

Chapter 24

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Drew McCormick grabbed me before school started on Monday. He said, “I don’t know why, but Stacie told me to tell you ‘thank you’ for Saturday night.”

“Umm, OK. I’m not sure what it is for.”

“If it had anything to do with what happened to me on Saturday night, all I can say is: Thank you, thank you... Thank you!”

I asked, “What happened on Saturday night, Drew?”

“I got laid. It was my first time. Thank you, Kyle.”

I explained, “I didn’t really do all that much, Drew. Stacie asked if I knew anyone who might want to go with her Saturday night. I just suggested she talk to you.”

“Thank you, Kyle. I never would have had nerve to talk to a sixteen year old cheerleader on my own. I’m too shy.”

“I’ve never seen you be shy, Drew. What do you mean?”

“I’m fine around guys but I’m painfully shy around girls. I freeze up. I can’t say anything.”

“I didn’t know that.”

“I’ve only been on one date in my life. It was a blind date that my mom and aunt set up. It was a complete disaster. I couldn’t talk. The date was incredibly painful both of us. I haven’t had the nerve to ask anyone else for a date.”

“Did Stacie help you out?”

“Definitely. It’s hard to be bashful when you have your prick stuffed inside a girl. I feel comfortable around Stacie.”

“I’m glad things are working out for you, Drew.”

----oooOooo----

Our monthly Venturer Crew meeting was on Tuesday night. Dad drove Ed, Jeremy and me over to the church for the meeting. I brought my fully loaded pack along for the demonstration that Ed and I were giving that night.

The three of us went inside and set up in the meeting room. A few of the kids had arrived already. Ed and I were reviewing our presentation when we noticed Jake Kring walk in. We motioned for him to come over.

I greeted our friend, “Nice to see you Jake. Are you interested in joining Venturers?”

“Yeah. Your brother, Andy, has been telling me about some of the things you guys do. He told me about the two week canoe trip in Canada next summer. It sounds like fun. Is it too late to sign up for that trip?”

“No. Sign up for Algonquin isn’t until February. You have lots of time,” I explained.

Ed and I proceeded to tell Jake about the other trips we had planned for the crew and introduced him to Joe and Barb Baer. Jake asked, "I guess Mr. Baer is the one who runs the meetings?"

Ed explained, "No. First, call him, Joe. He doesn't like to be called Mr. Baer here. Second, he is our advisor. We run the meetings."

I continued, "Penny Edwards runs the crew. She is the president."

Jake asked, "Your girlfriend?"

I said, "Ex-girlfriend. We broke up a month ago."

"Sorry, Kyle," Jake answered. "I didn't know that."

Penny arrived in the room almost on cue. She arrived with her arm linked with Travis Evans' arm. I took a deep breath and let out a sigh. "Steady, Kyle." Ed said as he put his hand on my left shoulder.

"I'm OK. It's just hard seeing her with another guy," I answered. About thirty seconds later Stefany walked in holding hands with Brandon McCafferty. I didn't know they were dating. I asked, "Are you going to be alright, Ed?"

"I'm fine," Ed said. "Really, I'm fine."

Penny and Stef carried their papers to the front table and got set up for the meeting. Brandon wandered back to join Ed, Jake, Jeremy, Hal and me. He gave us a big smile and said, "Hi guys. Surprised to see me here?"

I answered, "Yes. We've been telling out that you should join Boy Scouts or Venturers for the last four years. What made you decide to join now?"

"Stef is more persuasive then you guys. What can I say?" Brandon asked, grinning. He continued, "Are we cool Ed? I know you and Stef used to date."

"We broke up ten weeks ago," Ed said. "I have no claim to Stef."

It was cool to have Brandon around again. He had been an integral part of our gang of friends when we were in eighth grade. His schedule last year had been completely different from the rest of us, so we hardly saw him in the past thirteen months.

Penny called for everyone to find seats. We started the meeting with the Pledge of Allegiance. Ed and I did our demonstration on how to pack for a backpacking trip next. Hal and Jeremy followed our presentation with a talk on map and compass and a review of the route of our backpacking trip on the Appalachian Trail two weekends from now. Penny and Stefany followed with a discussion of the menu for the trip. We finished the meeting with Hal and Kathy collecting money and permission slips from everyone going on the trip.

Penny and Travis, Brandon and Stef, Hal and Tammy, Jeremy and Kathy, and Ed and I stayed behind at the end of the meeting to finalize the details for the trip with Joe and Barb Baer. We had twenty Venturers going on the trip. We had to split into two crews. The group was too large to hike in one group. Joe said his brother Justin and his wife Sherry would advise the second crew. We decided to have Hal, Tammy, Jeremy and Kathy lead the first crew while Penny, Ed, and I led the second crew. We divided the rest of the kids into the two crews. Jake Kring ended up with Ed and me.

---oooOooo---

I was looking forward to sixth period on Wednesday. We had spent the first seven weeks of the school year drafting first floor plans for Architectural Drafting. My plan was turned in for grading on Monday. Mr. Winters was going to turn the drawings back today. He handed them back to us first thing. I looked at mine and beamed. It had a large yellow post-it note attached that had a big A+ on it. The rest of the note read: "Excellent work Kyle. You need more practice with line work. The width varies too much. Practice your lettering. It could be more consistent."

We started the floor plans for the second floor of the house that day. I grinned and daydreamed as I traced the outline of the house and stairway onto the second floor plan. I was good at this. I could see myself becoming an architect when I grew up. Was this what I wanted to do for the rest of my life? Maybe.

The coaches worked us hard all week at practice. The sessions were intense. Everyone focused on their part in beating Central. This game would be the hardest one of the regular season. If we won, we would have first place in the league. If we lost, we would fall to third or fourth place in the league. Losing wasn't something to contemplate.

We practiced a couple surprises for Central during the week. We ran the fake reverse and flanker option pass half a dozen times each day. We expected they would be worth a touchdown or two in the game. Central had never seen me pass and they didn't know about Drew McCormick's speed. Coach Graham worked with me on my throwing mechanics. I threw about twenty passes a day. By Thursday I actually was good enough to put a nice spiral on the ball. I felt confident I could hit the pass to Don when we ran the flanker option against Central.

Football frenzy gripped our school. I wore my game jersey with pride on Friday. I was used to people wishing me luck on Fridays, but the reception by my classmates was bigger than I expected. The whole school was looking for our team to beat Central and head to the playoffs again. I felt confident that we would win.

Andy and I had an early supper that night. Dad drove Andy, Ed, Jeremy and me back to school to catch the bus to Manheim. We played at their stadium this year. When we arrived, I wished Andy luck as he headed for the Middle School locker room for dress for his game. Ed and I followed the team to our locker room.

When we sat down on the bench in front of our lockers, I slapped Ed on the back and asked, "Are you ready, buddy?"

"Yep, I think so."

"You'll do great. We lead the league in passing yardage and touchdowns. We can beat these guys."

"I know, but this is the biggest football game I ever played in," Ed said.

"You'll do great, Ed. Central players put their jock straps on exactly the same way as us. We beat them last year. We can do it again. Remember to throw away from Trent. I'm faster than him, but he closes on the ball quickly."

"I practiced with Trent for ten weeks this summer. I know exactly how to deal with him."

"That's the spirit, Ed."

The coaches reviewed the game plan with us while the JV teams played. We went through our usual rituals to prepare ourselves mentally and physically for football. Finally it was time to take the field for warm-ups. When we finished that, we had a couple minutes before the game started. Ed, Jeremy and I went over to the Central team to see Trent and his cousin Christian to say hello before the game.

We met near midfield. I gave Trent a hug and said, "It's good to see you, man!"

Trent answered, “You too.”

I shook Christian’s hand. We introduced Jeremy to Christian and vice versa. We talked for a couple minutes before we parted. It was good to see our friends again.

Our team was huddled for a last minute pep talk from Coach Caffrey when word reached us that the JV team had lost in the last seconds to Central’s JV team. Andy had managed to collect two touchdowns in the loss.

We came out of the locker room and waited a minute until the announcer was ready to introduce our team. Central’s field was filled to capacity with vociferous fans dressed in burgundy and gray. I’d never seen a crowd this loud in my previous eighteen games. Central fans knew how to support their team. Trent’s teammates were introduced to sustained applause and cheers. Christian brought almost as much noise out of the crowd as their quarterback. He obviously was a crowd favorite.

We won the coin toss and elected to receive the kickoff. Tim Showalter did a good job. He got us started from our thirty-one yard line. We ran a couple simple off tackle plays. Stan picked up 9 yards on the two plays. On the third play I was sent on a deep streak downfield. Trent and the free safety covered me short and deep, so I wasn’t open. Don broke free of his man. Ed fired the ball to him for a twelve yard gain. Drew came in to spell Stan. Coach Caffrey called for a sweep on this play. I blocked Trent towards the center of the field while Drew ran to my outside. He turned the corner and headed downfield. The free safety went for the tackle about seven yards past the line of scrimmage. Drew neatly stiff armed him and kept running. Drew kicked into a higher gear and flew down the sideline. No other Central player came close to touching him, much less tackling him. Drew scored our first touchdown. Score: 7-0 Wolverines.

When Drew reached the end zone Trent exclaimed, “Shit! Where did you guys get him?”

“Drew? He’s been around all year. I guess you won’t cheat on covering outside runs anymore, will you?”

“You guys got anymore surprises for us?”

“I hope we do, Trent. You’ll see.”

Trent got a big grin. “Yeah. We’ll both see about surprises.” I wondered what Central had planned for us. We’d find out quickly.

We kicked off to them after the PAT went through the uprights. Central wasted no time letting us know that we were in for a long night. Their first play was a streak downfield by Christian just like mine. Christian flew by our cornerback, Dylan Peachey, like he was standing still. Seth Vogel, our sophomore back up free safety tried to adjust and get over to cover Christian, but he was too slow too. Christian caught a beautifully thrown pass thirty yards downfield and sprinted into the end zone for a touchdown. Central’s successful PAT brought the score to 7-7.

The two opening drives, if you can call four plays and a touchdown followed by one play for a touchdown drives, set the tone for the night. Both offenses had too many weapons for the defenses. We kept Drew on the field as much as Stan. Drew stretched Central’s defense in ways that they couldn’t fix.

Unfortunately I was finding out how our opponents felt when they tried to cover me. Dylan Peachey just wasn’t fast enough to cover Christian one on one. We put our safeties Pete Houck and Seth Vogel on him to try and help cover him deep, but they couldn’t always help. I knew exactly how easy it is to use your play calling to pull the extra defensive back away from his intended double coverage. We did it every game. We were going to spend the game trading touchdowns. Last team with the ball wins. A real shootout.

I caught a touchdown on a high throw by out jumping Trent and the free safety for my first touchdown. We managed to stop Central on one drive without them scoring. We led 21-14 at the time. Coach Caffrey

decided it was a good time to use our flanker option pass. It worked to perfection. Greg slid back and picked off Trent while I ran behind the line of scrimmage. Ed flipped the ball to Drew who then handed it to me. I followed Ed's block to free me for my "run." The cornerback covering Don frantically ran towards me as I approached the line of scrimmage. I tossed a nice spiral to Don when the cornerback left him uncovered. Don ran the ball into the end zone for us. The score stood at 28-14 Wolverines.

Trent had a few words for me when he caught up with me after Don scored. "Yeah, Kyle. 'Oh, my arms too weak. I can't throw the ball back to Ed. Can you do it for me?' What a load of shit you fed me at camp!"

I answered, "I thought that little secret might be worth a touchdown tonight. I was right. We'll do whatever we need to win this evening."

"Fair enough. I guess Christian is a bit of a surprise."

"Yeah. The two of you kept his speed very quiet," I retorted.

Coach Wyndham tried putting two or even three defensive backs on Christian when Central got the ball. We managed to keep the ball out of his hands, but at a high cost. We had to take George Reynolds out when we put in the fifth DB. George was excellent at stopping the run. Without him, Rick, Jeremy and the defensive line were overmatched. Central pushed the ball straight up the field on our defense. Finally, in desperation, Coach Wyndham put George back in. On the very next play Central's quarterback threw a perfect deep pass to Christian who carried the ball into the end zone. Score: 28-21 Wolverines

We got the ball back with three minutes left in the half. Ed moved us steadily down the field with our usual mix of passing and running. I was sent on a deep pass route on the sixth play. I cleared the cornerback and was open for the ball. I was forty yards downfield when I glanced back to find out why the ball wasn't here yet. A Central defensive end had broken through the pass protection and flushed Ed out of the pocket. Ed desperately threw the ball downfield to me just as the end hit him. The ball wobbled but flew downfield towards me. I had to backtrack towards Trent to make a play for the ball. Trent had position on me. He caught the ball to his chest while I helplessly watched from behind him. I tackled Trent immediately, but he held onto his interception.

I helped Trent to his feet after the play and complemented him on the interception. The play could have been worse. Ed's interception really worked out like a punt. Central needed to go the almost the full length of the field to score in the 57 seconds remaining in the half.

Coach Wyndham put us in prevent defense. We let Central have 6-8 yards every play, but nothing deep. Pete Houck, our free safety positioned himself in the end zone before the snap on each play. He covered Christian deep with Dylan and Seth's help underneath. We managed to slow Central down enough that they burned almost all the time on the clock just getting into field goal range. They tried a forty-two yard field goal just before the end of the half. Their kicker didn't have a strong enough leg to make the points.

We went into the locker room thankful for our precarious lead. The coaches discussed options with the defense to stop, or at least slow down Christian and the Central offense. Coach Graham discussed our plans with the offense. Every one of us knew we needed to score on every possession if we wanted to maintain our lead.

Central received the second half kickoff. They marched the ball down the field. Our defense managed to limit Christian to no more than ten yards a pass. The extra coverage for Christian left us vulnerable in other places. Central's other wide receivers and tight end made up for the yardage Christian couldn't get. They managed to stuff the ball into the end zone after a thirteen play drive. This brought the score to 28-28.

Central managed to cover my deep routes when we got the ball back. We were forced settle for shorter gains on each play. We worked the ball down the field with a mix of passes and runs. Drew almost scored on an outside sweep, but he got pushed out of bounds at the Central six yard line. We tried to bull our way

into the end zone with Stan carrying the ball twice. On third down we tried passing. Ed threw the ball to the corner of the end zone. I jumped for it, but the three defenders managed to knock it loose before I could get my feet settled and establish possession of the ball. We ended up settling for a field goal. This put us in the lead 31-28.

In desperation, Coach Wyndham put Jeremy on pass coverage for the wide receiver on the opposite side of the field from Christian. Normally linebackers aren't supposed to be able to cover wide receivers. Jeremy's practice in the spring covering Don, Karl, Andy and me paid off. With the switch, we could cover Christian with two or three defensive backs on Christian and still have enough weight on the line to stop running plays. Central managed to move the ball down the field. We stopped them short of the end zone. They tried another long field goal, which they missed. The score remained 31-28, Wolverines favor.

Our offense went back to work. Central dogged us again, making us earn every yard. We pushed down the field on another long drive. Drew broke a tackle on a draw and carried the ball down to Central's thirty-one yard line. Ed threw three straight passes into the end zone, but Don, Karl, Drew, Greg and I were blanketed with coverage. We missed our field goal try. Score: 31-28, Wolverines.

Both teams spent most of the third and fourth quarters slowing, but not stopping the other team. Neither team managed to score. We got the ball with about three minutes remaining. We moved downfield like on other drives, in 6-8 yard chunks. When we reached Central's forty yard line, we tried a new play. Drew and I both ran deep routes. We surprised Central. They had a linebacker on Drew. Drew flew by the linebacker. The free safety that was on double coverage on me peeled off to try to cover Drew. This was my opportunity. I had separation from Trent. Ed fired the ball to me. It was short so I had to turn back to catch it. I caught it on the five yard line. Trent hit me immediately, but I stayed on my feet. I dragged Trent into the end zone to score the go-ahead touchdown. When we made the PAT, the score was 38-31 Wolverines.

I glanced at the clock. 82 seconds remained in the game. Did we score too quickly? Our kickoff coverage team did a good job. Central had to gain 78 yards to score.

We played our prevent defense to force Central to gain their yards slowly. They moved steadily down the field towards our goal line, but precious seconds ticked off the clock. There were 42 seconds and two time outs left when Central reached our twenty-two yard line. Coach Wyndham sent Jeremy on a well timed blitz. He sacked the quarterback for an eight yard loss. Central misfired on the next two plays for incompletions. We set seven guys in zone defense between the first down yard marker and the back of the end zone. Christian settled into the seam in our zone at the two yard line, caught a crisp pass, turned and fell into the end zone as our defenders converged on him. Central went for the two point conversion. Their QB lobbed the ball to Christian, who caught the ball despite Seth, Dylan and Pete's efforts knock it loose. Score: 39-38, Central.

We had 22 seconds left in the game to recover the lead. Tim Showalter did a superb job on the kickoff. He managed to get to our forty-nine yard line before he was pushed out of bounds. The coaches sent Drew and me deep. We drew the defense with us. Greg caught our first pass twenty-two yards downfield. Ed quickly called a timeout to kill the clock at fourteen seconds remaining. Drew and I sprinted for opposite corners of the end zone. Ed threw towards me. I out jumped Trent and the strong safety, but couldn't hang on to the ball when I came down. Nine seconds remained in the game.

We were stuck on the 29 yard line, too far for a realistic shot at a field goal. We had to go for the end zone. We tried the same play again. Ed threw towards Drew this time. The free safety managed to get his hands on the ball first, but Drew knocked it to the ground. We had four seconds and one play left to win the game.

We changed the play a little. All receivers were to converge on the same side of the field. I would jump and try to tip the ball to someone on our team. We ran the play as designed. I timed my leap properly, reaching my peak height as Ed delivered the ball to our crowd. I batted the ball to Don at the one yard line. Don bobbled the ball as the Central defender hit him. The ball bounced out and flew backwards in the air,

still in play. Karl caught it at knee level and brought the ball securely to his chest. He took a step towards the goal line and then was swamped by Central defenders. Karl collapsed under the pile on the four yard line.

I looked up at the clock. It read 0:00. Game over! Forty-seven minutes and 56 seconds of extraordinary effort for naught. I sat down stunned, holding my head in my hands while the players in burgundy and gray celebrated our demise. How could all our months of work go for nothing? Four stinking yards! We make those yards and we take first place in our league. Miss them and we fall to fourth place in the league. Only the first two teams go to the playoffs. Our hopes for the season collapsed with Karl in that pile of bodies. Life sucked!

My teammates gathered in small groups trying to console each other. Jeremy, Ed and I gathered together to bemoan the chances we missed to win that night. Trent and Christian found us.

Trent patted me on the back and said, "You played a hell of a game, Kyle. I thought you were going to pull it out in the end."

I answered, "Thanks, Trent. Now I know how you felt last year. Losing sucks. I haven't had much experience with this." Looking over at Christian, I said, "You played great, Christian. You sure surprised us with your speed. You add a completely new dimension to your team. Congratulations, buddy." I extended my hand to congratulate him.

Trent said, "Ed, I know how your team handled replacing an all-state quarterback. You're going to get a lot of honors when this season is over. You played awesomely tonight. You are going to have a great career, man."

Ed answered, "Thanks for the compliments, Trent. Right now I don't feel that good about how I played. Winning counts. All the rest is icing on the cake to worry about after you win. I didn't play good enough to win, so the rest doesn't matter." Ed paused a few seconds to compose himself. "You played a hell of a game, Christian. It was an honor to practice with you this summer."

Christian replied, "Thanks for the compliments, guys. I'm just doing my part to help my team. It's no big deal."

"You're being modest, Christian," I said. "You deserve all the praise you get. You completely changed our defense. We don't have an answer for your speed. We have a lot of work before we play you next year."

Trent asked, "Don't you figure you can make the playoffs?"

"We're fourth place in the league. No playoffs for us this year. You guys go out and kick butt for us when playoffs start, OK?" I answered.

My teammates were subdued when I reached the locker room. This loss was much harder to take than the loss to Cornwall earlier in the season. None of us could see any way we would recover from this and make the playoffs.

---oooOooo---

Andy and I got up early on Saturday morning. We finished the first six lawns before lunch. Andy and I ate lunch together before we headed to the Jacksons to mow our last lawn for the morning.

Andy asked, "Come on, Kyle. You promised me you would take me to the movies some Saturday. Why not tonight?" Andy whined.

"I don't know, Andy. Why don't we do it another week?" I countered.

Mom asked, “Why don’t you take your brother along, Kyle? I’m sure he would enjoy it.”

“Mom, I don’t know if this is a good idea. It will be a bunch of senior high kids. I don’t know if it’s a good idea for an eighth grader to hang out with us?” I offered. How do I tell my Mom that I plan to ditch the movie so I can jump in bed with one of my cheerleader friends?

Mom said, “Take you brother, Kyle.” in her most commanding voice.

Andy beamed. “I’ll keep out of your way, Kyle. I won’t be any trouble at all.”

“OK,” I said glumly. So much for getting laid tonight. I guess I would actually see a movie. It would be the first time I would see a movie when I ‘went to the movies’ since Penny and I broke up.

“You look after your brother tonight, Kyle. Both of you need to be home by 10:30. Do you understand, boys?”

Both of us nodded. When we finished our sandwiches, we headed for the Jacksons. Andy and I finished the lawn in an hour. We returned home. I headed upstairs and showered for my night out. Andy followed me into the shower when I was done with it. I decided tonight was a good night for my weekly shave. I lathered my face and scraped my twenty-two whiskers off. Yes, I have so few that I can count them.

Andy was out of the shower and drying himself. He asked, “When do you think I’ll need to shave?”

I rubbed the back my hand on Andy’s chin. It was as smooth as a baby’s bottom. I chuckled and said, “Not for awhile, Andy. I started shaving a year ago. Maybe you will need to in six months or a year from now.”

I brushed my teeth and headed back to my bedroom. I picked out some nice clothes for the evening. Maybe I could watch the movie with Julie Simpson. If I wasn’t going to have sex, I could at least get to know Julie better. Who knows where that could lead? I called Greg to let him know Andy was going with us. Greg didn’t mind.

When we were ready, Andy and I went downstairs to the living room and hung out until Greg came for us. Mom said, “Kyle, you look after your brother tonight. I’m counting on you.”

“I will, Mom,” I replied. “I promise.”

Greg drove Andy and me to the pizza place that my friends usually met. Greg grabbed a seat at the table with Cindy Anderson and Sally Edmonds. Andy and I found an empty table near by. My teammates and our friends gathered by twos and threes.

Everyone was subdued tonight, still smarting from losing to Central last night. Four stinking yards between a touchdown and first place in our league and were we were now, in fourth place behind Central, the Braves and Cornwall. Cornwall lost to LS last night. Their record was 5-2, the same as us. They kept third place on the strength of their victory over us earlier in the season. Our only slim hope was that the turmoil in their team would continue and they would lose more games.

Ed came in and sat down with Sally, Greg and Cindy. Jessie Hamilton and Stacie Thompson followed Ed in the door. They spotted me and went straight for my table.

Jessie eyed Andy and said, “I see you brought your brother tonight. Are you going to introduce us, Kyle?”

“I’m sorry. Forgive my manners. Jess, this is my brother, Andrew. Andy, this is Jessica Hamilton.” Jessie shook Andy’s hand. She pulled him closer and gave him a kiss on the cheek. Andy blushed.

Stacie looked Andy over, smiled and asked, “Where have you been hiding this cutie, Tiger?”

“Tiger?” Andy interjected.

“That’s the nickname I gave your brother,” she said. “I’m Stacie Thompson.”

“I’m Andy, Andy Martin.” Andy answered as he held his hand out to shake her hand. Stacie shook Andy’s hand and then used it to pull Andy to her. She hugged him and gave him a kiss on the lips. Andy blushed. He was experiencing the full bore Stacie treatment.

Stacie gushed, “You are definitely a cutie. I’d like to eat you up.” She gave Andy another kiss full on the lips. They sat down together. Stacie pressed up against Andy, pinning him to the back of the booth. She was rubbing Andy’s shoulders, chest and tummy while she flirted with him. Andy ate up all the attention.

We placed the order for our dinner. I soon lost track of Andy and Stacie. Jess kept my attention riveted to her. We cuddled, kissed and rubbed each other. My cock stayed erect all through dinner as Jessie did her best to bring my hormones to their peak level. We kissed passionately, our tongues seeking each other, exploring our mouths.

When Jessie and I finally broke apart, I noticed that Stacie had Andy pressed into the corner of the booth. Her big tits were mashed into Andy’s chest. She and Andy were kissing, mouths open, tongues probing each other. Andy had his arms wrapped around Stacie. He rubbed her back as they kissed.

Stacie pulled away from Andy a few inches and whispered something in his ear. Andy broke out a big grin when Stacie finished. “I’d like that, Stacie. I really want to do that.” Andy stared at me and asked, “Can I talk to you somewhere, Kyle?”

“Sure. Let’s hit the bathroom.” I answered. We got up and walked to the bathroom in the back of the shop.

When we were alone inside the men’s room, I asked, “What’s up?”

“Stacie would like me to go home with her. She wants us to be alone. I think she wants to have sex.”

“I know that is what she is after, Andy,” I said. “I don’t think this is a good idea.”

“Why? I think Stacie is really good looking. I’d like to go with her.”

“Stacie is too old for you. She is sixteen. You’re only thirteen.”

“I’ll be fourteen in a couple months,” Andy countered.

“It’s a bad idea. You shouldn’t have sex with, Stacie.”

“Kyle, you remember Labor Day Weekend when you dragged me away from Trish before we could screw? You said it was because I could have gotten her pregnant.”

“Yes, and....?”

“You said you would have let me have sex with her if I had a condom.” Andy reached in his pocket and pulled his condom out and held it in front of my face. “Did you mean it or was that all bullshit?”

I stared at the floor for a few seconds. I looked back up and looked Andy in the eye. “I meant it. Put the condom away, you won’t need it. Stacie is safe. She is on the pill.”

“Cool!” Andy exclaimed. His smile spread from ear to ear. Andy and I headed back out to our table. Ed and Sally passed us.

Sally said to Ed, "Give me a minute to freshen up, OK?"

"Sure" Ed answered. Ed turned to me and said, "We're heading out, Kyle. Wish me luck."

"Good luck, Ed. Make sure you tell Sally how you're going to knock her up. She'll love it."

"What???" Ed stammered, clearly alarmed at the prospect of fatherhood again.

"Relax, Ed. It's OK. She's on the pill. But tell her you're going to knock her up. You'll see what I mean."

"Um, OK," Ed answered.

"Trust me, Ed. She'll like it," I answered.

Sally rejoined Ed. The two of them headed out for a night of sharing their bodies. Andy and I went to our table and sat with our girls. Andy whispered to Stacie and she got a big grin. Stacie said, "Cutie here and I are going to go back to my house. We'll see you later."

It hit me. "Shit! No, you can't do that. It's not going to work," I declared.

Andy's smile turned to a look of horror. "What?" he whined.

I explained, "Mom said I had to look after you. We can't come home in different cars at different times. We will get in trouble."

"Shit! Now what?" Andy responded.

Stacie asked, "Could we use your house, Jess?"

Jessie answered, "Sure. My sister's bed is available. My parents took her to another soccer tournament. They are in New Jersey this weekend."

"Cool. We're all, set cutie!" Stacie purred, stroking Andy's back.

We paid our bill and headed for the cars. Andy rode with Stacie and I rode with Jessie. Stacie followed Jessie to the Hamilton residence. I thought about what was going to happen. My little brother was going to lose his virginity to a sixteen year old cheerleader in a bed three feet away from where I was going to ravish this beauty driving me to her bedroom.

Stacie pulled up right behind Jessie's car when we arrived at Jessie's house. Jessie and I noticed Stacie and Andy were still in her car when we were ready to go inside. We looked back to see Andy on top of Stacie kissing her and feeling her large breasts. Jessie went back and knocked on the window. "I have a bed inside for you two. You don't have to do that out here," Jessie said with a laugh.

Andy looked up and blushed. Stacie opened the car door and crawled out from under Andy and out of the car. She helped Andy follow her out the driver's door. Andy looked at me, grinned and blushed. Stacie put her arm around his back and said, "Come on, cutie. We're only getting started."

The four of us headed upstairs to the bedroom Jessie shared with her younger sister Vicky. Stacie and Andy lay down on Vicky's bed and continued their kissing. Jessie and I sat on her bed and locked our lips together. Our tongues met. We teased each other with our tongues, bringing our excitement to a higher pitch.

After a couple minutes, Jessie and I removed our clothes. I noticed Andy and Stacie were down to boxers and panties. Andy was sucking one of Stacie's big nipples while he played with her other tit. Stacie was panting and encouraging Andy to keep sucking.

Jessie and I proceeded to pleasure each other in the 69 position. My tongue was buried in Jessie's hole when I heard my brother groan. "Unhh... Unhh.... Noooooooo.... I wanted to last longer than this." Andy cried plaintively.

"Shhh. It's OK, cutie. We aren't done yet," Stacie replied soothingly. I could see they were naked. Stacie rearranged Andy so he was sitting against the headboard of the bed. "Let's get you ready again, Andy." Stacie said as she lowered her head to Andy's crotch.

Andy moaned, "Ohhhh...." as Stacie's mouth engulfed his cock.

"Mmmm... it's still hard, cutie. This will be fun." Stacie said during a pause in the blow job she was giving Andy.

I turned my full attention back to Jessie's pussy. I licked and sucked Jessie's lips and clitoris for a few minutes while Jessie did the same thing to my cock. After a couple minutes I pushed my fingers into Jessie's tunnel, feeling for her G-spot. After a few probes I found the spot I was seeking. I rubbed and prodded Jessie's passage until she shrieked, bucked her hips and drenched my hand with her juices as she climaxed. My cock dropped out of her mouth while her body shook from its sexual high.

I glanced over at Andy and Stacie while I waited for Jessie to recover her senses. Andy was back on top of Stacie. Their tongues were wrestling between their open mouths. Andy was rubbing his cock along Stacie's slit while they kissed. Andy's cock shined from Stacie's juices.

Stacie cooed "I'm ready, cutie. I want your dick in me now."

"Umm... OK," Andy answered. I watched as my brother tried to position himself at Stacie's opening. He thrust and his cock slid up Stacie's slot and rubbed across her clit. "Errr..." He pushed again. This time his cock slid down between her legs. "Shit!" Andy said with a hint of despondency in his voice.

"Relax, cutie. Feel down my slot with your finger. Near the bottom is the opening. Do you feel it, Andy?"

"Uh huh," my brother answered.

"Keep your finger there. Now move your cock into position," Stacie said. Andy positioned himself the way he was told. "Ohhh... that's the spot cutie." Stacie grabbed Andy's ass cheeks to steady him. "Push in now, Andy."

My brother's cock sank into Stacie's vagina. "Oh... wow..." Andy moaned as he sank in until his pubic bone was mashed against Stacie's.

My brother paused for a few seconds, holding his cock fully inside Stacie. "Holy cow. I can't believe I'm fucking. I'm not a little kid anymore," Andy exclaimed.

"No you're not, Andy," Stacie replied. She waited a few more seconds for Andy to get started. "Cutie, pull out a little and push back in." Andy seemed to finally remember there was more to this than penetration. He pulled out. "Not too far, cutie. Stay inside me." Stacie used her hands on Andy's ass cheeks to keep him from pulling the whole way out. "Good, now push in again." Andy thrust into Stacie. "In and out. That's it, cutie. You got it." Andy quickly picked up the most natural of rhythms; fucking. I watched my brother's pale white ass cheeks bob up and down as he found out what it really meant to be a man.

My attention returned to Jessie when she nipped my nipple with her teeth and cooed, “You going to watch all night or are you going to participate?”

“I’m sorry, Jess. I just want to make sure Andy does OK.” I turned back to my lover and gave her a kiss. “What position do you want to use tonight?” I asked.

“Why don’t you get on top this time, Kyle?”

“OK. You got it,” Jessie bent herself nearly in two when she raised her knees to her head. I positioned myself behind her, steadying her legs by putting my hands on her ankles. I pushed my cock into her velvet tunnel until I hit bottom. I started off with long slow strokes. My cock would go from only my tip inside Jessie, slide in until it was planted deeply inside Jessie’s womanhood and nudged against the entrance to her womb.

I had barely started when Andy grunted, “Oh, Oh, Ohhh... Unhh... Unnnhhh...” He collapsed on top of Stacie.

She asked, “Did you cum, cutie?”

“Mmmmm yeah, I did,” Andy sighed and stared down at Stacie. “Thank you. That was great. I guess we’re done now?”

“We don’t have to be,” Stacie answered. She held Andy’s ass tight to her body as he tried to pull out. “We can do this again, cutie. Are you still hard?”

“Yes,” Andy said.

“You know what to do, Andy. Keep going. I’m having fun.”

“OK,” Andy answered. His hips and ass started bobbing up and down again. Stacie sighed and smiled.

Jessie and I continued our coupling. I worked my hard cock in and out of Jessie’s pussy. Long strokes, short strokes, in and out quickly, slow thrusts; I used everything I knew to bring joy to my lover. We spent about ten minutes stimulating each other before Jessie reached her next orgasm. I barely held my climax off as Jessie’s pussy spasmed and begged to be filled with my semen. When Jessie calmed down I used long hard strokes to bring myself to orgasm. My cum welled up from deep in my groin, blasted out and sprayed all over the insides of my lover’s pussy and womb. Jessie and I lay cuddled together as we relaxed from our climaxes. We stroked each others hair, cheeks and chests as we came down from our high.

Meanwhile Andy continued humping Stacie, working on his third climax of the evening. Stacie cooed, “Oh my. You keep going and going ... and going... and going...”

“Thank you Stacie,” Andy answered.

“You’re like the Energizer Bunny, Andy,” Stacie said.

“Ummm.... uhhh.... Thank you,” Andy stuttered. He continued pumping in and out of Stacie.

“Hey voyeur, you want to go again?” Jessie asked after a kiss.

“Uh, sure thing,” I answered.

Jessie rolled me over on my back. “I want to be on top, Kyle.”

“Sure, Jess,” I answered. I pointed my now erect cock up so she could go for a ride. My lover straddled my waist and lowered herself onto my hardness. Jessie rose and dropped back down onto my cock riding

me for her pleasure. Jessie ran her hands over my chest, feeling my muscles and rubbing my nipples as she fucked herself on my cock.

I glanced over at Andy and Stacie in the next bed. Stacie seemed to enjoy making love to my brother. She was panting as Andy drove his cock in and out of her. I smiled as I watched my little brother's pale white ass bob up and down again.

I reached up and started to play with Jessie's tits as she rode me. After a few minutes Stacie squealed with delight as Andy brought her to climax. Stacie's orgasm was all it took to drive Andy over the edge again. He squirted his sperm into Stacie's pussy.

I concentrated on my lover. I moved a hand down to play with Jessie's clit while she impaled herself on my hard rod. I rubbed around her hood while Jessie pumped. I teased and flicked her clit when it appeared. I thrust my hips up into Jessie as she drove my cock in and out of her pussy. It didn't take much more stimulation after I started to play with Jessie's clit for her to climax. Jessie's contractions were all I needed to cum again. I filled Jessie with squirts of sticky white goo. Jessie and I lay back on the bed, our heads filled with a hazy bliss.

I glanced over at Stacie and Andy. They had cuddled together and were whispering to each other. I gave Jessie a kiss and said, "That was wonderful. I had fun tonight, Jess."

"I did too, Kyle. You are a wonderful lover," Jessie replied.

Stacie said, "My God. You're hard again, Andrew. You really are like the Energizer Bunny!"

Andy grinned and asked, "Do you want to do it one more time?"

Stacie giggled and said, "No Bunny. You wore me out. That's it for tonight."

Andy answered, disappointment apparent in his voice, "Oh, OK. Does what we did tonight mean that you're my girlfriend?"

Stacie said, "Let's just say I'm your friend, not your girlfriend. We had some fun and that's it, OK Bunny?"

"Thank you Stacie for letting me do this," Andy replied.

"You're welcome, Bunny," Stacie answered.

I glanced at the clock on Jessie's nightstand. It was a quarter to ten. "Andy we need to get cleaned up so we can get home before curfew. May we use your bathroom, Jessie?"

Andy and I took quick showers to wash the sweat, pussy juice and semen off our bodies. Stacie cleaned up when we were done. While we waited for Stacie, Andy asked Jessie. "Is Vicky Hamilton your sister?"

"Yes. Do you know her?" Jessie answered.

"She's in my section at school. We have all our classes together," Andy replied.

"Don't tell Vicky about tonight, OK Andy?" Jessie asked. "There are some things a little sister doesn't need to know."

"OK, Jessie," my brother answered.

Stacie returned to the bedroom. She asked, "You boys ready to head for home?"

Both of us answered “Yes.” Stacie drove us back to our house and dropped us off with a few minutes to spare before our curfew.

Chapter 25

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I came out of the house on Monday morning and found my brother Andy arguing with his friend Eric Connell. Eric vehemently insisted, “That’s bullshit! I don’t believe you for a second, Andy.”

“I did! I really did.” Andy insisted.

“You expect me to believe that a high school cheerleader would let you go all way the her? I don’t even believe she would talk to you much less do it,” Eric said.

Andy exclaimed, “No, really. She let me do it. Twice.”

“No way!” Eric said. “I don’t believe you could get that lucky even in your dreams.”

Andy countered with, “It’s true! Ask Kyle. He was there.”

“Hey, I don’t want in the middle of your argument,” I said. “Keep me out of it.”

Fortunately for me, the bus arrived then. We climbed aboard. I grabbed Andy and shoved him into the seat beside me. I spoke in a low voice. “Andy, when you have sex with a girl, don’t go around bragging about it. You need to be discrete. Girls hate it when a guy blabs. She doesn’t want to get a reputation.”

Andy answered, “I didn’t know that. I’ll keep quiet.”

“I’m not sure you’re that dumb, Andy. Just keep what you did a secret that’s between you and Stacie. Be discrete.”

“OK, Kyle. Do you think I can go out with you next Saturday?”

“No. I’m going camping with the Venturers next weekend. Don’t expect to tag along every Saturday I go out. You need to find a girl your own age, Andy.”

“OK, Kyle. Thanks,” Andy replied.

When we arrived at the school Andy and I got off the bus, followed by Ed and Eric. By chance, Stacie Thompson’s bus had stopped just in front of ours. She spotted us and hurried to catch us. She greeted me with a hearty, “Hi Tiger. Glad to see you.” She gave me a kiss on the cheek.

She spotted Andy. She gave him a hug and squealed, “MMmm... Bunny. I’m happy to see you.” Stacie gave Andy a passionate kiss. Their lips remained locked together rather too long. I glanced over at Eric. He stared at Stacie and Andy, eyes wide and his mouth dangling.

When Stacie and Andy finally separated Stacie said, “Saturday night was fun. I hope we can do it again some time, Bunny.”

Eric asked, “Bunny?” looking at my brother.

Stacie answered for him, “My Energizer Bunny. He kept going, and going, and...” Andy grinned at Stacie outrageous praise. Andy and Eric headed for the middle school. Ed, Stacie and I headed for the senior high.

Stacie said, “I think I just made Andy’s day.”

I answered, “Day, month, year, and maybe lifetime. Thanks for helping my little brother.”

“I did have fun with him, Kyle,” Stacie replied. “Andy has potential.”

----oooOooo----

Our opponent this week was Norlanco. Their record was 3-4. Their defense was poor. They allowed more points than any other team in our league. The coaches warned us to not underestimate them. Stan and Andy Groff preached that our playoff chances weren’t dead. We needed to play hard for our next three games. If the other teams ahead of us messed up, we needed to be ready. We still had a slim chance to make the playoffs.

Even with Cornwall’s loss the previous Friday, our team stood fourth behind undefeated Central, 6-1 Braves and 5-2 Cornwall. We needed someone to beat the Braves and someone to beat Cornwall if we were to have a chance at one of the two playoff spots. We practiced hard, hoping that we would get lucky before our season ended.

Thursday evening our Venturer Crew met to check everyone’s packs before our backpacking trip that weekend. Ed, Jeremy, Hal, and I reviewed contents of the other twelve kids’ packs. We wanted to make sure everyone brought the things they needed and no extras. The packs weighed between 40 and 45 pounds. Penny, Stef, Kathy and Tammy went out to buy food for our trip. By the end of the meeting everyone was ready for our 15 mile hike on Appalachian Trail.

Our football team was well prepared when Friday night came. Ed threw four touchdowns in first half. I caught two of them. Greg and Don got one each. We were ahead 28-0 when we went in for halftime. The coaches sent in the second string in the second half. Ed finally spent time on the bench. Steve Brill played well. Norlanco was unable to stop Drew. He ran wild through their so-called “defense.” He scored two touchdowns running and caught a third touchdown as a receiver. The final score was 42-10, Wolverines.

I watched the 11 o’clock news to catch up on the results of the night’s high school football games. Central and the Braves both won, so we didn’t gain any ground on them in the playoff standings. Cornwall lost again. Their record was 5-3 against our record of 6-2. As long as we didn’t screw up and lose again, we didn’t have to worry about Cornwall catching up to us. We needed the Braves to lose.

----oooOooo----

On Saturday morning my alarm woke me at six am, much too early. I dragged myself out of bed and grabbed a quick shower. Dad had to get me to the church by 7 am for our crew’s backpacking trip. When Dad dropped me off, half the kids had arrived. Within five minutes our twenty Venturers had arrived.

Penny, Stef, Ed and I were in the first crew with newcomers Travis Evans, Brandon McCafferty, Jake Kring, Paul Abbott, Mark Good and Shane Kurtz. Jake, Paul, Mark and Shane were ninth graders. We knew Paul, Mark and Shane from Boy Scouts. They shouldn’t have a problem fitting into how our crew worked. Jake, Brandon and Travis would need more help to learn how a crew functions. That was our main goal for the weekend. Justin and Sherry Baer were our crew’s advisors for the weekend.

Our hike on the Appalachian Trail began in northern Berks County along Route 183. Jeremy and Hal’s crew of 10 Venturers, Joe and Barb Baer hiked east from the trail head first. Penny gave them a fifteen minute head start. We had planned to hike nine miles on Saturday and finish the remaining six and half on Sunday morning.

At lunch time Justin took me aside. He asked, “What’s up between you and Penny?”

“Um... what do you mean?” I asked.

“The two of you barely speak to each other. The last time I saw you, the two of you were inseparable.”

“Penny and I broke up five weeks ago,” I explained.

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that, Kyle. Are you doing OK?” Justin asked.

“I’m OK, Justin. I still miss Penny sometimes, but I manage.”

I went back to finish my lunch with Ed and Jake. When lunch was over, we hoisted our packs and continued hiking east. The trail was easy, very few hills. We pulled into our campsite around 3 pm. Penny appointed Ed, Jake and me to cook dinner. The three of us decided to share one of the tents. Paul, Mark and Shane took a second tent. I wasn’t real surprised when Penny decided to share her tent with Travis. Stef shared hers with Brandon.

While we were setting up our tent, Jake asked, “Are Mr. & Mrs. Baer really going to allow Penny and Travis to sleep together tonight?”

I laughed and answered, “First off, it’s Justin and Sherry. They don’t go by Mr. & Mrs. Baer. For your question, yes. It’s OK as long as we keep what is going on a secret from people outside our crew. We also to make sure the guy and the girl use protection. We don’t need anymore kids getting pregnant.”

Jake looked alarmed. “More kids getting pregnant?”

“There have been a few accidents over the years. Justin and Sherry had a condom break about five years ago. They have a four year old son. Two friends of theirs had sex and didn’t use protection. They also have a four year old son. Most recently, someone thought it wasn’t possible for a girl to get pregnant the first time she has sex. He found out differently a few weeks later when his girlfriend was pregnant.”

Jake laughed, “Jeez, how dumb could the guy be?”

Ed remonstrated, “Hey, I didn’t know. Some guys I knew told me it was safe the first time. I didn’t know any better then.”

“You? You did that?” Jake asked.

“Stefany ended up pregnant last spring. We lost our son this summer. She had a miscarriage.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, Ed,” Jake said sympathetically. “I didn’t know.”

The three of us started our supper. We made macaroni and cheese with some canned ham thrown in for a little more protein. Dried corn and pudding finished off our meal. After dinner cleanup, the crew hung out, talked, told stories and discussed school.

Penny and Travis excused themselves early to find more privacy. They headed behind the tents. I noticed they had settled down to make out for awhile until bedtime. Stef and Brandon soon disappeared behind the tents too. Brandon had this dopey grin on his face when he and Stef left.

When it got dark, we went to bed. As usual, Ed and I stripped and climbed in our sleeping bags naked. Jake looked at us a little funny, hesitated and then stripped too.

After we were settled, I asked, “How is Andy doing in football, Jake?”

Jake answered, “Andy is doing well. He learns fast. Right now I think he is my best receiver. Your brother is going to be excellent when he gets more experience playing football.”

“I glad to hear that. I appreciate all the time you have spent working with Andy this summer to help him learn football,” I said.

“With Andy’s speed, he helps me as much as I help him,” Jake said. “I’m glad to help your brother, Kyle.”

The moans and sighs from Penny’s and Travis’ tent could be heard clearly in our tent, about fifteen feet away. I knew this moment was coming. I got to listen to my ex-girlfriend make love to her new boyfriend. The same sounds were coming from Brandon and Stef’s tent on the other side of us.

Ed said, “No offense guys, but I’m stuck here in a tent with the two of you when I could be back home having sex tonight with a pretty cheerleader. I must be crazy.”

“You’re not crazy. You love camping, you know it,” I countered.

“I love sex too,” Ed answered. He looked over at Jake and asked, “What do you think? Would you rather be here or would you like to sleep with a cheerleader?”

“If I had the choice, I’d probably take the cheerleader,” Jake answered.

We heard Penny say, “Would you like a blow job, Trav?”

Travis stammered, “Umm... sure.” The slurping and sucking sounds from our neighbors were obvious. I glanced over at Ed and Jake. Their sleeping bags were tenting in the middle just like mine. I had an enormous erection, in anticipation of listening to my ex-girlfriend get laid.

Stef cooed, “I’m ready, Brandon, do you have a condom?”

“Umm... ummm... yeah.” Brandon answered tentatively. “Now what?”

“Put it on,” Stef commanded.

“Uh, OK. Now what?” Brandon asked.

“Get between my legs and put it in,” Stef said.

“OK. Um... where do I, uh....” Brandon asked. “Ooohhh!”

“Here, lover. Push it in now, Brandon,” Stef said.

“Oh my. Ohhh... Wow!” Brandon declared. “This is wonderful, Stef. I’m all the way in.” Stef and Brandon were silent. The only sounds were coming from Penny and Travis’ tent where Penny continued sucking on Travis’ cock.

Stef asked, “Move in and out, Brandon.”

“Um, OK,” Brandon said. “SHIT! I came out.”

Stef said, “Here, let me help you.”

The cool night air was filled with the sighs and moans of two teenagers joining together. After about sixty seconds, Brandon groaned, “Oooooohhh... ooOOOOooooohhhHHHH... Unnhh... Unnnhh... Unnnnh... Oooooohhh...” The tremor in Brandon’s voice was obvious.

The sounds stopped. Stef queried, “Umm... did you cum, Brandon?”

“Ooohhh... yeah...” Brandon stammered.

Ed snickered and said, “That was quick.”

“Yes. Yes it was,” I added.

Jake quipped, “I lasted forty-five minutes with the last girl I was with.”

Ed and I stared at Jake. “Forty-five minutes? Really?” Ed and I rolled our eyes.

“How many times have you had sex, Jake?” I asked.

“Lots of times. Why?” Jake replied.

I said, “You know we won’t think any less of you if you haven’t had sex, Jake.”

“Of course I have had sex! Why would you think I didn’t, Kyle?”

“Um, no one lasts for forty-five minutes, Jake. They just don’t, especially kids our age,” I explained. Jake looked at Ed for support. Ed nodded no.

“Umm, well, I almost had sex last summer,” Jake admitted.

“Oh?”

“This girl and I spent the night at the beach at the lake when I was at church camp. I didn’t have a rubber and she wasn’t willing to do it unless we had protection. We really wanted to but we didn’t. I wonder what would have happened if we had,” Jake said quietly.

“You could have ended up like me with a pregnant girlfriend,” Ed said.

I added, “Don’t feel bad if you’re still a virgin. Ed and I hadn’t done it a year ago.”

“I know, but all my friends have done it,” Jake answered.

“It’s most likely macho bullshit. Just like you did a minute ago. You’ll notice how many guys lie about having sex after you have experienced it. I see it all the time,” I explained.

“Really?” Jake asked.

Ed said, “Yeah, you’ll see, Jake.”

We could hear Stef and Brandon panting and breathing heavy when the three of us stopped whispering to each other. Penny was still sucking on Travis’ cock from the noise coming from their tent.

Stef moaned, “We can go again if you want?”

“Ummm... I’d like that, Stef.” Brandon answered. The couple on our left kept kissing.

“Ooohhh... Jesus, Penny. Ohhh.... Penny, I’m going... ooohh... to cum... Pennnnnyyy?? OOohh... ooh... ohh... Ooohh...” Travis moaned.

Penny coughed and sputtered a little. “I hope you liked that, Trav.”

“Wow. No has every done that for me before. Thanks, Penny,” Travis murmured.

Penny asked, “Would you lick my clit, lover?”

Travis hesitated, “Umm, uh. I’ve never, uh, done that Penny. I’m not sure...”

“Jeez, Travis. At least use your fingers.” Penny snapped out. I knew that tone. My ex wasn’t happy. It sounded like Travis was working on Penny’s pussy. I wanted to shout to Travis to go ahead and lick her pussy. Penny would love it. I kept my mouth shut.

Travis managed to work Penny up to an orgasm with his fingers. Stef brought Brandon’s cock back to life. They proceeded to try to make love again. Brandon lasted a couple minutes when Stef started moaning and panting.

“Oh yeah! Oh, yeah. That’s it, Brandon. Keep going! Aaaaeeeeiiiihhhh! That’s it, Brandon! I’m cumming,” Stef panted.

“Ohhh! Unnhh... Unnhh... OOooooohhhhhh...” Brandon cried as he came a second time that night.

“That was wonderful, Brandon. It was so much better than my last boyfriend,” Stef declared, a little too loud.

“Ouch!” I whispered to Ed.

“What did I ever do to Stef to make her so mad at me?” Ed asked quietly.

“Uh, you got her pregnant?” I suggested.

“Well, yeah. That took both of us being stupid, not just me. I tried my best to help and support her throughout her pregnancy. Why can’t she get over it?”

“I don’t know, Ed,” I answered.

Travis and Penny finally started making love. Travis managed to last a few minutes before he filled Penny with his sperm. I listened in frustration. I desperately wanted to tell Travis what to do to give Penny pleasure. I knew just what to do and he obviously didn’t.

Finally the four kids in the other tents got quiet. Jake, Ed and I got to sleep. Justin had us up early on Sunday morning. We ate a cold breakfast and hiked east for Port Clinton and our rides home. The last two miles down the mountain to Port Clinton was ridiculously steep.

Joe and Barb led both crews into Port Clinton for a quick stop at an old fashioned candy store. The small shop was filled with glass bins full of candy, fudge and nuts. Everyone bought their fill of snacks while we waited for our rides to arrive.

While we were waiting outside the candy store for everyone, Brandon spoke up. “Hey, Ed. I’m sorry about the things Stefany said about you last night. She shouldn’t have said them.”

“It’s OK, Brandon,” Ed replied. “I’m getting used to it.”

“I wonder if I’m her boyfriend because she likes me or just so she has someone to torture you with.”

“That’s a good question, Brandon,” Ed said. “I’m cool with the two of you dating. Just be careful.”

Our crew had a successful weekend.

When I got home from practice on Wednesday, just before dinner, Mom was on the phone. She had the saddest look on her face that I had ever seen. I listened to the conversation, trying to figure out what is wrong while I poured myself a glass of milk.

"I'm so sorry, Pa. This is terrible news. She was a good lady," Mom said into the phone.

She listened for a bit. I couldn't figure out who "Pa" was. Dad's father was Granddad to us kids and Douglas to her. She always called her father Pop-Pop to us kids and called him Daddy herself. Who was "Pa"?

"I'm glad she didn't suffer. Dying peacefully in your sleep in your own bed is a small comfort," Mom said. Mom listened for a little while. I had a seat at the table, waiting to get the news when Mom hung up the phone.

"I'll call Will and let him know what has happened. Are funeral arrangements set yet?" Mom said.

I finally understood who Mom was talking to. Pa was Will's Grandpa Esh, his father's mother's second husband. Will's Grammy Esh had died. I knew her a little. When we kids were younger, Will's Aunt Lillian had babysat us a day a week when our regular babysitter was busy. Grammy and Pa Esh had stopped by a few times while we were there. They had seemed like really nice people.

Mom said, "You have our deepest condolences, Pa. Let us know if there is anything we can do to help." After a short pause she said, "I love you, Pa. Good Bye." She hung up the phone and turned to me.

She asked, "Do you know what that was about, Kyle?"

"It sounds like Will's grandmother died."

"Yes, that's correct. She died last night in her sleep. They think it was a brain aneurism. Grammy Esh was a good lady. She treated me well even after I divorced her son. I'm going to miss her," Mom said as she dabbed the tears from her cheeks.

Mom was on the phone again, calling Will, when I headed upstairs to change from my practice clothes.

At dinner that night, Mom filled the rest of the family on the news and funeral plans. The viewing would be at 1 pm on Saturday, followed by the funeral at 2 pm. Since Will was the oldest grandson, he was to be a pall bearer with his Uncle James, Uncle Benjamin and one of his cousins. Will and Abby would drive home after classes were done on Friday so they would have time to get suitable clothes for the funeral.

Our household was subdued the rest of the week. The football team kept my enthusiasm up. The game with Governor Pinchot was a non-league game against one of the weaker teams in Berks County. They had a hot quarterback and a porous defense. We couldn't wait to see what we could do.

The varsity team reviewed the game plan while the JV teams played. Each player went through his pre-game ritual, getting psyched up for our game. Just before we took the field, we got word that the JV team had won 27-10. Andy caught two touchdowns. Jake Kring played great, completing 64% of his passes. I was proud of my little brother. He was turning into a real football player.

When our team took the field, our stands were filled with fans in red and white, all cheering us wildly. One thing our high school always had was spirit. Our two losses didn't dampen their enthusiasm. Our team won the coin toss. We received the ball.

Ed ran our offense to perfection. Six plays after we took the field, I caught a 20 yard pass, juked the defender out of the way and ran into the end zone for our first touchdown. It was a 36 yard reception.

The Pinchot quarterback was just as sharp as advertised. Even though we had one of the better rated defenses in our league, he moved the ball down the field with seeming ease. He had an open receiver in the end zone when he was sacked for a 14 yard loss when Jeremy surprised him with a linebacker blitz. Pinchot settled for a field goal on the series.

The first two series set the tone for the whole game. We would score and they would answer back. Our defense was just good enough to make them settle for field goals sometimes when we had scored touchdowns. By the fourth quarter we were up 38-33 with three minutes to go. Ed, Stan, Don, Greg and I were not going to get a chance to rest and watch the second string run out this game like the previous week.

Pinchot had the ball on their 22 yard line. Their quarterback faked a handoff to their running back on a play action pass. Jeremy was back on pass defense on this play. He wasn't fooled by the fake. He timed it perfectly when the ball came towards the tight end he was covering. He leaped in front of his man, snagged the football and raced into the end zone untouched. When Jeremy was in the right place, he could do amazing things!

This score seemed to take the steam out of the Pinchot team. They managed to move ball down the field towards midfield. The Pinchot quarterback tried to make a deep pass on us. Andy Groff blew past the tackle, bearing down on the QB. Andy hit him just as the pass was released. The ball fluttered downfield weakly. Our strong safety picked the ball off, ran downfield about twenty-five yards before he was tackled. Ed led us out to the field to complete our victory.

Coach Caffrey called mostly for running plays, alternating between Stan and Drew. When the clock was down to 1:27, we were stuck at third down and seven yards. Coach Caffrey called for me to run a route that was ten yards deep. He had Ed remind me to make sure I stayed in bounds after the catch. We needed the first down, but we needed the clock to run even more.

On the snap, I ran what looked like an out route. The defender bit and covered me to the outside. Ten yards down field, I faked towards the sideline and turned towards the center of the field. The cornerback slipped as I made my cut. Ed zipped the ball into my hands. I turned and started running downfield. I kept looking for the free safety, who should be coming over to tackle me. No one came. I increased my pace and carried the ball into the end zone. When I got to the sideline, I found out that Pinchot had gambled and sent the free safety on a blitz. They gambled and lost.

Pinchot kept trying to pass, but our defense blitzed on nearly every down. They couldn't move the ball. The final score of the game was 52-33. I ended up with 10 receptions, 3 touchdowns and 138 yards. Ed completed 67% of his passes for 295 yards. It was his and my best game of the year. Our team's slim play-off hopes weren't dead yet.

When I was done changing, I went outside to meet my Dad for the ride home. To my surprise, Will and Abby were there with Dad and Andy. Will gave me a big hug.

He said, "That was a great game, Kyle. I got here at the beginning of the fourth quarter. I'm proud of you, little brother."

I answered, "Thanks, Will. I appreciate the compliment. Did you hear how Andy did tonight?"

Will laughed. "Believe me, I heard all about Andy's two touchdowns. I haven't been able to get him to shut up about it since Abby and I got here. It looks like I've got two athletes for brothers. I'm proud of both of you."

Andy and I beamed at Will's praise. Andy and I piled into the car with Dad. Will and Abby followed us home.

The weather had turned cold earlier in the week. Andy and I finally could sleep late on Saturday instead of getting up early and spending the day mowing our seven lawns. The rest was much needed after last night's wild game.

After lunch everyone dressed in their best clothes, except Lizzie. Lizzie was going to stay with Grammy Robinson, Mom's mother, during the viewing and funeral. Andy, Lizzie and I piled into the minivan with Dad. Mom stopped outside the van to check on Will.

"You know the way to the funeral home in New Holland?" Mom asked.

"Yes Mom. It's the one on Main Street across from the restaurant, right?" Will answered.

"That's the one. We'll see you there son." Mom replied. Mom got in and Dad drove off. Will followed until we got to the road to Abby's house. He turned in to get Abby while we continued on to Pop-Pop and Grammy's house. We dropped off Lizzie and drove north to New Holland. When we parked behind the funeral home, we noticed that Will and Abby were already there, waiting for us. We went into the funeral home together.

Right after we had signed the registry book by the door, Mom looked into the viewing room and whispered to Dad, "He came." I wondered who Mom meant. Will and Abby led our family through the receiving line. I was right behind Abby. Mom and Dad followed me and Andy took up the rear.

Uncle Benjamin and Aunt Susan were the first of the family receiving the well wishers. Susan hugged Will and they talked for a couple minutes. Susan gave Abby a hug when they parted. I expressed my condolences to Uncle Benjamin and Aunt Susan after I explained that I was Will's younger brother. Will was talking with Aunt Lillian and Uncle James by that time. Aunt Lillian gave Will and Abby hugs before they moved on. I stepped up to Aunt Lillian and was about to speak when she put her finger up to her mouth to quiet me. She and James turned to watch Will.

Will was standing in front of a tall thin man who looked to be about Mom's age. He had blond hair with a touch of white at the temples. Even though the man didn't look old, his face was well creased from life. Will extended his hand to the man to shake. He said, "I'm Will Henry, Grammy's oldest grandchild."

The man clasped Will's hand and shook it vigorously. He said, "I know, Will. I'm your father."

Will stared at his father in stunned silence. Finally Will cleared his throat and said, "I don't know what to say."

"I understand, son. It has been too long since I have seen you. I wish your mother and I could have made things work when you were young. I think of you all the time."

Will asked, "Where do you live? What do you do?"

"One question at a time, Will. I have lived in Modesto, California for the past seventeen years. I sell toilet fixtures wholesale."

Will nodded and said, "Oh."

His dad continued, "I want to introduce you to your step-mother. Will this is Jolene. Jolene, this is my oldest son, Will." Jolene and Will shook hands. His father said, "You need to meet your half brothers." He motioned to two young kids sitting in the front chairs near the casket to come over. The boys popped up and came over to their dad.

Will's dad said, "This is Cody." Will shook the boy's hand. "Cody, this is your older brother, Will." The other boy stepped forward. "This is Cody's twin Ethan. Ethan, this is your brother." Will and Ethan shook

hands too. Will's dad continued talking, "The boys turn seven next week." He motioned for the boys to go sit down again. "I wish your sister could have come. Molly lives with her mother, my second wife. Molly turned fifteen in August. She was too busy with school and couldn't come this weekend."

Will started to recover from his shock. He said, "Um, uh... Father, Jolene is your third wife?"

"Actually she is my fourth wife. I didn't have any children with my third wife. It took me awhile, but I have finally found the woman to spend my life with. Jolene and I have been married for seven and a half years." Will's dad leaned over and kissed his wife.

Will said, "Um, Father. I want to introduce..."

Will's father interrupted, "Will, I know you feel uncomfortable calling me dad. Why don't you call me Charlie?"

Will answered, "OK, Charlie, I want to introduce you to my girlfriend, Abigail Hendricks."

Charlie answered, "Abigail, it is a pleasure to meet you."

Abby smiled and shook hands with Will's dad. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Henry. Please call me, Abby."

"Abby it is. Please call me, Charlie."

Charlie looked to his left and noticed how the receiving line was backing up. He looked at Will again and asked, "Can you and I talk later, son? I really want to catch up on your life."

Will said, "OK. Abby and I don't have anything else today. Can we meet after the funeral?"

Charlie smiled and said, "That would be wonderful. I would like to treat the two of you to dinner tonight." Charlie hugged Will and said, "It is so good to see you again, son."

I expressed my condolences to Aunt Lillian and Uncle James and then stepped to the left to meet Will's father. I said, "I'm Kyle, Will's younger brother, sir."

Charlie shook my extended hand. "It's nice to meet you, Kyle. What is your last name?"

I answered simply, "Martin." Charlie flinched a little when I said my name.

"Kyle Martin. It is good to meet you."

I followed Will towards the casket as Dad stepped in front of Will's father. Charlie hugged Dad and said, "Dan, it has been too long. I see things have ended up the way they were meant to be." I followed Will and Abby over to the casket. I bowed my head and said a short prayer for Grammy Esh, a very nice lady.

I followed Will and Abby to some chairs in the back of the room. We sat down. Abby asked, "Are you all right, honey?" as she rubbed Will's back.

Will hesitantly answered, "Yes, I think so. I lost my grandmother. I just found out I have two more brothers and another sister. This has been a stunning week." Abby slipped her arm around Will and hugged him.

"I'm here for you, Will. Lean on me," Abby said quietly. She kissed Will on the cheek and leaned on him, continuing the hug.

Mom, Dad and Andy joined us a minute later. Mom and Dad talked with Will quietly. Andy and I slid over to make room for them. Andy asked me, "Is Will OK?"

"I think so. He seems a little shook up by all of this," I answered. Andy and I sat quietly watching the grown-ups discuss things until it was time for the funeral. Just before 2 pm, the funeral director came over to get Will. Will followed him out of the room. Uncle James, Uncle Benjamin and Benjamin's twelve year old son Brett followed Will. Two other men I didn't recognize followed the Henry men out of the room. I realized that they all were pall bearers.

Will returned to his seat a few minutes later. The funeral service lasted about a half hour. The minister conducted a very nice service. When it was over, the six pall bearers came forward and moved the casket out the side door to the waiting hearse. They lifted Grammy Esh into the hearse for her final ride. It took about fifteen minutes to organize the funeral procession. Will and Abby ended up near the front of the line of cars. Our minivan ended up near the back of the procession.

The procession pulled onto Main Street and traveled two blocks east and then turned north. The cemetery is located on the north side of town on the side of a gentle hill. When we parked in the parking lot beside the church, I had a chance to look at the surroundings. It was a crisp fall day with crystal blue skies. I looked northwest past Ephrata Mountain to the hills in the distance. I was a little amazed when I realized I could see the hills where our scout camp was located from here. It was almost ten miles away. This location was a wonderful spot for a final resting place.

The grave side service was brief. The friends and family gathered in small groups and talked for a few minutes. Will and Abby talked with Charlie and Jolene for a couple minutes before rejoining our family.

Abby asked, "Can I borrow your car for an hour, Will? I want make a quick visit to my grandmother at the retirement village on the other side of town. You could probably get a ride home with your parents, get a quick shower and change before dinner. I'll meet you back at your house."

Will said, "Sure, Abby, but I could go with you if you want."

"No, I think you need some time with your family this afternoon," Abby answered. Will agreed. He climbed into the minivan with the rest of the family.

As we pulled out of the parking lot, I asked, "Dad, it seemed like you knew Will's father."

Dad answered wistfully, "Charlie and I were good friends when we were growing up."

Andy asked, "You mean you knew Mom when you were in school?"

Mom giggled, "Actually, I dated your father a little before I married Charlie."

Will asked, "You dated Dan before you married my father?"

"Maybe I need to tell you boys the whole story. What do you think, Dan?" Mom asked.

Dad said, "I guess they're old enough to know everything."

Mom started, "Dan, Charlie and I grew up together. When I was a sophomore in high school, I went on a couple dates in the spring with this really handsome senior, your Dad, Kyle and Andy. We had a lot of fun. I didn't see your father again until Christmas, when he came home from college."

Dad continued, "I went to the Penn State University my first year. When I got home for Christmas, I decided to ask your mother out. We went on a couple dates. We had a great time. I dated your mother some in the spring whenever I could get home. By the time I was home at the end of the school year, your

mother and I were getting pretty serious. We had a date the first weekend I got home. We were going to a friend's party. That is when things started to get crazy."

Mom continued the story, "You dad got sick the morning of the party. I was really looking forward to going. Your dad offered to get a friend to take me in his place. He asked Will's father, Charlie, to be my escort. Charlie and I went to the party. It was pretty wild. Charlie was a really nice guy. We had quite a bit to drink. Well, actually we..."

I interrupted, "Wait, I thought you didn't drink?"

Mom said, "Down, Kyle. I don't drink anymore. Listen to the story, you'll understand. Any way, Charlie and I had too much to drink. At the time I didn't know why, but I was really, um, frisky."

"Frisky?" Andy asked.

Mom sighed and said, "OK. I was horny. Do you understand now?"

"Oh," Andy responded.

Mom continued the story. "Anyway, Charlie and I were drunk. We started making out in the pool. After awhile, we went inside and found an empty bedroom. The alcohol destroyed our inhibitions. We made out on the bed for awhile and then we had sex. Hot, passionate, sweaty sex. Both of us were so worked up, all cares went out the window. We didn't use protection. That, Will, is how you came to be."

Will said, "Wow. I guess I understand why you feel the way you do about drinking. What happened after that?"

Mom said, "It took me awhile to figure out what had happened. I realized I was might be pregnant when my period was late. You couldn't get tested for pregnancy at home the way you can now. I just tried to put it out of my mind during the summer. It took your grandfather almost three months to realize that I was pregnant, not just putting on weight. You know how old fashioned my father is. When he grew up, girls with my problem only had one choice. You married the boy. At first Grandpa thought Dan was the father."

I asked, "You were still dating Dad after Will's father got you pregnant?"

Dad explained, "Yes, we were. I was getting pretty serious about your mother by the time school started. I didn't want to be up in the middle of the state. I transferred to Franklin and Marshall before my sophomore year."

I asked, "Huh? I thought you graduated from Penn State?"

Dad answered, "No. I attended Penn State for one year. I graduated from Franklin & Marshall."

I said, "You're such a big Penn State fan. Why do you watch their games instead of F & M's?"

"I went to all the games during my first year of college. I loved the team, Beaver Stadium, Joe Paterno, the whole football package. I became a true Nittany Lions fan that year. Anyway, who would you root for, a national powerhouse or a Division III team that loses too much?"

I answered, "I guess I'd be a Lions fan if I were you."

Mom continued, "Anyway when Grandpa found out that Charlie was the father, my parents and Charlie's mother, Grammy Esh, made the two of us get married. I didn't go to high school for my senior year. Pregnant girls didn't do that back then. I studied at home. Eventually I passed the GED test so I could get my high school degree. Charlie was working as a carpenter. We had a small apartment. We did the best

we could to make a nice home. Things went pretty well for the first few months. Charlie worked hard to be a good husband.

"Will was born in February. Having a baby was more stress than Charlie and I could take. He started drinking. He'd drink and then we would fight about it. Things went downhill in our relationship."

Andy asked, "Was Dad around at all then?"

Dad answered, "Yes. My parents bought me a cheap old Ford Pinto. I could visit your mother and Charlie whenever I wanted. I tried to help as best I could between my classes and homework. I tried to help Charlie straighten up, but my talks with him didn't do any good."

I asked, "Why would you stay with a man like that, Mom?"

Mom started to answer, but Dad stopped her. "I want to answer that question, Kyle. I knew Charlie since we met in first grade. He was a really nice guy. Things changed for him when he turned twelve. He lost his father in a car wreck. His dad was drunk. He ran the car off the road and crashed into tree. Charlie was with him in the car. It took the fireman two hours to cut the wreck open and free Charlie and his father. Charlie's father died while the fireman worked. Charlie was two feet away from his dad pinned in the wreckage when his dad died. Charlie wasn't the same after the accident. He had been a fun loving, happy go lucky kid before. After the accident, he was OK some of the time, but sometimes he just couldn't handle things. I didn't know it at the time, but he had a second set of friends that he would meet with to drink or to get high."

Will quietly said, "Wow. I guess my father has had a hard time in life. Maybe I shouldn't be so hard when I'm judging him."

Mom responded, "You shouldn't be too hard on Charlie, but he has had chances to quit drinking and doing drugs. He has chosen the life he lived. Hopefully he has straightened out the way he said today."

Will asked, "What happened after I was born?"

Mom continued, "You remember how babies are Will? We never had enough sleep. Charlie became more open about his drinking. He would come home late from work drunk as a skunk. We fought about that. We were short on money. We fought about that too. By the time you were a year old, things were even worse. Charlie would disappear for a couple days and then come back home. Sex stopped. All we did was fight. One afternoon when I was putting Charlie's laundry away, I found his drug stash. He had packets of cocaine. That was the end of our marriage. I packed my clothes and Will's things up, called your Dad for a ride and went home to my parents that night. My parents helped me get a divorce. Charlie moved to California a couple months after the divorce was final. I haven't seen him or spoken with him until today."

Andy asked, "How does Dad fit in?"

Dad said, "I'll answer this one, honey. When your mother called me that day, I cut my last class and drove straight over to her apartment and helped her pack all her things. When the divorce was final, we started dating again. It didn't take us long to realize that we were in love. My old Pinto made a lot of trips to Bird-In-Hand when I was a senior. We went on dates. I helped your Mom when ever I could. I gave her time off to relax by taking care of Will. By Christmas that year, I proposed to you mother. We set the date for the wedding for November, a few months after I graduated from college. I guess that pretty much explains our history."

I marveled, "That is an amazing story. I'm glad you two were married when you had me."

Mom and Dad both laughed at what I said. I asked plaintively, "What?"

Mom answered, "Will isn't the only one conceived out of wedlock, Kyle."

"Huh?" I grunted as I tried to figure that one out. Will laughed at me.

Mom asked, "Do you know what I mean, Will?"

Will said, "I think so. I didn't realize until last Thanksgiving when you and Dan made such a fuss about your fifteenth wedding anniversary. I noticed Kyle was too close to fifteen when you celebrated your anniversary." Will laughed and continued, "You're two months older than you should be, Kyle."

Mom looked me in the eye and explained, "Your father and I were engaged that September when we went camping up at Raystown Lake for a weekend. Your father forgot to bring the condoms. We didn't realize until bedtime. We could either take a couple hours and drive to State College for condoms or we could take a chance. We decided to take a chance. All I can say is we got lucky. We had you, Kyle."

Finally starting to grasp this, I asked, "So you were pregnant with me when you married Dad?"

"That's right, Kyle." Mom answered.

Andy said, "Wow! Do you have any surprises about me?"

"Sorry honey. I don't have any surprises about you. You're very normal."

Will said, "Wow, this has been an amazing day. I think I understand you and Dan a lot better than before. What you tell us about sex and drinking comes from hard earned experience."

Dad said, "You got it right Will. We don't want you boys to have things as hard your mother has had things."

I offered, "I guess sex has been a big influence on our lives."

Mom said, "Yes it has, Kyle. I guess our family is blessed with strong libidos."

Andy nudged me in the ribs and asked, "What's a libido?"

"Mom means that we like sex a lot," I answered.

Andy declared, "Well, Duh! Who wouldn't? It's great!" The car got quiet suddenly. Every one, except Dad, looked at Andy. He squirmed a little. He continued, "Um... I mean, that's what I heard."

Mom gave him 'the stare.' The stare that usually elicited the truth quickly or stopped the misbehavior. Andy squirmed a little more and then hung his head. Mom sternly said, "Andrew Michael?" He sat motionless and continued staring at his feet.

Mom said, "I hope you used protection, Andrew."

Andy looked up at Mom and said, "Of course. Kyle made sure she was on the pill before he let me have sex with her."

Jeez! I didn't know if mental telepathy worked, but I was willing to give it a try then. I tried to put the thought 'Shut up Andy before you get both of us in more trouble!' in Andy's head. It didn't work.

Mom asked, "Kyle let you have sex? When was this?"

Andy couldn't contain himself anymore. He explained, "A couple weeks ago when I went to the movies with him. We didn't quite make it to the movies. When we were having dinner at the pizza place, some of the football team and cheerleaders joined us. One of the cheerleaders really liked me. We started fooling

around a little, and well, we got a little carried away. Kyle and Jessie gave Stacie and me a ride to Jessie's house. When we got to Jessie's house... well, you can figure out the rest."

Finally my talks-to-much brother shut his mouth. I waited for the explosion from our parents. Mom just shook her head. Dad laughed and asked, "Your first time was with a high school cheerleader?"

Andy smiled sheepishly and said, "Yeah it was. And my second time too."

Will said, "Um hmm, strong libido. It's like Abby says, 'Genetics rule.'"

The car got quiet after that. Each of us was lost in our thoughts of what we had learned today and of the loss our family had experienced. We stopped at Grandma's house to pick up Lizzie on the way home. We got home after 5 pm. I asked if someone could give me a ride to the theater, but I would have to wait until after dinner.

Will took a quick shower and changed into casual clothes. He and Abby drove back to New Holland for their dinner with Charlie, Jolene and the twins. After a quick supper, Dad drove me to the theater on the west side of Lancaster. It was after 6 pm when he dropped me off at the McDonalds near the theater.

I went inside. I scouted for a place to sit, but most of the seats were occupied. Ed and Sally were engaged in kissing and mutual cuddling. Greg and Jessie were making plans for their get-away for the night. Cynthia was sitting on Andy Groff's lap while Andy surreptitiously stole feels of her tits, to her great delight. Stacie and Drew were locked in an embrace while they kissed.

I finally found an open seat at the table where Jeremy, Kathy and Julie Simpson were sitting. I asked, "May I sit with you?"

Julie smiled, "Sure, Kyle. That would be nice. You're late getting here. What's up?"

"I went to my brother's grandmother's funeral this afternoon," I explained.

Julie asked, "Wouldn't she be your grandmother too?"

"Not necessarily. You remember my half-brother, Will?" I asked.

"Yes."

"It's his father's mother that died. She wasn't my grandmother."

"Oh, I see." Julie answered.

"What are you doing tonight?" I asked.

"I'm going to the movies with Jeremy, Kathy, Karl, Jerry, Dylan, Rose, Holly and Kristen. We usually hang out together." Julie explained. Rose Zeimer, Holly Cox and Kristen Moore were all tenth graders on the cheerleading squad.

I asked, "Could I tag along? I don't have any other plans tonight."

"Sure. Why not?" Julie answered, smiling.

Our group talked about our victory last night over Governor Pinchot, our prospects against the Trojans next week and miracle of miracles, our playoff chances. We actually had a fair shot at going to the playoffs if we could beat the Trojans. They were 7-2 like us. The best news was the fact that the 8-1 Braves would play undefeated Central next Friday. If we won and Central won, we would be in the playoffs.

Our group headed over to the movie theater. I asked Julie, "Could we count this as that second date we have talked about?"

"I guess we could, Kyle," Julie answered. I held my hand out to her. She took it. We entwined our fingers together and walked to the theater. I bought us tickets and snacks. We hung out for awhile waiting for our room to empty from the previous showing.

"I know what you do with some of the older girls. You understand that I don't sleep with guys yet, right?" Julie said.

"I didn't think you did, Julie. I enjoy my time with Stacie, Jess and the other girls, but I don't need to sleep with everyone I hang out with. I consider myself lucky to be with the prettiest girl in tenth grade."

"I don't think that's true, Kyle."

"I disagree. I had a crush on you all through seventh and eighth grade. You have no idea how afraid I was to ask you for that first date."

Julie asked, "Why would you be afraid of me?"

"You were the girl of my dreams. What if you said no? What if you said yes? What would I say? Would I make a fool of myself? I tried to get the courage to talk to you for almost three months before I finally asked you for that date. Even then I only asked you because Ed shoved me in front of you and I had to say something."

"You're kidding."

"No, Julie. I was terrified of talking to you in eighth grade. You can imagine how I felt when things went bad on our date. I was heartbroken."

"You know that was my first date with a boy?" Julie said. "I didn't know what to do or how to act either. I panicked when you kissed me. I'm sorry things went so wrong that night."

"It's OK, Julie. It was a long time ago. It'll be fun to spend the evening together."

"I think so too, Kyle. Just because I'm not ready to sleep with guys doesn't mean that we can't do some fun things together tonight."

"Cool! Just let me know what you want. I don't want to scare you away again."

"I will let you know, Kyle," Julie answered.

We found seats near the back of the theater. We piled our coats on the seat on my left. Julie sat on my right. She leaned against my side as soon as we sat down. I put my arm around her and gave her a quick kiss on her cheek.

"Mmm... That was nice, Kyle," Julie purred. She turned her head to me and gave me a kiss on my lips. Her tongue snaked into my mouth. I met it with mine. We kissed for a few more seconds. "More of that, Kyle, when the lights go down."

"OK, Julie. I can't wait."

We cuddled while the previews went by. Finally the feature started. We watched the movie for ten minutes before things heated up. Julie and I started kissing, nibbling each others lips, and sucking on each others tongues. We kept this up through much of the movie.

I was more than a little shocked when Julie grabbed my hand and placed it on her breast. I automatically squeezed it. Julie's tits weren't the biggest I had ever felt, but they fit perfectly for her 5'-7" height and slim build. I rubbed and squeezed gently while Julie squirmed from my attentions.

"Damn! I wish I hadn't worn a bra tonight." Julie moaned as I rubbed the cloth over her nipple. Julie and I continued making out through the rest of the movie.

Near the end of the movie Julie slid her hand down to the bulge in my pants and started rubbing my cock. I was shocked! This wasn't the same shy girl who freaked at my tongue eighteen months ago. I had to stop her so I didn't soak my boxers with cum. We went back to kissing.

Both of us were flushed and panting when the light finally came up in the theater. Julie glanced at her watch. "When is your ride coming, Kyle?" Julie asked.

"Um, I'll have to call for a ride. I usually get a ride home with one of my teammates. They aren't here so I'll need a ride," I explained.

"Why don't I ask my dad to give you a ride home? He'll be here in twenty minutes."

"OK. If you think he won't mind. We found a seat at a bench out in the lobby. We spent the next twenty minutes talking, joking and discussing our classes. I found out that Julie was having trouble with her term paper on the causes of the Civil War. We agreed to meet in the library Tuesday fourth period. I would help her research her paper.

Mr. Simpson greeted me warmly. "Hello, Kyle. How are you doing?"

I was surprised he remembered me from so long ago. "Um, I'm fine, Mr. Simpson. I didn't know if you would remember me."

"My daughter doesn't date that many boys, especially not the best wide receiver on the team," Mr. Simpson replied.

"Daddy is a big Wolverines fan," Julie explained. "He doesn't miss any games."

"Thank you for the compliment, sir," I said. "Also, thanks for giving me a ride home."

Julie, Mr. Simpson and I talked about how the football season was going and our prospects for the playoffs on the twenty minute drive home. Mr. Simpson gave Julie and me a minute when we got to my house to say good bye. We discreetly gave each other a kiss before we parted.

I headed for the kitchen for a bedtime glass of milk when I ran into Will. We talked for a few minutes about how his dinner with his father and step mother went. Will learned more about his dad. They had agreed to try to keep in touch. Charlie really said he wanted to become part of Will's life.

Will asked, "Who'd you sleep with tonight?"

"I resent that implication, Will. It isn't any of your business. The cheerleaders and I have fun together and we aren't hurting anybody," I replied heatedly.

"Sex is too intense to be taken casually, Kyle. You or the girl you are with is going to get hurt if you keep this up. You need to find a steady girlfriend before you have sex again."

"FUCK YOU, WILL! I DON'T NEED YOUR ADVICE. I KNOW WHAT I AM DOING!" I shouted as I stalked out of the kitchen and headed for my bedroom. I changed and lay down on my bed. I slipped my headphones on and started my favorite album on my MP3 player.

Who did Will think he was? I wasn't hurting anybody. I didn't stay mad very long. My music soothed my anger. Also I had too good a night with Julie stay mad. Julie had changed a lot since our first date. We had fun talking, she had a great sense of humor, and she really was one of the prettiest girls in my grade. I wasn't feeding her a line when I said that earlier in the night. I meant it.

Could I date Julie? Did I have enough time for a girlfriend? I decided the answer was no. I didn't have enough time right now. I would help Julie with her term paper and that was it - at least for now.

Our high school was gripped with football fever, the possibility that we could make the playoffs had everyone excited. This was our last regular season game. We played the Trojans. Their record was the same as ours, 7-2. Their two losses were to Central and the Braves. They had improved dramatically since last season. Their quarterback was a senior. He was the third rated quarterback in our league, behind Ed and Central's quarterback. They had no chance to make the playoffs because of their losses to Central and the Braves, but they were expected to play with a lot of pride. We played at their stadium. It would be a hard game and we would need all our skill and a lot of luck to win.

Tuesday fourth period I met Julie at the library to help her with her term paper. We concentrated on the research. The best book I could find for her was James M. MacPherson's "For Cause and Comrades: Why Men Fought in the Civil War". Julie and I enjoyed studying together. We decided to get together on Thursday night at my house to study for our biology test on Friday.

Football practice was intense and focused. Our three months of preparations, practices, and games all hinged on the outcome of the 48 minutes we would spend playing the Trojans. Andy Groff and Rick Winters had the defense more fired up than I had ever seen them. Jeremy finally bought into the team concept on defense. Over the last few games he had become fully as dominant as Andy Groff and Rick Winters in the defense.

Ed was comfortable as the starting quarterback. His early season doubts were gone. He ran the offense with confidence. I felt we had an excellent chance to win and continue our season into the playoffs.

Julie's mom dropped her off at my house right after dinner on Thursday night. We went to my bedroom to study. We were discrete. We left the bedroom door open. Julie worked at my desk while I lay on my bed. We spent an hour and a half reviewing the last month's work in biology. Julie and managed to sneak a few kisses while my parents, Andy and Lizzie weren't looking.

Julie really knew her biology. I was better prepared for this test than I would have been studying on my own. We talked about Julie's history term paper too. Julie thanked me for recommending the MacPherson book. It was just what she needed.

Julie and I kissed again just before her ride home was due. Things escalated faster than either of us intended. Soon we were clenching together in an embrace, my erection pressing into Julie's side. Julie looked shocked when she realized what it was. I tried to pull away, but Julie clung to me. She pressed her body against me, rubbing my erection against her. She smiled and kissed me again.

"Ah-hmmm," Mom said, clearing her throat to get our attention. "Your ride is here, Julie."

Julie groaned and answered, "Thank you, Mrs. Martin. I better go now, Kyle. See you tomorrow."

"See you in biology Julie. Bye," I said. My Mom led Julie downstairs to the door. I tried to adjust my erection so it wasn't too obvious. I was ready to close my door so I could jerk off when my Mom returned.

"Can we talk, Kyle?" Mom asked. I wasn't too embarrassed. I was sitting at my desk by then and Mom couldn't see my boner.

"Sure, What's up?"

Mom asked, "Are you and Julie getting serious, Kyle?"

"No. Why would you think that? We were just studying. Really!" I protested.

Mom countered with “It looked like you to were studying.... studying for Sex Ed.”

“We were studying biology,” I answered. Mom grinned. “No! We were studying for our biology test tomorrow.”

“Uh-huh. Just remember what I discussed with you and Penny last summer. If the two of you have sex, I want you to be safe. Make sure Julie is willing. I don’t want Lizzie to find out about any of this.”

“I remember what you told me Mom. Julie isn’t my girlfriend. She doesn’t have sex. She isn’t ready. You don’t need to worry,” I explained.

“You know quite a bit about a girl who isn’t your girlfriend.”

“Well... I do like her, but I don’t have enough time for a girlfriend right now. Julie isn’t my girlfriend!” I protested.

“The boy doth protest too much, methinks,” Mom countered as she left my room.

I closed and locked my bedroom door. I stripped, rubbed hand lotion over my cock and got to work bringing myself relief. I tried to think about Ed and my three-way with Jessie. My thoughts kept coming back to Julie. Did I really like her? Did I want to be her boyfriend? I squirted a big load of cum all over my chest before I could decide what I wanted. I dressed and went back to working on the remainder of my homework. What did I want?

I gave Trent Wilson a call after I finished my homework. We talked for a few minutes about our upcoming football games. I challenged Trent, “You guys make sure you beat the Braves tomorrow night. We’re counting on you.”

Trent answered, “Nah, I don’t think so. We’d rather play the Braves next week in the playoffs than you guys. We plan to throw the game. We’re starting the second string.”

“What? You’re kidding!”

“Yes, I am kidding. We are proud of being undefeated. We play to win tomorrow, even if it isn’t the smart move for us. We have our pride.”

“I’m glad. All of us are counting on you guys to win. Hopefully we see each other next weekend in Elizabethtown in the playoffs.”

“That would be cool, Kyle. I hope you guys win too.”

“Good luck, Trent. Kick their butts,” I declared.

“Thanks, Kyle. Oh yeah, I almost forgot to tell you. I got my license last weekend.”

“Cool! Congratulations.”

“You know we ought to do a double date some Saturday, you and Penny and me and Ashley.”

“Um, I guess you haven’t heard. Penny and I broke up two months ago.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, Kyle. I’m sure you can find a date to bring along.”

“Yes. I can manage to find a date,” I said. “Let’s do this when football is over.”

“Cool. We’ll do it when the season is over. Good luck tomorrow night, Kyle.”

“Thanks, Trent. You guys play hard. Bye.”

“Bye, Kyle.”

It was nice to have a friend like Trent. I hoped I would get a chance to play against him again this season. The double date was a good idea. It would be fun.

---oooOooo---

Friday morning I met Julie just before first period started. She gave me a hug and said, “You look good in your white jersey, Kyle.” Tonight’s game was an away game.

“Thanks, Julie. Are you ready for the test?”

“Yes. I’m glad we studied together last night. I know it helped,” Julie said. She gave me a kiss on the cheek. I sat down at my table.

Ed leaned back and asked, “You have a new girlfriend, Kyle?”

“No! No, no, nooo... why does everyone ask me that? Julie and I were studying together last night and she wanted to thank me. That’s all,” I insisted.

Penny, who sat beside in this class, giggled and whispered in my ear, “Why aren’t you dating her? You could do worse.”

“I don’t have time for a girlfriend. You know that Penny,” I answered.

Mr. Herr called for quiet. He handed out the tests. Everyone went to work. I finished early. I had about ten minutes free until the period was over. I thought some more about what Penny said. The conversation was the first civil conversation the two of us had in the past two months. Before today, we argued if it was about the two of us or the conversation was strictly business regarding the Venturer Crew. It was nice to talk to Penny politely.

I was confident that I did well on the test. The rest of the school day went smoothly. Julie and I talked some more before History class and before deutsche Unterricht. I sat beside Julie for both classes. The teachers weren’t strict like Mr. Herr with assigned seating.

Julie gave me a kiss when we left deutsche Unterricht after fifth period. “Good luck at the game tonight, Kyle. I’ll be watching you. Score a touchdown for me.”

“Thanks, Julie,” I replied. “I’ll do my best.”

Andy and I had a quick supper at home before Mom and Dad drove us back to the school to catch the bus to the western end of the county to play the Trojans. The varsity team dressed, reviewed the game plan and went through our pre-game rituals while the JV team played.

I got a good look at the Trojan Stadium when we went out to warm up. The stadium was filling with Trojan fans dressed in blue and white. This school definitely was richer than ours. I wished we had a real stadium instead of the plain stands we had at our field.

Our team won the coin toss and decided to receive the kick off. Tim Showalter, our kick returner, bobbled the ball on the fifteen yard line, dropped it and was creamed by two tacklers. The Trojans recovered the fumble at our twelve yard line. The Trojans lined up and ran a play action pass. Rick and Jeremy bit on the fake and were out of position to tackle the tight end as he ran across the field. He scooped the ball up at the three yard line and ran into the end zone before we could tackle him. The Trojans made the PAT.

Tim did better on his second try. He gave us possession of the ball at our 31 yard line. Ed led us out. He displayed complete confidence in the huddle. “No biggie, guys. We can move on this defense. We’ve spotted some holes on the tapes of their previous games. Let’s get to work and score on these turkeys.” He called for me to fake a deep pass route while Stan ran a delayed draw up the middle. We picked up five yards on the play.

The coaches called a nice mix of running plays for Stan and Drew and a bunch of short passes for Don, Greg and me. We smoothly moved the ball downfield in four to seven yard chunks. At the Trojan 39 yard line, we decided to unleash the deep passing. I streaked downfield at the snap. The free safety started my way as I passed the cornerback. Drew came out of the backfield and blew past the outside linebacker assigned to cover him. The safety hesitated when he saw Drew come free too. Finally he decided to cover Drew. I sprinted downfield to their end zone and caught a beautiful spiral for our first touchdown. With the successful PAT, the score stood at 7-7.

The Trojan kick returner found a hole in our coverage and took the ball out to their 44 yard line. Their quarterback, Joe Cummings, was as good as his stats indicated. He drove his team down the field smartly. Our defense couldn’t quite get a handle on the Trojan play calling. He used short passes to spread our defense out and set up the running plays. With the successful point after, the score stood at 14-7, Trojans.

When we got the ball back, the Trojans went to blitzing. We ran three plays and had to punt the ball back to the Trojans. The Trojan punt returner squeezed through a gap in our punt coverage, avoided two tackles and dashed the length of the field to score another touchdown. Score: 21-7 Trojans.

We huddled. Ed said, “Relax, everyone. We can move the ball on these guys. The play is a tailback screen to the right side. Dustin and Jerry; you have to really sell your blocks before you release your guys. Get out in front and block for Drew when you release. We’re going to burn them big time on this play, guys. On two. Break”

The play worked as planned. The Trojans blitzed as we expected. Dustin, our right guard, and Jerry, our right tackle let themselves get beaten on their blocks, slipped outside in front of Drew and prepared. I dashed downfield, drawing the cornerback and the free safety deep. Ed looped the ball over the heads of the Trojan pass rushers to Drew. Dustin and Jerry led Drew downfield. They didn’t meet any defenders in the first ten yards. They blocked the strong safety and middle linebacker out of the way, leaving a gaping hole for Drew. He streaked downfield. The free safety finally caught him and shoved him out of bounds after a 36 yard gain.

Ed continued our drive with a mix of runs and passes now that the Trojans were more hesitant to blitz. I caught two passes on the drive. Drew made a first down on a sweep. Don pulled in a pass for a touchdown when I was triple covered in the end zone. With the PAT, we brought the score to a more reasonable 21-14, Trojans favor.

Each team tried two more drives before the half was over. All the drives broke down before anyone could score. We went in at half time still down by seven points. The coaches rallied the special team players and reviewed changes to fix the coverage problems. Coach Wyndham reviewed his adjustments with the defense. Rick Winters and Andy Groff each spoke to their teammates, seeking to light a fire in them. My offensive teammates and I reviewed our game plan. We were confident if the other two phases of our team did their job, we would win the game.

Our special teams coverage got the act together on the second half kick off to the Trojans. We took their kick returner down at their eighteen yard line. Our defense was fired up. On the first play the Trojans tried a sweep to the side away from Jeremy. Jeremy ran the play down from the behind before the runner could even get to the line of scrimmage. On the next play Jeremy blitzed. He and Andy Groff met at the quarterback. Each guy was credited with half a sack. On the third play the Trojans tried to fool us with a delay draw. Rick Winters stayed in position in the center of the line and tackled the tailback before he could get back to the line of scrimmage. The Trojans punted the ball to us. Karl Weaver took over as our

punt returner for the second half. Karl wasn't as fast as Tim Showalter, but he was reliable. Karl brought the punt forward about six yards before he was tackled.

We started our drive on the Trojans' forty-nine yard line, excellent field position. We started with a couple runs by Stan. On the third play, we ran our flanker reverse. It worked, though not as well as usual. The free safety tackled me at their twenty-two yard line. The Trojans obviously had been paying attention to tapes of our previous games. We pounded the ball up the middle three times with Stan and picked up a first down at their eleven yard line. Ed had to throw the ball away when the Trojans blitzed and none of the receivers could get open. The next play was an alley-oop pass to the corner of the end zone. All I had to do was out jump the three defenders surrounding me, keep them from ripping the ball out of my hands and make sure I came down in the end zone. Fortunately, I managed it all in spite of the elbow in the side, the knee to the hip and the cornerback draped on my back. We scored the point after to even the score at 21-21.

Andy, Rick and Jeremy went wild in the second half. The three guys kept the Trojans off balance through out the second half. Between the hurries, the sacks, the tackles for a loss and Jeremy's interception, the Trojans couldn't move the ball. Ed continued calling our balanced mix of runs and passes. Drew scored on a deep pass when the free safety decided to help cover me. On the next series we did it again, except I scored the touchdown when the free safety tried to cover Drew. By the beginning of the fourth quarter, we were leading 35-21.

The Trojans finally managed to sustain a drive, but only to a point. They had to settle for a field goal instead of a touchdown. The fourth quarter was Stan's time. Ed kept handing the ball to him and he would gain four, five, six yards or more on each play. We ran the clock down with a long drive that ended with a field goal. That brought the score to 38-24.

The Trojans went three and out when Coach Wyndham blitzed on every down. They punted the ball back to us. We continued handing it to Stan, who stuffed the ball down the Trojan's throats. We ran the clock out on the game without another score. The final score was 38-24 Wolverines.

We jumped and celebrated our victory on our opponent's field. All we needed now was for Central to win and we would be in the playoffs. Finally the coaches rounded us up and sent us to the locker room to shower and change.

When we got in the locker room Coach Caffrey called for everyone's attention. "That was fabulous work tonight guys. I want to commend the entire defense. You held one of the better quarterbacks in the league to three points in the second half. Good job. I want to award one of the game balls to outside linebacker Jeremy North. Jeremy, you dominated tonight." Coach handed Jeremy the ball and said, "Congratulations Jeremy. Keep up the good work." The coach shook Jeremy's hand as Jeremy beamed at the praise.

"The second game ball goes to a second year starter. Every week he gives an outstanding effort. We wouldn't be 8-2 without him. The second game ball goes to Kyle Martin." I came forward to accept the award. "Kyle makes it look easy to play wide receiver. I know it isn't. His hard training, study and talent show in his performance. Congratulations, Kyle." We shook hands.

"The third game ball goes to quarterback Ed Fritz." Ed came forward and accepted his award. "Before the season began the pundits in the local newspaper were questioning whether the Wolverines could have a winning season. They said there wasn't any way we could replace all-state quarterback Zack Hayes. Ed showed them! I think Ed deserves three cheers for being the number one rated quarterback in the Lancaster-Lebanon League." Everyone cheered lustily.

Stan called for everyone's attention. "Has anyone heard the score in the Central-Braves game?"

Coach Caffrey grinned. "I was saving the best news for last, Stan. Central beat the Braves in triple overtime 42-38. We're going to the playoffs!"

The locker room broke into bedlam. Everyone was cheering slapping each other on the back and celebrating. Coach Caffrey called for quiet again. "Tonight's victory is sweet, but we have a lot of work to do. Next Saturday we play Central again. We will need the entire team's A game to have a chance of beating them. Celebrate this weekend. Come to practice on Monday to work. We need to make a lot of adjustments in our defense to win next week." The coach's announcement met with hearty approval from everyone. We showered, dressed and headed for the buses.

On the ride home I found out that the JV team had won their game. My brother Andy scored two more touchdowns to bring his total to fifteen for the season. Pretty good for an eighth grader playing his first year on JV. I didn't figure Andy would play JV next year. He was too good for that.

---oooOooo---

Andy and I stayed up late that night celebrating our victories. It was good that cold weather had arrived. We could sleep late on Saturday morning and enjoy being kids again. I didn't get up until 11 that morning. Andy goofed off even more. Mom finally dragged him out of bed at 12:30. It felt great.

After I finished brunch, I called Trent Wilson to talk.

"Hi, Kyle," Trent answered. "I figured you would be calling today."

"Sure. I have to thank you guys for beating the Braves. It must have been a hell of a game."

"It was amazing. The Braves pushed us just as hard as you guys did three weeks ago. We were lucky to win."

"I'm grateful that you did," I said. "You guys must be really proud of your unbeaten record."

Trent answered, "We are proud. It helps wipe out the stain on our record last year when we didn't make the playoffs. Have you guys figured out what you're going to do when we play next Saturday?"

"Like I'd tell if I knew. I expect that the coaches will be putting in a long weekend figuring out how to play you."

"I expect our coaches will be doing the same thing."

"All I know is that Coach Caffrey said we will be making some changes in the team. I have no idea what that means."

"We are too," Trent said. "We may have won last time, but it was too damn close."

"I agree buddy, I agree. We'll talk before the game next week. Good luck."

"Good luck to you too, Kyle. See you next Saturday."

"Bye."

After lunch I worked on my history term paper that was due on Tuesday. I was writing about the four commanders of the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War. I was comparing their strengths and weaknesses as commanders. I have been reading about the Civil War for years. This was one term paper that was truly easy. I completed it around 3 in the afternoon. I lay back on my bed, cranked up my tunes and relaxed.

I thought about what I was going to do tonight. Would I go to the movies with Julie or try to hook up with one of the other girls? I hadn't had sex in three weeks. I was leaning towards the sure thing. Hook up with

one of the girls and get laid. Then I remember how great it was to spend time with Julie. Definitely a night with Julie! Well, maybe? Why couldn't I make up my mind?

----oooOooo----

I showered, shaved and got dressed in some nice clothes. Greg picked Ed and me up at 5:00 pm per our agreement. We headed for the pizza place that we often met before the movies.

I looked around when we arrived to see who was here. None of the girls I was looking for had arrived yet. Greg, Ed and I found a table and chatted while we waited for more company. Cindy and Jessie arrived soon after we sat down. Stacie and Sally was a couple minutes behind them. They all joined us at our table.

I asked, "Does anyone know if Julie is coming tonight?"

Sally answered, "No. She told me she was babysitting her cousins tonight."

"Oh, OK," I said trying to act nonchalant.

"You have a thing for her, don't you, Tiger?" Stacie asked.

"Me? No." I answered.

Ed laughed. "He's had a crush on Julie since seventh grade."

Sally said, "It's cool, Kyle. She's a sweet girl. I like her."

Drew came in and sat at the table beside us. Stacie switched tables immediately. She and Drew cuddled together and started making out.

Talked turned quickly to our upcoming playoff game with Central. After much discussion we decided that our defense was the key to winning the game. We had to find a way to stop, or least slow down, Christian Hunsecker. If we could do that we should score enough points on offense to win. How would we find anyone fast enough to cover Christian?

While we waited for our pizza to arrive we rearranged the seating. I ended up cuddled with Sally, Ed with Cindy and Greg with Jessie. I glanced over a couple tables. Stacie was sitting on Drew's lap. I think this was the fourth week that Stacie and Drew hooked up. That was a lot for a girl who didn't want to get serious with anyone.

Our group headed out when dinner was done. I asked Sally, "Do you want to see a movie tonight or uh... well you know."

Sally laughed, "Uh, you know... sounds good to me. Is anyone home at your house?"

"Um, my house might be empty. My parents were talking about going out with my brother and sister. We could try there."

"Let's go find out. I know my parents are home. It's too cold to try someplace outside and my Honda is too small for the two of us. Follow me to the car."

"Lead the way, Sal," I answered.

Sally drove us to my house. It was dark. We were in luck! I led us inside and headed upstairs to my bedroom. Sally and I stripped out of our clothes and hopped into my bed. We kissed and petted for a few minutes. I switched around and we enjoyed 69ing for awhile. Sally brought me to orgasm first. I licked

and sucked her womanhood until she was close to climax. I slipped two fingers inside her pussy and massaged her G-spot until she blasted off. Sally was incoherent for nearly a minute after her orgasm took her.

I asked, "Are you ready, lover?"

"Yes, Kyle, but make sure you pull out before you cum. I'm fertile right now and I can't have a baby."

"Bullshit, Sally. I don't feel like playing that game tonight." I rooted around in her purse for a few seconds and pulled out her birth control pills. I held them up. "You're safe and you know it. What we're doing isn't dangerous. It's perfectly safe. Now let's fuck!"

"Hmmp... you sure spoiled that one, Kyle," Sally said.

I lifted Sally's ankles onto my shoulders. "We'll have fun, Sally, trust me." I said as I positioned my hard cock against Sally's opening. I pushed in smoothly until I hit bottom. I began pumping in and out. I bent Sally nearly in half as I bent down to give her a kiss.

After a couple minutes of humping, I asked, "You really get off pretending that I could get you pregnant, don't you?"

"I do. It's so naughty and scary. It makes me excited."

I asked, "You used this purse on Monday at school right?"

"Um, yeah, Kyle. Why do you ask?"

"I had Stacie help me out with something, that's all." I answered.

"Stacie helped you out? How?" Sally asked.

"Have you taken a good look at your birth control pills?" I asked grinning.

"Yeah. I take one every day."

"You think you take one every day," I explained.

"Huh?"

"I'll tell you in a bit, Sally."

I continued thrusting. I ground my pubic bone against Sally's clitoris as I fucked her. After a couple minutes more Sally started to pant and moan. It was almost time to tell Sally my secret. I increased my pace as Sally approached climax. I was getting close too.

"Sally, you know those pills you took this week?"

"Yeah. What, Kyle?"

"I had Stacie swap them for me. You have been taking sugar pills this week," I pushed deep each time, hammering my cock into Sally's tunnel.

"What!?!?" Sally squealed.

"You are going to get pregnant tonight, Sally. You haven't had any birth control pills in a week."

“NO! Stop, Kyle! I can’t get pregnant!”

“I’m going to knock you up Sally.”

“NO! Don’t do this, Kyle! Pleeeseeee?”

“Your belly is going to swell. You’re going to have my baby Sal. It’ll be great!” I declared. I thrust furiously as both of us neared orgasm.

“Shit! Get off me, Kyle. Stop now!” Sally begged. I could feel her heart beating frantically. I ground my pubic area on her clit.

“Oh please, Kyle,” Sally screamed. “We have to stop.”

Sally’s pussy started to spasm. I pushed in deep and squirted a big load of sperm into Sally’s pussy.

“OOhhh, Kyle! NO! Pull out... I don’t want a baby... Nnnoooooooo!” Sally squealed. Her pussy squeezed and clenched at my cock as I filled her vagina with my fertile sperm. I knew her cervix was frantically sucking up all the sperm it could get.

I rolled off of Sally when I finished my climax. My sperm dribbled out of Sally’s well filled hole. Sally unfolded her legs and turned to me. She slapped me on the cheek. “Kyle, how could you do that to me, you asshole?”

I laughed. “Relax, Sally. What I told you was all bullshit. I wouldn’t try to get you pregnant. I just wanted to make this more fun for you. I’d never play with your birth control pills.”

“This was all pretend, Kyle?” Sally asked.

“Completely. You said you liked it to be scary. Was this scary?”

“God, Kyle. My heart still hasn’t slowed down. You’re sure I can’t get pregnant?”

“You’re safe, Sally,” I said. “No chance of having a baby. Relax.” I gave her a kiss.

Sally rolled on top of me. “God you had me going, Kyle. That was the most exciting time I ever had.” She kissed me hard. Our tongues met and probed each other. My cock got hard again.

Sally asked, “Do you want to go again, Kyle?”

“Sure,” I answered. Sally climbed in top of me and positioned my erection at her opening. She sat down, engulfing my cock with her warm velvety tunnel. Sally rode my cock for a couple minutes. I started to play with her tits while she pleased herself on my cock.

Sally was moaning while she rose and impaled herself on my shaft. I switched my fingers down to Sally’s clitoris. “Oooohhhh... God... Kyle...” She groaned as we fucked. “Oooohhhh...”

Both of us froze as we heard the front door slam. We heard my parents talking downstairs as a large person bounded up the stairs. It had to be...

Andy flew by my door, glancing in as he went by. Andy stuttered, “Ummm.” as he returned to my door. He closed it quickly and flew down the steps.

Sally and I tried to disentangle ourselves so we could get dressed. We heard Andy exclaim, “Lizzie! I want to show you something in the basement. Let’s go.”

Mom asked, "Is Kyle home? I saw his light is on."

Andy answered, "He's home. He has company."

"OH! Dan, why don't you go with Andy and see what he wants to show Lizzie? I'M GOING UPSTAIRS." Mom said, emphasizing the last part so Sally and I could clearly hear her in my room.

Sally and I frantically dressed as Mom walked up the steps. We were buttoning the last buttons when Mom knocked on my door.

"Kyle, can I come in?" Mom asked. Sally was panicking.

I whispered, "Relax, it's OK." I opened the door for Mom. "Hi, Mom. I didn't think you would be home this soon."

"Obviously," Mom answered. Sally was standing behind me, trying to be inconspicuous.

"Mom, I'd like to introduce you to Sally Edmonds. She is on the cheerleading squad." I stepped aside so Mom could see Sally. Mom extended her hand to Sally. She shook it. "Sally, this is my Mom."

"It's nice to meet you, Mrs. Martin," Sally said timidly.

Mom said, "That was too close, Kyle. Do you remember what we talked about?"

"I do, Mom. No one was home when we got here. I thought it would be alright."

"Be more careful, Kyle. Lizzie is too young to see this sort of thing," Mom explained. "You need to get going Sally. My eleven year old daughter isn't ready to learn about sex just yet. I'm sorry I couldn't show you more hospitality." With that, Mom disappeared downstairs, undoubtedly to help keep Lizzie busy until Sally could get out the front door.

I gave Sally a kiss. "I'm sorry about all of this, Sally. I really thought we would have more time than this."

"It's OK Kyle. Your mom is a lot cooler about this than my mom would have been. My mom would have been screaming if she caught us in my bedroom." Sally said.

I said, "I'll talk to you on Monday. Good night, Sally." I escorted Sally to the door. When she left, I went to the basement to relieve my brother and father.

Lizzie was protesting when I got to the basement. "Why do you want to show me Dad's golf bag? I have NO interest in it. I'm going upstairs."

"Hi, Liz," I said as we passed on the steps.

"Good. At least someone's acting normal around here. Andy and Dad are losing it," Lizzie declared as she stalked up the steps.

When the door closed I said, "Thanks for your quick thinking, Andy. Thanks, Dad."

"Jeez, Kyle. Can't you close and lock your door?" Andy protested.

"No one was home," I offered. "I thought it would be OK."

"Think harder the next time, Kyle," Dad added.

I went back upstairs to my bedroom. I flipped on my TV and watched the rest of the movie on HBO. I took a shower before bed. I was too messy to sleep comfortably.

I thought about our game with Central before I went to sleep. We needed someone like Aaron Morano on our team to cover Christian Hunsecker. We couldn't add more defensive backs to the field the way we did with other teams. Central's running game was too good to lose big bodies on the defensive line or among the linebackers. We had to cover Christian with one fast player. Only Drew or I had the speed to keep up with him. I had more experience on varsity, so I was the logical choice. Would the coaches agree? Could I learn to play cornerback in seven days? I fell asleep pondering the possibilities.

Chapter 28

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After lunch on Sunday I called Coach Caffrey. I recognized his voice when he said “Hello?”

“Coach, I’m sorry to bother you on a Sunday. This is Kyle Martin. I wanted to talk to you for a minute about our game on Saturday.”

“I don’t mind you calling. I was going over our game plan. What do you want?”

“I have been thinking about how we cover Christian Hunsecker. Covering him is the key to the game.”

“Unh huh. Go ahead with what you came up with, Kyle.”

“We need to find someone fast enough to cover Christian one on one. We can’t add more DB’s. It makes us vulnerable to the run. We need speed on defense.”

“OK. I agree with you so far, Kyle. Where do we find speed at this point in the season?”

“Drew or me. We are fast enough to run with Christian.” I explained.

“Which of you do you think I should pick, Kyle?”

“I think I’m the better choice since I play wide receiver. I know what Christian will do better than Drew. I also know Christian personally. I think I should play cornerback and cover him.”

“You came up with that yourself, Kyle?”

“Yes, sir.” I answered.

“That’s good thinking, Kyle. Coach Wyndham and I had already decided that is what we would do. I was going to talk to you at the beginning of practice tomorrow. Are you willing to try this, Kyle?”

“Yes, sir,” I answered. “I’ll do whatever it takes to help us win.”

“Good. That’s settled. We will go over all the details tomorrow at practice. If you do well in practice this week, you will play cornerback on Saturday.”

“This change isn’t going to be permanent is it?”

The coach chuckled, “No. I certainly hope not. I don’t want to lose you on offense.”

“Thanks for listening to me, Coach. I appreciate it.”

“I appreciate your calling, Kyle. You have a real head for football.”

“Thanks, sir. Have a good afternoon.”

“Good bye, Kyle,” Coach Caffrey said before he hung up the phone.

I took a deep breath. I was really going to play cornerback on Saturday. Was I up to the challenge?

----oooOooo----

On Monday I stopped at Julie’s table first period. I said, “I missed you Saturday night,”

"I had to baby sit for my aunt and uncle. I would have liked to have gone out instead, but I can use the money," Julie answered.

"Did you finish your term paper for history?"

"I finished typing it on Sunday afternoon. How about you?" Julie asked.

"I finished mine on Saturday afternoon," I explained.

"Are you going to the dance Friday night?"

"Oh. I don't know. I hadn't really paid attention to things on Friday nights. I have football." Immediately I realized I didn't have football anymore on Friday nights. Our playoff game was on Saturday afternoon. "Duh. I'm so used to Friday night games I forgot. I'm free. I guess I'll go. How about you?"

"I'd like to go, Kyle," Julie said. She smiled at me.

Finally I got her signal. "Would you be my date for the dance, Julie?" I asked.

"I'd like that, Kyle," she answered.

"Cool! I'll pick you up. What time does the dance start?"

Julie answered, "7:30, I think."

"OK. I'll pick you up around 7:15. Is that OK?"

"It's a date, Kyle," Julie said grinning. I found my seat beside Penny.

Penny asked, "You finally asked Julie to go to the dance?"

"Yes"

"It's about time. She turned down two other guys already while she waited for you to ask her."

"She did?" I asked.

Mr. Herr started class before Penny could answer my question. Did Julie like me?

----oooOooo----

Coach Caffrey called Dylan Peachey, Nick Zeimer and me into his office when we arrived for practice. Coach started talking as soon as we sat down. "Boys, we are going to make some adjustments on defense for our game with Central." I glanced over at Dylan and Nick. Both looked confused. This was the part of the plan I didn't like. One of these guys was going to sit so I could start. It was unfortunate.

Coach continued, "The team needs more speed at cornerback for our game with Central. Kyle is going to start at left cornerback in your place, Dylan. Dylan, you are switching over the right side. Nick, you will be nickel back for this game. Do you understand?"

All three of us nodded yes. Coach continued, "Nick, I want you to understand that I value your contributions to our team. This is not a reflection on your talent, only on your speed. Central has one of, if not the fastest wide receiver in this part of the state. We lose the game on Saturday if we can't find someone as fast as him. This change is not permanent. It is only for Saturday's game. Both of you will go

back to your usual spots assuming we have another game after Saturday. Do you boys have any questions?"

None of us did. Coach dismissed us to get dressed for practice. I spent the entire practice in the conference room with Coach Wyndham learning as much as I could about how to play cornerback.

Coach Wyndham explained, "Your responsibilities are simple. You cover Hunsecker. You become his shadow for the game. You go everywhere he goes. You stick with him until he gets the ball, the play is over or someone else carries the ball across the line of scrimmage. If the last happens, you may go for a tackle on the ball carrier. Understand so far, Kyle?"

"Yes. Do I need to learn the defensive schemes? Who plays where? What all our coverages are?"

"No. We are going to keep your job simple. You cover Hunsecker. The other ten guys will take care of the rest of the Central players. Any other questions?"

"Yes. Do I have any help?"

Coach Wyndham answered, "No, you have to cover him alone. We won't have any help for you."

"That's OK," I said. "I didn't figure I would have help."

"I want you to consider yourself to be another receiver in their passing scheme. You have as much right to catch the ball as Hunsecker. With your leaping ability, you have the potential to make an interception or two."

"Should I play bump and run or should I play off the line of scrimmage?"

"You aren't going to knock someone as strong as Hunsecker off the line of scrimmage. I want you to play five to seven yards off the line. It will give you a little cushion to react to his pass route. If Central wants to throw five yard passes to Hunsecker, they can have as many of those as they want. I don't care about them. You keep him covered deep. Hunsecker NEVER gets behind you. Is that clear, Kyle?"

"Yes, sir."

"Kyle, I want you to understand something. You aren't going to stop Hunsecker from catching some passes. Your job is to slow him down. He is going to score. Don't let it worry you. As long as Hunsecker scores fewer touchdowns this game than the last game, things will be good for us. You will need a thick skin to play cornerback. You ARE going to miss some things. Are you ready to give this a try?"

I'm ready coach. I've seen Christian practice and play. I know how good he is. I'll do my best to help out team."

Good, Kyle. Go see Coach Caffrey next. He will explain what your responsibilities will be on offense for the game."

"On offense? OK," I said. I tracked down Coach Caffrey. He filled me in on the plan. I would be the number three receiver. Coach expected I would be on the field at most for half the offensive plays. Tim Showalter would fill in for me if I was too tired. Karl Weaver would play as the flanker, my normal spot, on Saturday.

I made it outside in time for our two mile run at the end of practice. The team headed back inside to shower and change. I was dressing when Jeremy came up to me slapped me on the back and declared, "I hear you will finally do some honest work on this team. Welcome to the defense, Kyle."

"Thanks, Jeremy," I answered. "This is going to be really weird for me."

"I don't know if I like it," Ed added. "I like having you on the field with me."

"I'm going to play about half the offensive plays," I said. "We'll do OK, Ed. Don't worry."

"Easy for you to say, Kyle. They always blame the quarterback if things don't go right. This is a big risk for me."

"What? You don't think they'll notice if Christian scores a bunch of touchdowns. This is a big risk for me too. I could end up looking like an idiot."

"You two old women!" Jeremy exclaimed. "You worry too much. We have plenty of options on offense. You'll score lots of points, Ed. Kyle, you know Christian better than anyone else on this team. You have the speed to run with him. You'll do well. Stop worrying. We're going to kick Central's butts on Saturday. I guarantee it."

We finished dressing. Ed, Jeremy and I followed Greg out to his car. Greg stopped at the Middle School wing to pick up Andy. Greg drove the four of us home like he usually does. I went straight to my room and worked on my homework. I needed to finish before scouts. I managed to finish just as I was called to dinner.

Dad drove Andy, Ed, Jeremy and me to scouts after dinner. Ed and I worked with our patrols on menu planning and how to make shopping lists. Our patrols were going to plan the menus and buy the food for the troop on the next campout in a few weeks.

---oooOooo---

At practice on Tuesday I finally got a chance to try my skills on the field. The coaches had Drew fill Christian's role on the scout team that we practiced against. He was the best challenge for me while I got used to covering a fast receiver. I did well. Drew managed to make a couple catches on me and I made an interception. Mostly I managed to keep the ball out of Drew's hands. I hoped covering Christian would be as easy as covering Drew.

Julie and I met in the library on Tuesday afternoon during our study hall to work on our Deutsche vocabulary. We talked about our date for the dance Friday night. I got a pretty hot kiss when we left to go to our next class.

Football practice went well the rest of the week. I was getting comfortable covering Drew. The coaches were pleased with my progress. I started studying the defensive playbook to get familiar with our coverages. It would help me in case something unexpected happened during the game.

I had lunch with Julie every day. I enjoyed talking and joking with her. She was fun to be around. She fit in with my other friends. We talked about school, football and gossiped. Lunch became the highlight of my day.

On Friday Julie greeted me before first period with a kiss. "Good morning, Kyle," she said when our lips parted.

"Good Morning, Julie."

"You look handsome in your football jersey," Julie asked. "Why are you wearing the white one?"

"We are the second place team," I explained. "That means we are designated as the away team tomorrow."

"Are you guys going to win?"

“I think so. We have a good game plan. I believe we can win.”

“Good. I’ll be there cheering my heart out for you guys,” Julie said. She grinned when she finished talking. I gave her another kiss and went to my seat.

Kids came up to Ed, Drew and me all day and wished us luck tomorrow. The day was quite an ego trip. I appreciated how much support our fans gave us.

I met Julie at her locker when school was over. I gave her a kiss and headed for football practice. The coaches had us run a light workout and review the game plan one last time. We finished with our traditional two mile run. We were ready.

I grabbed a quick shower before dinner. When dinner was done, Dad drove me to the Simpsons, picked up Julie and drove us to the school. Julie and I hung out with Jeremy and Kathy; Brandon and Stef; Hal and Tammy; and Drew and Stacie before the music started.

I asked, “Has anyone seen Penny?”

“No. I thought she and Travis were coming tonight,” Kathy answered. “That’s what she told me in English seventh period.”

Tammy added, “I wonder what happened to her.”

They started off with a few fast songs. Julie and I headed out for the dance floor (actually the cafeteria most days). Julie was such a graceful dancer. Even though I had improved dramatically in the past year and half at dancing, compared to Julie I still had two left feet. Julie didn’t care. We danced on.

After three fast songs, they switched to a slow one. Julie and I wrapped our arms around each other and snuggled together. We started dancing. Julie held tight, crushing her tits against my chest. Julie’s perfume smelled heavenly.

“Mmmm, this is nice, isn’t it, Kyle?” Julie purred into my ear.

“It’s great,” I answered. Julie laid her head on my shoulder. I laid my cheek against her as we swayed to the music. I could feel Julie’s heart beating as we danced. She was so soft and warm. My cock responded to the gentle swaying motion by the beauty in my arms. It started to swell.

We didn’t stop holding each other when the song was over. We held each other and kissed. Our tongues met. I felt a tingle run down my spine. Another slow song started. We continued swaying to the music, rubbing our bodies together.

My cock was fully erect and pressing my pants out against Julie’s side. I squirmed a little to try to hide it but Julie noticed. She grinned and rubbed my bulge against her belly. I blushed.

“That’s your, uh, thing isn’t it, Kyle?”

“Yes. I’m sorry, Julie. I wish it would go down.”

“It’s OK, Kyle. You like me don’t you?”

“Yes, of course. You’re really pretty. You get me excited.” Julie smiled and continued to rub against it the entire time we danced to that song. I desperately tried to think of anything but the gorgeous girl in my arms. It took a couple more songs, but finally I willed my cock back down to semi-erect. I rearranged myself so I looked presentable to mixed company.

Julie and I took a break and grabbed some punch and cookies. We talked for a few minutes and went back to dancing. Everything about the evening was amazing: the feel of Julie's soft skin as I held her; the feeling of her nipples pressing into my chest; the sweet smell of her perfume; the way she giggled; the way she nibbled on my ear lobe; the feel of her breath on my neck. Most of all I loved the way she kissed.

This wasn't a middle school boy crush like two or three years ago when I would stare across the room at her for half the school day. This feeling was much deeper. I was a man desiring a woman.

Julie and I danced on. When the final song played we stayed on the dance floor pressed together. Neither of us wanted the evening to end. Reluctantly we finally walked outside holding hands. My Dad drove us home. He gave me a couple minutes to say good night when we dropped Julie off. We parted after long passionate kiss. Julie promised to cheer extra loud for me at the game.

I greeted Will and Abby when I got home. They were home for the weekend. After talking to them for a couple minutes, I went to my room, locked the door and stripped. I poured hand lotion over my hard cock and jerked off. I tried to imagine what Julie would look like naked while I stroked my erection. I continued until I splattered cum of over my neck, chest and stomach. It brought a little relief from my lust.

Amazingly, I went to sleep thinking about Julie, not the biggest football game of the year. Did I want to get serious with Julie? I loved sex and spending time with Jessie, Stacie and Sally. Julie was pretty, smart, funny and great company. She made me incredible horny. I wanted her, but she didn't have sex. I love sex, but Julie is special. Could I give up sex to go steady with Julie? I didn't know what I was going to do.

---oooOooo---

I slept late on Saturday morning. I got up around 11:00 am, showered and grabbed some breakfast. The rest of the household was up and busy. I relaxed in my room, listening to music and reading. I grabbed a sandwich just before noon. At noon, Dad drove me over to the high school to catch the bus to Elizabethtown College, the site of our playoff game. Dad wished me luck.

My teammates were relaxed, laughing, joking and gossiping on the way west to Elizabethtown. We were confident with the adjustments we made, that the game would come out better than our last meeting. We were going to win!

When we finished warm ups, Ed, Jeremy and I wandered over to the Central side of the field to talk with Trent and Christian. We greeted our friends and talked for a couple minutes. Each of us tried to pry out information about what the other team had planned, without success.

Trent finally turned the topic around to dating, "You up for a double date on Friday night, Kyle? Regardless of the outcome of this game, we're both free then."

I grinned and said, "I don't know, Trent. I'm going to be up to my neck in game preparations next Friday. I don't know if I can spare the time."

Trent glared at me for a few seconds, laughed and answered, "I know you aren't the quickest learner, but I doubt you really need a year to prepare for your next game."

I laughed and said, "My next game is next Saturday, not next year!"

"We'll see about that, Martin. We'll see."

"Seriously, Trent, I would like to double date with you next Friday night. All I need to do is find a date. I'll call you Monday or Tuesday to make arrangements, OK?"

"Sounds cool, Kyle. Good luck tonight," Trent said, extending his hand for a shake. The five of us exchanged well wishes and headed back to our locker rooms for prepare for our game.

The stadiums were filled with equal amounts of fans dressed in the burgundy and gray colors of Central and the red and white of the Wolverines. We were fortunate about the weather for the game. Mid-November could be cold. The wind was light, the temperature was in the mid-fifties and the sky was clear. It was perfect weather for football.

We won the coin toss and elected to receive the kickoff. Tim Showalter did his job and turned the ball over to our offense at the Central 31 yard line. The coaches called for a three receiver set on the first play. I chuckled quietly when I saw Trent looking for me as I lined up in the slot on the opposite side of the field from him. I stared at the nickel back that was assigned to cover me. His eyes were much too wide. He didn't expect to cover me by himself tonight.

The free safety screamed out defensive adjustments. The poor nickel back moved to the right to cover a different receiver. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Trent running my way to cover me. The ball snapped before the two of them could get to their new positions.

I sprinted downfield, angling away from Trent and towards the corner post. Ed lofted a nearly perfect pass to me. I pulled it in around Central's twenty-five yard line and ran into the end zone untouched. Trent arrived in the end zone three steps behind me.

"Damn, Kyle! That was a cheap touchdown. Don't expect anymore this easy," Trent growled.

"I don't, Trent. I will tell you, if you guys don't cover me with someone, I will score a lot more." I retorted. Our kicker drilled the ball through uprights on the extra point attempt. Score: 7-0, Wolverines.

Central's kick returner took the kick off back to Central's twenty-seven yard line. I strapped on my helmet and positioned myself on the left side of our line, waiting to see where Christian lined up when they broke the huddle.

I was in the right spot. Christian looked at me and mumbled, "Kyle? You play cornerback?"

"We'll see soon if I do," I answered.

I ran step for step with Christian when the ball was snapped. It was good I was giving him a five yard cushion. It was just enough room for me to start running the right way before Christian could get past me. The quarterback threw the ball to the opposite side of the field. Dylan stopped the receiver after a four yard catch.

Christian apparently had been relying on his speed all year. He didn't do any of the subtle things I had learned to do this year to throw off the cornerback and create separation. Central's quarterback wasn't used to seeing Christian covered closely, so he didn't throw the ball to Christian if I was nearby.

Central had the ball for seven plays, managing to gain seventeen yards. On third and two, Central tried a power run off tackle to Jeremy's side of the field. Andy Groff, Jeremy and Rick all converged on the runner to stop him after a one yard gain. Central punted the ball to us.

I watched Ed lead the offense back on the field from the sideline. It was funny to watch Trent frantically search for me, give up and go back to his usual spot on the right side of our line. We ran twice and then went for a pass on third and two. Drew blew past the linebacker covering him, but the free safety stayed with him. Greg ran his crossing route behind the chaos the Drew created. Ed dodged a blitzing linebacker and threw the ball to him for a fifteen yard gain.

I came in as a slot receiver on the next play. Central shifted people around to make sure I was covered. On this play both Drew and I were to go deep. On the snap we took off. The free safety decided to help Trent out with me, leaving the poor linebacker to try and cover Drew deep. Ed rolled out to his right to avoid the

pass rush and launched a tight spiraling pass to Drew. He picked up twenty-three yards before the free safety finally tackled him.

I was on the field for four of the twelve downs in that drive, but it was enough to keep Central guessing on every play. They were hesitant and always seemed to be half a step behind whatever play we called. I caught an eighteen yard pass to put us on the four yard line. Stan and our offensive line took it from there. They stuffed the ball into the end zone on two consecutive runs up the middle of Central's defense. With the successful PAT the score stood at 14-0, Wolverine's favor.

The rest of the first half went similar to the first two series. Coach Wyndham used my tight coverage on Christian to move everyone else in closer to the line of scrimmage. Central didn't have a lot of room to run with us crowding the line with ten guys. Rick, Jeremy and our defensive line kept the pressure on Central's quarterback. Central finally tried to get the ball to Christian in spite of my coverage. I batted the first two passes to come our way to the ground. I intercepted the third ball thrown to Christian. It was a high pass that became a jump ball for either Christian or me to catch. I caught it and ran two steps before Christian tackled me.

The coaches kept me on the field for the first play of our next drive. They called for our fake flanker reverse. My fake attracted most of Central's attention. Drew made it to the opposite sideline and ran the ball downfield for a forty-two yard gain. I watched the rest of the drive from the sideline. Drew attracted double coverage on passes, leaving room for Greg, Don and Karl to work their way open. Ed moved the team down the field with a mix of runs and short to medium passes to score again. We now led 21-0!

After our third touchdown, Central stopped trying to run the ball. Coach Wyndham started sending blitzers frequently. Central's quarterback had time for short passes, nothing deep. I stuck with Christian. I batted a couple balls away, but they didn't try to throw to him much. I stayed too close to Christian for them to risk sending the ball towards us.

Their third possession ended when Jeremy almost sacked their QB. The ball came out a split second before Jeremy clobbered the QB. The ball wobbled and fluttered as it headed for Christian and me. It was too high but both of us jumped anyway. I managed to get my fingertips on it and brought the ball down to my chest. Christian tackled me immediately.

Ed and the offense started out with a couple sweeps followed by couple passes. I watched from the side line while I caught my breath. Coach Caffrey called for another fake flanker reverse, so I went in my normal spot. The play went well until Drew turned the far corner to sprint down the sideline. Trent Wilson had been paying attention to the tapes of our game. He waited for Drew to come and hit him with a bruising tackle. Drew went down, dropping the ball. He and Trent scrambled for the ball. Trent came up with it. Central took possession on their forty-five yard line.

They ran a few times and threw the ball on a quick out to the tight end or the receiver opposite from Christian and me. They moved the ball with some success. Christian finally managed to get a couple catches on this drive. Both were four to five yard passes. I tackled him immediately after each catch. When Central reached our twenty yard line, they tried a deeper pass to the receiver that Dylan Peachey was covering on the far side of the field from me. Dylan tripped as he backpedaled on the play. The receiver caught the ball and ran into the end zone for a score. After the PAT the score was 21-7, Wolverines favor.

We got the ball back with about two and half minutes left in the half. I felt pretty rested, so the coaches sent me in as the third receiver. We moved the ball down the field briskly, alternating runs and passes. We scored from Central twenty-four yard line when Drew and I both ran deep pass routes. Trent covered me as expected. The free safety decided he better help cover Drew. I beat Trent and hauled the ball into my body in the back of the end zone. Jerry Frankhouser booted the ball through the uprights for the PAT. Score: 28-7 Wolverines.

At halftime the coaches reviewed our game plan for the second half with us. They encouraged us to keep working hard. Victory was in our grasp if we continued to play the way we had in the first half. The whole team was confident that we would win when we took the field for the start of the second half.

We kicked the ball off to Central. Our special teams collared their kick returner at the twenty-nine yard line. Central continued the strategy at the end of the first half. They pecked away at our defense a few yards at a time, mostly by passing. We bided our time, waiting for a mistake. No mistake came. Central slowly pushed us down the field and shoved the ball into the end zone to bring to score to a more respectable 28-14 in our favor.

I watched our next drive from the bench. I assume the coaches wanted me rested for the remainder of the game. Ed, Don, Greg, Karl and Drew ran and passed their way down the field on a ten play, 73 yard drive. Central managed to sack Ed on their ten yard line on third down. We had to settle for a field goal. Score: 31-14 Wolverines favor.

Nineteen minutes remained in the game. Central started their next drive with a deep pass attempt. Dylan just missed an interception as he tipped the ball out of the hands of the receiver he was guarding. They tried a second time, but Andy Groff sacked their quarterback. Central went back to the only thing that had worked for them that day. Peck away a few yards at a time with short passes. After four plays like that, Nick tapped me on the shoulder as we lined up.

“Coach says I should cover Christian deep on this play. He wants you to try for an interception. Coach says that the play should be a short pass to Christian.” Nick explained.

I lined up about eight yard from the line of scrimmage like I usually did. On the snap, I took a step back like I was ready to cover deep. I watched the quarterback’s eyes. He looked at Christian. When Christian stopped and the quarterback raised his arm to throw, I tensed myself. When the ball sailed out of the cluster of linemen protecting the QB, I darted in front of Christian, aiming for a spot a yard in front of him. I snagged the ball, pulled it tight to my chest and sprinted for the end zone. Christian was the only player with any chance to catch me. He took too long to realize what had happened and pursued me about three steps back. No way was he going to catch me. I drove my body downfield, finally collapsing when I reached the end zone. Dylan, Nick and Pete Houck, our free safety, mobbed me in the end zone, celebrating my touchdown. The successful PAT brought the score to 38-14 Wolverines.

Central gave up all pretense of trying to run the ball. Coach Wyndham blitzed the quarterback unmercifully. They went three downs and had to punt the ball back to us. Stan Humphries, our first string tailback hadn’t played much in the first half. We were saving him for now. The offensive line took glee in blocking and bashing the Central defensive line and linebackers as Stan stomped through them, running the clock down and preventing them from putting their offense on the field. Stan burned seven minutes and 45 seconds off the clock and set us up for a field goal. It bounced off the upright and went out.

Central attempted another drive, but they didn’t have enough time to pass. Either Jeremy, Andy Groff or Rick Winters was chasing the quarterback out of the pocket on every play. They managed one first down on seven plays before they were forced to punt the ball back to us.

Stan and the offensive line took complete control of the game. They pushed the exhausted Central defensive tackles aside with ease and opened big holes for Stan to run through. We kept the ball for nine minutes and four seconds, winding the clock down to 0:00. The final score was 38-14.

Fans from our half of the stadium flooded the field to celebrate with our players. We had dramatically demonstrated who controlled our league now. If Central wanted to continue to make the playoffs in future years, they needed to find a way to beat us! Years of frustration at their hands evaporated in the euphoria of our victory.

I was searching the crowd for my family when I felt a tug on my jersey. “Kyle! Kyle!” a sweet voice behind me asked. I turned. It was Julie. I set my helmet down and kissed her on the lips. Her tongue slid

along my lips. I opened my mouth and met her tongue with mine. I hugged her to me and lifted her up as we kissed. I was still holding her off the ground when we parted our lips and stared into each other's eyes.

"You played a great game, Kyle," Julie said, grinning.

"Thanks, Julie," I stammered to her. Our lips met again and we kissed again. Our tongues danced and tangled with each other. I felt like I could do this all afternoon.

"Ah-hmmm," a deep voice said, interrupting us. "Kyle?" We separated and I gently set Julie back on the ground. We turned to see who was interrupting us. It was my Dad. My whole family was standing around us.

Dad asked, "Are you going to introduce the rest of your family to Julie?"

"Sure," I answered. I introduced everybody to Julie.

When the introductions were finished, Andy asked, "Is Julie your girlfriend, Kyle?"

I hesitated for a couple seconds and answered, "She is if she'll have me." I turned and stared into Julie's eyes. "Will you go steady with me, Julie?"

Julie grinned. She hugged me and finally answered, "Yes. I will be your girlfriend, Kyle." I leaned down and kissed my girl. My family congratulated us. We talked for a couple minutes.

I suggested, "Julie, let's go find Ed and Jeremy. The three of us need to talk to our friends from Central."

"You know some of the Central players?" Julie asked.

I explained how we knew Trent and Christian as we searched the crowd for Ed and Jeremy. We found Jeremy and Kathy talking. They followed us through the crowd until we found Ed talking with Lindsey Fulton, one the ninth grade girls who joined the Venturers in September.

"Let's find Trent and Christian," I suggested. The six of us headed across the field towards the Central bench, scanning the crowd for our friends. We spotted them talking with a few other Central players.

One of the players eyed Ed, Jeremy and me and sneered, "Come to rub it in, assholes?"

"Knock it off, Brett," Trent pleaded. "These guys are my friends. They're cool."

"I don't care whose friends they are," Brett growled. "These three fucked up our season. I don't have time for them." Brett and two other players stalked off.

"I'm sorry, Kyle," Trent said. "They're still worked up from the game. They'll calm down in a couple days."

"No sweat. I know the feeling," Ed said. "They feel the same as us when we lost to you a few weeks ago. I understand."

"It's not OK Ed," Christian added. "They need to show a little class. You guys played great today. I never had anyone cover me the way you did, Kyle."

"Thanks for the compliment, Christian. I know how you feel," I explained. "The same thing happened to me last year when we lost to Berwick. You'll learn from today."

"I want to congratulate you guys," Trent said. "You guys played a brilliant game today. I hope you keep winning in the playoffs."

We talked football for a couple more minutes. Finally Trent asked, “Are you going to introduce the lovely ladies you are with?” Jeremy introduced Kathy as his girlfriend. Ed introduced Lindsey as ‘a friend’, not as his girlfriend.

Finally it was my turn. I said, “Trent, Christian, I’d like you to meet my girlfriend, Julie Simpson. Julie this is Trent Wilson and Christian Hunsecker.”

“Nice to meet you, Trent,” Julie said as she shook Trent’s hand. She shook Christian’s hand and continued, “Nice to meet you, Christian.”

“Girlfriend?” Trent asked. “I thought you were unattached when we talked before the game, Kyle. How long have the two of you been going together?”

I glanced at my watch. “About ten minutes.”

Trent asked, “Did Kyle tell you about our idea to double date on Friday night?”

Julie nodded no. I said, “I haven’t had time.” I turned to Julie. “Would you like to go out for dinner and go bowling Friday night?”

“OK. It sounds like fun,” Julie answered.

Trent smiled and said, “Great! It’s a date. Kyle and I will work out the details in a couple of days. It’s nice to meet you Julie.”

Trent and Christian wished us luck for our game next week and headed for their locker room. Jeremy, Ed and I gave our girls a kiss and headed for our locker room.

The locker room was complete chaos. Everyone was shouting and celebrating. It took Coach Caffrey ten minutes to regain some quiet for his post-game talk.

“I want to congratulate every one you today. This was a tremendous victory over our toughest opponent every year. You should be proud of what you have achieved. Celebrate this weekend. Next Saturday morning we play Pottsville. Come to practice ready to work. Each game after today will get harder.

“Recognition tonight will be hard. Every member of this team deserves to be recognized. The other coaches and I do have three game balls to award tonight. The first goes to our outside linebacker Jeremy North for his 15 tackles, three sacks and three tackles for a loss tonight.” Jeremy came up to receive his award.

Coach continued, “The second game ball goes to Ed Fritz. Four touchdowns, no interceptions, 272 yards passing and flawless execution on offense. If you didn’t see the number on his jersey, you’d think we had managed to sneak Zack Hayes back into the game.” Coach shook Ed’s hand and said, “Tremendous work, Ed.” The team cheered for our quarterback.

Coach continued, “The last game ball goes to wide receiver / cornerback Kyle Martin. Kyle had a good day by the normal standards for wide receivers. He made four catches for 86 yards and a touchdown. He had an unbelievable day as a cornerback. Three interceptions, including running one back for a touchdown. Last month Central’s best wide receiver was unstoppable. That receiver was personally responsible for our loss. Today Kyle held him to three catches for seventeen yards. Congratulations, Kyle.” I shook the coach’s hand when I received the award.

I quietly asked Coach Caffrey, “Can I say a few words, Coach?” He nodded yes. I spoke in a clear loud voice. “I’d like to ask the two guys who made it possible for me to do this today to come up. Dylan Peachey and Nick Zeimer, please come forward.” When they were standing beside me, I continued,

“Dylan and Nick accepted the changes this week with good grace, helped me learn how to play cornerback, and supported me all day. I’m receiving recognition for the interception for a touchdown. That play was possible because of Nick. I couldn’t have made a play for the ball without his help. Thanks, Nick. Finally I’d like to announce my retirement from playing cornerback. The positions all yours, Nick. Let’s give Nick and Dylan a cheer.” The team cheered for them.

Coach Caffrey said, “Thanks, Kyle. Celebrate this weekend. On Monday come to work at practice. We are going to have a hard game next weekend.”

We showered and changed. I rode home from Elizabethtown with my family. It was crowded but we squeezed Andy, Lizzie and me in the back seat, Will and Abby in the middle and my parents up front. It was nice to have the whole family together again.

I was dazed, maybe even shocked at the events of the day. I shut down one of the best receivers in our league. Quite unexpectedly, I found myself with a steady girlfriend. Would I be able to satisfy Julie better than I had satisfied Penny? Time would tell.

=====

I called Julie after lunch on Sunday. We talked for nearly an hour. We got to know each other better. We compared our schedules to figure out when we could find time to be together. Julie was as busy as me. The first time we both were free was on Friday night. Julie was excited about the double date with Trent and his girlfriend.

Julie and I met near the door to the school on Monday morning. We spent the ten minutes between when we arrived and home room together kissing and talking. We found each other between classes too. It felt right having a girlfriend to hold and kiss. I remembered how good things had been when Penny and I were a couple.

Penny and I had another civil conversation before geometry on Monday. I noticed that Penny and Travis came in separately to class. I asked, "How are you and Travis doing?"

"We broke up. My life sucks! I'm grounded for a month."

"What happened?"

"Travis and I were at my house after school on Friday making love. My dad came home from work early and caught us in bed together. He started screaming at us. He threatened to castrate Travis if he ever came near me again. It was awful."

"I'm sorry to hear this, Penny. You and Travis made a nice couple. Can't you two work things out?"

"He doesn't want to. Daddy scared him away," Penny said. A tear rolled down her cheek. I wiped it with my handkerchief. I gave her a hug.

"You'll get through this, Penny. You'll find another boyfriend."

"Thanks for listening, Kyle. You're a good friend."

"I try to be. I don't want our breaking up a couple months ago to ruin a lifetime of friendship, Penny."

---oooOooo---

Monday after school the football team learned about our next opponent. We would play Pottsville High School on Saturday morning at Elizabethtown College. Pottsville played basic football. They ran twice for every pass play. They weren't that fast as a team. We were confident that we could stretch them with our deep passing game and then be able to run the ball with Stan and Drew.

The coaches didn't work us real hard in practice. At this point in the season everyone was in shape and knew their responsibilities. We walked through our plays. Coach Caffrey came up with two new plays that we planned to run against Pottsville. We concluded practice with our two mile run.

I was dressing near Andy Groff, Rick Winters and Stan Humphreys after practice. Andy Groff announced, "I was offered a full football scholarship from the University of Delaware yesterday. I'm going to accept it." We all congratulated Andy. Andy asked, "What about you Rick? Are you going to play football after this year?"

"Yes. I'm going to East Stroudsburg. Division III schools don't have scholarships, but the coaches have been in contact with me. They want me on their team next year. It looks like I get to keep playing for a few more years," Rick answered.

Andy asked, “How about you, Stan?”

“I’m going to Carnegie-Mellon for a degree in mechanical engineering. I don’t expect to have time for football. This season is it for me,” Stan said.

Life without football. That didn’t sound good. Would I be like Stan in two years? I didn’t want to let football go. It was too much fun.

---oooOooo---

I gave Trent Wilson a call after supper on Tuesday. I said “Hi” when I heard the sound of my friend’s voice.

“Hi, Kyle. What’s up?” Trent asked.

“I’m calling to set up the details for our double date on Friday night. ”

“I figured it would make sense for us to go bowling near your place. It would be silly for me to drive the whole way to Paradise to pick you up, drive back to my end of the county for our date, and then drive back to Paradise when we’re done. We’d spend half the night driving back and forth. What choices do you have near home?”

“We have a couple bowling alleys – one at Rocky Springs and one in Strasburg. Do we want to go out to dinner first?”

“Sure that sounds good.” Trent said.

“I know a nice restaurant in Strasburg a couple blocks from the alley. I think you and Ashley would like it.”

“Is it expensive?” Trent asked.

“No. We can probably get dinner for about ten dollars a piece,” I explained.

“How about if I pick you up at 6:00 pm? Then we can pick up Julie and go to dinner.”

“That sounds like a plan Trent.”

“I have a personal question for you, Kyle. Have you had sex? You aren’t a virgin, right?”

“No,” I answered. Then I laughed. “Not even close.”

“I gathered that last summer from some of the things you said when you talked about your first girlfriend.”

“Do your parents know?” Trent asked.

“Yes, they know. They are really cool about me having sex. They don’t mind, as long as I don’t let my little sister know about it.”

“That must be nice. My parents freak if I so much as kiss Ashley when they are around. The two of us are desperate for some time together. Do you know of any place to park? You know, some place with privacy?”

I remembered the dirt road south of Strasburg where Jessie and I had made love in her car in September. “I know of the perfect place, Trent. No one will bother us there.”

“Do you have a curfew, Kyle?”

“Yes. I have to be home by 10:30.” I answered.

“How about Julie? Do you know? I know the two of you haven’t gone steady very long.”

“We dated four or five times before we decided to go steady. I’m pretty sure Julie’s curfew is the same as mine.”

“Good. This works out perfect. Ashley has to be home by 11:00.”

“It sounds like we have a plan, Trent. I’m looking forward to Friday night.”

“I am too. See you Friday night, Kyle. Bye.”

“Bye, Trent.”

----oooOooo----

Coach Caffrey worked us pretty hard during practice on Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving. Coach called the whole team together in the locker room when we were done with our run. The assistants handed out copies of the game plan to everyone.

Coach Caffrey announced, “I’m not going to ask you gentlemen to come in for practice on Friday. If you don’t know how to play together now, Friday’s practice won’t help. Please review the game plans on Friday on your own. I want everyone here promptly at 7:00 on Saturday morning to catch the bus to Elizabethtown for our game. Get a good night’s rest on Friday night. We need everyone fresh and ready to play if we want to beat Pottsville. Any questions, gentlemen?” No one said anything.

Coach continued, “Good. I have a few announcements to make too. The PIAA honors list has come out today. I want to recognize the accomplishments of some members of our team. First on the list is Greg Harrison, all-conference second team tight end; Rick Winters all-conference second team middle linebacker; Andrew Groff all-conference first team defensive end; Jeremy North all-conference first team outside linebacker; and Edward Fritz all-conference first team quarterback. Please give these five young men three cheers.”

The whole team cheered for our friends. I was pleased for my teammates, but a little confused. I played better this year than last and I made all-conference honors last year. What did I do wrong?

Coach Caffrey smiled and looked at me. “This next one is well deserved. Kyle Martin, all-state first team at wide receiver. Please give three cheers for Kyle.” The team cheered for me. I blushed and tried not to look too uncomfortable. Coach Caffrey dismissed us with this, “Remember, boys, 7:00 am on Saturday. Study your game plans!”

I went up to Coach Caffrey as the meeting broke up. “Could I see the honors list? I want to see how a couple of friends fared.”

“Your friends on Central’s team? Sure, Kyle.”

“Thanks, Coach,” I answered. I scanned the list. Christian was named all-conference first team wide receiver. Trent was all-conference second team cornerback. They deserved the honors.

----oooOooo----

Abby and Will got home from college Wednesday night. My parents invited the Hendricks to have Thanksgiving dinner with us since they didn't have any local family. It was good to see Will and Abby again. Mom's dinner was excellent as usual. Will stopped by my room after the Hendricks left.

"How are things between you and Julie? Is it working better the second time around?"

"Things are good. I wouldn't call this the second time around with Julie though. We only went on the one date the first time."

"Yes, I remember. What a disaster it was. I'm glad you are taking my advice and settling down with a steady girlfriend. It's better that way."

I bristled a little. "I'm not doing this because you told me to, Will. What I was doing with Stacie, Jessie and Sally was fun. None of us got hurt. I'd still be doing it if it wasn't for Julie."

"Why is Julie different? Why don't you just add her to your harem?" Will asked.

"Julie wouldn't do that. She doesn't hop in bed with every guy who asks. Actually, Julie doesn't hop in bed with any guy. She is a virgin."

"That's precisely my point. You prefer having a girlfriend who is committed to you over the others, even though you don't have sex with her. That is what I have been telling you all fall."

Finally I got it. Will was right. I did prefer a steady girlfriend over promiscuous sex with a bunch of girls. "How did this happen? I love sex. How do I give it up?"

"You committed yourself to Julie. You already gave it up," Will explained. "Be patient with Julie. Make sure she has a good time when you get together. She'll be ready for sex eventually. Enjoy sharing your life with her until she is ready. Nothing feels better than this little brother."

"I guess your right, toad-face." I stuck my tongue out at Will

"Bean pole."

"Brainiac" I retorted as I laughed. It was just like old times when we were younger.

---oooOooo---

I slept in on Friday morning, enjoying the day off from school. When I finally got up, showered and dressed, I went for breakfast. Or maybe it was lunch. It was 11:30. Andy was in the kitchen eating a bowl of cereal. I asked, "Where is everyone?"

"Will went over to Abby's a half hour ago. Dad, Mom and Lizzie went shopping for the day. Are you going anywhere today, Kyle?"

"No. I have a paper to write for English. I'm going to work on it and maybe watch a movie this afternoon."

"Oh," Andy said glumly. "I was hoping for some privacy this afternoon. My girlfriend is coming over."

"Girlfriend?" I asked, arching my eyebrow questioningly.

"Didn't you know? I'm going with Vicky Hamilton," Andy explained.

"Hamilton?" I asked.

“Yes, Vicky is Jessie’s younger sister.”

I asked, “How long have you to been together?”

“A couple weeks.”

“I’m surprised I didn’t hear about it sooner, Andy.”

“You’ve been oblivious to pretty much everything for the last two weeks, except for football and Julie. Mom calls it the ‘Julie haze’.”

“Sorry. I didn’t realize. Do you want the family room for the two of you?” I asked.

“No. We are planning to use my bedroom this afternoon,” Andy said.

“Bedroom?” I said, leering at him.

“Yes. Before you ask, Vicky is on the pill. When her mom found out what Jessie does, she put both girls on the pill.”

“Have the two of you had sex before?” I asked.

“Twice last week,” Andy gushed. “Vicky is great!”

“I’ll stay downstairs in the family room so the two of you can have more privacy. Have fun this afternoon, Andy.”

“Thanks, Kyle,” Andy replied. “We will.”

Vicky arrived about fifteen minutes later. She was the spitting image of her sister. She was a little shorter, her breasts weren’t quite as large as Jessie’s yet, but they looked good for an eighth grader. I could see why my brother liked Vicky.

Andy and Vicky headed upstairs to Andy’s bedroom. The sounds of two teens having sex carried down the stairway. I tried to concentrate on my homework, but I couldn’t. Finally I dropped my pants and jerked off from my frustration.

I popped a movie in the DVD player when I finished my homework. Andy and Vicky were still at it. I had to give my brother credit. He seemed to have learned quickly how to pleasure a girl from the sounds that Vicky was making. After awhile the sounds from upstairs quieted. A short time later I heard the shower start. Soon giggles, sighs and then moans filtered down from upstairs. Finally two damp, very clean and blissed out teenagers came downstairs to have a snack in the kitchen.

I popped into the kitchen to say hi. Vicky turned bright red when she saw me. I said, “It’s nice to meet you, Vicky. I’m friends with Jessie, very close friends. I hope you had fun with my brother.”

Vicky stammered, “I did. Your brother’s pretty cool,” as she blushed some more.

“I’ve got to go. I have to get ready for my date tonight. See you around later, Vicky,” I said as I headed upstairs. I showered, shaved and dressed in nice clothes for my evening out. I stuffed a couple condoms in my pocket. Who knows, I can be pretty persuasive when I try hard. After listening to my brother get laid this afternoon, I certainly had enough motivation to be persuasive. I didn’t really expect to get lucky tonight. Still, I’m a scout, so I was going to be prepared.

Trent and Ashley showed up a couple minutes late. I grabbed my coat and headed out the door. Earlier in the day it had been sunny. Low clouds had dropped in. The air felt damp and chilly. Bad weather was on the way.

I hopped in the back of Trent's family mini-van and gave Trent directions to find Julie's house. Before he pulled out Trent said, "Kyle, I'd like to introduce you to my girlfriend, Ashley High." I shook Ashley's hand. "Ash, I'd like to introduce you to my friend, Kyle Martin."

"It's nice to meet you, Ashley," I said. I looked Ashley over. Trent could pick a girlfriend. Ashley had long blonde hair that swirled around her shoulders. It was obvious that Ashley was full breasted and had curves in all the right places even though she was bundled in a winter coat.

"It's nice to finally meet you too, Kyle. Trent has told me a lot about you. I enjoyed watching you play last week. You certainly were impressive."

"Thanks for the compliment, Ashley. I hope I do as well tomorrow when my team plays Pottsville. Hey Trent, I want to compliment you on making all-conference. That's a big honor."

"It's second team. It's not that big a deal," Trent answered.

"It is. We have eleven teams in our league. You are one of the top four cornerbacks among the twenty-two starters. That's pretty good." I said.

"It's nothing compared to you. First team all-state. That's impressive, Kyle. Congratulations!" Trent explained.

"Thanks, Trent." I tapped Trent on the shoulder and said, "Turn up ahead at the stop sign. That's Ridge Top Avenue. Julie lives in the fifth house on the left."

Trent pulled into Julie's driveway. I got out and escorted her to the mini-van. We hopped in together. I introduced Trent and Ashley to Julie and vice versa. I gave Trent directions to the restaurant in Strasburg. Julie and I cuddled together and kissed discretely on the way to dinner. The four of us talked about school and football on the way to Strasburg.

We were going to a small Italian restaurant that was my Mom's favorite. They served plenty of good food at reasonable prices. That was an important consideration for a couple of guys who worked at a scout camp in the summer. The conversation was as good as the food. By the end of dinner it felt like the four of us had all known each other for years.

We headed over to the bowling alley next. We bowled three games. Julie and Ashley were pretty good. Trent was excellent. He managed almost 200. On the other hand, I managed a personal best score of 83. Bowling wasn't my sport. I had fun anyway in spite of the teasing by Trent, Julie and Ashley. We finished our games around nine o'clock.

When we got in the mini-van, Trent asked, "We have some time before we have to go home. Do you girls want to find a place with some privacy so we can park and make out and stuff?"

Ashley agreed immediately. It took a little coaxing, but Julie agreed too. I directed Trent south to the dirt road I knew about from my time with Jessie in September. Trent pulled back off the main road far enough to keep us out of sight from passing cars. Trent cranked up the heat and cracked a front window open. The van warmed up quickly. Julie and I shed our coats. Trent and Ashley decided to switch seats to the back of the van so they would have more room.

Julie and I started out French kissing. After a minute or two, I slipped a hand down to Julie's right tit and caressed it, paying particular attention to her nipple. Trent and Ashley were doing the same thing. I glanced to the back and saw shirts coming off. Trent dived down and started to suckle on Ashley's breasts.

She moaned and ran her hands through Trent's long blond hair. Ashley moaned as Trent worked her nipples.

Julie was getting excited too. She was squirming around from my stimulation. I asked, "Can I see your breasts? It'll feel great, I promise."

"OK, as long as I can see your bare chest too, Kyle," Julie countered.

I pulled my shirt off instantly for the opportunity to see and play with Julie's beautiful tits. Julie was a little less anxious to strip. She took her blouse off slowly and then undid her bra. I helped her pull the bra off. Our excess clothing ended up on the floor.

Julie lay back against the arm rest while I lay on top of her, pressing our naked chests together. The feel of her hard nipples pressing into my chest was more than enough to engorge my cock with blood, producing a massive erection. Julie and I went back to kissing while I stroked and rubbed her back and sides. Our tongues danced back and forth between her mouth and mine. Julie slipped her hand down and felt my boner. She touched it for a few seconds and then pulled her hand away.

Ashley moaned, "Oh Jesus. Keep doing that, Trent. Your finger feels great!" I glanced over the seat and saw Trent was down to his boxers. Ashley was wearing nothing but panties. Trent had pushed them aside and was finger fucking his girlfriend.

I kissed my way down from Julie's lips to her neck and then down her chest to her breasts. I kissed and suckled on her tit while Julie moaned from lust and passion. I caressed one bare tit while I suckled on the other and then switched. After a couple minutes of this, Julie was flushed and squirming again.

I slid one hand down Julie's body to her crotch. I rubbed my hand over her jeans clad mons. I could feel dampness through her jeans! Julie was getting hot! I pressed my body against Julie's chest, kissed her and rubbed her mound. "Ooohh, Kyle... Ooohhhh..." Julie moaned around my invading tongue.

Trent asked, "Are you ready, Ash?"

Ashley purred, "Mmmm... yeah, Trent. Do it. I'm ready." I saw out of the corner of my eye that Trent was buck naked now. He planned to fuck Ashley right now!

I went back to sucking on Julie's tits. "Julie, can I see your pussy? It'll feel even better." I said as I rubbed hard against her jeans' covered mound. "Please?" I begged. "You'll enjoy it, I promise."

"I don't know, Kyle. I haven't done this before," Julie stammered. I rubbed her crotch some more.

"Please?" I whined. I moved my hand up to the zipper of her pants. I pulled it down a little.

Julie sat up and said, "NO! This is too far, Kyle. We need to stay above the waist."

"Ohhhh..." I moaned. I pulled Julie's zipper up. No need to ruin a good thing with Julie a second time. "I'm sorry, Julie. I'll behave. I promise." I went back to playing with Julie's luscious orbs. Julie calmed down and enjoyed the feelings I was giving her.

Both of us stopped short when we heard Ashley ask, "Is your rubber on, Trent?" We glanced over the seat at our now naked friends preparing to fuck. I grinned. Julie looked apprehensive.

Trent answered, "Shit. I forgot to bring them."

Ashley said, "Make sure you pull out, Trent. I don't want to end up knocked up like Caitlyn."

Trent answered, "I promise, Ash. I'll be careful."

I interrupted, "Trent, take one of my condoms. Don't take a chance on getting Ashley pregnant. I handed one of the condoms in my pocket to Trent.

"Cool. Thanks, Kyle," Trent said. He tore the wrapper open and rolled it down his cock.

I looked back at Julie. She looked a little shocked at what was happening in the back seat. I whispered to her, "Is this too much, Julie? We could take a walk for a little while." Julie nodded yes.

I said, "We're going to take a walk so you guys can have some privacy. Probably about ten minutes. Is that OK?"

Trent grunted, "Ummm... oohh... yeah, Kyle, ten minutes. Unnhh..."

Julie and I dressed quickly while Ashley and Trent rutted together.

Ashley and Trent were moaning and panting as we stepped out of the car. Julie and I held hands as we walked down the dirt road away from the mini-van. It had gotten colder since we left the bowling alley. Low, light gray clouds hung just above the tree tops. The cold and dampness cut right through our winter coats. The air in these woods was completely still. A storm was on the way.

"I hope they don't take too long," Julie said. "We'll freeze out here."

"Yes it's cold. I'm sure it won't take too long," I explained. "I'm sorry that happened. Trent and I had discussed making out, but I didn't think anyone would be having sex tonight."

Julie eyed me suspiciously. "Really? If you didn't expect sex, why did you bring along condoms?"

"Oh, that? I wanted to be safe if we decided to make love. I almost got Penny Edwards pregnant last spring. I try to be really careful since then. It's easy to get swept into doing things you didn't expect when you're making out and petting."

"That's why I wanted to stop a few minutes ago," Julie explained. "I'm not sure if I want to have sex yet."

"I understand. I'll wait until you're ready. Just tell me to stop like you did a few minutes ago. I want you to have fun when we're together," I said.

"What is it like to have sex? Even though I'm nervous about doing it, I wonder what it's like sometimes."

"That's hard to explain. Physically it feels great, but that is only part of it. I like how you feel connected to another person, almost a part of them. I also love making the girl I'm with feel good. I love giving her pleasure."

"Does the first time hurt a lot?"

"It didn't hurt too much for Penny. She's the only one I've been with who was a virgin. She said it felt good within a minute or two of when we started."

"The pain the first time scares me a little. I think how good it is supposed to feel is what scares me the most. I'm afraid I'm going to lose control of myself. I have a cousin that's eighteen. She got pregnant last year. Now she's dropped out of school and has a six month old baby to take care of. Her boyfriend dropped her as soon as he found out she was pregnant. She's alone and trying to raise a kid. I don't want to end up like that."

“Neither do I. Penny and I were pretty sure I’d gotten her pregnant. We started making plans and finding out about our choices. It’s hard to do what your cousin is doing, but it’s possible. A couple of Will’s friends went through this a few years ago. It can work out. Both couples have four year old sons.”

“All of this is scary, but exciting at the same time. Be patient with me, Kyle. I’ll get comfortable with the idea of having sex eventually.”

“I’ll wait for you to be ready, Julie. I knew when I asked you to go steady that I would be giving up the regular sex I had been having. That’s part of why it took me so long to ask you. I wasn’t sure I could wait.”

“You’re sure now?” Julie asked.

“Yes. I’ll wait as long as it takes for you to be comfortable.”

“Thanks, Kyle. You’re a great guy,” Julie said. She gave me a long kiss. We wrapped our arms around each other and hugged and kissed. It seemed like we kissed forever. The cold and dampness disappeared while we made out.

“Kyle. Julie. Where are you?” Trent’s slightly muffled voice called in the distance. We broke apart. Julie was grinning. I was too. We walked back towards the sound of Trent’s voice.

When we met him, Trent said, “Sorry about a few minutes ago. I hope we didn’t embarrass you too much. Ashley and I get a little carried away sometimes when we’re together. We don’t get very many opportunities to do this.”

Julie answered, “It’s OK, Trent. Kyle and I talked about it. I guess having sex feels pretty intense.”

“Ashley and I could give you two some privacy if you want,” Trent offered. “You could have some fun of your own.”

I looked at Julie. I could almost see the war between fear and desire in her mind. After about fifteen seconds of hesitation, Julie answered, “No. I don’t think so, Trent. Thanks for offering.” I found hope in her hesitancy. Maybe my current celibacy wouldn’t last too long. She had actually considered Trent’s offer. The three of us walked back to the mini-van.

Ashley was arranging her clothing when we got in. She was back in the front seat of the van again. She was flushed and had a big smile on her face. Trent backed the van down to the main road and headed back to Paradise. We discussed the idea of doing this double date again. We agreed to get together again some time. All of us had fun. Julie and I spent a couple minutes outside her house kissing and saying good night. Trent dropped me off at my house. Trent and Ashley wished me luck for tomorrow’s game.

Trent rolled down his window after I walked around his mini-van. He motioned for me to lean over to him. He whispered to me, “Bet you got a bad case of blue balls, huh?”

I smiled and nodded yes. “See you later, buddy.” Trent pulled away as I waved good bye. I went into the house and went straight to my room. I stripped and relieved myself quickly. Cum flew the whole way to my chin when I came.

----oooOooo----

I groaned when my alarm rang. Six am was too early for civilized people to get up! I stumbled to the bathroom and took a shower. I dressed and went downstairs. Mom was already there, preparing a big breakfast of sausage, eggs and home fries.

“What’s the occasion? All I expected to have for breakfast was a bowl of cereal,” I asked.

"I thought you might want a good breakfast before the game this morning." Mom explained. "Here you go, Kyle." Mom handed me a plate full of food. I sat down and ate my feast. Mom said, "Dad will take you to school in a few minutes."

"OK."

"If the storm they are predicting hits us, will they cancel your football game?" Mom asked.

"I don't know. How bad do they expect the storm to be?"

"The Weather Channel isn't sure. If the storm stays to the south, we might get an inch or two of snow. If it shifts north, we will get more. The weather pattern is unstable, so they aren't sure what will happen today."

"How cold is it?" I asked.

"Our thermometer says 31 degrees."

"That's not too bad. I should be warm enough with thermal underwear under my uniform," I said.

"That's good honey," Mom said. "Be careful today. I don't want you to get hurt." Dad walked in as she said that and poured himself a cup of coffee.

Dad said, "Don't worry, Sharon. Kyle will be fine."

"Thanks, Dad," I said.

"You ready to go bud?" Dad asked.

I answered, "Yep. Let me get my gym bag and I'm set."

Dad and I headed out to the car. I helped brush the dusting of snow off the car and climbed in. We were having snow flurries. Dad dropped me off at the school fifteen minutes later. I went into the locker room to pick up my equipment and meet my teammates. We loaded our equipment on the buses and then climbed aboard. It took us about 45 minutes to reach Elizabethtown College. The Pottsville buses were parked outside the athletic building.

The coaches reviewed the game plan with us for a half hour and then we dressed. Stan, Andy Groff and Jesse Frankhouser, our captains, led our team outside to the stadium to warm up. We were shocked to see a couple inches of snow on the ground. It hadn't been there forty-five minutes ago. The snow was coming down heavily now.

We spent twenty minutes outside preparing physically for our game. The Pottsville team was at the other end of the field doing the same thing. These guys looked big! Hopefully they were big and slow. Spread them out, confuse them and pass our way to victory. That was our plan. The stadium was filling as we headed inside.

Coach Caffrey called all of us together. He nodded to Coach Graham, who opened the door. "Gentlemen, I want to introduce some special guests from past Wolverine teams. First, Mr. William Simpson, quarterback 1984-1986; next Mr. Sam Hayes, quarterback, five to seven years ago, Boston College starter and now a member of the Philadelphia Eagles; Mr. Justin Baer, tailback five and six years ago; Mr. Bill Groff, defensive end five to seven years ago, member of the NCAA Division II national champion Delaware Blue Hens and big brother of our captain Andrew Groff and finally Mr. Zachary Hayes, Nittany Lion quarterback, past team captain and quarterback of our team the past three years."

I was shocked to find out that Julie's dad had played quarterback for the Wolverines. No wonder he never missed one of our games.

Coach Caffrey continued, "These men are here to give a face to the past teams. I expect you men to uphold the long tradition of success that the Wolverines have. Mr. Sam Hayes has agreed to give the pre-game talk. Go ahead, Sam."

Sam Hayes started, "I appreciate the opportunity to speak with you today. Even though I play in the NFL and won the Independence Bowl with Boston College, I still remember my three years playing here fondly. Bill, Justin and I managed to take this team to the playoffs for the first time in a decade when we were juniors. We weren't able to beat Central, but we brought respectability back to the Wolverines. My little brother took the next step last year by beating Central for the first time since Mr. Simpson played here." Sam pointed to Julie's dad. "This year this team was within inches of beating Central twice in one season. You knocked them out of the playoffs last week. This week you take on a strong Pottsville team. Go out and play Wolverines football. I expect to visit each Saturday until you men win the state championship game. Good luck and play hard."

"Thanks for talking, Sam," Coach Caffrey said as he shook Sam's hand. The team mingled with the past stars of our team. Zack Hayes made a bee line with Ed and me.

Zack shook our hands and said, "Good job, guys. I'm glad I didn't waste my time last year working with you two."

Ed said, "You told me I had to take the team to the playoffs so you could visit us today. I hope I did well enough for you."

"Ed, you have been great. I followed you all season in the Lancaster papers. I stop by Pattee Library every Saturday to read them and find out how the team is doing. I think you are playing better now than I did when I was a sophomore. I didn't even start until that season was half over."

"Thanks, Zack," Ed replied.

Zack continued, looking at me, "You! All-state wide receiver. You're turning some heads among the college coaches. Keep working and the sky is the limit for you, Kyle."

"Do you think Penn State is interested in me?" I asked.

"I can't talk about that, Kyle. It would be a violation of the NCAA rules. Go on-line and print out a copy of the recruiting rules. You are going to need to know them. You are going to be hot in a couple years if you keep playing the way you are. Someone is going to give you an athletic scholarship, I guarantee it," Zack explained.

"Thanks for all your help, Zack," I said. "Everything I have become is due to your help."

"No. I just got you started," Zack answered. "You are where you are because you work hard, study and are athletically gifted. You make your own success."

"Anyway, thanks, Zack," I said.

"I've got to mingle," Zack said. "I have a lot of friends to talk to."

Ed, Jeremy and I talked with Justin for a couple minutes. Mr. Simpson came up to talk to me.

"It's nice to see you, Kyle," Mr. Simpson said. "I understand you are my daughter's boyfriend now."

"Yes, sir," I answered.

“You take good care of my daughter.”

“Yes sir, I will. I really like Julie.”

“One more thing, Kyle. Stop calling me, sir,” Mr. Simpson said. “You can call me, Bill.”

“Yes sir. Um, err... yes, Bill,” I answered. “I didn’t know you played football for the Wolverines.”

“I did a long time ago. Your dad was a classmate of mine. Tell him I said hi,” Mr. Simpson, um, Bill said.

The coaches called everyone over for a final team huddle. We yelled out our team chant and headed out to the field. Everyone was shocked. The snow was twice as deep as twenty minutes ago when we came inside. This game was going to be interesting. The stadium was filled to capacity with our and Pottsville’s fans. It was amazing to see so many people out on a cold morning in this snow storm.

We won the coin toss and elected to receive the ball. Pottsville kicked off to us and covered Tim Showalter’s return well. We started on our twenty-two yard line. The coaches wanted to set the tone immediately. I was to run a streak down the sideline so Pottsville knew how fast I was.

At the snap I ran full speed downfield. I had a step on Pottsville’s cornerback. I glanced back when the cornerback let up. I saw Ed being helped up by Stan. He had been sacked. On the next play we tried an off tackle run to the left. Pottsville stacked the line up and stopped Stan for no gain. Drew came in for Stan. I was to run a twenty yard inside route. On the snap, I ran downfield twenty yards, faked going outside and turned in. Ed hit me square in the chest. Pottsville’s free safety tackled me immediately. When I got up off the field I looked back to see our left tackle, Harry Good, helping Ed up off the ground.

We managed to move the ball down the field with some difficulty. Pottsville pressured and hurried Ed constantly. We couldn’t run the ball inside on them at all. Drew could run outside sometimes. Pottsville’s defensive line was huge. Our line could barely handle them. We ended up kicking a field goal when the drive stalled on Pottsville’s seventeen yard line. The score was 3-0 Wolverines.

The snow picked up during the kickoff. The wind happened to be behind us, so Jerry’s kick sailed deep into the end zone. Pottsville’s returner downed it in the end zone, so they started with the at their twenty yard line. Pottsville’s plan was simple. They intended to shove the ball down our throats until we gave up. Their offensive line muscled our line backwards on nearly every play. Rick, Jeremy and George couldn’t get free of blockers to make a tackle on the runner. Pottsville picked up four or five yards on every down. They only made one eight yard pass on the drive.

Coach Wyndham started to get the feel for Pottsville after they crossed the middle of the field. Their yards per play fell a little. When they made a first down on our thirty yard line, we managed to hold them to three yards a run on the first two downs. On third and four, Jeremy managed to slip past his blocker on a run blitz. Jeremy ended up in the backfield so fast he almost made it to the quarterback for the hand off. Jeremy slammed the tailback into the snowy turf for a five yard loss. Pottsville sent their kicker out to try for a field goal. The kicker booted the ball into the swirling wind. The ball fluttered a little but made it through to tie the score at 3-3.

The snow was pouring down. I couldn’t see the kickoff from the bench area. Ed led our offense onto the field when the special teams came back. We found the ball was on our thirty-two yard line. Coach Caffrey called for a deep pass. As we huddled Ed growled, “No way I can throw a twenty yard pass. I can’t see that far. Hell I can’t even see the coach from here. Kyle, you ready for a flanker option pass?”

“Yes. I can do it,” I answered.

Ed continued, “Don, don’t run too far downfield. About ten yards should be good. If you go further Kyle won’t see you. Kyle, if Don is covered run like hell. We need yards! Everyone, the snap is on two. Break!”

The play worked almost as designed. Greg knocked off the cornerback following me, Ed gleefully plastered the linebacker who had knocked him around a couple times on the first series, and Don worked his way downfield, pulling his cornerback with him. The cornerback evidently knew we had an option pass in our playbook, he stayed with Don. Don blocked the cornerback towards the middle of the field as I ran by him on the outside. I crossed the midfield line when the free safety finally found me and pushed me out of bounds. At least that’s what the referee said. None of us could see the sideline in the six inches of snow.

We tried two runs up the middle, but Stan couldn’t gain any yardage. On third down we tried a medium pass route with three wide receivers. With the field effectively limited to ten yards deep due to the lousy visibility, we didn’t have enough room to work. The pass fell incomplete. Ed got knocked over by a blitzing linebacker. We punted the ball back to Pottsville.

The first two series set the tone of the morning. Pottsville kept us bottled up. Our offensive line kept getting pushed back into Ed’s face. Without our deep passing threat they put all eleven people on the line of scrimmage. We couldn’t pass. We couldn’t run. Our defense worked their tails off to hold Pottsville in check. Ed and I tried fifteen yard deep, virtually blind passes into the snow storm. Ed dropped back three steps and launched the ball to the prearranged spot. I ran for the spot and hoped I would spot the ball and catch it. It worked once. We still couldn’t keep a drive going. The score stayed at 3-3 for the rest of the first half.

The coaches tried to fire us up during half time. We discussed a few plays to try for the second half. We returned to the field to find the weather had deteriorated to blizzard conditions. The wind was blowing about 20-30 miles an hour. The snow was so thick that you couldn’t see more than about twenty feet.

Jerry had to kick off into the wind to start the second half. Jerry’s kick died half way down the field. One of Pottsville’s special teams blockers ended up with the ball. He ran a couple yards before he was gang tackled by half our special teams players.

Pottsville used their bulk on the offensive line to push us back. It took them fourteen plays, but they drove us back to the end zone to score a touchdown. The swirling wind pushed the extra point try out, so the score went to 9-3 Pottsville.

Our offense took the field. We tried but couldn’t find any plays that would work against Pottsville’s defense reliably. Pottsville’s four down lineman put enough pressure on Ed to prevent him from completing passes if he could find anyone open. Usually all of us were covered. You don’t find many receivers getting open when you put seven people back in pass defense and only have 5-10 yard of field to cover. We managed to move close enough to try a twenty-four yard field goal. Jerry made it to bring the score to 9-6 Pottsville.

Pottsville repeated their long drive again. Our defense was getting tired. The longer they were on the field, the more yards Pottsville would make. They drove in for a touchdown. This time they made the PAT. Score: 16-6 Pottsville.

We tried our best but had to punt the ball back to Pottsville after six plays. Pottsville took over. They pushed our defense around pretty easily this time. They burned off eight and a half minutes on the clock and scored another field goal. The score was 19-6 Pottsville.

We made a first down on our next drive. On the fourth play, the Coach called for a fake flanker reverse. We hoped to catch Pottsville napping. The Pottsville defenders flowed my direction as I ran behind the line, pretending to take the ball from Drew. I was ‘tackled’ before I could reach the line of scrimmage.

Fortunately Pottsville missed the fact that Drew had the ball. He ran untouched 51 yards down field to score a touchdown for us. Jerry missed the PAT in the snow and wind. Score: 19-12 Pottsville.

Seven and half minutes remained in the game. Pottsville took charge. They pushed our defensive line aside and ran the ball up the middle. We never got another chance to take the field. Pottsville ran the clock out before they reached our end zone. The final score was 19-12 in Pottsville's favor.

Our season died under the weight of ten inches of snow. Without our deep threat on offense, we weren't productive. Without our high powered offense, our defense couldn't hold.

Our players gathered in small groups to commiserate with each other. We watched our opponents celebrate their victory which clinched the division championship for them. Our four months of study, effort and training came to nothing.

The coaches rounded us up and herded us into the locker room. Coach Caffrey spoke to the team. "Today's loss is disappointing. We expected more than this out of our season. Think back to two years ago. Then we would have been happy to just make the playoffs. This team has grown and improved in two short years. Now we aren't satisfied to be the second best team in our division of twenty-one teams. We will learn from today's defeat. Next year we will come back stronger. Next year we will come back and beat the Berwicks and Pottsvilles. Next year we go all the way to state champs.

"I want to recognize the nine seniors who graduate this year. Andrew Groff, Stan Humphreys, Rick Winters, Jerry Frankhouser, Pete Houck, Dylan Peachey, Harry Good, Steve Brill and Jack Steffy; we will miss you next year. We wish you the best of luck in the future on and off the football field.

"The team has one final meeting this season, next Tuesday at 3:00 pm. Let me know if you are going home with your family so I know who should be on the buses. Have a safe and careful trip home."

Everyone showered and changed quickly. None of us wanted to hang out and talk about our defeat. I meet my family outside. The drive across northern Lancaster County was a long one. The seven of us in our family had little to say. It took us two hours to get home, thanks to the storm.

The snow had stopped by the time we reached home. Dad parked on the street as best he could. Will, Andy and I had to dig out the driveway before Dad could park. The three of us spent an hour at that before Dad could even park the car properly. I moped around the house, feeling sorry for myself the rest of the day.

The temperatures climbed into the forties on Sunday. By evening the snow was gone, except for the a few snow piles left by the plows. Ed, Jeremy and I got together Sunday afternoon to talk about our football season. We discussed what went right in the season and what went wrong. We discussed ideas to help fix things next season. We agreed to go in and talk with Coach Caffrey after our final team meeting.

I spent an hour on the phone with Julie Sunday evening. We just talked about things: school, homework, football and our friends. We agreed to get together Monday afternoon. We didn't have school on Monday. Officially it was an in-service day for the teachers where they went to training, but the day was really chosen so the students who were hunters could go out for the first day of deer season and not miss school. Half the guys in our school were hunters. The call was comforting.

I talked to Will on Sunday afternoon. I asked, "Could you do a favor for me?"

"It depends. What do you need?" Will said.

"Could you talk with Nikki Edwards? Penny has been grounded for a month for having sex with her boyfriend. Do you think Nikki could help Penny with their parents? It's just not fair to treat Penny that way."

"I don't know if I should involve myself in their family's problem."

"You aren't getting in the middle of their family's doings. You're just asking a friend to talk to her parents. You won't be telling them what they should do. You'll just be suggesting that they talk to each other. How can that be bad?"

"OK, I'll give Nikki a call. I wanted to talk with her anyway before Abby and I go back to school," Will said.

Will talked with Nikki for about fifteen minutes before he and Abby headed back to Philadelphia after dinner.

---oooOooo---

I rode my bike the two miles to Julie's house after lunch on Monday. I brought the DVD we planned to watch. I made sure that I had condoms in my day pack too. Today wasn't the day I expected to make love to Julie, but I thought the day was coming sooner rather than later.

The snow that blanketed the ground on Saturday was a bad memory now. Sunday's and today's mid-40's temperatures had melted it away. The ground was back to its normal yellows and browns with just a hint of green. The ride took less than ten minutes.

Julie greeted me with a kiss at the door. We made some popcorn and headed for the Simpson family room. We sat on the couch cuddled with each other as we watched the movie and snacked on popcorn. We kissed occasionally as we watched the movie.

Part way through the movie I started to play with Julie's breasts through her shirt and bra. That only lasted a couple minutes. Julie said, "Stop, Kyle. This doesn't feel right." I reluctantly started to pull my hand away. Julie pulled her shirt off and removed her bra. "Now, Kyle. This'll feel better. Take yours off too."

Happily I peeled my T-shirt off. Julie and I pressed our bare torsos together. We kissed as I played with Julie's tits. After a minute, Julie said, "Let's not get too worked up yet, Kyle. I want to see the rest of the movie."

Reluctantly I said, "OK." Julie sat on my lap, her back leaning against my chest. I wrapped my arms around her chest, cradling her breasts. We spent the next half hour, until the movie ended, pressed together that way. My cock reacted immediately to the feeling of Julie pressed against it. I had a massive boner through the rest of the movie. Julie knew too. She would wiggle against it occasionally while we watched the movie.

Julie rolled over when the closing credits started to roll by. I lay back on the couch with my half naked girlfriend on top of me. We locked our lips together and kissed. We did this for ten or fifteen minutes, rubbing our chests together as we kissed. I could feel Julie's heart beat quicken as her lust increased. I rubbed my erection against her jeans covered womanhood.

Julie rolled off me and stared into my eyes. "Kyle, can I see this?" she asked as she wrapped her hand around my khaki covered penis. I had a big wet spot in my pants at the tip of my cock. Julie squeezed my cock waiting for an answer.

"Are you sure, Julie?" I asked.

She stared at the bulge in my pants, squeezed it and answered, "I'd like to see it."

I unzipped my pants and started to pull them down. "Uh, Kyle do you have to take your pants off? Can't you just pull it out of your zipper?"

"It's too big right now to get out through the opening in my boxers. I'll pull my pants down just enough so you can see it."

"OK"

I slid my pants down below my ass. "Ready, Julie?" I asked, wanting to be sure.

"Yes. I'm ready, Kyle," Julie insisted.

I pulled my boxers down and tucked them under my balls. I sat back and let my girlfriend see my manhood. Julie moved a little closer and stared at it. Quietly, Julie asked, "May I touch it, Kyle?"

I nodded my head yes. Julie timidly reached for my cock. She touched it gently with her extended index finger. She ran her finger down the back of my shaft. I shivered from her touch. Julie said, "It's soft outside, Kyle."

"That's how it is," I answered as my girlfriend continued exploring my hard appendage.

"I've heard boys at school joking about beating off. What do they mean?"

"I'll show you, Julie." I wrapped my hand around the top of my cock and demonstrated how to jerk off. "This is how I do it." I jerked up and down a few times. Julie stared, her rapt attention focused on my penis.

Julie asked softly, "Can I try it, Kyle?"

I let go of my cock. Julie carefully wrapped her hand around the shaft and tentatively moved it up and down the shaft a couple times. "Hold it a little tighter, Julie." She held my cock firmly and continued to stroke it. "Go the whole way to the head each time. It feels best when you rub the head." Julie stroked my cock for a couple minutes.

"Nothing's happening, Kyle."

"It's working. It just takes a little time."

"Does this hurt?"

"No. It feels really good. Do you have any hand lotion? It will make my cock slipperier."

"I have some in my room," Julie said. "I'll be back in a minute."

I jerked myself while she was gone. I needed a little more stimulation to cum than Julie was giving me. I brought myself to the edge of orgasm and backed off a little while I waited for Julie. I poured a little cream on my cock when Julie returned from her bedroom.

Julie took my penis in her hand and stroked it again. "This really is slippery. Does it feel better?"

"Ohhh... Yes. It feels great. I'm almost ready to cum. Ohhh.... Keep going Julie..... yeah!" I groaned as I neared climax. Julie continued stroking, waiting for her first glimpse at a man's cum.

"Nearly.... there... Julie. Keep, oooh... gooooo..." I grunted. "Faster... Careful where you point... oooh..." Julie stroked it a couple more times and I exploded. The first blast arced into the air and landed on Julie's right tit. The second spurt went straight up and landed on my belly. Julie angled my cock towards me. I deposited the rest of my load all over my chest. Julie pulled her hand off my cock. She ran her finger through the cum on her breast and stared at it.

I stroked myself a couple more times and squeezed the last of my semen from my drooping cock. Julie sniffed the semen. My mouth dropped open in shock when Julie stuck her tongue out and licked a drop of the semen from her finger. She grinned. "It's salty."

"I didn't expect you to do that, Julie."

"I wanted too. Just because I haven't had sex yet doesn't mean I don't think about it. I think about it a lot."

"Do you play with yourself, Julie?"

"NO! Good girls don't do that."

"Virtually all guys and most girls do play with themselves. Are you sure that you never rubbed your clitty?" I insisted.

"Well. Maybe sometimes," Julie admitted.

"Hmmmph... I hate this nonsense about good girls don't. Good girls aren't home alone with their boyfriends bare chested. Good girls don't have cum running down their tits." I rubbed my hand across Julie's right tit and gathered up the remaining cum. I licked my finger off. "Let's get me cleaned up. We can get back to kissing after that."

Julie brought some tissues from the kitchen and gently wiped up all my cum. We went back to kissing for ten or fifteen more minutes. When we finally broke apart and were dressing, I asked, "Are we still on to study together tomorrow afternoon?"

"Yes. I'm counting on it. Do you want to meet here or at your house?" Julie answered.

"Why not at my house? I have my last football meeting. We have to clean out our lockers. I will be fifteen or twenty minutes later than you getting home. You can ride over to my house and I'll meet you there. My brother Andy can let you in if you get there before I'm home."

“That sounds good Kyle.” Julie answered. I gave my girlfriend a last kiss before I rode my bike home.

----oooOooo----

Our football team met for the last time after school Tuesday. The final meeting was bittersweet. It would be nice to have more free time to spend with Julie, but I was going to miss Andy Groff, Stan, Dylan, Jerry and the other seniors. It didn’t feel right to think that I would never play with any of those guys again.

Ed, Jeremy and I went to the coach’s office when the meeting was breaking up. I asked, “Do you have a minute, Coach?”

“What’s up, guys?” Coach Caffrey answered.

“Ed, Jeremy and I spent a lot of time this weekend thinking about how to improve the football team. I was wondering if we could meet with you some time to discuss our ideas?” I said.

“Sure, boys. Do you want to do it right now?”

“No. I’m meeting someone to study this afternoon. How about tomorrow?” I asked, making sure to suggest a day when Julie had cheer leading practice.

Coach Caffrey grinned as he said, “Tomorrow at 3:00 pm here. I’m looking forward to hearing your ideas, boys.”

----oooOooo----

Greg gave Ed, Jeremy and me a ride home like he always did. Julie was sitting on the bench on my front porch.

“Isn’t Andy home?” I asked after I gave my girlfriend a welcome kiss.

“I think he is. I have been hearing two people talking and giggling. He didn’t answer the doorbell when I rang it.” Julie explained.

“Andy’s probably with his girlfriend.” I said as I noted the two girl’s bikes parked in our lawn.

“Who’s he going with?”

“Jessie Hamilton’s little sister Vicky.” I explained.

I unlocked the door and let us in. We headed upstairs to my bedroom. I glanced down the hall at my brother’s bedroom. He and Vicky had the door closed. Julie and I could hear the moans and panting as they made out.

I gave Julie a seat at my desk chair while I sat on my bed. We grilled each other on our Deutsche vocabulary for the quiz tomorrow for about fifteen minutes. We moved on to biology. We had barely started reviewing for Friday’s test when the sounds in the next room escalated.

Plainly audible through the adjoining wall, Vicky demanded, “Shit, Andy. I’m ready. Fuck me!”

Julie’s eyes widened. She asked, “Do you think they are...” Her voice became quieter. “...going to have, uhh...”

“Sex?” I said, finishing her sentence. “I’m sure they are. Andy and Vicky have been doing it for a couple weeks.”

Julie asked, “You’re little brother, he’s not a virgin?”

“No. He hasn’t been for a month.”

“How old is he?”

“Thirteen,” I answered.

“Thirteen! That’s really young to be having sex!” Julie exclaimed.

We tried to go back to studying biology, but Julie couldn’t stop listening to my brother and his girlfriend as they screwed. I read a couple more questions, but Julie ignored me. Finally I got up from the bed, went to Julie and gave her a kiss.

“Do you want to pick up where we left off yesterday, Julie?” I asked. I led my girl over to my bed. We climbed in and began kissing. Things quickly got hotter. Julie and I stripped to the waist. While I was kissing and sucking on her tits, I slipped a hand down to Julie’s thigh. I slipped my hand up her leg towards her crotch.

I paused and asked, “Can I touch your pussy? I’d like to do it the same way for you that you did for me yesterday.”

“Umm... OK, Kyle. Do you promise to stop if I ask?”

“Absolutely,” I answered as I slipped my hand under her skirt onto her panty covered pussy. I stared into Julie’s eyes as I gently rubbed her labia. Julie sucked a breath in when I made contact. She slowly exhaled as the good feelings grew. “Does this feel good?” I cooed.

“Yes. It’s nice, Kyle,” Julie answered.

I stroked and rubbed her pussy lips through her thin soaked panties. Julie squirmed as I stimulated her while Andy and his girl added to the sexual tension with grunts as they fucked on the other side of my bedroom wall. I slipped my finger under her panties and circled her hood with my finger tip.

“Julie, can I see your pussy? Nothing bad will happen, I promise.”

“OK, Kyle,” Julie said as she unzipped her skirt. I help her pull it off. Julie grinned at me as she pulled her panties off. I sat down between her legs.

“Are you ready, honey?” I asked. Julie nodded. I bent down and kissed the hood that protected her clitoris.

“Kyle! What are you doing?”

“I’m trying to make you feel good, Julie.”

“I wasn’t expecting you to do that! You really don’t have to.”

“I like it, Julie. This is fun for me too.”

“OK,” Julie answered. She stared down at me as I ate her luscious pussy. I licked juice from her outer lips. It was tangy and sweet at the same time. I worked my tongue into her hole a little and licked around the edges of her inner lips. I was slurping her juices when Vicky squealed and Andy grunted as they climaxed.

"I think Vicky had fun," Julie said. I pushed my tongue into her hole. She had a hymen, but the opening was large, at least compared to what Penny had last February before we had sex the first time. Julie sucked in a breath as I wiggled my tongue. I pulled my tongue out. "Don't stop, Kyle." Julie demanded.

"I'm not. Be patient." I said. I licked my way up to the tip of her labia and circled the hood that protected her clitoris. Julie was breathing hard now. I teased around her clit, trying to coax it out. I put my finger against her hole as I licked. I started to push it in.

"Kyle?????" Julie moaned.

"Relax. It's only my finger. It'll feel good if I push it in. May I do that?" I asked.

I licked her clit before she could answer my question. "Ooohhh! God, Kyle. Yes. Do it." I pushed my finger slowly into her tight, wet pussy. Her clitoris poked out and swelled as I licked it. I stroked my finger in and out of her tunnel while I licked and sucked her little nub. Julie lasted about thirty seconds before she climaxed from my intense stimulation.

Julie's hips bucked up, pressing my tongue and mouth against her clit. She shimmied and writhed from the new found pleasure. I withdrew my finger and stretched out on the bed beside Julie. I gave her gentle kisses as she recovered from her orgasm. I asked, "I hope you enjoyed that."

"God, yes. I had no idea that could happen to me, Kyle. I've given myself orgasms before, but never like that one."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, Julie. It was fun for me too," I answered.

"Do you love me, Kyle?"

"I do, Julie. I've been in love with you since we went to the movies together back in October. I want nothing more than to make you happy. Do you love me?"

"I think. I've never felt like this for a boy before," Julie said. "I think it's love."

I smiled. "We'll figure this out together. I think we belong together." Julie returned my kiss. She stared into my eyes silently for a minute. I didn't disturb her silence.

"Kyle. Make love to me. I want you to be my first." Julie said.

"Are you sure, Julie? This is a big step." I asked. I glanced at the clock on my nightstand. It said 4:43. "Shit! We don't have enough time Julie. My Mom and sister will be home in ten or fifteen minutes."

"I'm sure I want to do it, Kyle," Julie answered. "Can't we do it quick? I want to try."

I gave Julie a kiss and said, "No. I don't want your first time to be hurried. I want to take my time and make sure you enjoy it. We can't have sex today."

"You're sure, Kyle?"

"Yes. We shouldn't hurry it. I want it to be special. We'll find time soon."

"My friends are right about you. You are a sweetheart. They told me that you were the best in bed and that you would take good care of me." Julie said.

"I want to you to have fun," I answered. "We better get cleaned up and dressed before my Mom gets home."

“OK.” Julie and I got presentable. I opened my bedroom door in time to say good bye to Vicky as she headed for home. Andy gave me a big, sheepish grin when he saw me. He mouthed the words ‘You too?’ I shook my head no. Julie and I went back to studying biology.

Mom arrived a couple minutes later. She stopped by the door to my room when she came upstairs. “Julie?” she asked as she looked in at us. “Hi, how are you?”

“I’m fine, Mrs. Martin. Kyle and I are studying for our biology test,” Julie answered.

“I’m surprised you’re still here. It’s getting dark outside. Won’t your parents be expecting you at home soon?” Mom asked.

Julie answered, “My dad gets home at 6 and mom doesn’t get home until 6:30. I have plenty of time.”

“I’m worried about you riding your bike home during rush hour in the dark. Why don’t you stay for supper and I’ll give you a ride home when dinner is over.”

“OK. That would be nice, Mrs. Martin.” Julie answered. Julie hugged me and said, “I’m staying for dinner!”

“Cool!” I declared. I gave her a hug back.

Mom continued talking, “Lizzie is working on homework in her room. I’d like to talk with the two of you downstairs, OK?” We nodded and followed Mom downstairs to the kitchen.

Mom gave Julie and me the lecture about being discrete and careful about being together after school. We agreed to follow the rules and make sure Lizzie didn’t find Julie and me together.

----oooOooo----

Ed, Jeremy and I went in to see Coach Caffrey Wednesday after school. Coach asked, “What do you want to talk about, boys?”

I answered first, “We spent Sunday afternoon reviewing our season, especially the three games we lost. We have some ideas we think will help us get better next season.”

Ed added, “I think we can be better next year than this year if we work harder.”

“OK. Fire away, boys. Where can we improve?” Coach Caffrey asked.

Ed, Jeremy and I proceeded to explain where we thought the team could improve. Our main problem was that the offensive line and defensive line got beaten when we played big teams. We simply didn’t have the size and muscle to compete with them for the entire game. Pottsville, Cornwall and Central all pushed our defense around too easily. Our first suggestion was that we set up a weight training program for the rest of the team.

We wanted to continue our film study like we did last year during the winter. This time we would have one afternoon of study for the offense and another day for defense. We needed to get more team members ‘football smart’.

The third idea was to have spring quarterback and receiver practice like last year. We wanted to include the defensive backs in this practice too so we had to deal with coverage while we practiced. We asked Coach for advice so Ed and I could run the practices.

The next suggestion was for Coach to talk to the other gym teachers at school and see if we could recruit some big guys to play on the offensive and defensive line. If we could find some big guys, we could train them to play football.

When we finished talking, the coach sat back and grinned at us. “You boys put a lot of thought into this didn’t you?”

Ed answered, “Yes, sir.”

I added, “It was a year ago when we were two games from being state champions. I think we did well this year to replace Zack Hayes and still make it into the playoffs. I want our success to continue. I think our team has the potential to be great. I want to make it happen.”

“You three have some excellent ideas. The other coaches and I have already made arrangements with the wrestling team to use the weight room on Tuesdays and Thursdays this winter. I thought we could start a weight program after Christmas for anyone who is interested.”

“The three of us will work on making sure that everyone is ‘interested’.” Jeremy said.

Coach said, “I’ll organize the study sessions for you boys after Christmas too.”

“Thanks, Coach.” I said. Ed and Jeremy headed for the door.

Coach said, “Kyle, can we talk for a minute?”

“Sure coach. Ed, Jeremy, I’ll catch up to you guys in a minute, OK?” I answered. They agreed. “What’s up, Coach?”

“I wanted to tell you just how much I appreciate what you do for this team, Kyle. At the beginning of last year, you were a young kid who had no idea how to play football. Your progress has been amazing. You seem to have an innate gift for understanding football. Have you ever considered coaching?”

“Not really, Coach. Do you think I’d be good at it?”

“After listening to you for the last forty-five minutes list the strengths and weaknesses of our team and come up with solutions to the problems, I definitely think you would be good at coaching some day. I also think you have a lot of years to play football before you need to think about another career. Have you and your father spent any time learning about the college recruiting process? I think you are going to have a lot of college teams after you when next season is over. You have already made a name for yourself in this state.”

“No, I haven’t checked the recruiting rules. I know Dad and I need to talk about this. Zack Hayes told me the same thing before the game on Saturday morning.”

“Prepare yourself, Kyle. After next season you are going to be very popular. Be ready,” Coach said. “I appreciate everything you do for the Wolverines. See you later.”

“Yes. Tomorrow, fourth period. I have gym with you, remember?”

“I know, Kyle. I meant we won’t be together as a football team until next summer. See you son.”

“Bye, Coach.”

----oooOooo----

I lay in bed that night after I turned the lights out. How had my life changed so much? Three months ago I lost my girlfriend because I had no free time for her. Now I had another girlfriend that was good looking, fun to be with, sexy, and always busy with cheerleading practice, cheering at basketball games and taking violin lessons. Things had changed 180 degrees. I was the one with free time waiting for my girl to make time for me. I promised myself to be more patient than Penny had been.

I thought about football too. Coach's suggestion that I consider a career in coaching piqued my interest. I did love football. Would I be any good at it? I was still considering becoming an architect. I loved my class with Mr. Winters. I guess I was making progress. Last year I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life. Now I had two interesting possibilities. I finally fell asleep pondering my future.

Julie had violin lessons on Thursday after school. I went home and did my homework while I listened to Andy and Vicky have sex most of the afternoon. It brought back memories of eighth grade when I listened to Will and Abby do this almost every afternoon.

Julie had a basketball game to cheer at on Friday, so I attended the game. I finally had time to watch Julie when she was cheering. She was good at it. Her cheerleading outfit looked great too. It really showed off her beautiful breasts and long legs. I spent most of the game watching her, not the game. We managed to get a couple minutes together when the game was over. We made plans to attend Andy Groff's birthday party on Saturday evening.

I slept in on Saturday morning. After lunch, Mom took Andy, Lizzie and me to the mall so we could do our Christmas shopping. I cleaned up and changed into good clothes when I got home. Dad drove Julie and me to the Groff's for the party.

By football team standards, Andy's birthday party was tame. Mr. & Mrs. Groff were home to chaperone things. No one brought any booze and no couples snuck off to a bedroom for sex. We ate, talked, joked around and danced. Julie and I danced a lot, pressed together so tight that you couldn't fit a piece of paper between us. No one suggested any of the silly party games like spin the bottle or truth or dare. We were too old for that.

Stacie and Drew bumped into Julie and me when we took a break from dancing. Drew and Stacie had the arms draped around each other's backs and bottoms, holding them close to each other. Stacie grinned when she saw me and said, "Tiger! Julie! It's great to see you. Are you having fun at the party?"

Julie and I both indicated that we were. Drew exclaimed, "Kyle, you're the man! Thanks for getting Stacie and me together. We've made it official. We are going steady."

I looked at Stacie and grinned, "Steady? I thought you weren't ready for a serious boyfriend?"

Stacie grinned back and answered, "I guess my plans have changed." Stacie turned to Julie. "Did you know your boyfriend is a great matchmaker? He put Drew and me together."

Julie asked, "Kyle's a matchmaker?"

"It's nothing," I explained. "I just suggested that Stacie might enjoy an evening with Drew a few weeks ago. It's no big deal."

"It's a big deal to me," Drew answered. "I would never have had the nerve to ask Stacie for a date on my own. I owe you big time, Kyle."

Drew and Stacie hugged each other and kissed. They headed off to the kitchen for refreshments. Julie and I went back to dancing.

I had an erection for most of the evening. Julie didn't help it either. She kept whispering to me about how much she wanted to see it and feel it. Julie bumped it and rubbed against it as we danced. I felt ready to explode half the night, but managed not to cum in my pants.

Near the end of the evening, Julie said, "Are we still on to be together on Tuesday afternoon?"

"Yes. I was planning on it."

"No one will be home at your house?"

"No one except maybe Andy and his girlfriend."

"Kyle, I want you to make love to me on Tuesday. I haven't thought of anything else since last Tuesday."

"Are you sure you're ready?" I asked. "You don't need to do this just to make me happy."

Julie ground her belly against my erection. "I'm not doing this for you, Kyle. I want to know what sex is like. I want to share this experience with you."

"I'll do my best to make sure you enjoy making love on Tuesday," I said.

"I know you will, Kyle," Julie answered. "That is why I want to do this with you." We found a couch and spent the rest of the party kissing and making out.

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Julie and I had found seats in biology first period on Monday before Penny arrived. She arrived half a minute later on the arm of Luke Simmons. Luke gave Penny a kiss, which Penny returned with enthusiasm. She sat down in her seat beside me.

“Do you have a new boyfriend, Penny?” I asked.

“Yes. Isn’t Luke dreamy?” Penny gushed.

“I don’t know about that Penny, but I hope he makes you happy.”

Penny smiled and asked, “Thanks, Kyle. How are you and Julie doing?”

“We’re great. I’ve always been very lucky with the girlfriends I’ve had,” I explained. Penny smiled at the compliment.

“You’re a good friend, Kyle. I’m glad we’re still friends.”

“I am too,” I answered. Mr. Herr started our biology class after that.

----oooOooo----

Tuesday morning Julie greeted me at the door to the high school. She gave me a long kiss with lots of tongue. She sighed and said, “I can’t wait for school to end the day. I want to keep going from where we stopped last week. All I thought about last night was being with you.”

“We will be together in a few hours honey. I’m going to make sure you remember the 12th of December forever.” I kissed my soon-to-be lover. We split and headed to our home rooms.

Julie was unusually touchy-feely. She hugged me every chance she got during our three classes and over lunch. When sixth period deutsche Unterricht was over she said, “Auf wiedersehen meine lieber, Günther” [See you later my love, Günther – Günther is my name in deutsche unterricht]

I answered, “Nür zwei stunden, Katje” [Only two hours, Katje – Julie’s Deutsche name]

Julie and I kissed a little too long. Frau Madel said, “Herr Martin, Fraulein Simpson, Kein Küssen!” [Mr. Martin, Miss Simpson, no kissing!]

Julie and I blushed and apologized as we left the classroom. We kissed before we parted. Julie headed down the hall to English, I headed downstairs for the shop wing and Architectural Drafting. I was starting to get excited too. While having sex with a new girl wasn’t that uncommon for me, it had been six weeks since I felt a tight warm pussy wrapped around my cock. This afternoon was going to be fun. Finishing the floor-plans for the second floor of the house I was drawing kept my mind occupied during sixth period.

English class was hell. Miss Nicholas was wearing a tight sweater today that showed off her best assets. I spent the last period dreaming of breasts. Fortunately I managed to keep my cock semi-erect. I didn’t look too obscene in class. I caught the bus home and waited impatiently for Julie to arrive on her bike.

I hung out in the living room, waiting for Julie to arrive. Andy was pacing between the kitchen, the hallway and the living room. I asked, “You waiting for Vicky?”

“Yes,” Andy answered, grinning. “She is coming over today.”

“You know you can have fun with a girlfriend in other ways than screwing?” I asked.

“I know, but screwing is great.”

“You and Vicky are going to need more than lust to make your relationship last. The two of you are going to flame out if you don’t slow down a little,” I explained.

“No, Vicky and I are just having fun,” Andy replied. “We’ll be fine.”

I jumped up and answered the door when the doorbell rang. It was Vicky. “Andy, it’s for you.” I called. He came running and greeted his girl with a hug and kiss. They bounded up the steps for his room and an afternoon of shaking the bed.

I waited a couple more minutes for my girlfriend. I gave Julie a hug and a long kiss before she could even get in the door. We raced upstairs to my bedroom, locked the door and threw ourselves on my bed. Julie asked, “What do we do first, Kyle?” as she tore off her blouse.

Her bra dropped to the floor, exposing her breasts before I could answer. “Don’t be in a hurry, Julie. We have almost two hours.” I pulled my shirt off and dropped my pants. “Why don’t you take off your pants and then we’ll kiss for awhile.”

“Aren’t we aren’t going to have intercourse now?”

“Let’s work our way up to that, Julie.” I pushed my girl on her back on my bed and lay down beside her. We wrapped our arms around each other and kissed. Our tongues danced together. We kissed for several minutes.

Julie slid a hand down to my waist and felt for my cock. Of course it was hard. She wrapped her hand around my boxer covered cock and stroked it. I kissed my way from her lips, down her neck across her chest until I reached her breasts. I played with one breast with my hand, kneading it, rubbing it and playing with the nipple. I licked, kissed and suckled at the other one for a few minutes.

I slipped one hand down to Julie’s pussy. It was wet. I slipped a finger into her an inch and pulled it back out. Julie moaned, “Now Kyle?” I’m going to explode soon if we don’t fuck!” I smiled. My soon-to-be lover was getting properly worked up. It was funny to hear her say ‘fuck’. I never heard her swear before.

I played with Julie’s outer lips while I left a trail of kisses down her chest and across her abdomen until I reached her pussy. I spent a couple minutes lapping at her labia, her hole and the hood protecting her clit. Julie was breathing raggedly and I could feel her heart beating wildly. She was nearing her first climax of the afternoon.

I gently pushed one finger though her narrow opening and fucked her with it while I kissed and licked around her clit, waiting for it to poke out.

“Jesus, Kyle! Fuck me. I want it now!” Julie screamed.

I replied, “Soon, Lover, very soon.” I carefully worked a second finger into her passage. It barely fit. I pushed it in with the first finger.

“Kyle, is that your, uh...”

“It’s two fingers. I want to stretch you a little so it doesn’t hurt too much when my cock goes in.”

I licked around the top of her slit while I worked the two fingers in and out, stretching her hymen and getting her ready. Julie’s lubrication was flowing freely and coating my fingers. I sucked on Julie’s clitoris when it appeared. I pushed my fingers in about an inch and a half, crooked them and pressed against the

wall of Julie's pussy, looking for her spot. There! I felt the lump of glands through the wall of her pussy. I applied pressure and rubbed. I sucked and tickled Julie's clit while I stimulated her G-spot.

"Jesus Christ, Kyle!" Julie gasped. "What are you doing?" She had her hips off the bed, trying to press harder against my tongue. She lasted at most fifteen seconds after I found her spot. My lover exploded, screaming and shaking as she rode the wave of pleasure to Nirvana.

I withdrew my soaked fingers and sat back and watched Julie slowly calm from her orgasm.

"Jesus, Kyle. I can't believe what you just did to me. We've got to do this again!"

"Trust me, Julie," I answered. "We'll do this as often as you like."

Julie rolled over on her back. She declared, "Get your rubber on, Kyle. I'm ready now. You do have a rubber, right?"

"Of course. I'll get the box." I pulled my box of condoms out of my dresser drawer. I tore the package open and unrolled the thin sheath of latex over my cock. "Julie, are you ready?"

"Yes, Kyle," she said as she spread her legs wide for me.

"No, I want you on top when we do this. You will have more control over how much I penetrate you. If it hurts too much, you can stop. It's best this way."

"It sounds like you have had a lot of practice deflowering virgins."

"You might be surprised, but I don't have much experience doing that. Penny is the only virgin I've had sex with before you. My brother gave me some tips about how to make things less painful for a girl's first time."

"Andy is giving you advice about this?" Julie asked.

"No. My older brother, Will. He is the one with all the experience at popping a girl's cherry."

"Will? He has been going steady with Abigail Hendricks forever. How would he know what to do?"

"Will had a whole bunch of girlfriends in ninth grade. That was before he met Abby. From what I understand, he showed quite a few girls what sex is like. If Will suggests doing it with you on top, you can bet that he knows what he is talking about."

"I'll trust you and Will. What do you want me to do?" Julie asked.

"Stand up a second while I lay down on the bed, I said. I lay down in the center of my bed and directed, "Get on top of me and straddle my waist." I held Julie's sides as she positioned herself over my erection. I pointed my cock straight up towards Julie's hole. "OK, honey. Lower yourself until you feel my cock at your entrance."

"OK, Kyle." Julie slowly lowered her bottom until the tip of my cock was nestled against her inner lips.

"Julie, press down gently." My cock burrowed in a fraction of an inch into Julie's passage. I could feel the tip press the hole in her hymen. "Stop, Julie. How do you feel?"

"I'm OK. All I feel is some pressure on my bottom. Now what?"

“This is the part that might hurt. You can press down hard and tear your hymen quickly or you can press slowly. Either way it is supposed to hurt when it tears. What do you...” I said when I was interrupted by Julie.

Julie drove herself down sharply onto my cock. “Oooooowwwwww!!!” Julie grimaced from the pain. “Shit! This hurts. Oh, shit! I didn’t think it would be this bad.” Julie sank down until my entire cock was embedded inside her.

“Don’t move, lover. Get used to the feeling of my cock inside you.” I reached up and wiped away the two tears that had run down her cheek. “It’ll feel good in a couple minutes. Relax and get used to the feeling honey.”

“I didn’t think it would hurt this much.”

“Do you want to stop, Julie?” I asked.

Determination spread across her face. Julie said, “No. We aren’t stopping now.”

“Does it feel better yet?”

“The sting is going away. I feel like I’ve been stuffed full and stretched.” I reached up and started to play with her left tit. “Ummm, keep doing that, Kyle.”

“OK. When you are ready you can start moving.” I said. Julie sat still for another minute and then slowly pulled up away from my cock. I moved my hands to her waist to keep her from pulling off my cock. That’s it. Up and down nice and easy, Julie.” She started to ride my six and a half inches of hard flesh. I asked, “Does this feel OK?”

Julie grinned and started to rock up and down faster. “This feels great, Kyle. I love you, you know that don’t you?”

“I love you too, Julie.” I reached up with both hands and played with Julie’s nipples while she rose and impaled herself on my cock. Julie rhythmically rose and fell on my cock as she learned the pleasure that a boy and girl can bring to each other. I thrust my hips up to meet Julie and to try to increase her pleasure. I watched as Julie’s head, neck and chest turned pink and then red as she neared her sexual climax. I switched my attention from her tits down to her clit.

I rubbed around it until it appeared. Julie was panting and moving erratically now. I thrust up hard each time Julie dropped onto my cock and diddled her clit until at last Julie screamed and came. Her lubrication poured out and formed a puddle on my crotch and pubic hair. The juices were tinted a light red from the blood when her hymen ripped and allowed me cock to enter her silky tunnel.

Julie’s pussy clutched and grasped my cock, asking for a belly full of my semen. I wasn’t ready to cum yet. Julie asked, “Did you cum too, Kyle?”

“No, not yet. Lay on my chest. I want to get on top to finish our lovemaking.”

“OK, Kyle.” She lay down on my chest. I wrapped my arms around her and rolled the two of us over so I was on top.

I asked, “Are you ready for more?”

Julie spread her legs wide for me. “OK, I’m ready for more, Kyle.” I pushed my cock in slowly and asked, “OK so far?”

“Um, hmmm. It’s good.” Julie answered. I pumped my cock in and out slowly. “You can go faster, Kyle. I’d like that.” Julie said.

I stroked in and out faster, trying to satisfy my lover. I pushed in until my pubic bone mashed into her clit on each stroke. Julie never quite recovered from her last orgasm and was getting worked up already. I pumped in and out steadily, bringing each of us closer to orgasm.

“Jeee...sus, Kyle! Do it harder. I love thissss....” Julie groaned. My good feelings were building in my groin. I wasn’t going to last too much longer. I continued thrusting harder and faster. Julie screamed, “Arrrghhhh.... I’m cummm....mning.” as her pussy spasmed around my swelling erection. Julie squirmed around but couldn’t move since she was pinned down by my cock. I pressed in deep and filled the end of my condom with almost a week’s worth of cum I had saved up for today.

I collapsed onto Julie and rolled off to her side. My cock pulled out with an audible plop. Julie and I slowly recovered from our climaxes.

I asked, “I hope you enjoyed that, Julie. I certainly did.”

“I loved it, Kyle. Stacie was right. You are a tiger in bed.”

I laughed. “Stacie called me Tiger before she knew if I was any good in bed.”

“I’m going to call you Tiger too,” Julie explained. “Remember this afternoon when I call you that.”

“OK. You and Stacie can call me Tiger, no one else.”

Julie said, “Deal.” Julie glanced down at my cock and saw the glaze of pinkish lubrication on the condom. She glanced down at her pussy and the small puddle of blood on my sheet. “I guess I made a mess. Is this normal?”

“It was for Penny. Does it hurt where I tore your hymen?”

“Not anymore, Kyle. I think I’ll be a little sore tonight. You really stretched me in ways that I’ve never felt before. I will be alright.”

“I’m glad. Do you have any regrets about doing this?” I asked.

“No regrets. I’m glad I did this with you. I’m lucky compared to my best friend Becky.”

“Becky?” I asked.

“You know. Rebecca Williams,” Julie explained. “She’s in our grade.”

“Oh, Rebecca. I know who you mean. I didn’t know you two are friends. I never see you together.”

“I know. It stinks. With my cheerleading, her field hockey and homework, neither of us has time to get together the way we used to do.”

I asked, “What happened to Rebecca?”

“Becky’s first time was last summer. Her boyfriend talked her into it. He just jammed it in, fucked her and came in her. The whole thing was over in sixty seconds. Becky is lucky she didn’t get pregnant.”

“Gee, the guy sounds like an asshole. Who was it?”

“You know him. He goes to our school. It was Chad Hurst.”

“I was right. He’s a real asshole. He dated Penny Edwards a year ago. It took me a month to get her to trust me. I hope Rebecca dumped his ass.”

“No. Chad got what he wanted. He dumped Becky the day after they had sex.”

“Rebecca is better off with him gone. I hate that spoiled rich kid. Is the way Chad acted why you were so hesitant to have sex with me?”

“That was a big part of it. You’ll still be my boyfriend tomorrow?”

I answered, “I’ll be here for you tomorrow, next week, and next month. I’m not going anywhere.”

Julie rolled on top of me and stared into my eyes. “I love you, Kyle Martin.”

“I love you too, Julie Simpson.” I kissed her. Our tongues met and tangled together. The feelings welled up in me. I was the luckiest guy on the earth to have such a great girlfriend.

Now that Julie and I got quiet, we could hear Andy and Vicky screwing in my brother’s bedroom. Andy and Vicky came a couple minutes later with frantic screams. Julie giggled and said, “Those two seem to have fun. I understand better now.”

“They do seem to enjoy it.” I answered. I glanced at the clock. “We need to get cleaned up before my Mom gets home.” Julie and I wiped ourselves off and dressed.

Julie asked, “Do you want to go to a movie on Saturday night?”

“I’d like to, Julie, but I can’t. I have a camping trip with the Boy Scouts this weekend.”

“I guess our next chance to spend some time together will be next Tuesday,” Julie said.

“I’m going to spend the next seven days dreaming about what we just did. I love you, Julie.”

I walked Julie to the door and gave her a good bye kiss. We agreed to call and talk after dinner.

Chapter 32

=====

Julie seemed happy when we talked by phone after dinner. I was still a little worried that having sex with me might change things. She seemed fine.

Things at school on Wednesday were perfectly normal. Julie and I held hands as we walked between classes. We kissed when we had opportunities. Julie and I had a couple minutes to talk after lunch on the way to deutsche Unterricht.

“Are you OK with what we did yesterday?” I asked. “No regrets?”

“I’ve dreamed of a big handsome prince coming to me, sweeping me off my feet and taking me away forever, since I was a little girl. My prince came for me yesterday, swept me up and made me his forever. I love you, Tiger.”

My cock throbbed when she called me that. A shiver ran down my spine as I thought about the intimacy we had shared the day before. “Your Tiger loves you, Julie. I want this to be forever too.” We kissed. We got carried away when our tongues met. We kissed a little too long.

“Martin’s got another slut!” I bristled when I heard that voice. “Gonna fuck her right here in the hall?” It was Chad Hurst on his way to deutsche Unterricht too.

I turned so I was between him and Julie. I pointed my finger at his face and glared at him. “Don’t start that shit again, Chad. I don’t have the patience. If you say one word about Julie and me, I’m going to beat you so hard you’ll wish for only a broken nose like last year.”

Chad jumped back when I confronted him, shut his mouth and hurried to class.

Julie asked, “You broke his nose?”

“Chad and I have been enemies since elementary school. We got in a fight last January. He usually behaves himself since then when he’s around me. Let me know if he bothers you. I’ll fix him.”

“OK, I will. Do you get angry like that often? I’ve never seen you like that.”

“No. Only Chad seems to bring that out in me,” I explained. We headed into the room for our hour of Deutsch with Frau Madel.

----oooOooo----

Julie and I got together Thursday evening after dinner to study for our biology test. We were well behaved, except for stealing a couple kisses when we finished studying. I felt great on Friday morning after the test. I knew I aced it. I was looking forward to using my free time to bring my grades up from the first quarter now that I had more time to study.

Andy and I packed up our stuff Friday after school, had an early dinner and got a ride to the church with Mom. Our scout troop was spending the weekend at a cabin at the scout camp. We spent the evening settling in, getting firewood, and playing flashlight tag. After snack, the younger kids went to bed. Ed, Hal, Jeremy and I met with Doug Chapel, our Senior Patrol Leader and his assistant Mike Abbott in the kitchen in our cabin. We went over the plans for Saturday. Doug assigned each of us our jobs for the day to make sure the troop had a good program to keep the younger kids busy.

My patrol would cook and clean up breakfast, Ed’s had lunch and Jeremy’s patrol had dinner. Ed and I would set up and run an orienteering course for our two patrols. Jeremy and Hal’s patrols were going to

work on Pioneering Merit Badge with Mr. Clark in the morning. Doug and Mike headed out to the bunk room for bed. The rest of us hung out to talk for a little while.

Ed observed, "You guys know that Doug's term of office as SPL runs out next month?"

Jeremy said, "Yes. I wonder who will get the job next?"

"I think it'll be Mike. He has the most experience. He's been Doug's assistant for a year. He'll make a good SPL." I said.

Hal countered, "No. Mike turned seventeen last month. He's too old to run for the job. He will turn eighteen before his term would be up."

"Shit! You're right, Hal. Who's going to be SPL if it isn't Mike?" Ed asked.

I answered, "I think the next SPL sitting here in this room. It's going to have to be one of us."

Jeremy sighed. "When did we get to be the senior guys in the troop?"

"I think it snuck up on us." I answered.

My friends all agreed. Time moves on when you aren't paying attention. Would we be able to run our scout troop? We headed to bed.

The weekend went smoothly. The guys in my patrol and in Ed's patrol managed to finish the orienteering course we set up for them. We signed off the scout handbook when they finished. Most of the guys only needed three or four more requirements to make First Class. Ed and I set a goal for getting all our scouts to First Class before they finished their first year in Boy Scouts.

After lunch we gathered and split more firewood. We had enough to heat the cabin the rest of the weekend and some extra to leave for the troop that stayed at our cabin next weekend. Doug and Mike ran a series of patrol contests. My patrol won the knot tying contest. Ed's patrol won the fire building contest. Jeremy's patrol won the other four contests. It wasn't a surprise. He had more eighth and ninth graders than the other four patrols.

Jeremy and the Fox Patrol made lasagna for dinner. It was great. After dinner we went outside and played Capture the Flag for an hour. I was hiding among the brush near our base and flag to protect it if anyone got through the guys up front. Davie Mitchell, Ryan Kauffman and Cody Stevens from my patrol were on the other team and had been captured. They were in jail at our base. I could hear Davie, Ryan and Cody talking.

Ryan asked, "Cody, have you kissed your girlfriend yet?"

"Yeah, Kristen let's me do that." Cody answered.

Davie asked, "On the lips?"

"Of course!" Cody insisted.

Ryan asked, "French?"

"No. I tried it once and Kristen got mad."

Davie crowed, "My girlfriend let's me French kiss her. I felt her titties once too."

Ryan and Cody both asked, "Really?"

“Boy you’re lucky, Davie. I wish Kristen let me do that,” Cody said.

“I wish I had a girlfriend,” Ryan said.

Davie said, “I thought you were going with Paige.”

“No. We broke up last week.”

“Davie, how long have you and Liz been going out?” Cody asked

I perked up a little when I heard them mention my sister. She’s French kissing a boy and showing her titties. I was going to have a talk with Mom when we got home.

Davie answered, “Since school started.”

Cody asked, “Do you guys shoot white stuff out of you dick yet?”

Ryan said, “No.”

Davie answered, “I do. I’ve been doing it a couple months.”

Cody said, “I did last week for the first time.”

I definitely needed to talk to Mom. Lizzie has a boyfriend who shoots sperm, she has started having periods, she French kisses him and let him feel her titties. Mom and Dad had better have the talk really soon.

My team won the Capture the Flag game. When the game was done we had our campfire program and finished the evening with cheese and crackers for a bed time snack. Sunday morning went quickly. Hal’s patrol made breakfast, we packed our things and headed for home. Julie and I talked for almost an hour in the afternoon when Andy and I got home from the camping trip.

---oooOooo---

Andy hung out by the front door for nearly forty-five minute after school on Monday, waiting for his girlfriend to arrive. Finally he gave up and went upstairs to his room. I called out as he walked by my open bedroom door, “Isn’t Vicky coming over today?”

“She said she was at lunch today. I don’t know what happened.”

“I’m sure it’s no big deal, Andy. Something probably came up.”

“You’re probably right, Kyle.” Andy answered.

After school on Tuesday on the bus we found out what was up. Andy’s eyes were red and puffy. He obviously had been crying. He sat down in the seat behind Ed and me. I turned around and asked, “Is everything OK Andy?”

“Fine. Things are fine!” Andy declared.

“Something’s wrong. What happened?” I asked.

“I don’t want to talk about it. Let me alone, Kyle.”

I turned to Andy’s best friend Eric, who was sitting beside Andy. “What happened, Eric?”

“Andy dumped Vicky today at lunch. He found out that she went home with Greg Ranck yesterday afternoon and gave him a blow job.” Eric explained.

“I’m sorry to hear that, Andy.” I said, trying to offer sympathy to my brother.

“Just let me alone, all of you,” Andy demanded. “I don’t want to talk.”

We followed Andy’s wishes, for now. I knew I had to talk to him when we got home where we would have privacy. Andy and I walked up the walk to our house together when the bus dropped us off.

Andy started upstairs when we got inside. I said, “Andy, wait. I’d like to talk to you about what happened today. Come down here to the living room.”

“Just let me alone, Kyle. I don’t want to talk.” Andy declared.

“It helps to talk, Andy. I’ve lost a girlfriend before. I know what it feels like. Talking helps.”

“NO! I can’t.” Andy said, trying to stifle a sob.

I walked up the steps and put my arm around his shoulder. “Come downstairs and sit with me. It’ll help.” Andy allowed himself to be led down the steps to the couch in the living room. We sat down and I hugged Andy. “Tell me what happened.”

He stifled another sob and said, “I kept hearing rumors all morning from other kids about Vicky. I asked her between classes and she denied it every time. She said she had to work on homework yesterday afternoon.”

“What happened then?”

“At lunch... Greg and.... he....” Andy sobbed. “I...” Andy started crying. I rubbed his back while he cried.

“What happened, Andy?” I asked.

“I came back to the lunch room from the bathroom and... Greg and... Vicky.... sniffle.... they kkkki.....” Andy sobbed again. He started crying again.

The doorbell rang. I yelled, “It’s open Julie, come in.” I heard the front door open and close. “Andy and I are in the living room, honey.”

Andy stopped crying and visibly tried to compose himself. He sobbed again and stifled a second sob. He tried to put up a brave front for Julie.

Julie asked, “What’s wrong, guys?”

I explained, “Andy and Vicky broke up today. He was just telling me what happened.”

Julie sat down on the other side of Andy and wrapped her arm around him. “I’m so sorry, Andy.” She turned Andy toward her. “Cry on my shoulder. It helps.”

Andy pulled away and stiffened. “I wasn’t crying. Guys don’t do that.”

“I know. Lay your head on my shoulder and tell me about it, Andy.” Julie said soothingly. She pulled Andy toward her. He allowed Julie to pull him to her breast. He laid his head down on her shoulder.

Andy sobbed and cried for a couple minutes before calming down. I rubbed his shoulder while Julie hugged him.

I asked, "What happened during lunch, Andy?"

Andy gulped, settled himself a little and said, "I went to the bathroom during lunch. When I came back I found Vicky's tray at our table, but she wasn't there. I looked around and found her across the cafeteria with Greg Ranck. Greg and Vicky... were... sniffle.... they were kissing..."

Julie said, "Keep going, Andy. You can tell us."

Andy stifled a sob and continued, "I started over to confront them but Eric stopped me. He made me go sit down so I didn't get in trouble. Vicky came back to our table a minute later. I asked where she had been. She said she was getting a homework assignment from Briana. I called her a liar and told her I knew about what she and Greg had done yesterday afternoon. She begged me to forgive her. I called her a slut and told her I didn't ever want to see her again."

Julie soothingly said, "Oh, that's terrible, Andy. I'm so sorry." as she rubbed his back. I squeezed his shoulder.

"It's best that you broke up with her. You can do better than her, Andy," I added.

Julie said, "What Vicky did was terrible. Kyle is right. You'll find another girlfriend." Julie pulled Andy's head up and gave him a kiss on the forehead.

Andy straightened up and said, "Thanks, Julie. Thanks, Kyle. It did help to talk about this. I'm going to my room to listen to music and think." He got up and headed for his bedroom.

I slid over on the sofa and hugged Julie. "Thanks for helping with Andy. I wasn't sure what I was going to say to help him."

"Sometimes a hug is better than talking. I was glad to help Andy. He's a neat kid."

I hugged Julie and kissed her. Our lips parted and our tongues met. Our hand roamed over each other's bodies as we kissed. After a couple minutes we broke our lips apart and stared into each other's eyes. Julie asked, "Do you want to go to your room, Kyle? I want you to make love to me the way you did last week."

"I'd like that, Julie. Let's go to the family room instead. I don't think Andy will want to listen to us together this afternoon."

Julie pulled me up from the couch. We headed for the family room. Julie and I settled into the couch and returned to kissing. It didn't take long for clothes to come off. Julie ran her hands through my hair and caressed my back while I fondled her breasts. I kissed and sucked her nipples as we prepared to become intimate.

The remainder of our clothes fell to the floor. We kissed again while I fingered Julie's pussy, trying to get her ready. When her pussy lips started to swell and I could feel her lubrication begin to seep out, I got down on my knees in front of the couch. Julie spread her legs wide to make room for me. I dived in with my tongue out. I used my tongue and fingers to bring Julie to climax. When she recovered her senses I asked, "Are you ready to make love, Julie?"

Julie grabbed me by the neck and pulled me on top of her. We kissed. "I'm ready, Kyle. I've been ready since last Tuesday. I wish my schedule wasn't so busy."

I said, "Here goes lover." as I positioned my cock against Julie's opening. I started to press in.

“Kyle! What about your condom?” Julie insisted.

“Shit!” I pulled away quickly. “I forgot. I haven’t needed them for almost six months. I’ll get them.” I dashed through the house naked, grabbed the box of condoms from my room and ran back downstairs to Julie.

Julia was lying on her back with her legs spread apart for me. I rolled the piece of latex over my cock and positioned myself a second time in front of my lover. I slid inside Julie’s velvety tunnel. Julie and I shared our bodies with each other for nearly ten minutes. I thrust my erection in and out, bringing Julie to orgasm twice before I filled the tip of the condom with my load. Julie and I cuddled together as we recovered our senses.

I nuzzled Julie’s neck and gave her a kiss. “Did you enjoy that, honey?”

“Mmmm, yes. That was great, Kyle. I am so happy we are together.”

“Thanks for reminding me about the condom. It has been so long since I needed to use them.”

“We need to be careful, Kyle,” Julie said. “I don’t want to get pregnant.”

“I know. I don’t want to have kids just yet either. I went through one pregnancy scare last spring. I don’t want to do that again. Have you thought about going on the pill? It will protect us better if we get carried away.”

“No. I don’t think I could face my doctor and my parents. They don’t know about us having sex and I don’t want to tell them right now.”

“You can get a prescription without your parents or your family doctor knowing about it. You can get them through the clinic in Lancaster.”

Julie asked, “My parents won’t know?”

“It’s the law. They can’t call your parents and tell them.”

“That’s interesting. The only problem is how do I get to Lancaster?”

“I could talk to Will when he gets home from college tomorrow. I bet he would give us a ride. He helped Penny and me last spring. What do you think?”

“I don’t know, Kyle.”

“If we keep making love with condoms, we have a 15% chance that you will get pregnant in the next year. They can break. They can come off. We could get carried away and not use them. I know a couple with a four year old son. They were using a condom when they conceived their son. Over the long run, condoms have some risk to them.”

Julie asked, “Would the pill be safer?”

“If you are on the pill, we have less than 5% chance that you would get pregnant. It makes sense if we plan to have sex regularly, we should be as safe as possible.”

“Now that I’ve found out what sex is like, I don’t plan to stop. Talk to your brother. See if he would be willing to take me.”

“I’ll talk to Will tomorrow night and tell you at school on Thursday. You’ll need to make an appointment for a check up before they will give you a prescription.”

“You certainly know a lot about how a girl can get the pill.”

“Penny and I went through this last spring. You have a boyfriend who learned a lot of things the hard way the first time around.”

Julie asked, “You talk about Penny all the time. Are things over between the two of you?”

“Yes, they are. I messed things up between us when school started. Penny and I are definitely finished.”

“You’re really sure, Kyle?”

“Penny and I are friends again. Things were bad between us for awhile after we split up, but we can talk again. If I were going to leave you and go back to Penny, I already had my chance. I could have when Penny broke up with Travis and before she started going with Luke.”

“OK. I love you, Kyle, and don’t want to lose you.”

“I love you too, Julie. I’m not going to let anything get between us.” I said. I glanced at my watch. “It’s time to get cleaned up.”

Julie and I cleaned up, dressed and parted with a long kiss just before Mom and Lizzie got home.

----oooOooo----

Will and Abby arrived just before dinner on Wednesday night. Mom invited Abby to stay for dinner. Will and Abby were in good moods. They had three week vacation ahead of them. Things were nice compared to how the two of them were last Christmas. The only downer this year was Andy. He moped around the house since he broke up with Vicky.

I grabbed Will after dinner and explained about the help Julie and I needed. Will agreed to drive us to Lancaster after Christmas so Julie could get on the pill. We decided to make a double date of the day. We would go out to dinner together and see a movie afterwards.

School on Friday was low key. Half the teachers showed movies instead of teaching regular lessons. Julie and I met after dinner to exchange our Christmas presents. Julie’s family was going to up-state New York for Christmas. Mrs. Simpson’s parents live in Geneva. I actually knew where the town was. I had gone through it on the trip to Algonquin Provincial Park the previous year.

I greeted Julie at the door with a kiss. “Merry Christmas, honey.”

Julie kissed me back. “Merry Christmas, Kyle. I love you.”

“Oohhh! A big box. Cool! What’s in it?” I asked.

“It’s your Christmas present and you have to wait a few minutes to see it.” Julie declared.

“Let’s go upstairs to my room where we can have a little privacy.” I suggested.

We went upstairs and had a seat on my bed. “Can I go first, honey?” I asked. I took the small wrapped box off my dresser.

“OK, Kyle.”

“This is for you Julie, my love.” I said as I handed the small box to her. Julie opened the gift. I had bought a gold locket for her.

“This is beautiful, Kyle. I love it.”

“Did you see I had it inscribed?” I asked. Julie looked at the back.

Julie read it aloud. “May our love last forever, Kyle.” Julie kissed me. “I love it, Kyle. Thank you. Put it on me, please?”

I unclasped the chain, put it around Julie’s neck and closed the clasp again. She proudly displayed it for me.

“It looks gorgeous on you, Julie.” I said.

“It’s your turn, Kyle. Open your present.” she said as she handed me the big box. I tore through the paper and pulled the box open. It was a Wolverine’s Football Letterman’s jacket. I never quite got around to buying one for myself.

“Thank you, Julie. This is wonderful!” I said.

“Put it on, Kyle. I want to see how it looks on you.” I put the jacket on and modeled it for Julie. “You look handsome in it, Kyle. Do you like it?”

“I love it, Julie.” I said. I gave Julie a hug and a long passionate kiss. We went downstairs to show the rest of my family our gifts. Julie called for her ride home after that. She still had to pack for her trip to her grandparents. Her family was leaving early on Saturday morning.

----oooOooo----

The weekend before Christmas went quickly. Between last minute gift buying, wrapping presents, decorating and preparing food for the holiday; everyone was busy. Will and I filled out our applications to work on camp staff the next summer. Will applied to run the boatyard again. I asked to be on the aquatics staff as my first choice. If I couldn’t get that, I wanted to work at mountain biking or at the Pioneer program for first year scouts. Andy filled out an application too. He would fourteen before next summer. He applied to be a counselor in training.

Our family attended the candle light Christmas Eve service at church. The Rev’s sermon helped put all the festivities into perspective. We were celebrating the birth of our savior.

I wouldn’t have minded sleeping late on Christmas morning, but an eleven year old sister kept that from happening. Lizzie was up before the sun came up. The rest of the family gathered for breakfast at 8 o’clock. We ate and then went to the living room to open presents. Lizzie ripped through her packages with gusto. Andy smiled and joked as he opened his. It was the first time he smiled in days. I got lots of thin envelopes with money in them. It was perfect for me. I was running low on money from my lawn mowing in the summer. More money was welcome so I could continue to go out with Julie on dates.

Everyone changed to good clothes to get ready for the horde of relatives that were to descend on our house in a couple hours. Mom’s Christmas dinner was delicious. It was fun to see our grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins. All in all, it was a good day.

I slept late on the 26th. It was great. I got up around 11 am, had brunch and relaxed with my music until Julie came. We had agreed she would come over at 1 pm. Mom and Lizzie took off to spend the day at the malls shopping for bargains. Will took off to spend time with Abby at her house. Andy and I were left to mind our house.

Andy came downstairs and joined me a couple minutes later. He poured himself a bowl of cereal and grabbed a Danish from the refrigerator. I asked, “How are you doing?”

“I guess I’m OK. I still miss Vicky. I wish I could understand what happened.”

“I tried to warn you a couple weeks ago. I think you two concentrated on screwing too much. Did you ever take Vicky on a date? Did you two do anything except screw?”

“Well, I guess we did spend a lot of time in bed together.”

“You need to build a relationship with a girlfriend based on more than screwing. Look at Julie and me. We have gone steady for a month. We have had sex twice. We went on four dates. We study together. We watch movies together. We have a lot more than sex to keep us together.”

“I guess, Kyle. I’ll try it if I can find another girl friend.”

“You will, Andy. You’ll find another girlfriend. Take things slower this time. Build a relationship before you jump in bed with her. It will be better.”

“Thanks for the advice, Kyle. You’re a good brother.”

I waited pensively in the kitchen for Julie to arrive. I missed my girlfriend. We hadn’t been apart for four days since we started to go steady a month ago. I rushed to the door to greet her when she arrived. We kissed. I asked, “What do you want to do this afternoon? Want to watch a movie?”

“That’s not what I had in mind for this afternoon. Are we alone?”

“Sort of. Mom and Lizzie are shopping as I expected. Andy is here, but he’s the only one.”

“Good! I want to feel your naked body pressed against mine.” Julie grabbed my cock through my pants. “I want to feel this inside me. It’s been a week and I NEED you.”

“We can do that Julie, if you want.”

“I NEED IT! When we are done we can watch a movie or something else. We have all afternoon.”

“Cool! Let’s go to my room,” I said. We headed up the steps, turned and went into my room. Julie climbed on my bed and started stripping while I locked the door. I grabbed a couple condoms from my stash in my bureau. I dropped them on the nightstand. Julie was already lying on my bed naked.

“You have too many clothes on, Kyle. Strip!” I did my best to strip seductively. All I got for my troubles was giggles. “It’s a good thing you can play football. You’ll never make a living as a dancer. Come here you big lug.”

I lay down on the bed. Julie and I kissed deeply, rubbing our naked bodies together as we nibbled and sucked on each other’s tongues. We did that for several minutes before we paused. Julie asked, “Kyle, have you ever had a blow job?”

“Yes.”

“I’d like to try and do that for you. You are so wonderful to me when you lick my pussy. I want to return the favor.”

“You don’t have to do this, Julie. We aren’t trading favors. I do that because I love you.”

“I know. That is why I want to learn how to do this for you. Can you teach me?”

“OK, honey,” I said. I proceeded to talk Julie through the steps to sucking my cock. She did pretty good for a beginner. I pulled my cock out of her mouth just in time to avoid filling it with my cum. Julie ended up with strings of cum on her nose, chin and breasts. I lay Julie down and started licking her clean.

“Kyle, what does it taste like?” Julie asked. I took a finger full from her chest and offered it to her. She licked it off my finger. “That doesn’t taste bad. Don’t pull out the next time we do this, OK, Kyle?”

“You got it lover. Lay down. It’s your turn. I didn’t have dessert for lunch. I know just what I want to eat this afternoon.”

Julie lay down on her back and spread her legs for me. I used my tongue and fingers to slowly bring Julie to climax over the next several minutes. “Thank you, Kyle. That was wonderful.”

I asked, “Are you ready for the main event? I’m hard again.”

“Yes, Kyle. How do you want to do this?”

“Let’s try doggie style. See if you like it.”

“OK, Kyle. What do you want me to do?”

I explained how this position worked. I rolled a condom over my shaft, got behind my lover and gently slid the erection smoothly into my lover’s tight wet tunnel. I put my hands on her hips and slowly pumped my cock in and out of Julie. “What do you think, honey?”

“It feels really different. You’re hitting me in spots that don’t get touched when you’re on top of me. Your cock feels longer this way too.”

“That is one of the advantages of this position.” I leaned down and wrapped my arms around Julie. I grasped her breasts. “Here is another advantage.” I played with her tits as I penetrated her pussy. I pulled my six and half inches out and drove it back in repeatedly.

Julie was pushing back against my cock in time with my thrusts. She was beginning to get excited. I suggested, “Play with your clitoris. It’ll feel great.”

“Oooo-kkaky, Kyle. Oh yeah! God, do it... harder... please” Julie grunted as I humped her. I could feel her fingers on the bottom of my shaft as she diddled her clit. I brought my hands to her hips to steady her motion. I pulled out almost the whole way before I drove it back in until my pubic area slapped into her ass with a smack.

“Jesus.... ooohhhh... I’mmmm cummmmmingg” Julie moaned. Her pussy clenched around my cock. She pressed against me and ground herself on my cock while her climax carried her away. Julie moaned and panted as her pussy spasmed and begged me to fill her with my seed.

I asked, “Should I keep going, lover?” when Julie calmed down from her orgasm.

“Please yes, Kyle,” Julie grunted as I impaled her on my hard shaft. I continued humping her. Julie never quite finished her climax before her pussy started to flutter around my cock. I pumped in and pulled out in long hard strokes. I was getting closer to my own ecstasy.

I felt Julie’s hand come back up to rub her clit again. I slowed my strokes to try to prolong our pleasure. Julie wanted more, so she fucked herself against my nearly stationary cock. “Please, Kyle, keep going.” Julie begged. I steeled my nerves, tried to ignore the feelings in my cock and thrust into my lover about three times before my balls exploded and filled the inside of my condom with semen. I slumped over and rested my weight on Julie’s back.

“Keep going, Kyle. Pppleaseeee?” Julie begged.

“Oh... I’m done. I can’t, honey.” I grunted. I could feel Julie’s finger playing at the base of my cock trying to bring on her second climax. My brain was starting to recover from its fog. I pulled my now limp dick out of Julie.

“Lay on your back, honey. I’ll use my tongue. It still works.”

Julie rolled over and spread her legs for me. I leaned down and started licking her juices up as I rubbed her prominently protruding clit. It only took about thirty seconds of attention before Julie reached climax again. I sat back on my haunches and watched as my lover writhed and moaned.

When Julie finally relaxed, she lifted her head, grinned at me and declared, “Boy things would have been different on our first date if I had known what you can do to a girl.”

“I wish things had been different that night too, but I couldn’t have done anything like this back then. I was pretty clueless about girls, sex and even kissing back then.”

“You may not have had a clue in eighth grade, but you sure as hell know what you are doing now. I’m glad you can teach me.”

“I’ll show you almost everything I know about sex.” I said with a grin. I thought, ‘Almost everything. I have absolutely no plans to share you with another guy the way I did with Jessica.’

Julie and I cleaned ourselves up and got dressed. We wandered down to the family room and spent the rest of the afternoon watching a DVD while we cuddled on the couch.

Ed and I kicked around some ideas for New Year’s Eve while we were doing our weight training on Tuesday evening. Ed asked, “Do you and Julie have plans for New Year’s Eve?”

“No, nothing. Why?”

“I think I’m going to have a small party. I thought I’d invite you and Julie; Jeremy and Kathy, Hal and Tammy. What do you think?”

“That would be nice.” I said.

“Kyle, would it bother you if I invited Penny and Luke?”

“Go ahead. That would be cool with me. You know we stopped fighting a few weeks ago. We get along again.”

“No, I hadn’t noticed, Kyle. I’m glad to hear that. I hated it when you two were fighting. I always felt I had to take sides with you. Penny’s a friend too, so I’m glad you don’t mind if I invite her.”

Andy was listening to us talk while he took his turn lifting. “You’re having a party? Can I come?”

Both Ed and I answered together, “NO!”

Andy pleaded, “Why not? I’d like to come.”

I said, “This is a high school party. You’re still in middle school. No party!”

Ed added, “You’d be bored. We’re going to talk about our teachers, who you don’t know. We’ll talk about what classes we are going to take next year, which you can’t take. There won’t be anything that would interest you.”

Andy asked, “No kissing, making out or maybe...?” as he made a circle with his right thumb and finger and used the middle finger on his other hand to indicate that he thought we would be having sex.

Ed exclaimed, “No Andy! No one will be having sex. My parents are going to be home. You’re a horny little bugger.”

Andy protested, “I’m not little!”

“All right. You’re a horny thirteen year old kid,” Ed replied.

Andy countered with “I’ll be fourteen in two weeks.”

“No party! You’re not going!” I stated emphatically.

“Please, Kyle? Can’t I come, Ed? Please???” Andy begged.

“Jesus Christ, you’re a pain in the ass,” I declared. “I get you laid two months ago and all you want is more. Find your own girl. Find your own party with kids your age. You don’t need to hang around with my friends all the time.”

“OK. I’ll shut up, Kyle. I just like your friends too.” Andy said. He kept quiet as he finished his lifting. Ed and I made plans for the party. I was going to help him set up the way he helped me last year.

After our run, I asked Ed, “Who are you bringing to the party?”

“I asked Lindsey Fulton,” Ed explained. Lindsey is one of the ninth grade girls that joined Venturers in September. She was tall, black haired, shapely beauty. Ed always had good taste in choosing girls.

“You have seen a lot of Lindsey in the past month.”

“I know. We’ve been out on four dates in the past five weeks. If I’m not careful, I’ll end up tied down again like you.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way, Ed. I love Julie.”

Ed and I went over who was getting what for the party. I agreed to spend the night at Ed’s when the party was over to help him get things cleaned up.

----oooOooo----

Julie came over after lunch on Thursday. We spent the afternoon watching movies on cable. We cuddled in the couch and enjoyed the closeness. Will and Abby got home around 3 pm from their afternoon visit with Will’s good friend Rob Stevens and his girlfriend Cindy Jacobs.

Julie and I bundled up in our winter coats to face the cold. Julie’s appointment at the clinic in Lancaster was for 4 o’clock. Julie and I sat in the back of Will’s car holding hands as he drove us west to Lancaster. The waiting room at the clinic was as bleak as I remembered it last time. This place did not hold good memories for me. I reminded me of Stefany’s pregnancy and the child that she and Ed lost last summer.

The nurse called Julie back for her examination a few minutes after she signed in. I looked around the waiting room. A couple pregnant women in their twenties, a guy and girl about our age, and a younger girl by herself made up the remainder of the group in the waiting room. All the teens looked forlorn. They would have loved to be somewhere else, anywhere else.

Julie was in the examination room for about twenty minutes. She had a big grin on her face when she came out. "I'm all set," she declared. "We can go." The four of us bundled up in our coats. The temperature was down in the low twenties today and expected to drop to twelve degrees overnight. It was one of those nights that made Pennsylvanians wish they had moved to Florida, California or some place like that.

We hurried to the car. After Will got the car started and the heat on, I asked, "How did things go, honey?"

"Great. Everything is fine. The gynecologist says I'm normal. He gave me the first month's pills today and a prescription I can use at Groff's Pharmacy to get more."

"Cool. How long until it's safe for me to stop using condoms?" I asked.

Julie answered, "Two months, Kyle. It will be safe in March. Do you have enough to last until then?"

"No. I'll have to go to Groff's another time to get more. It depends on how often you want to be with me."

Julie laughed and said, "Sweetie, you are going to make a lot of trips to Groff's Pharmacy in the next two months."

I chuckled too. "I can do that. No problem." I gave my lover a kiss. "Where are we going to dinner, Will?"

Will answered, "Abby and I talked about Chinese tonight. What do you two think?"

"Cool!" "Mmm, I love Chinese," we replied.

"Good. I know of a nice place on Rohrerstown Road. It's an all you can eat buffet. They have traditional Chinese food and sushi too," Will explained.

I said, "Raw fish? I'll try anything once."

Abby said, "You'll like it, Kyle. It really is good."

It took Will about twenty minutes to fight the evening traffic and arrive at the restaurant in a strip mall near Rohrerstown. Will and Abby were right. Sushi was good. The four of us enjoyed the meal. We headed over to the movie theater. We went to the newest Harry Potter movie. It was fun, a nice change of pace from the usual movies with the car crashes and shoot outs. It was an all together enjoyable evening.

----oooOooo----

Julie and I spent Friday afternoon at her house researching and writing our biology term papers. We talked about Ed's party. We decided it would be fun to spend a relaxed evening with our friends to welcome the New Year.

I spent half of Saturday morning gathering supplies for Ed's party. I asked Will to give me a lift to the grocery store so I could pick up my share of the food. I picked up potato chips, dip, cheese, salsa and tortilla chips. Will called me during lunch when the phone rang.

"Hello?" I asked into the phone.

"Kyle. You aren't going to believe the news I just got. My Aunt June is having her baby tonight!"

"Yes? Why should I care?"

"My parents have to go to Elizabethtown immediately to look after my cousins. They'll be gone for a couple days. Aunt June wasn't expected to deliver for another two weeks."

“Shit! Does that mean the party is off?” I asked.

“No. They made me promise that no extra people would show up for the party. I have to make sure everything is cleaned up when the party is over. They said we could have the party as long as we kept it small and quiet.”

“Cool! How is that going to change the party?” I asked.

“We’ve got two available bedrooms upstairs. Couples will be welcome to take advantage of that fact. That wouldn’t be happening if my parents were home.”

“That could be nice.”

Ed continued to explain the advantages. “I called Andy Groff a few minutes ago. He’s going to talk to his brother Bill and see if we can score some beer for tomorrow night.”

“Um hmm. I can see the headlines in Monday’s newspaper. ‘Wolverine’s Quarterback Busted at Teenaged Beer Party.’ Let’s not get carried away tonight.”

“We’ll be fine, Kyle. Come prepared for fun with Julie,” Ed said. “I don’t want any nine month surprises after my party.”

“I always take a couple condoms along when I go on a date. How about you? Have you and Lindsey slept together yet?”

“No. She gave me a blow job at the end of the last date. I think she may be willing to go all the way at the party. That’s part of the reason I wanted the beer. I think Lindsey will go to bed with me if I help her loosen up a little. I bought a new box of rubbers this morning.”

“We have to keep this party low key, Ed,” I insisted. “I have been grounded a month and a half of the last twelve and been suspended from school. I’ve had more than enough trouble. Let’s keep this party under control.”

“You’re right, Kyle,” Ed said. “Rein me in if I get too carried away.”

“I will, Ed. We’ll make tomorrow night a night to remember, not a night to regret.”

After lunch I just chilled out for the afternoon. Dad, Andy and I watched Penn State play the Georgia Bulldogs in the Liberty Bowl. The Nittany Lions squeaked out a victory over the Bulldogs on the strength of a last minute touchdown by one of their young wide receivers. I caught a few glimpses of Zack Hayes on the sidelines holding a clipboard while Penn State’s three quarterbacks conferred with Coach Paterno. He looked sharp in his spotless blue and white uniform. Zack was paying his dues now. In two or three years, he could be leading the Lions. Would I ever get an opportunity like Zack?

I settled down with Dad and Andy on Sunday afternoon to watch the Philadelphia Eagles play the Atlanta Falcons in the final game of the season. It was cool that Sam Hayes actually got to dress for the game. Koy Detmer got hurt the previous Sunday on a botched point after attempt. Sam was signed off the practice squad to be the third string quarterback in case Donovan McNabb and Jeff Garcia both got hurt. Not real likely. Sam looked just as good as his brother Zack in his spotless midnight green and white uniform as he held the clipboard while Don, Jeff and he conferred with Coach Mornhinweg about the offense. The Hayes brothers had a real talent for holding clipboards. I would have to tease them the next time I saw them.

The Eagles won the game. A quarterback with seven years of experience can beat a quarterback with four years of experience.

---oooOooo---

I showered before dinner and got dressed for the party. I slipped a couple condoms in my pocket so I would be ready for Julie tonight. God, I couldn't wait for Julie to be safe for bareback sex. I wouldn't miss the condoms.

I packed my overnight stuff after dinner and headed for Ed's house. He was doing his dinner dishes when I arrived. We got the snack food ready to put out when the guests arrived. We pushed the living room furniture so we had a dance area. Ed grabbed CDs for the music. Everything was ready by a quarter of eight. The guests were expected to start arriving at 8 o'clock.

Julie was the first to arrive. I gave her a big kiss and a hug. Jeremy and Kathy followed my lover. Lindsey Fulton came next. Hal and Tammy came a couple minutes later. Penny and Luke arrived last.

We gathered in the living room. Everyone found seats on the couch or chairs on the perimeter of the room. Ed and I brought out the first round of snacks. The conversation was free and easy. Most of us had been friends since elementary school. Ed, Hal, Jeremy and I were all jocks. Luke was Mr. Cool preppy. This led to some teasing.

Luke was tall, only a couple inches shorter than me, had dark brown, almost black hair. He was always immaculately dressed, every hair in place. Luke was smart too. He made the academic team as a freshman, which was unheard of. Our school had dreams of catching up to Township and WC East in the academic competition. Luke was just the guy to help with it.

Ed told everyone about the drinks he had in the kitchen. He had soda and iced tea in the refrigerator. Andy and Bill Groff came through for us. We had two dozen beers in a cooler full of ice. Ed warned everyone to enjoy themselves but take it easy on the beers. We didn't want anyone getting in trouble.

I opened up the refrigerator door for Julie when we went to the kitchen for our drinks. I asked, "What do you want, honey?"

"Have some soda if you want, Kyle. I don't," she said as she pulled a beer out of the cooler. She popped the top and took a good swig. "You started dating a virgin, but not a total innocent when you started dating me Kyle. You remember Stan's cookout in the fall? I enjoyed that fruit punch. I can handle my liquor."

I shut the frig door and grabbed a beer too. "OK, honey. You are full of surprises." We wandered back to the living room.

Ed started the music after we talked for awhile. We had picked out lots of slow songs. Julie and I hugged each other tightly as we swayed to the music. Her tits were mashed against my chest. After a couple minutes my boner was sticking into her stomach. My lover ground herself against my bulge as we danced.

We found a seat on the couch. Julie sat cross ways on my lap. We made out madly. Ed announced that his bedroom and his brother's bedroom were available if anyone wanted privacy for whatever. From the looks of the other couples, there was going to be a line at the bedroom door.

Penny's boyfriend Luke could put away the beers. He was finishing his third when I finally finished my first. He seemed to be OK, not too drunk. Penny and Luke were the first to take advantage of Ed's offer of privacy. They went upstairs to a few catcalls and whistles. We could hear the unmistakable sounds of a guy climaxing within a few minutes, undoubtedly from Penny giving him a blowjob. Soon after that it was Penny's turn to scream at her climax. All the noise led to some teasing and comments.

Ed's date Lindsey asked, "Do you think they're really um... you know?"

Ed grinned, “Fucking? Most definitely.” The bedsprings upstairs started to creak rhythmically as he said it.

I added, “My ex is quite loud in bed. She’s a good lover too. Luke is a lucky guy.”

I went back to making out with Julie. Between Julie squirming on my erection and the sensations we felt as our tongues dueled, we would be joining Penny and Luke in an upstairs bedroom soon. Before we could get up, Tammy pulled Hal off the sofa towards the steps and cooed, “Come on, baby. I want to feel this thing.” She patted the bulge in Hal’s jeans. Hal just grinned and followed his girlfriend.

Ed and Lindsey hugged each other as they swayed to the music. Jeremy was sitting on one of the overstuffed chairs. Kathy was sitting on his lap facing Jeremy, her legs wrapped around Jeremy’s waist. They were attempting tonsillectomies with their tongues. Jeremy was rubbing Kathy’s breasts as they kissed.

Penny and Luke came down the stairs a couple minutes later. I whispered to Julie, “Let’s get a room quick.” Julie hopped up instantly. She led me toward the stairs.

I leered at Luke and said, “It sounds like you and Penny had fun.”

“Oh yeah,” Luke answered. “Penny’s the greatest in bed.”

“I know Luke. You’re a lucky guy,” I said with a grin.

Julie pulled on my arm. “Let’s go, Kyle. I want to get started.”

“Right behind you, honey.” I said as I patted her backside.

Hal and Tammy had taken Ed’s bedroom, so we went down the hall to Ed’s brother Pete’s bedroom. The Fritz’s still called it Pete’s room even though Pete hadn’t been home in a year and a half. Pete had found a job in LA when he graduated from UCLA last spring.

Penny and Luke had pulled the covers off the bed so they didn’t get messed up. I locked the door and turned to face my lover. Julie was naked, sitting on the bed. She motioned for me to come to her. “You’re wearing too many clothes, Kyle. Strip now! I’ve been dreaming of tonight since last Tuesday.”

I grinned and said, “As you wish,” as I stripped.

“What do you want to try first? Would you like a blow job or would you like to eat me out?”

“Yes. Both sound good, Julie. I think it’s time for you to have a math lesson.”

“Math lesson?”

“69 to be precise. Have you heard of it?”

“I’ve heard girls talk about it, but I don’t know what it is,” Julie explained.

I switched around so my head was in front of her pussy. “You’ll figure it out quick. Go for whatever is handy.” I pushed my head between her legs and licked up and down Julie’s labia. She figured out what I was driving at pretty quickly. I had just pushed my tongue in her opening when I felt her mouth engulf my cock head. She licked around the head of my cock and sucked hard. The two of us licked and sucked each other’s genitals until we exploded in orgasm.

We collapsed on the bed after we came. After a few minutes rest Julie asked, “Why do they call it 69?”

“Think about what a six and a nine look like. They look like we did a couple minutes ago.”

Julie played with my semi-erect cock while she answered, “I see. That makes sense. Are you ready for intercourse?”

I switched around so I was facing the same directions as Julie. “I’m going to need a couple minutes to get ready, lover.” I gave Julie a kiss and caressed her left breast. Julie pushed me on my back and sprawled her nude body on top of mine. We continued kissing while Julie rubbed her pussy on my now inflating cock.

Julie rubbed my cock up and down her slot while we kissed. I thrust in time with her movements. Julie rose a little higher. My cock caught on her hole. Julie pressed down against me. My cock started to penetrate my lover.

“Shit! Stop, honey. I don’t have a condom on yet.” I pushed Julie off me and stood up.

Julie moaned, “Ooohh! Come back, Kyle. I NEED IT NOW!”

“Give me a minute.” I rifled through my pants until I found a condom. I rolled it down my shaft and climbed back in the bed. “How do you want to do this tonight, honey?”

“I want to be on top, OK?” Julie said. I lay down on the bed on my back and held my shaft up for Julie. Julie jumped up and straddled my torso. Before I could say another word Julie impaled herself on my erection. Julie rode me with gusto. I had never seen her this worked up when we made love. Julie pulled off my boner and drove herself onto it repeatedly. I held her hips to steady her while she fucked herself on my cock. Sweat dripped off my lover as she worked herself towards orgasm. I played with her clitoris while she rode me. After a few more minutes, Julie’s pussy throbbed around my cock and flooded our joined crotches with lubrication. Julie slumped against my chest, my cock still encased inside her pussy.

I rolled the two of us over so I was on top. Julie never quite stopped climaxing while I drove in and out of her. I thrust in and pulled back vigorously until I spewed my semen into the condom. I collapsed on her and rolled us over on our sides.

I was only semi-coherent when Julie gushed. “That was great, Kyle. Can we go again?”

I smiled weakly. “I’ll try, Julie. Give me a couple minutes.” Julie played with my latex covered cock. Her attention to my cock had the expected result. It was hard in about sixty seconds.

“Let’s go, Kyle. I’m ready,” Julie declared. I roused myself.

“Let me get another condom, Julie. We shouldn’t ever have sex with a used condom. That’s a fast way to get a broken condom and a pregnant girl.” I tossed the old condom in the trash and grabbed the other condom from my pants.

Julie was already preparing herself on the bed. She was lying on her back with her legs spread. “Let’s do it missionary style this time, Kyle.”

I climbed on the bed and positioned myself between her legs. I pushed my erection against her dripping opening and thrust my hips forward.

“OOhh yeah. That’s it, Kyle,” Julie growled. “Fuck me hard lover.”

I thought, ‘Man, Julie sure is horny tonight.’ as I drove my cock into Julie’s hot tunnel and withdrew. Julie and I screwed boisterously, shaking the bed until the headboard bounced against the wall. Julie groaned and panted as we clapped our pubic areas into each other. Sweat dripped off my body and ran down Julie’s chest onto the bed. A couple minutes of fucking were all Julie needed to climax again. I continued driving

my cock into her through her orgasm. In and out. My brain focused on my six and half inches of penis, joining me to Julie. Her pussy gripped my cock stimulating my lust as I mated with her. Finally my balls pulled tight against my body, my cock swelled and rocketed another load of sperm from my body. I pulled my cock out and collapsed on the bed beside my lover, exhausted.

Julie rubbed my nipples and purred, "I was desperate for that, Kyle. I don't know why. I just had to have your cock tonight."

When I recovered my coherence, I asked, "When is your next period?"

"What? Why do you want to know, Kyle?"

"Just curious."

"It should be in about two weeks."

"I'm not surprised, Julie. Women are supposed to be hornier when they are ovulating. I think you probably have a ripe egg just waiting for my sperm come along and fertilize it so you can have our baby." I sniffed the air. "Uh huh. A horny fertile girl begging to be fucked. I can smell it. It's your pheromones."

Julie crinkled her nose and sniffed. "I can't smell it."

I sniffed again. "They say you are begging to be fucked by a guy ready to fill your womb with semen and make you pregnant."

"Kyle! What are you thinking?" Julie asked, her face reflecting her horror for my thought.

"I'm thinking today would be a good day to be really careful so you don't get pregnant. I'm not planning on being a father yet. Someday, but not today," I explained.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that, Kyle. I want kids eventually too, but not for quite a few years. Do you really think I'm more interested in sex today than usual?"

"I do. It's the normal reaction. Our bodies are made to try to convince us to get you pregnant. Your body wants me to fill you with sperm today so you can have a baby. It's simple biology. We'll just be careful and make sure my sperm stays in the condom. It'll be safe and we'll have a lot of fun."

"Stop talking, Kyle. You have a horny fertile girl in bed who wants your cock. Put the rubber on and fuck me!"

"Shit. We used all the condoms I brought. Let me try to find some more." I pulled my pants on sans boxers.

"Hurry up, Kyle. You have making a horny girl wait. That can't be good." Julie sneered, but with a grin.

I headed downstairs to find Ed. He wasn't downstairs. I asked, "Where did Ed go?"

Jeremy answered with a grin, "He and Lindsey went upstairs to his room."

"Thanks, Jeremy. I climbed the steps two at a time. I listened at Ed's door. I could hear two people talking quietly.

"I knocked at the door and said, 'Ed?' No answer. 'ED?' I said louder.

"Go away!" Ed shouted back.

“Ed, I’m sorry to bother you. I need a condom.”

“Shit! Did you forget to bring them, Kyle?” Ed asked.

“No. Julie wants to go a third time. I didn’t bring that many,” I explained.

“Three times? OK, Kyle, give me a minute,” Ed said. It took Ed a minute to come to the door. He opened it about six inches and handed me a couple condoms. I could see he was naked. Lindsey was lying on his bed, legs splayed open. Ed said, “This should keep you two busy for awhile, Kyle. Don’t bother us again. We are going to be busy.”

“You got it, buddy,” I answered. “Thanks a million.”

I returned to Pete’s room and locked the door again. Julie smiled and demanded, “Come fuck me, Kyle. I’m ready.”

“Yes, ma’am.” I did as I was directed. I asked, “Can we try a different position? The other girls always enjoyed it.”

“Just tell me what you want me to do. I trust you, Kyle.”

I taught Julie the maximum penetration position that Penny loved where I put her ankles on my shoulders and a pillow under her back to raise her to the perfect position. I started with slow deep strokes. It wasn’t long before my lusty girlfriend was demanding that I go faster and harder. It only took me a couple minutes to work Julie to another climax. I continued riding Julie through the first orgasm, through a second and finally a third before I shot a load of sperm into my condom. The two of us collapsed on my bed, still connected, covered in sweat.

I carefully pulled my cock out of my lover, holding the condom in place so I didn’t spill anything. I nuzzled her neck and gave her a kiss as I recovered my senses. “I love you, Penny” I declared.

Shit! NOOO! My eyes opened wide in horror. “Julie! I love you Julie! I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

“Ssshhhhh Kyle. It’s OK,” Julie said soothingly. My heart was racing a mile a minute. I hung my head.

“I’m so sorry, Julie. I wasn’t thinking. I’m sorry!”

Julie held my head up and stared into my eyes. “It’s OK, Kyle. I understand.” Julie gave me a kiss on the lips. She thrust her tongue into my mouth. I responded.

I asked, “You’re not mad at me?”

“No. My mom and I talked about this already. She said I should be patient with you. You and Penny went together a long time. She was your first serious girlfriend. Mom said I should judge you by your actions, not what you say. Over the past month your actions have said that you love me.”

My heart swelled. I really had found the perfect girl! Julie is gorgeous, smart, funny, fun to be with, loves kissing, and seems to love sex. I didn’t want to spend a night with her. I didn’t want a month or a year. This is the girl I wanted. Period!

“I do love you, Julie. You’re incredible. I’ll never find another girl like you. Thank you for being so understanding. God, I’m the luck...”

“Shhhh Kyle. Just hold me,” Julie said interrupting me. We held each other tightly together. I felt Julie’s warmth and the beat of her heart. I breathed in deeply, smelling.... Julie. I was filled with complete

calmness and contentment. The moment was perfect. We held each other for a few minutes; or was it hours? I don't know. This was perfect and time didn't matter.

Julie and I finally pulled apart when someone knocked on the door. "Hey, it's almost midnight. Are you two going to come downstairs to count down to the New Year?" Jeremy asked.

"Yes. We'll be down soon." I answered. I gave Julie a quick kiss. We dressed and did our best to make ourselves presentable. My hair was stringy with dampness from the sweat I had worked up. Julie pulled her hair back in a ponytail so it didn't look quite as mussed.

"Do I look OK, Kyle?" Julie asked.

"You look perfect, lover," I answered. We walked downstairs with our arms around each other's waists. We tried to meld our two bodies together again into one being the way we had been when we made love earlier.

Julie and I endured some teasing from the length of time we had been away and, I suppose, from the amount of noise we had made while we made love. Neither of us cared who knew. Making love with each other was perfect, not something to be ashamed of.

Ed turned on the TV so we could watch the ball descend in Times Square. I finally noticed the other couples in the room. Each couple seemed closer than earlier than they had been earlier in the evening. Even Ed and Lindsey acted like a couple rather than two teenagers on a date.

The ten of us shouted out the count down as the ball descended. We toasted in the New Year with a final beer. Ed passed out breath mints for the group so each kid could pass their parent's sniff test when they got home. Lindsey, Julie, Hal and Tammy called for their rides home. Penny and Luke waved good bye and headed across the yard to Penny's house. Luke had permission to spend the night in Penny's guest room. Luke's parents were confident that Mr. Edwards would ensure proper sleeping arrangements were maintained.

The eight of us started to clean up from our party. The beer cans disappeared first. Hal's dad arrived first. He picked up Hal and Tammy and drove off. Mr. Simpson arrived a couple minutes later. He asked, "Did you take good care of my daughter, Kyle?"

"Absolutely, Mr. Simpson. I'll promise I'll always take care of Julie," I promised.

"He's the best boyfriend in the world, Daddy," Julie explained.

"Good. I want the best for my little girl," Mr. Simpson explained.

"I do too. Have a safe trip home," I answered. I gave Julie a final, discrete kiss before she left.

Lindsey's dad arrived as the Simpson's walked down the walk. Ed gave Lindsey a good night kiss and talked with Mr. Lambert. Ed shook hands with Mr. Lambert and waved good bye from the front porch as the Lamberts left. He came back in the house as they drove away.

"Kyle, I want to ask Lindsey to go steady with me. Do think I should?" Ed asked.

"Do you like her?"

"Yes. I do."

"I assume the two of you were intimate tonight," I said.

"We were, but I have been thinking about this for the past week."

“Are you ready to commit yourself to one girl? I know how much you enjoyed your time with the other cheerleaders this fall. Can you go back to only one girl?”

“I think so, Kyle. I have watched how happy you and Julie have been the past month. I want to get that back. I want to be part of a couple the way I was with Stef last spring before she got pregnant. I want to feel that way again.”

“I think you picked a nice girl when you picked, Lindsey,” I said. “I hope you two are happy together.”

“Thanks, Kyle. I appreciate your support.” Ed said.

Ed and I got to work to clean the worst of the mess from the party up before we went to bed. Since Ed’s parents wouldn’t be home until Wednesday, we could finish in the morning. We headed to bed, Ed to his room, me to Pete’s room. I stripped my clothes off, lay down in the damp bed and pulled the covers over my tired body.

I lay back and closed my eyes. Surprisingly, sleep didn’t come. All I could do is think about the amazing journey my life had been in the past year. One year ago we were just kids. Kissing during a game of spin the bottle was a big deal. My friends were petrified to talk to a girl, much less kiss one. Twelve months later all of us had steady girlfriends, were comfortable with them and were practiced at being intimate with them.

We were becoming adults in our outlook on life. We could commit ourselves to another person and share our life with them. We were starting to plan our lives. Who we would be and what we would do.

I decided that I would try my best to make my relationship with Julie last. For life if I could. Will had figured out how to do it with Abby. I would try to make my relationship with Julie as strong and lasting as Will’s was with Abby. Julie was the girl I wanted. Forever!

My mind wandered on. Forever! What would I do with my life? I loved football. I would try my best to excel at it and see how far it could take me. Zack and Sam Hayes would be my inspiration. Could I learn enough to earn a scholarship to a big college? Would I be standing on the sideline on national TV someday like Sam and Zack?

I knew how I would pay for college. I stood an excellent chance of being offered a scholarship to a major college if I continued to excel at football. Dad and I had to start learning about the NCAA recruiting regulations so I was ready when the coaches started to call.

What would I do after football? What if I didn’t make it into a Division I college? Even if I did and played well there and got a chance to play in the NFL like Sam Hayes, I still would need something for when I was done playing football. The more time I spent playing and studying football, the more appealing Zack Hayes’ plan of becoming a football coach appealed to me. I could see myself doing that.

On the other hand, I had fallen in love with architecture. Mr. Winter’s architectural drafting class had opened my eyes to the possibility of becoming an architect. I was good at it and enjoyed the drafting and the design work too. I could see myself as an architect.

My thoughts went back and forth. Football coach? Architect? I finally realized that at fifteen and a half, I didn’t need to pick tonight. I hadn’t found all the answers, but I was getting there. My life was full and the coming year would bring more challenges and rewards.

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The End