Austin growled. “Tomorrow’s like an hour or so away. I guess you could help me get off with your hand.” He looked up at the clock by the TV. “10:52! Fuck!” Austin growled. “We don’t even have time for a jerk off. Get dressed, I have to get home quick.”

“Would it matter if you were a few minutes late?” I asked.

“Yes, it would be a very bad thing,” Austin replied. “My parents trust me to do the right thing. If I blew curfew tonight, they will never let me come over after school next week to study.”

“No biology?”

“No biology,” Austin confirmed. “No making out, no nothing.”

“Let’s get you home,” I agreed. Just as I said it, we heard a knock at the door.

“You guys ready to go yet?” Mike asked. “I don’t want Austin getting trouble with his ‘rents because we’re late.”

"Give us a minute," Austin replied out loud before adding to me in a whisper, "I'll make sure I have rubbers on Monday. I promise."

"Are we giving up the take-our-time plan?" I asked.

"Don't know," Austin answered as he pulled on his shirt. "All I know is you drive me wild and I NEED you."

"Your virginity's days are numbered?"

"On one or two hands, I suspect," Austin said.

"Think of me when you get off tonight," I asked.

"I'll think of nothing else but what we did tonight," Austin said. "I guarantee that."

The two of us dressed quickly. Mike dropped off Austin at his house just as our phones said it was 11:00 PM. Mike drove Allison and me on to our house, easily making our midnight curfew.

----oooOooo----

A text announcing "FULLY PREPPED 4 AFTER SKOL MON" came Sunday afternoon. I texted Austin back, "CANT WAIT."

Austin gave me a hot good morning kiss when I hopped in Mike's car Monday morning before school. "You ready for some fun after school?" I asked.

"I've got the rubbers," Austin answered. The two of us cuddled and exchanged quick kisses on the way to school. Neither of us wanted to get too excited immediately before class when we would have to wait seven hours before doing anything about our feelings. We hung out together for a few minutes before homeroom. We spent a few minutes together between each class.

Mr. Sandoe gave us time during biology class to discuss ideas for our project. We looked over the list of ideas Mr. Sandoe handed out but nothing grabbed us. I teased we should do our report on "The Mating Habits of the American Teenager." Austin said no to that idea. His parents liked to proofread his projects before they were submitted.

I hustled out to the student parking lot after the last period. I was ready for my afternoon fun with Austin. Mike and Allison showed up a minute later. Austin showed up a minute after them. Outwardly my boyfriend displayed eagerness to get to my house but he seemed jittery too. His nerves seemed to increase as we headed into my house and upstairs to my room.

"Are you OK with all of this?" I asked when we got to my room.

"Um... yeah... I guess," Austin said. "Do we need to go all... the way?"

"No, we don't NEED to," I answered. "We don't need to do anything that we don't want to do."

"OK," Austin agreed. "Now what?"

"Take your coat off," I suggested. "We can start by making out. You're OK with that aren't you?"

"Kissing?" Austin responded more enthusiastically. "Kissing sounds good." Austin dropped his coat on my chair and joined me on my bed. We started kissing. Austin visibly relaxed as we made out. Five minutes later you would never have suspected Austin had any reservations about what we were doing. His lips were magic. I pulled him against me as I melted into those wondrous kisses.

Allison let out a few squeals and pants before the rhythmic thumping of the bed against the wall began next door. Austin and I paused kissing. Austin stared down in wonder at me. "Do you think... they're... doing it?"

"I KNOW they are doing it," I replied. "Welcome to my after-school world." Austin stared at me, dumbfounded at the idea that two real people he knew were naked next door engaging in real, live sex. Sex was no longer a theoretical, abstract concept. Mike was stuffing Allison's twat with his big, hard cock and screwing her, to Allison's obvious delight.

"Let's take tops off," I suggested, attempting to get Austin mentally back into our bed. I reached for the hem of his shirt and tried to pull it over his head.

"Yeah, that's cool," Austin agreed. He allowed me to pull his shirt over his head, leaving him bare chested. I raised my arms over my head, allowing Austin to reciprocate by removing my blouse. I needed to help him remove my bra, but that's OK.

I pulled Austin's bare chested body down onto my boobs. We locked lips again, enjoying the skin-to-skin contact as we kissed. Within a minute or so Austin turned his attention to my boobs. He proved to be a quick learner at showing his appreciation to my boobs. His caresses and kisses were driving me wild.

I knew between what we were doing and the sounds of screwing next door, that Austin was as aroused as I was. My pussy was leaking copiously. Austin rubbed his steel-hardened and jeans covered rod against my crotch as we made out and petted.

Austin and I lost track of time as we made out and stimulated each other. Some time we noticed Allison and Mike got quiet. Later they were busy screwing again. I maneuvered Austin so that he was between my legs. His natural body movements rubbed his hard package against my hot and rapidly moistening pussy.

I had enough after a while. I pulled Austin's head up of the titty he was kissing. "You ready for more?"

"More?" Austin gasped. "All the way?"

"No, I was thinking more along the lines of 'you show me yours, I'll show you mine,'" I suggested. "Third base. Maybe a little exploration to go with looking."

"Um..." Austin swallowed hard. "OK, we can do that." He leaned back on his haunches between my legs and hesitated a moment before unbuttoning his fly. I unsnapped my jeans and unzipped them.

"Duck," I directed. I swung my leg over Austin to shed my jeans. They were down around my ankles when I noticed Austin had paused at unzipping.

"What?" I asked.

"This is embarrassing," Austin replied. "I'm... you know... uh..."

"Hard?" I said. "Of course you are. You've been making out with a pretty girl. You're not gay. Girls turn you on."

"They do," Austin said. "More particularly, you do." I kicked off my jeans and lowered my panties. This slowed Austin's unveiling to a stop with his jeans down to his knees. My boyfriend was wearing boxer shorts. He stared raptly at my womanhood. I spread my legs to give him a better view.

I suspected from the feel in previous make out sessions that Austin was well endowed. The loose fabric of his shorts couldn't contain the powerful tool he was packing. He was at least as big as Danny Garrity, probably bigger. I stared lustily, dreaming of the day that dick would be stuffed up my hungry pussy. I needed to move my seduction along.

"I'm naked now," I said. "Are you going to get naked with me?"

"Oh," Austin gasped. His eyes left my pussy and returned to my eyes. "Sorry for staring." Austin hopped out of bed and stepped out of his jeans. I watched as he grabbed his boxers and dropped them to the floor. His dick popped off the waist band and wiggled as the shorts fell to the floor.

"Shit!" I gasped as I stared at Austin's rod. It was as long as Danny's and maybe a little thicker. What shocked me was the lack of mushroom shaped head like Danny had. Every picture I'd seen on-line of a man's dick had the mushroom head.

"I know," Austin apologized. "I look weird." I stared at the shaft. Austin's skin went straight to the top, tapering slightly in the last inch or so, crowned by a hole in the skin.

"My mom was into everything natural when I was born," Austin explained. "Natural child birth, natural foods, natural fiber clothing... everything natural." He laughed. "Including me. She decided I should be natural. No circumcision."

"Circumcision?" I asked. "I've heard the term but never really understood it."

"They cut the extra skin off of a baby's dick," Austin explained.

"Can I see it?" I asked. "I've never had a chance to see a guy's dick close up, especially one like yours."

"OK," Austin agreed. He climbed in bed and kneeled between my legs.

"Is it all right if I touch it?" I asked.

"Sure," Austin agreed. He shivered as I grasped him with my thumb and forefinger. Austin's dick was a shaft of flesh, not unlike Danny's looked, until you got to the top. The purple mushroom head Danny had was missing from Austin's. The skin simply tapered to a tip and had a small gap or hole at the end.

I wrapped the rest of my fingers around the shaft of Austin's hard-on. I squeezed that hardness.

"OWW!" Austin protested. "Easy! Like you want me to handle your nipples."

I relaxed my grip so I was barely holding his fleshy shaft. I knew boys stroked their dick up and down when they wanted to come, so I slide my hand down the shaft. To my surprise, his skin moved along with my hand. I could feel the hardness inside as I my hand slide down. The skin at the tip opened up as I pulled it down. A bright pink cockhead appeared as the skin slid away.

"That's where it is," I remarked.

"You really have never seen a guy that wasn't circumcised, have you?" Austin moaned. I pulled my hand up his dick, watching the skin cover up the head again as my hand rose.

"Hold it a little tighter," Austin commented as I continued stroking him. Austin panted out directions as I gave a boy my first hand job. I did my best to follow his directions and pleasure him. I stroked Austin for a couple minutes as he groaned and panted as he lost coherence.

"Unhhh... Unhh... Oooohhhh..." Austin moaned as he stiffened. I felt his dick pulse and then a flood of white cream spurted out of the tip. The first couple pulses flew up in thy air, landing on the sheet on my bed and Austin's belly. More spurts, less forceful, squirted out and ran down my hand and pooled below Austin's belly button. The last bit of his cream oozed out and dribbled down my hand.

"Ohhh... wow," Austin gasped. "That was fucking amazing." He panted a couple times to catch his breath and added, "So much better than when I do it myself."

"I am glad you enjoyed it," I replied. Austin's dick went soft almost as soon as he came. I gave the flaccid shaft a last squeeze and let it plop on Austin's belly. I stared at the cream dripping down my hand. I understood what I was looking at – a male's sperm, designed expressly to get a female pregnant. The sperm didn't look nearly as intimidating as it did last month when it was dripping out of my pussy after Danny screwed me.

"I'll get something to clean us up," I offered as I hopped out of bed. A handful of tissues cleaned my hands, Austin's cock and his belly. I laid down on the bed beside my boyfriend. Austin, recovering from his come, rolled over so he was half on top of me again and gave me a deep kiss. I responded.

"God, that was amazing, Sarah," Austin gushed between kisses. "That is so much better when you whack me off than when I do myself. Thank you." Austin emphasized his thanks with more kisses. I knew Danny's dick had recovered from his come fairly rapidly. Danny's recovery was equally swift. I felt something hard poking my side while we kissed. I didn't mind at all. We continued kissing.

"Do you want to feel up my pussy?" I asked during a pause in our tongue action.

"Umm... uh... I'm not... sure... how," Austin replied.

"We are well on the way to reaching third base," I said. "It's time for your anatomy lesson, sweetie. Get between my legs and let the lesson begin." Austin obeyed. I spread my legs wide to display everything for Austin's inspection and instruction. He stared but didn't make a move.

"Give me your hand," I said. I placed his hand right on my mound. "Move your finger up and down my slot."

"You're wet," Austin marveled as he played with my inner pussy lips. "What are these?"

"Inner labia," I said. "I'm wet because you have me totally turned on. It is my body's way of getting me ready for sex."

"Sex?" Austin squeaked. "Are we going to?"

"Let's stick with third base for now," I said. "We'll see about more if we are both ready later."

"OK," Austin agreed quickly. I think feeling up a girl's pussy was more than he had expected for this afternoon. Austin didn't need a lot of direction to stimulating my pussy. He found my hole quickly and felt around the edge without inserting anything.

"You can put a finger or two in there if you want," I offered. "That is where your dick is going to go one of these days, when we are both ready."

"Yeah," Austin agreed as he pushed one then two fingers into my pussy. "It's so tight, hot and wet. It must feel fucking amazing when you..." he laughed, and added "...when you fuck."

"It does," I agreed.

"Where is your... uh... button?" Austin asked. "I can't remember the name but girls have a spot that will make you crazy if I rub it."

"My clitoris," I said. "Pull you fingers out of me and run them up my slot." Austin did. "Feel the little bump at the top?" Austin slid his finger around the top end of my slot until he found my bump.

"This?" he asked, giving me a smile.

"Very, VERY gentle," I commanded. "It is more sensitive than my nipples or your dick."

"OK," Austin said. He circled the bump with almost feather-light touches. My clit engorged and poked out of its hood. This was starting to feel very nice!

"Can you finger fuck my hole and use your thumb to tease my clitoris?" I asked.

"I'll see," Austin answered. It proved that his hand was large enough for the task. Soon he was plunging two fingers into my pussy while his thumb teased and tormented my clitoris. Austin may have been inexperienced but he was a quick learner. He finger fucked and diddled me as we listened to moans and grunts from the room next door. Soon Mike was banging the headboard of Allison's bed against as he fucked my sister.

Austin was driving me wild as we overheard the action next door. I agreed with Austin's earlier observation. Having someone else get you off was WAY, way better than doing yourself. Austin continued his exploration as he unwired my brain. Mutual orgasms next door were followed by an eerie silence.

Austin's assault finally pushed me over the precipice to orgasm. I moaned and thrashed through my wonderful climax. I wasn't aware of much for half a minute until I recovered. I felt Austin's body pressed against mine. He had a shit-eating grin on his face as he watched me.

"That was good for you?" Austin teased.

"The most intense climax of my life," I answered. I wrapped my arms around my boyfriend's neck and pulled his head down to mine for a kiss. Austin rolled over top of me and settled his torso between my legs. He propped his upper body up on his elbows as he deep kissed and made out with me. His smooth chest, covered with peach fuzz, pressed against my sensitive boobs. His hard rod rested on my slot. God, I was so hot and ready for sex.

"You spurted juices when you came," Austin commented between kisses. "Does that mean you are nearly ready for sex?"

"Totally ready," I said. "Are we going too fast for you?"

"No, not at all," Austin said. "Should I stop and put on a rubber?"

"Uh..." I hesitated. "I..." I was interrupted by a thumping on the door.

"Sorry guys," Mike called out. "I've got to dash in five minutes. Wrap up what you're doing quickly."

"FUCK!" Austin snapped.

"Shit!" I agreed.

"I guess we better stop now," Austin said, clearly disappointed. I wrapped my arms around his body and held on to him.

"Don't stop rubbing you dick on my pussy," I asked. "Will it take long for you to come while you're doing that?"

"Not long at all," Austin said. He began pistonning his hips back and forth, dragging his dick down through my slot and back up until it rubbed my clitoris. This felt amazing. I wasn't sure who would come first. It turned out Austin came first. He panted heavily for a few seconds, groaned and then collapsed on me. I could feel his hard dick pulsing as it shot his semen between our bellies. Austin rolled off when he finished.

I clambered out of bed and grabbed handfuls of tissues. One bunch went to my boyfriend, who was still lying on the bed. I used the other bunch to clean up the semen, sweat and my own juices.

"You have got to get dressed and go," I commanded Austin.

"Yeah," he agreed wearily. I helped him dry off the sweat, semen and lubrication on his belly and crotch.

"What topic are we going to use for our biology paper?" I asked as Austin started dressing.

He leered and suggested, "Mating Habits of the American Teenager."

"Mr. Sandoe will never accept that topic," I retorted. "We need something else."

"I am a terrible liar," Austin said. "The closer to the truth our topic is, the better I will be able to keep our secret from my parents and keep coming over after school."

"It has to be a sex topic?" I asked.

"Something along that line," Austin said. I had an inspiration.

"What about, 'Sex among the Species?'" I asked.

"Reproduction among Plants and Animals?" Austin suggested.

"That would work," I agreed. "It sounds scientific enough to pass muster."

There was a knock at the door. "Let's go, Austin," Mike said. "We need to split now or we may become an unwelcome surprise to Allison and Sarah's mom."

"Almost ready," Austin replied. He turned to me and gave me a hug followed by a deep kiss. "Today was awesome, Sarah. I have never felt like this about someone."

"Can we get together again after school tomorrow?" I asked.

"I can't," Austin said. "I have a dentist appointment after school."

"Wednesday?"

"Done," Austin said. "We will have our topic approved and we can begin further research into reproduction then. Should I bring the rubbers again?"

"Definitely," I agreed. "They aren't going home with you on Wednesday afternoon. That's for damned sure."

"I can't wait," Austin said. He gave me one more kiss before departing. I looked over the mess that was my room and shook my head. Seconds after I heard the front door close behind Mike and Austin, Allison appeared at my door.

"What condition is your room in?" she asked as she stepped inside. "God, it smells like a brothel in here!"

"What can I say?"

"Get dressed. Open the windows," Allison commanded. "I will get air freshener for the smell of Austin's come. Put the bedspread back. That should hide the wet spot in the middle of your bed."

"OK," I agreed.

I dressed while Allison retrieved the air spray. She flooded the room with spray to mask the scent of teen sex. "Did you take Austin's cherry today?" Allison asked.

"Almost, but no," I replied. "We were all ready to do it when Mike interrupted us."

"Over an hour of foreplay?" Allison said. "I guess you are wound up real tight at this point if you didn't get any dick."

"No, Austin fingered me to orgasm," I said. I got him off twice, once with my hand and the second time when we rubbed our bodies together. Who knew that felt so good?"

"Most people who are sexually active," Allison said. "Dry humping is a lot of fun before you go all the way with a boy. Any more afternoon dates planned?"

"He's coming over Wednesday," I said, "...assuming Mike is willing to drive us."

"I'm sure he will," Allison said. "It sounds like the two of you are nearly there for sex. Does Austin have protection?"

"He does," I agreed. "There will not be any frantic trips to the drug store in the evening to pick up Plan B again."

"Good, I am glad to hear that," Allison said.

----oooOooo----

Both Austin and I were keyed up about our plans for Wednesday afternoon. School dragged by for both of us on Tuesday. Allison took me aside Tuesday night and had a long talk with me about making my first time with Austin special for both him and me. To my shock, she recommended I give Austin a blow job before we had sex. She directed me to a website that had information about how to give a blow job. Allison called me back to her room afterwards to discuss what I read and to give me tips she had learned from doing Mike and previous boyfriends. She warned me that Austin wouldn't last as long as an experienced cock-hound like Danny Garrity. She suggested that I help Austin come before we had sex to improve his performance.

Mr. Sandoe accepted our biology topic during Wednesday's class. We received some teasing about our topic from our friends. So what. They were right but we weren't about to admit that to anyone.

Austin and I hopped in the back of Mike's car after school. We started making out before we even left the school parking lot. I was totally turned on and ready when got our group back to my house. Austin was ready too. He was sporting a big bulge in his jeans as he waddled into the house and upstairs to my bedroom.

"Do you want to start by making out like Monday?" Austin asked once we were alone in my room.

"No, we've gone a lot further than that," I replied. "Let's get naked and go from there."

"I can do that," Austin agreed. We stripped down and joined each other in my bed. We lay side by side, embracing and kissing. Austin needed no invitation today to explore further with his hands. He felt up my boobs for a while before sliding his hand down to my womanhood.

The whole time we made out and played, I felt his dick pressing my side and belly. Soon that delicious shaft would be stuffing me full. I juiced just thinking about how nice the screwing had felt when I did it with Danny last month.

Austin finger fucked my pussy and teased my clitoris until I finally came. I thought more about my next step while I recovered from my climax. Was I ready to give a guy a blow job? I could get Austin off with a hand job again. Wouldn't that be just as good to help him get ready for his first fuck? I decided to throw caution to the winds and go for it.

I pushed Austin down on his back on my bed. "I have a special treat for you," I sighed as I climbed between his legs.

"What?" Austin asked as he stared up at me.

"This," I answered before opening my mouth wide and slurping the first inch of his cock into my mouth. That drew a moan from my boyfriend. His dick didn't have much of any flavor. I had expected that I would need to endure some nasty taste while I pleasured him. This wasn't so bad.

I realized I had done one thing wrong. Austin's foreskin was in my mouth. I couldn't feel his dick head with my tongue, the way the website suggested I do. I wrapped one hand around Austin's shaft and pulled the skin down. This unwrapped the mushroom head I was seeking. I tongued the head and sucked at it as Austin moaned in delight. I stroked the shaft outside my mouth with my hand as I suctioned and licked the inch or so I had captured.

I pulled my mouth off him momentarily and asked, "Am I doing this right?"

"Fuck if I know," Austin gasped. "It feels right."

I licked down his shaft. The big vein down the underside was interesting. I gave it attention until I reached my boyfriend's balls. His scrotum was pulled tight, holding those baby-makers close to his body. I licked all over them and even licked his per... uh, perineum, the sensitive skin between his balls and his asshole.

Austin moaned and squirmed when my tongue hit his perineum. No doubt this was a special spot for him. I avoided his asshole. The website said some guys love it when you play with the holes. Others get turned off. That was the last thing I wanted now. I licked my way up his shaft again. My mouth engulfed his head again. I took two or three inches of head and shaft into my mouth and suctioned them. I bobbed my head up and down as I sucked.

Austin was getting frantic now. I knew I had him close to climax. I stroked his shaft as I sucked the last few inches. I stared into his eyes occasionally as I worked him.

"I'm... I'm..." Austin gasped. I felt his dick head expand and pulse. He squirted a burst of semen into my mouth. "...coming!" I hadn't thought this part of the blow job through. Would I swallow or pull off? Another spurt filled my mouth to overflowing with his semen. I pulled away involuntarily, getting a third pulse in the face for my trouble.

Austin spewed more come over his belly as I tried to decide what I thought of the mouthful of viscous fluid. It was slightly sweet and a little salty. The consistency of the fluid was odd. I hopped out of bed and spit the mouthful of come into a tissue before I barfed.

"Wow, I wasn't expecting that, Sarah," Austin marveled as he recovered from his orgasm. "Thank you."

"It was my pleasure to make you happy," I answered. I wiped the semen off my boyfriend and rejoined him in bed.

"Do you want me to play with your clitoris and get you off too?" Austin asked. I patted his semi-swollen dick.

"Let's make out some then you can fill me with this," I suggested. "I am so ready to feel you fill me up."

"We can do that," Austin marveled. I knew he was looking forward to screwing, but I suspected he thought that it wouldn't really happen. I wrapped my arms around Austin and pulled him over my body.

"Rub together like we did near the end on Monday afternoon," I suggested. "That felt really good."

"It did," Austin agreed. He started rubbing his crotch up and down against my womanhood. I felt his dick harden. We deep kissed as we enjoyed the sensations of two tight, teen bodies rubbing together. The heat, sexual heat, was becoming intense. Mike and Allison started up again next door, adding to our arousal.

"Are you ready, sweetie?" I asked quietly after about five minutes of dry humping.

"Yeah," Austin sighed. He had a dreamy look in his eyes. "There is one thing we need to say before we go all the way."

"What?"

"I love you, Sarah McCraher," Austin said. "I love you completely."

"Oh," I responded. "Um... I like you too, Austin. A lot."

"Like me?" Austin asked as he pulled up from my body. "You like me?"

"Are you expecting me to say, 'I love you?' I don't know if I know what love is."

"You don't know if you love me?" Austin asked. "You want to be intimate with me and you don't know if you love me?"

"We're fifteen, Austin," I responded. "I am not sure if I know what love is. Will you be the love of my life? I don't know."

"And you would go all the way even if we didn't love each other?" Austin said.

"We are young," I said. "I can't tell you I love you if I don't know what that means. I can say I am your exclusive girlfriend and I won't date anyone else. I enjoy being with you and I want to share everything I have with you. Isn't that enough at our age?"

"Is it?" Austin asked. He pulled off me and sat on his haunches. "Maybe we should rethink what we are doing."

Austin and I argued back and forth for five minutes, without reaching any resolution. He felt it was essential for us to express our love before we made love with each other. I was horny and quite willing to accept intimate fun in bed with a good friend. We got dressed and started research on our biology paper. The sounds of Allison and Mike making love next door made concentrating hard.

Austin and I exchanged a deep kiss and a hug before he left.

"I care deeply for you," I said as he parted. "I simply don't know if what I feel is love or not. I want to be with you and no one else. Isn't that enough?"

"I need to think, Sarah," Austin replied. "You might be right but what you are saying is different from what I learned at home. I need time to think."

"Fair enough," I agreed. "Are we still a couple?"

"I think I love you," Austin said. "We are still a couple."

----oooOooo----

I had a talk with Allison that evening. She agreed with me that we were pretty young to be falling in love and finding a mate for life. I heard nothing from Austin during the night. Austin was in a great mood the next morning when Mike stopped by to pick up Allison and me.

"I have a question for you," Austin said once I climbed in the back seat with him. "Do you feel a tender, passionate affection for me?"

"You know I do," I said. "You're a great boyfriend."

"Do you feel a sexual passion or desire for me?" Austin asked.

"You know damned well I do," I answered. "I'd jump your bones in a minute, if you'd let me."

"I was an idiot yesterday afternoon," Austin responded. "We've been working from different definitions of love. You keep coming back to the idea that a guy needs to be your guy for life in order to love him. That is one way to define it."

"How do you define love?" I asked.

"To feel a tender, passionate affection for you," Austin answered, grinning. "I also feel the same sexual passion or desire that you feel too. I love you, Sarah MacCarraher."

"I feel a passionate affection for you," I responded. "I don't know if I call it love but you're special. I certainly feel a sexual attraction to you, Austin Burnett. I want to fuck your brains out."

"That can be arranged this afternoon, if you want it," Austin said.

"You know I do," I responded.

"Hey, Mike. Sarah and I would like to ride home with you and Allison after school," Austin said. "If that is OK with the two of you."

"Fine with us," Mike said.

"What changed your mind?" I whispered to Austin after Mike and Allison attention turned elsewhere.

"A conversation I had with Mike on the way home," Austin said. "He caught on to the fact that you and your sister define love differently than I do."

"I knew there was a reason I liked my sister's boyfriend," I said. "So, we will have our fun this afternoon?" Austin smiled and nodded yes.

"I have one last question," he said. "Will you lead me around to my classes tomorrow so I don't get lost?"

"Huh? What?"

"You're going to fuck my brains out this afternoon," Austin explained. "I might need some help getting around if I don't have any brains left after you're done with me."

"I will take good care of you," I promised.

----oooOooo----

Classes dragged that Thursday. I realized in math class that it had been almost a month since Danny introduced me to the world of sex. After school I would introduce my boyfriend to that amazing world too.

Austin and I did not waste time when we got home. We went straight to my room, stripped and started making out. I gave Austin another blow job to take the edge off his arousal. Austin was more verbal this time, telling me exactly what he liked as I pleasured him. I pulled off his cock moments before he spewed his come all over his chest and belly. I tasted it before and didn't particularly care for the flavor or consistency of his semen.

I pulled Austin on top of me after his blow job. "Dry hump me until you're hard," I directed. "Kiss me while you get ready."

"This is really going to happen today, isn't it?" Austin murmured between kisses.

"It's going to happen even if I have to rape you," I countered.

"You can't rape the willing," Austin said. He squirmed and rubbed his body against my crotch. I felt his dick get hard as we prepared for our coupling. We kissed and tongue fucked more. Austin's dick slipped into my slot as we rubbed. The sexual intensity ratcheted up more. One time when Austin dipped his hips to start his rub up my slot, his dick head caught on the rim of my hole.

"Um... time for the rubber?" Austin asked.

"Yes," I agreed. "Time for the rubber before we do something really stupid."

Austin pulled off me, hopped out of bed and retrieved two blue foil covered rubbers from his pants. "Now we find out how much I remember from eighth grade health class," Austin said. "Check my work and make sure I do this right."

"I will look it over," I agreed. "I have no better idea than you do."

"Didn't you insist the other guy use a rubber?" Austin asked. I had been honest with my boyfriend that I wasn't a virgin. I hadn't given him many details.

"It happened quickly," I answered. "I didn't have time to think about pregnancy until it was all over."

"I guess you and the other guy got lucky," Austin commented as he placed the rubber over the tip of his dick and rolled it down the shaft.

"We got very lucky," I answered. I inspected the rubber covering my boyfriend's lovely dick. "You're ready when I am and I am READY!" I lay back on my bed and stretched my legs wide open to accommodate Austin. He climbed between them and sprawled his body over mine. He rubbed his erection up and down my slot, exploring for my hole. This went on for about thirty seconds.

“Lower,” I directed. Austin prodded lower, settling against my asshole. “Not there!” I squealed as he pressed the opening. A little higher than that.” Austin’s prick scooted up my sloppy slot and bounced against my clitoris.

“Fuck!” Austin growled.

“Let me help you,” I said soothingly to my exasperated boyfriend. I reached between our bodies and grasped his hard-on. I placed it against my hole. “Press here.” I watched Austin’s face as his eyes went wide and his mouth fell open in awe. He pressed his dick a couple inches into my body. I remembered how great it felt when Danny was doing this.

“Keep going,” I asked as I placed my hands on his ass cheeks and pulled him deeper. Austin thrust his hips a couple more times until his dick was fully impaling me. He paused and we both stared down between our bodies. Austin’s wild bush of pubic hair was pressed against my neatly trimmed hair. His dick was fully in my body.

“No more cherry,” I teased. “What are you going to do now?”

“Fuck your brains out?” Austin responded. “I think that was what you asked for.”

“It is,” I agreed. “How does it feel stud?”

“Fucking awesome,” Austin replied. “What’s next Obi Wan?”

“The Master says hips thrusts,” I said. “Nice and gentle until you get the hang of this.” Austin rocked his hips back and forth, slowly gaining confidence and using longer strokes. My pussy tingled as this boy demonstrated his love for me. This definitely was more fun with a boy who showed passion and affection for you than a random stud who conquered you.

I enjoyed the coupling as much as Austin did. He got over eager after a while and pulled out too far. Austin managed to reinsert his dick in me without assistance. He humped and thrust for a minute and then more. I doubt Austin made it to two minutes before his excitement and sensitivity got too him. Austin began frantically fucking me before moaning and collapsing on me in a stupor as he came.

I rolled us onto our sides, remembering more advice Allison had given me. “Hold the rubber on when you pull out.”

“Huh?”

“Hold the rubber,” I directed. Austin managed to hold the rubber on his cock while I pulled off him. I checked, finding a fully intact latex sheath, sloppy with my lube and filled with his white semen and sperm, still encasing his dick – its mission accomplished. Austin lost his erection quickly. He pulled the rubber off, holding it by the outer ring.

"What do I do with this?" Austin asked.

"Knot it and throw it in the trash," I directed. "Was that fun?"

"That was fucking amazing," Austin murmured dreamily. "I love you, Sarah."

"I feel a passionate affection for you too, my stud," I replied.

"My stud," Austin said. "I like that."

I glanced over at my clock. We had fifteen minutes until Mike and Austin needed to leave. "Do you want to go again in a few minutes?"

"Go again?" Austin asked. "Are you sure?"

"Have you had enough sex for the day?" I asked. "I haven't."

"Hell no," Austin agreed.

We made out for a couple minutes until Austin got hard again. He had me put the rubber on his dick for the second round. Austin seemed to be a quick learner. He managed to insert his dick in my pussy without assistance this time. We screwed for a good five minutes before he came. My sister was certainly right about a boy having more stamina after his first come.

Mike had to wait a couple minutes for Austin to finish cleaning up and dressing before they headed for their homes. I felt so good. I understood the attraction to sex now that I had a great partner to share the experience with.

----oooOooo----

Austin quickly became as much a fixture at my house in the afternoons after school as Mike was. His parents commented how dedicated he was to researching his biology paper. Little did they know we hadn't progressed beyond the practical field work on sexual mechanics.

Danny and I attended our high school football games on Friday nights. We went to the movies Saturday nights. Three or four weekdays each week we would come to my house after school to work on our biology term paper. We spent about ninety percent of each afternoon in practical research in fucking and only ten percent in on-line studying and research.

The cost of rubbers was becoming a consideration for us. Austin went through two large boxes in less than two weeks of sexual activity. A box took most of his week's allowance. Austin had a little savings but not much. I could kick in to keep my desire for dick filled.

I discussed the idea of asking Mom and Dad to put me on birth control with Allison. Our parents were too conservative to consider such a thing. Our parent feared putting us girls on birth control would indicate that they approved of us having sex. If only they knew how much dick we were getting.

I did a little research on-line Wednesday night, November 5th. I found a French study that linked the probability of conception to the number of days that had elapsed since your last period. It had been twenty-five days since my last period started. The chart said my chances of conceiving tomorrow was 0.6%. The chance of failure of a rubber was estimated at 2%. Austin was going to get a treat tomorrow after school. We were equally safe with or without a rubber.

My boyfriend was going to experience unprotected sex for the first time. I decided to surprise him so I kept my plans secret during the school day. I was especially keyed up for our afternoon fun, which probably confused Austin a bit. We headed upstairs to my bedroom and stripped.

I gave Austin a bow job to take the edge off him. Last week without any prompting from me, he decided eating me out until I orgasmed was the proper thing to do. I did not argue with the dear, sweet boy. Fellatio and cunnilingus were now established parts of our afternoon ritual. We had learned that humming while giving oral pleasure greatly enhanced our partner's experience.

I don't know what tune Austin hummed that afternoon, but it completely blew me away. He was sprawled on my chest, kissing me and humping his prick through my slot while I came down from my sexual high.

"You ready, honey?" Austin asked. "I can get the rubber on if you are."

"No rubber today," I answered. "Do me bare."

"Huh? What?" Austin gasped. "I can't knock you up. We shouldn't take that kind of chance."

"It isn't taking a chance," I explained. "My period starts in about three days." I giggled. "By the way, we will have to find some other ways to have fun early next week while I have my period."

"I guess we could actually do the research for our biology paper," Austin suggested. "Now, what is this about skipping protection? What are the chances of me knocking you up today?"

"Probably about 0.6% chance today," I said. "You remember two weeks ago when I took your cherry?" Austin nodded yes. Of course he would remember that day for the rest of his life. "There was a 2% chance of you getting me pregnant that day using the rubbers."

"Really?"

"Really," I explained. "I know you are spending a fortune getting rubbers. I did research last night to figure out which days of the month were safe without us needing protection. It turns out there are

fifteen days when the risk of conception is below 2%. We lose three or four days to my period but the other eleven or twelve days are safe for sex without rubbers."

"You are absolutely sure this is safe?" Austin asked.

"Do you want me to printout the French study that established the risk profile of conception by day?" I asked.

"No, I believe you," Austin said. "So... I can just put it in anytime we're ready?"

"Like right now if you want, lover," I answered. Austin slid his body lower as I spread my knees to give him more space to work. Austin slipped his body up along mine again, neatly spearing me on his bare erection. I could feel my pussy lips peel his foreskin away and his mushroom head nudge into my body. The feelings of bare skin on bare skin were better.

Austin's eyes went wide and he gasped. "Fuck this is nice." Austin pushed his bare prick up further. I felt every ripple and vein as he impaled me. "We can do it this way twelve days a month?"

"Yes," I agreed. Austin got to work humping and thrusting, filling me with his hot, fleshy tool. The feelings were so much better than with protection. Austin managed to bring me to my first vaginally induced orgasm with him.

Austin hammered away at me with his hard dick, drilling me frantically as he neared his climax. He thrust hard and froze over me, his eyes glazing over during his ecstasy. My eyes opened in surprise.

"I feel your come flooding into me," I gasped. Austin gave me a lackadaisical smile. "I feel so hot and wet inside." My boy collapsed on top of me. I wrapped my arms around him and gave him small kisses while we enjoyed the physical closeness.

Austin rolled off after about thirty seconds of recovery. His dick pulled free from my pussy with a plop. "Wow! We get to do it this way twelve days a month. Cool!"

"Yeah it is," I agreed. "It's a hell of a way to save money."

"Are you ready for sloppy seconds?" I asked.

"Sloppy seconds?" Austin asked blankly.

"You filled me with semen," I said. "Where do you think it is going to go?" Austin swiped a finger through my slot.

"Some of it runs out," Austin teased as he held up a finger full of sperm for me to see. "But I see where the term sloppy seconds could come from. I understand sex is better when it's juicy. Maybe sloppy

seconds are better than firsts." He laughed. "Hell, we could find out trickley thirds are better than sloppy seconds."

"I'm game if you are," I answered.

Sloppy seconds was wetter than first time sex but I suspect Austin's big dick squelched much of his semen out of me while we fucked the second time. Trickley thirds didn't feel much different than sloppy seconds. The whole afternoon tryst was mind blowing.

"Are you sure you can't get free tomorrow after school?" I begged as Austin dressed to go home.

"I wish I could," Austin said. "I REALLY wish I could. My sister has music lessons every Friday and I have to be there to watch my little brother. No exceptions allowed."

"Ah well, I guess have to leave our fun for next week," I said. "We should have six to eight days that are safe for this next week after my period ends."

----oooOooo----

Our football team didn't make the playoffs, so Austin and I went bowling instead. We double dated with my friend Katie Hanson, who hooked up with Austin's friend, Drew Findley. It was a fun evening. I was surprised at bedtime. I expected a little cramping or bloating since my period was to start tomorrow. Oh well. My cycle did vary a day or so some months, kind of like last month when it started a day early.

Mom invited me to have a nice farm style sit-down breakfast Saturday morning. She had made scrambled eggs, home style fried potatoes and bacon. Normally I would scarf that down. That day, well the thought of slimy eggs and the greasy bacon made me retch. I settled for buttered toast and some honey sweetened tea after I barfed. Mom insisted on taking my temperature. It was 99.1 degrees, perfectly normal.

I mentioned that my homeroom teacher commented about the unusually large number of absences yesterday. Mom decided there was a bug going around and that I should consider skipping my date with Austin that evening. I felt fine in the afternoon so I let Austin know we were on our movie night that evening. We had fun. We did a little making out and watched some of the movie too.

Sunday morning I found Dad enjoying a nice, big breakfast of pancakes and country sausage. Dad grew up on a farm as a boy. He was only a part-time farmer now but he still enjoyed the big, hearty farm breakfasts. I smelled one whiff of the greasy sausage and bolted for the downstairs bathroom. I made it in time to barf up the contents of my stomach.

Mom met me outside the bathroom with the thermometer. My temperature was 98.9 degrees. "Do you have a headache? Dizziness? Any other symptoms other than nausea?"

"That's it," I answered.

“Hmm...” Mom commented. “Strange bug. Do you feel well enough for church?”

“I’ll have some toast and tea again, like yesterday,” I said. “I’ll see how my stomach feels after that.”

The tea settled my stomach and the toast stayed down. I went to church with the rest of my family. I felt fine by the time we got home from church. I grabbed a sandwich and headed to the family room to watch a movie. Mom popped in soon after I finished my sandwich.

“How does your stomach feel now?” Mom asked.

“Fine.”

“Come up to my room,” Mom said. “We need to talk.” Mom kept one of the upstairs bedrooms in the big, old farmhouse as her “Mom Room.” She had her sewing in there. It was her hide-away from the rest of the family. Mom cleared some patterns and a bolt of cloth off one of the spare chairs.

“I need you to be completely honest and open with me, Sarah,” Mom said.

“OK,” I agreed.

“I need you to be totally open and truthful, no matter what,” Mom cautioned. “You know your father and I love you and your sister very much. NOTHING you may have done will ever change that.”

“Yeah,” I agreed. Where was Mom going with this?

“I need the absolute and complete truth,” Mom said. I nodded my understanding. “When was your last monthly?”

“It started October 12th,” I said. It started to dawn on me what Mom suspected.

“Are you and Austin intimate?” Mom asked as she stared into my eyes.

I didn’t flinch. I took a deep breath and admitted, “We have been.” Mom sighed. “It’s not what you think. It can’t be. Austin and I have been totally careful. We never... uh... almost never did it without protection.”

“Almost never?” Mom asked.

“The most recent time was a few days ago, just before my next period,” I said. “My understanding is that there is virtually no chance of getting pregnant three days before your period.”

“That part is true,” Mom said. “How long ago did this start?”

"About two weeks ago," I said.

"Hmm..." Mom hummed. "In your intimate times with Austin, did you ever get any of his uh, semen on your labia? Do you know what your labia are?"

"I'm not a little kid," I protested. "I know."

"We've already established that," Mom said. "Did you?"

"Not when we were having sex, no," I answered.

"What about when you are not having sex?" Mom asked. "Do you know what frottage is?"

"Frottage?" I echoed. I shook my head no.

"The boy rubs his genitals against yours," Mom explained. "Did you and Austin do that? Were you clothed when you did it?"

"We call it dry humping, Mom," I said. "The answer is yes, we did that, and no, we weren't clothed."

"Did Austin climax while you were doing that?"

I hung my head and admitted, "He did. It made quite a mess. His come was all over both of us."

"Pregnancy is not out of the realm of possibility," Mom said. "How long ago did you two do this?"

"Two and a half weeks ago," I said.

"Well, there is a slim chance that could have done it," Mom said. She took a deep breath. "Have you been with any other boys?"

"One more," I admitted. "Six weeks ago."

"Did he use protection?"

"No, he didn't," I said. "It all happened real quick and was unplanned. I wanted him to use a rubber but he forgot in the... heat of the moment."

"Did he force you to do this, Sarah?" Mom asked.

"Not exactly forced," I responded. "It was more like he seduced me. He kept asking every minute or two if I enjoyed what we were doing and if I wanted to stop. I did enjoy it and I didn't want to stop until things had gone too far."

"I understand how that can happen," Mom said.

"I couldn't be pregnant from him, Mom," I protested. "I know it was a dangerous time to let that happen. I took the Plan B contraceptive the next day. I had my period last month. I couldn't be pregnant from him."

"Did you have the usual amount of bleeding?" Mom asked.

"It was pretty light, but I definitely had my bleeding," I answered.

"Do you know a woman can have some bleeding when an embryo implants itself in her womb?"

"You can?" I asked. Now Mom had me alarmed. I was pretty sure Austin and I had been safe with what we did. What if Danny Garrity had knocked me up? I shuddered.

"I think I am going to take a drive town this afternoon and visit the pharmacy," Mom said. "One of those home pregnancy tests may allay our fears."

"You're taking all of this better than I expected, Mom," I said. "I thought you would freak at this news. Why are you so calm?"

"What you are doing is just human nature," Mom said. "These things happen. I know from experience."

"You?" I asked. Mom nodded yes.

"I didn't get pregnant from him, but I learned a hard lesson about boys," Mom said.

"How old were you?"

"Fifteen and a half," Mom said. "I guess it's time for true confessions. A senior took me to a party one Saturday night. I had a bit to drink. He... he seduced me. No protection. No second date. Nothing. The boy was a real... uh, asshole. Pardon my language."

"I understand completely," I said. "Asshole describes the first boy to a tee. What is going to happen between Austin and me? He is a really sweet and wonderful guy."

"That is between you and Austin," Mom said. "I am not a party to your relationship."

"You won't forbid me from see him?" I asked.

"No. Your father and I aren't going to tell you that you can't have sexual relations with him either," Mom said. "That horse bolted the pen already. She isn't going back in now."

"Thanks for being so understanding," I said.

"I believe I have a trip to make," Mom said. "Why don't you rest and drink plenty of fluids. Maybe we will be wrong and this is just a bug going around school."

"We can hope."

Mom returned forty-five minutes later with two home pregnancy tests.

"Why two?" I asked as Mom handed one to me.

"I haven't used one of these since I suspected I was pregnant with you and that was a long time ago," Mom said. "The first one you take right now. It will tell us if Mr. Trouble is the father. If this one comes up negative, you take the second one next weekend. If it is positive, Austin is going to be a daddy. The test only works if you take it at least six days after you miss your period."

Mom read the directions over with me and sent me to the bathroom. I returned with the test strip wetted with my urine a couple minutes later. All we could do now was wait for the three minutes. Mom looked first when the time was up. She let out a deep sigh and stared at the floor for a moment before looking up and handing me the test strip.

The fucking thing had two bright pink lines. That fucking Danny Garrity had knocked me up when we worked on the class float in September.

"Now what?" I asked.

"We get your father and make plans," Mom said. She went to the top of the steps and called, "Jim, could you come up to my room and join Sarah and me?" Dad arrived quickly. He didn't take a seat.

"It is as we feared," Mom said.

"First thing I need to know is who this bastard of a boy is," Dad said. "I understand it isn't Austin?"

"No it can't be Austin's," I said.

"Don't try to protect him," Dad said. "I must have his name."

"He's an asshole," I retorted, "and I would never, ever protect him. He's going to pay, big time!"

"Watch your language, Sarah," Dad cautioned.

"He IS an asshole, Jim," Mom said.

"The boy who seduced me last September is Danny Garrity," I said.

“Garrity,” Dad growled. Apparently Dad knew the family too. Maybe Danny’s obnoxiousness was hereditary. “Faith, will you make an appointment with Dr. Wolfe to confirm whether Sarah is pregnant or not, as soon as possible. I will contact our attorney and have him get ready to sue for support and expenses.”

“I assume an abortion is out of the question,” I asked.

“Would that be the moral choice?” Dad asked. “Character is defined by how you handle the difficult times. I suspect our family is in for some testing. I, for one, do not intend to sacrifice our principles so we can take the easy way through our difficulties.”

“Your father and I will help you through this difficult time,” Mom promised. “What else could we do for our first grandchild?”

“Can I get a ride over to Austin’s house or could someone give him a ride here?” I asked. “I need to talk things over with him since he’s my boyfriend and this affects him even though he isn’t the father.”

“I can run you over, honey,” Dad said.

“I’ll call and confirm that he has time to see me today,” I said. I called and Austin had time to see me. Dad drove me over to Austin’s house.

“Should I wait for you?” Dad asked as I got out of the car.

“Why don’t you,” I agreed. “Either this is going to an incredibly short meeting and he dumps me or we will want a lot of time to talk. I’ll call you in about five minutes and let you know if I need you for an early ride home.”

Mrs. Burnett met me at the door and sent me up to Austin’s room. “Shut the door?” I asked as I stepped into what I assumed was a typical teenaged boy’s messy bedroom.

“No,” Austin said. “My parents reminded me of their very firm rule. The door always stays open when girlfriends are in the bedroom.”

“What’s up that you needed to see me on a Sunday?” Austin asked. “I thought we agreed to keep Sundays for family time.”

“Something has come up you need to know about,” I said. “I have good news and bad news.”

“Good news, bad news,” Austin teased. “Can I have the bad first?”

“No, you get the good news first,” I said. “The bad news is real bad. I want you to know the good news so you can hear it in case you kick me out after the bad.”

"OK, shoot," Austin said.

"The first thing is last Thursday afternoon," I said. "I was wrong about the chances of you knocking me up. It wasn't 0.6%. It was zero percent chance of knocking me up."

"OK, that's good," Austin said. "Next?"

"You know how I said there were around twelve days a month we could have sex without using rubbers?" Austin gave me a big smile and nodded yes. "It is actually thirty days a month, except for the long months, when it is safe all thirty-one days." Austin stared at me, dumbfounded.

"Bad news?" he asked.

"My parents know about us having sex," I said. Austin shuddered.

"Does your father have a gun?" he asked.

"They know about us and they are OK with us having sex," I continued. "Mom said that we are old enough to make our own decisions about our bodies and then live with the consequences."

"Let me get this straight," Austin said. "We can have sex whenever we want with your parents knowledge and consent. We don't need to use rubbers at all. We can have sex without protection. What is the bad news? All of this seems too good to be true."

"Now for the real bad news," I said. "You know how I told you I wasn't a virgin when we started dating?"

"It's a damn good thing you weren't," Austin said. "I doubt I would have had the courage to push you as far as we've gotten if I was leading the way."

"Well, I told you a little about my first time," I said. "He seduced me, screwed me without protection and did it when I was most likely to get knocked up."

"Yeah, you told me all that," Austin said. "You got lucky. You had your period a couple weeks after all that happened."

"I didn't have my period," I countered. "I'm pregnant."

"Pregnant?" Austin asked blankly. "I couldn't have gotten you pregnant. We always used protection except for..." Austin laughed. "Except for our fun last Thursday. There is no way you could know if you are pregnant from that so soon."

"You're not the father," I said. "Mom estimates I am around eight weeks along. I was pregnant before you ever asked me for a date."

"Oh," Austin said quietly.

"I totally understand if you want to break up with me," I said. "No one could expect you to continue dating a girl carrying some other boy's baby."

"But... but, I love you, Sarah," Austin said. "I don't want to break up with you. We may be young but I feel strong, serious feelings for you. My dad says tough times show a person's true character. What would it say about me if I deserted you when you need friends the most?"

"Seriously, you are willing to stay with me even though I am going to get fat and ugly as this other guy's baby grows in me? I am going to get shit from everyone at school for being dumb enough to get knocked up. You're going to get shit too for being my boyfriend."

"So?" Austin asked simply. "Kids give each other shit all the time. Who cares?" Austin hugged me and gave me a deep, tongue wiggling kiss.

"I love you Austin Burnett," I said when our lips parted. "I love you so much."

I called out and told Dad he could head home. Austin and I spent the afternoon doing research for our biology paper. Real research, not field practices in sexuality like at my house. The Burnetts invited me to stay for supper before they gave me a ride back home.

----oooOooo----

The obstetrician confirmed what we already knew. I was knocked up and the likely date of conception was September 29, 2014, the night Danny Garrity screwed me. I was due to give birth on June 8, 2015. Once the fact of my pregnancy was established, Dad's attorney went after Danny Garrity. His family was responsible for 50% of the cost of our child's birth. He was also responsible for child support until our child turned eighteen. He waived visitation and parental rights to the child.

It turns out Danny had been a busy boy. I wasn't the second girl he knocked up, as the rumor mill said. Danny had knocked up four since last spring. Two got abortions with Danny's money. Kayla Fremont and I did not believe in abortions, so Danny was responsible for his share of all costs and for child support. Kayla and I got to be good friends. She was a tenth grader like me. Danny had seduced her about three weeks after me. She realized she was knocked up sooner, right after missing her first period. Danny's parents sent him off to an all-male military school for the rest of high school.

Austin, God bless his forgiving heart, stayed with me throughout my pregnancy. He served as my birthing coach. We found out my boyfriend had a kink for pregnant ladies. That was fortunate since he had a pregnant and very horny girlfriend to keep satisfied. My parents were considerate about giving Austin and me private time as we needed to fill our urges and needs. The Burnetts were raising younger kids, so we didn't get the same leeway when we were at their house.

Austin was present when Liam Michael MacCarraher was born seven months later on June 12, 2015. I had doubted Austin's sincerity or ability to choose a life mate at such a young age. The boy picked correctly. I attended community college after high school and got a degree in accounting. Austin commuted to the local state university and received his BS in Mechanical Engineering three weeks ago. We are getting married next Saturday on June 12, 2021, which is Liam's sixth birthday. Liam will serve as our ring-bearer for the ceremony. The adoption papers are already drawn up. Austin will become Liam's dad legally as well as in fact, as he has been since the boy was born. After I wed Austin, he will file to adopt Liam, making all of us Burnetts.

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The End

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