

Making My Son

by Douglas Fox

"OH! Danny... keep going... pleaseeeee!" she begged.

I continued pounding my hard seven inch cock into my future wife. Sharon wrapped her arms around my back and pulled my naked chest against hers. My sweetie's hard nipples drilled into my chest. I was panting as I thrust time after time into Sharon's hot velvety tunnel. I could feel every fold and ripple of her pussy walls as I pushed my bare erection in and slowly withdrew it again.

Sharon and I had never taken a chance like this before. Both of us knew the consequences of unprotected sex - a baby could be the result. I thought back over the last four years of our lives - what a strange trip it had been.

I'm Daniel Martin, a 6'-2" blond haired 22 year old guy recently graduated from Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. I was born and raised in the nearby village of Paradise. I first noticed Sharon Robinson at a party in late March when I was a senior in high school. Sharon was a sophomore at the time. Sharon was 5'-6", maybe a hundred ten pounds soaking wet. Sharon had blossomed into womanhood over the course her sophomore year. Her breasts were nearly bursting out of the blouse she wore that night.

Sharon's date to the party was being a jerk, hanging out with his friends on the football team. My date had too much to drink and was lying on the couch, nearly comatose. Sharon and I struck up a conversation to pass the time between beers.

We hit it off immediately. I asked her for a date the next Saturday evening. That Saturday we talked over dinner, before the movie and on the way home. It felt like we had known each other all our lives. I felt so relaxed and confident around her. I didn't need to put on an act like I did to impress other girls. We agreed to another date the following weekend. Sharon and I parted with a kiss. It was much more passionate than I had expected. It hinted at more to come the next weekend.

I tried to spend as much time in the halls before, between and after classes with Sharon. I knew before the second date that I was feeling something special for Sharon. She wasn't going to be a one night stand - or one week, or one month. Sharon consumed my thoughts that week.

Our second date was more of the same - spectacular. The movie was a short one. Sharon agreed to take a drive with me after it was over. She had another hour and a quarter

before her curfew. I took her to a secluded spot of woodlands at the southern end of our school district.

I found out that Sharon was experienced sexually. She apparently felt the same way about me that I felt for her - fascination with a big dose of lust. We made out a little. I kept expecting this fifteen year old to tell me to stop. She let me bare her luscious breasts. I turned her on playing and suckling them. I tried to slip a hand down her pants, expecting to be told to stop. She let me do it.

Sharon helped me by unzipping her pants for me. I slipped my hand down and felt her downy pubic hair for the first time. I started caressing her pussy lips. Sharon wiggled and moaned while I worked up her excitement level. I thought she was near an orgasm when she said, "Lick my clit Danny. Please?"

I had done this a couple times before with Helen Foust. Helen's vagina smelled a little fishy but it didn't completely gross me out. I decided to give it a try. Sharon helped me pull down her pants and panties.

Sharon leaned back on the front seat against the door of my Dad's big Oldsmobile and spread her legs for me. I put my head down between her legs and tentatively licked along the slot between her outer lips. I was braced for the same metallic taste I had gotten from Helen when I did this a couple month ago. I was pleasantly surprised to find that I liked the taste of Sharon's nectar. I brought Sharon to an orgasm in a couple minutes; right after I found her clitoris with my tongue.

I took my shirt off and laid back beside Sharon while she recovered from her orgasm. We started Frenching again. Sharon slipped her hand down and slid it into my pants, firmly grasping my steely erection. Sharon gently rubbed my cock while we kissed.

When we broke the kiss Sharon begged, "Can I see it Danny? Pleaseeee?"

I unhitched my belt and pulled my pants and undies down, exposing my erection to Sharon for the first time. She stared at it and gently stroked it. After a minute Sharon pulled me down on top of her. We resumed kissing.

Sharon and I rubbed our nearly naked bodies together as we kissed. My hard cock naturally found its way to the hot wet slot between her legs. I rubbed it along her slot, hoping against hope to get lucky that night.

I rubbed my erection up and down, trying to nudge her clit as we humped together. I could feel Sharon's lubrication preparing her pussy for fucking. She was panting and moaning from the feelings.

I dipped my cock down a little lower and went for it. I nudged the mushroom shaped head of my cock against her hole and pressed barely inside her. I pulled my torso away from Sharon and stared into her eyes. "Can we have sex?" I asked. I still expected to

hear her say no. Most sophomores I knew weren't this experienced. There was no way she would let me fuck...

"Yes Danny. I'd like that." Sharon answered. I blinked and stared into her eyes. She could see my hesitation. "Please fuck me Danny. It's been too long since I had a boy."

I gulped and started to press my cock into Sharon's pussy. I slid in an inch when I heard, "STOP!" I sighed and pulled my erection out. Sharon explained, "I'm not protected. You need a rubber Danny."

My eyes brightened. A rubber! I have a rubber! "Hang on. I have one." I grabbed my pants and pulled one of the condoms I always took on dates out of my pocket. I rolled the latex down over my cock. I fingered Sharon one more time to make sure she was still ready.

I positioned my cock against her opening again and pressed in. I slowly let my weight carry my hard erection into Sharon's hot pussy until our pubic bones met. I ground my groin against her clit. Sharon moaned.

We settled into a natural rhythm quickly. I did my best to last, but I came after about five minutes. Sharon wasn't satisfied yet so she played with my cock until it was hard again. We fucked a second time. We would have done it a third time if only I had another condom. I ended the evening by eating out Sharon's sloppy pussy until she had two more orgasms.

We got dressed and tried to straighten ourselves out so we would pass our parents' inspections when we went home. We talked on the way home and agreed to go steady.

I found out that Sharon had lost her virginity to a 17 year old jerk just after she turned fourteen. He stuck his cock in her, pumped her for maybe 90 seconds and came in her. She hadn't been protected and was lucky she didn't get pregnant. Sharon's second boyfriend was much more considerate. He taught her what sex could be like. Sharon learned a lot from him before they got into a silly argument and broke up near the end of her freshmen year. Sharon had a long series of boyfriends over the previous two years.

I understood about short term relationships. I started dating girls in eighth grade after I finally worked up the nerve to ask Sally Cummins for a date. None of my relationships lasted more than a month or two. I gradually learned more about satisfying a girl.

I lost my virginity in ninth grade to Allison Showalter. Allison was a ninth grade cheerleader who was much more experienced than me. She took me to her empty house a few weeks after school started and plucked my cherry. She taught me how to give a girl an orgasm. She gave me blow jobs. I expected us to last forever. Forever only lasted four weeks. Four unforgettable weeks.

Allison gave me confidence with girls. I used the techniques she taught me to seduce my way through a series of girlfriends. By the time I was a senior I felt comfortable talking with, dating, and satisfying a girl in bed. My only problem was I couldn't find the right girl. That changed with Sharon.

Sharon and I spent every minute together that we could manage in April and May while school was in session. I graduated from high school in the beginning of June. We continued dating all summer. We were in love with each other.

Sharon and I both were highly sexed. We made love as often as possible. Our bodies turned each other on. Our personalities meshed. Our romance was like something out of a fairy tale. We talked about our future. Both of us felt someday we would marry and raise a family together. It was meant to be.

One thing was going to complicate our plans for the future. Sharon had two more years of high school when I went to college in September. I was attending the Pennsylvania State University to get a degree in Business Administration.

Sharon and I agreed keep our relationship going during the school year. Sharon gave me a memorable good bye fucking the night before I started college. Memories of that night along with frequent masturbation helped me keep myself faithful to Sharon between Labor Day and Thanksgiving of my freshmen year.

Sharon and I spent every minute together over my four day Thanksgiving vacation. We made up for the eleven weeks we were apart by having sex in the morning, in the afternoon and in the evening every day. We promised to be faithful until I was home for Christmas.

Sharon and I spent all our time together over Christmas vacation too. We even did a couple double dates with my best friend Charlie Henry and his date Annabeth Sauder. We had fun together. Charlie and I took our girls to a hell of a wild party for New Year's Eve. We all had a bit too much to drink. Both couples ended up fucking in our host's bed - at different times of the night of course.

With two separations under our belt, Sharon and I weathered our eight weeks apart until I came home for spring break. Another eight week separation and my school year was done.

Sharon and I were invited to a party that a mutual friend was throwing to celebrate the end of his college year. We had talked about the party for weeks before I came home from college. It was going to be a real blow-out. Bill Simpson knew how to party. He promised lots of beer and good music.

I got home on Thursday evening. The party was on Saturday. Unfortunately I came down with the flu on Friday. I puked my guts out that day. Sharon was disappointed when she came over after school. I decided to ask my best friend Charlie Henry to escort

Sharon to the party so she wouldn't miss the fun. Charlie readily agreed to help me and Sharon out.

I felt better by Sunday afternoon when Sharon came over. She was still a little hung over from the party. She also wasn't her usual upbeat self. I assumed that was the effects of the alcohol.

Sharon and I got together in the evenings when she finished her homework. We finally found time to fuck again a week later. I could tell something was wrong. Sharon wasn't as responsive as usual.

Sharon told me what was wrong after we finished making love. "Danny, I have a confession to make."

"What is it?"

"You know I got really drunk at Bill's party last weekend."

"I know. You're over the hang over now. It can all be forgotten." I said.

"Not completely sweetie. I did something really stupid at the party."

"What?"

Sharon answered, "I... well - Charlie and I.... we, uh... we had sex." I stared blankly at my lover. She fucked my best friend? I couldn't find any words.

She continued, "I'm sorry Danny. I didn't plan this. We just got so drunk. I was horny. I didn't know what I was doing."

"You... fucked.... Charlie?" I asked.

Sharon and I talked some more. She filled me in on the details. The kids played Truth or Dare that night. This had gotten Charlie and Sharon too excited. They had lost a few dares. They had to French kiss. Charlie also had to finger Sharon's pussy for another dare. Sharon explained that they had more to drink. One thing led to another after that. Charlie and she had started making out. They ended up in Bill's bedroom where they fucked. Twice.

I was ready to kill Charlie when I found out. How could he betray my friendship this way? Sharon begged for my forgiveness. I was non-committal that evening.

I confronted Charlie the next day when he was done with school. Charlie was a grade behind me in school and was a senior in high school. The only thing that saved him from a beating was the total and abject apology he gave me. I was mad at him for a few weeks but finally I managed to forgive him for this gross breach of trust.

I forgave Sharon too. In a few weeks time the whole incident was history. Or at least I thought it was history. I found out differently in the beginning of July.

Sharon broke the news on a Saturday evening date over dinner. She explained, "I think I may be pregnant Danny. My period is four weeks late. I'm never this late."

"How can this be? We're always careful. We've never done it without a condom."

"I don't know. I've been having headaches, I'm moody, my breasts are always sore, I'm sick in the morning and I've missed two periods. The teen pregnancy help line says there is a good chance that I'm going to have a baby."

"Shit! I can't believe this is happening to us. Have you told your parents yet?"

"No. I wanted to tell you first. What are we going to do?" Sharon asked. I could see the fear in her eyes.

I did my best to be strong for both of us. "We'll go back and talk with your parents after dinner. We need to deal with this honey." I said. Oh shit! How was I going to explain to Sharon's dad Jack that I got his little girl pregnant? This was going to be a bad night!

It was. Jack didn't beat me up or anything when we told them what we suspected. He did make me feel like a piece of crud that he had scraped off the bottom of his shoe.

Jack and Mary Robinson arranged for Sharon to be tested at her doctor's office. The test was positive. Sharon was going to have a baby. The visit brought one huge surprise. The doctor said the most likely date of conception was May 14, 1986. That was the date of Bill Simpson's party - the one I missed.

Sharon couldn't remember if she and Charlie used protection when they had sex at the party. The next day Charlie admitted that he hadn't used any protection when he fucked my girlfriend. The baby was his!

The Robinsons and Charlie's mother and step father met to decide what to do about the pregnancy. Jack Robinson and Gideon Esh, Charlie's step father, were both quite conservative about things. Both families insisted that Charlie had to marry Sharon so the baby could be raised properly.

Everything was arranged. Sharon would quit school to have the baby. Charlie and Sharon were married in a quiet civil ceremony a few weeks later. I reluctantly was the best man for Charlie as he married the girl I loved. I promised myself I would do my best to help Charlie and Sharon manage things. I cared too much for both of them to let them fail this unfortunate child.

I transferred from Penn State to Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster so I could be around to help the two of them through the pregnancy and birth. Charlie dropped his plans for college and found a permanent job after the wedding. The Robinsons and the Eshes helped the newly weds get an apartment and set up housekeeping.

I lived in the dorms in Lancaster during college and visited Charlie and Sharon every possible weekend. Things went well for the two of them at first. They were happy together. Their son, William Charles Henry was born on February 18, 1987.

Money was tight for the couple and the stress of raising a baby proved to be too much for Charlie. He had loved his beers since the two of us shared our first one five years earlier. He got drunk too often. I did my best to help Sharon hold things together on the weekends when I was able to go over to their apartment in Bird-In-Hand.

I spent a lot of time with Charlie, Sharon and their son Will over my summer vacation between my sophomore and junior year of college. Things were deteriorating with their marriage. I helped as best I could but Charlie wasn't handling the pressure of fatherhood well.

I got a call from Sharon a couple weeks after my junior year of college started. She found Charlie had a stash of cocaine in his dresser drawer. That was the last straw for Sharon. She asked me to come pick her and Will up immediately. The marriage was over. I cut class and drove back to Bird-In-Hand. We loaded all their things up and I drove them to the Robinson's home.

Charlie showed up at my dorm room that evening when he found Sharon's note to him. He begged me to help him get Sharon back. I told him I wouldn't do anything for him until he cleaned up his act and start behaving like a real father. We argued for a few minutes. Charlie left in a huff.

Sharon filed for divorce a few weeks later. I heard things got worse for Charlie. He drank constantly and was fired from his job. He eventually took off for California after the divorce was granted. Sharon and I didn't hear from him again for many years.

I continued helping Sharon with Will while I continued college. Sharon and I ended up dating again after a couple months. Except for her having a young son, it was like we had never broken up before she had to get married. I proposed to Sharon over Christmas break of my junior year.

Sharon's parents were delighted that we had decided to get married. Jack Robinson decided anyone who would stick with his daughter after everything that had happened would stay with his daughter no matter what happened in the future.

Sharon and I decided we would wait to marry until after I finished college eighteen months later. My parents and Sharon's parents decided we should have a big "proper" wedding. The date was set for November of 1990.

I accepted Will Henry as if he was my own child. Charlie never had any contact with Will or Sharon after he moved west. As far as Will was concerned, I was the only father he ever knew.

That is how Sharon and I came to find ourselves in a tent camping at Raystown Lake four weeks before our wedding. Both of us enjoyed camping. We did a little fishing on the lake on Saturday. We cooked a big supper over our campfire in the evening. We roasted marshmallows over our campfire.

We headed to bed around 9 o'clock. We planned to make love as many times as possible that night. The weekend away from our wedding preparations was just the relaxer we had needed.

Sharon and I stripped down and made out for awhile on our sleeping bags. We were ready for a good fuck after we brought each other to mutual climaxes in the 69 position.

"I'm ready Danny. Give that big cock of yours." Sharon cooed.

I grabbed my pack and unzipped the pocket where I put the condoms. It was empty! "Shit!" I growled.

"What?" Sharon asked innocently.

"I left the damn condoms at home. Shit!"

"Oooohhhh.... I really need you tonight Danny." Sharon pouted.

"God damn it! I'm sorry honey. I really wanted this."

Sharon asked, "Could you go out for some rubbers? I really need this thing." Sharon emphasized her comment by fondling my hard cock.

"We're at Raystown Lake. There isn't anything anywhere near here. It would take me a couple hours to get to a drug store and back again. And that is if I can find one open at this time of night."

"Shit!" Sharon said. My fiancé almost never swore. She had gotten used to watching her language around Will. At three years old he would parrot anything that Sharon or I said.

"We could do some more 69 if you want. That would be safe." I offered.

"Damn. I need you to fill me."

"I'm sorry I forgot. We'll do it when we get home." I suggested.

Sharon was quiet for a minute. "Danny, we've talked about having children. Would it be so horrible if we started early?"

I pondered it for a moment. My job with the insurance company paid well. Why not?

"Are you sure you want another child this soon?" I asked.

"Your child, yes." Sharon said quietly. "I probably won't get pregnant anyway. My period was ten days ago. I should be safe."

"OK - unprotected sex it is."

Sharon lay down on her back and spread her legs wide for me, inviting me to inseminate her and make a baby. I positioned myself between her legs and placed my bare cock against her hole. I hadn't had bare sex since early in my senior year in high school. I pushed my cock into my lover. The feelings were much more intense than I remembered.

I shuddered at the hot moist embrace of Sharon's pussy as the skin of my cock slid along her slippery tunnel. I pushed in until my hard cock split her open and our pubic hair mingled together. My balls nestled against her bottom.

"This is how God meant it to be Danny."

I pulled part way out while Sharon's pussy tugged against the skin of my shaft. I pushed in again. We worked into our familiar rhythm. In and out repeatedly. Sharon pushed up against me each time I drove my cock into her. The feelings from bare cock shaft skin on hot wet pussy was too much for me to last long. I tried to grind myself on Sharon's clitoris each time I was fully in her. Pump, pump, grind, grind - slowly we brought each other close to climax.

"God Danny. Keep going. I'm almost.... Ooohhh.... there!" Sharon exclaimed.

My bottom was tingling. I was nearly ready to burst. I drove my cock in and out hard a few more times. Sharon groaned and shuddered as I stimulated her to climax. Her pussy squeezed and spasmed around my primed cock. I pushed in as deep as I could go and tensed myself for my explosion.

Cum boiled out of my balls. I shot pulse after sticky pulse of fertile sperm laden semen into my lover. Sharon was still climaxing when I fired off. I shot about six strong pulses, a couple lesser pulses and then released a few dribbles of semen before I was done.

My sperm was properly placed to fertilize my lover and future wife. Sex Ed had taught me that Sharon's cervix was frantically sucking my sperm up into her womb as she

climaxed. I rolled us on our sides as I collapsed in relief at my orgasm. We stayed connected. Sharon kissed and cuddled against my body.

"We get to do this as often as we want for the rest of our lives." she said simply.

"I know. I'm glad we did this. I love you."

"I love you too Danny."

While we cuddled my little sperm were frantically whipping their long tails, trying to find their way up Sharon's uterus and into her fallopian tubes. They traveled about a half inch a minute and needed to go about twelve inches to reach the site to meet an egg. We could be parents in 24 minutes.

If Sharon had an egg ready about 50,000 of my sperm would dance around it and try to penetrate inside the egg to complete fertilization. One lucky sperm would manage to break through and create a new life. My sperm were patient too. If Sharon released an egg in the next five or six days, we could become parents.

We enjoyed sharing our bodies so much that evening that we did it twice more before we fell into an exhausted sleep. We made love one more time before we packed our things to head for home on Sunday morning. We were going to be parents if Sharon had an egg ready.

Two and a half weeks later Sharon warned me that she didn't have her expected period. I didn't admit it, but I was pleased at the news. Sharon went to the doctor a few days before our wedding. The doctor confirmed that Sharon was with child. Sharon and I were delighted at the news.

We were married on November 18, 1990 in a big church ceremony. My family and Sharon's family had no idea that our first child was on the way. We admitted what we had done a couple weeks after we got back from our honeymoon when my mom teased us about whether we had a grandchild on the way for her.

Our son, Kyle David Martin, was born on July 9th of 1991, seven and a half months later. Neither Sharon nor I have any regrets at all about jump starting our family. I'll never forget the feeling of creating a new life that evening even though Will and Kyle have been joined by their younger siblings Andrew and Elizabeth since that night at Raystown Lake. Conception, pregnancy and birth are one of God's greatest miracles.

The End

This story is completely fictitious. All characters and events are products of my imagination. This story is a prequel to my series "Life in Paradise" that can be found on http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/Douglas_Fox/index.htm

Unlike many of these stories, I won't tell you not to try this in real life. If you are a soon-to-be-wed couple and plan to start a family, go for it. Experience the miracle.

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You can send comments to douglas_fox482@yahoo.com I appreciate any and all comments from readers.