

Paying the Price

by Douglas Fox

The parents are away. The big brothers are out. You've got a big empty house and your girlfriend is coming over. What do you get when you add opportunity and lots of teenaged hormones to a budding romance? Nature takes its course.

This story is a short companion piece to go with my e-book "Drive for Excellence". It is told from the point of view of Andrew Martin.

(mf unsafe impreg)

I hugged my son Connor to my chest and gently patted his back until he burped. His head was resting on the towel on my left shoulder. I gently rocked us in the rocking chair between his crib and his identical twin brother Noah's crib in our darkened bedroom.

It was 3 am. I had just finished my boys' early morning feeding. I listened to my son breathe as I rocked him to sleep. I felt Connor's heart beat against my chest, beating a little faster than my heart.

I tried to keep my eyes open until my son fell asleep. I didn't want to spend another part of a night sleeping in the rocker like I had done too many times in the three and half months since my sons came home from the hospital. It's too uncomfortable when you wake up in the morning, all stiff and sore.

I was exhausted. Being a father is hard. Being a sixteen year old single father of twin boys seems nearly impossible at times. I started eleventh grade three weeks ago. My mind drifted to my plans for the future. At least the plans I had a year ago.

Now? Go to college, who knows? Dating, forget about it. No high school girl wants to date a sixteen year old guy with two sons. My life changed irrevocably on the fifteenth of October the previous year. My girlfriend of the past three months informed me she was pregnant. She had missed her period two months in a row. She took a home pregnancy test twice. Both times it said the same thing, positive!

How had I gotten myself into this mess? Yeah, yeah, I know. I had unprotected sex with my girlfriend. That isn't what I mean.

I'm Andrew Martin. I never was a typical teenager. I didn't feel awkward or out of place in high school like many of my friends. School work was easy, thanks to my

intelligence. Sports came easy because of my height, strength and speed. Talking with, dating, making out with and going all the way with girls came easy to me. Maybe too easy. I thought I had everything figured out when I started high school.

I'm the third of four children. I have a 22 year old half-brother Will Henry, who is married. He and his wife Abby live in Philadelphia. Abby attends medical school at the University of Pennsylvania. Will is working on his Masters Degree in Physics there.

My other brother is Kyle. He is 18 years old and just started college at the Pennsylvania State University. He is going there on a football scholarship. Kyle is a wide receiver and kick returner for the Nittany Lions. Kyle scored a touchdown on his first play in college, a kick return against Kent State. He managed five catches and another touchdown catching passes in his first three games. It is an exceptional start for a freshman on the defending national championship team.

I have a fourteen year old younger sister Elizabeth. Liz has been a godsend over the past three months. She dotes on her nephews. I couldn't manage without her help. Well, Liz's help along with Mom's and Dad's help.

I've tried to learn from Will and Kyle as I grew up. I took up football the year after Kyle started. He has been my football mentor. I think I learned well from my brother. He helped me make our varsity team when I was a ninth grader. I took Kyle's place when Kyle hurt his knee half way through that season. We went the whole way to the AAA state championship game. We won with more than a little help from me. I was named the MVP for the game.

Kyle helped me with a lot more than football. I had a normal teen's curiosity about girls and sex. Will's after school trysts with his then-girlfriend, now wife Abby started my preoccupation with sex. Kyle's afternoons with his girlfriends further reinforced my preoccupation.

I ended up losing my cherry with a cheerleader three years older than me one Saturday evening, probably with more than a little assist from my older brother. He screwed another cheerleader in the other bed in the room that night. I was only an eighth grader, not yet fourteen.

Kyle taught me how to pleasure a woman. I learned how to get her turned on, how to eat pussy, how to give a girl an orgasm and how to last long enough to satisfy a girl. Kyle also taught me to be careful when I had sex. He constantly preached that I had to use protection when I made love to a girl. I didn't listen to the last lesson closely enough.

My encounter with the cheerleader gave me confidence to ask girls my own age for dates. My looks helped me get an answer of yes from almost all of them. I'm 6'-5" tall with blue eyes and blond hair down to my collar. I've been told by quite a few girls that I'm handsome.

By the time I finished eighth grade I had gone through eight girlfriends. I also had a reputation among the girls as a discrete guy to have some fun with. I always made sure my dates or girlfriends enjoyed their time in bed with me. I bet they had more orgasms than I did. I didn't care about that; I had more than enough sex to satisfy two guys my age.

Kyle was on my case constantly, telling me that I needed to find one girlfriend and develop a relationship with her instead of jumping in bed with a new girl every few weeks like I had done in eighth grade.

I tried hard to take Kyle's advice. Everything he had told me about girls had been correct so far. I asked Heather Miller to double date with my best friend Eric Connell and Heather's friend Samantha when I came home from working for six weeks at scout camp.

Heather and I had past history. We had dated when we finished seventh grade. We had a good thing going. Both of us were curious about sex. We started off kissing and then graduated to making out. She let me play with her bare titties. It was unbelievably exciting for a thirteen year old. I got carried away one afternoon. I tried to slip a hand in Heather's panties to play with her pussy. She freaked out, slapped me on the cheek and stormed out of my house. It took me months to get her to even talk to me long enough apologize for what I had done.

Of the nine girlfriends I had to that point, Heather was easily the best of the group. If I was going to limit myself to one girl, I wanted the best. That was Heather.

I was a complete gentleman on my dates with Heather. We had fun together. Heather agreed to go steady with me the night before we left for a scout trip to Canada for an eight day wilderness canoe trek. The trip allowed our relationship to blossom. Heather gave me her virginity on the trip. By the end of the trip I understood exactly what my brother was telling me about love. Heather was the only girl I wanted.

Things went well for us for almost three months. I kept my commitment to Heather, except for one indiscretion. My family goes to the beach every Labor Day weekend. I ended up fucking this hot looking girl I knew from the previous Labor Day weekend.

I know fucking is a crude term. I am using it deliberately. Heather and I made love. That weekend Trish and I fucked like a couple rabbits. It didn't mean anything to me and in the end it cost me everything. I bragged about getting laid when I was changing in the locker room after gym a couple days later to a few guys. One of them knew Heather hadn't been with me that weekend.

The bastard waited about five weeks while he made friends with Heather. When he thought she would be receptive to his overtures, he stabbed me in the back. He told Heather about what I had done. She dumped me immediately. The bastard was there to "console" her in her time of trouble. They ended up going steady.

This happened in the middle of my team's drive for the state championship. I managed to get over Heather eventually. I started dating Shannon Phillips. I did better at keeping my dick in my pants when I wasn't with Shannon while we dated. We went together for five months.

My relationship with Shannon ended after a camping weekend with our Venturer crew. Shannon couldn't attend. Heather Miller did. Heather's boyfriend missed the trip too. Heather and I ended up spending most of the weekend doing things together. Heather and I have always had this special spark around each other. Neither of us planned it, but I ended up spending the night in her tent. I made love to Heather. That is the only way I can describe what we do together. Shannon ended up breaking up with me, Heather's boyfriend dumped her, and Heather was furious with me for the whole thing.

I dated a little and finally settled together with Crystal Wagner. Crystal is my age. She's about 5'-4" tall. She keeps her Brunette hair coiffed to perfection. Her figure is exceptional, almost as good as Heather Miller's. What really drew me to Crystal were her dark mysterious eyes.

We dated for a few weeks just before the end of our freshman year in high school. Crystal let me make love to her just before I left to work at scout camp for nine weeks that summer. Crystal decided to get birth control after the first time we made love to each other. I did my best to make sure Crystal enjoyed sharing my bed with me the last night before camp. I wanted to convince her to stay faithful to me while I was gone.

Crystal and I traded e-mails daily while I was at scout camp. I asked her to be my steady girlfriend the night I came home from camp. She agreed immediately. We wanted to consummate our relationship that evening, but couldn't. She was having her period.

Crystal and I sealed our commitment to each other two days later. My parents and sister were flying home from a trip to California that night. Kyle had to drive to the airport to pick them up. They weren't expected home until midnight. I had the whole house to myself.

Crystal came over after dinner. I made Chocolate Raspberry Parfaits for us. I learned quite a few things in scouts, including how to cook. I dazzled her that evening. We snuck a little of my Dad's wine after dessert. We went upstairs to my bedroom and made out for awhile. Slowly we stripped as we kissed and caressed. I ate Crystal's pussy until she made that wild squeal I love to hear.

Crystal laid back and spread her legs for me. I hopped out of bed, stripped off my boxers and grabbed a condom from my dresser. Crystal smiled at me and said, "Silly, you don't need that any more."

"Oh yeah. I forgot."

"Come here loverboy. I'm ready to feel that big rod of yours sliding into my love box. I want to feel skin on skin."

I obliged my lover. I love the feel of my bare cock sliding into an excited, well lubricated girl. Nothing feels better. I love the way her inner labia pry apart as I press the head of my cock into her hole. They stretch around my mushroom shaped head. I love it when her opening finally yields to my cock and the first inch slips inside her. The feel of my cock sliding through the folds of a girl's pussy sends shivers down my spine.

The heat from my girlfriend's insides increased my passion. I stared down between us when my cock was fully inside Crystal. I pulled away from her a little and watched my shaft reappear. I pushed back in until my pubic hair brushed against Crystal's carefully trimmed patch of hair above her clitoris. I pumped in and out of my lover until she screamed and came. I lasted a minute or so more until I pumped the sperm in my balls into my lover.

What an incredible way for two people to connect. I declared my love for Crystal as we recovered from our first truly intimate sharing of our bodies. We made love two more times that evening before Crystal's dad gave her a ride home.

We made love every chance we could. Crystal and I found time to be together three more times in the next two weeks. Those times were good, but we never had more than an hour of privacy. We wanted more.

Our next opportunity came on August 30th. My parents had tickets to a show at the American Music Theater. Liz had a date. Kyle was taking his girlfriend Penny to the movies. Mom and Dad let me invite Crystal over for dinner.

Dad gave me a wink before he and Mom left and said, "Have fun Andy. Make sure you're careful."

"I always am Dad."

My parents know I have sex. They're pretty cool about it too. I guess that is one of the advantages of being the little brother. Mom and Dad have been through it all before with Will and Kyle. I'm sure I get away with things they couldn't do when they were my age.

Crystal and I wanted to pace ourselves that evening, so we started watching a romantic comedy together in our family room. Our self control didn't last. We were down to panties and boxers in fifteen or twenty minutes. We almost played bury the bone on the couch. Boy, was Crystal hot and horny that night.

My boxers and Crystal's panties were left on the steps as we went upstairs to my bedroom. I barely had time to run two fingers up and down her slot to check for wetness before Crystal demanded, "God! Fuck me now Andy. I NEED you."

I hoisted Crystal's ankles onto my shoulders and positioned my bare cock at her opening. Crystal put her hands on my sides and urged me on. I watched as my cock head split Crystal's pink puffy lips apart and penetrated into her depths. I smoothly slid the whole way into Crystal's tunnel until my cock nudged against the entrance to her womb.

Crystal moaned, "Oh God! That's the best seven inches I've ever had. Screw me good loverboy!"

I obediently withdrew and thrust into my lover. I used all the skill I learned in the past two years to make sure Crystal enjoyed this. I used long slow strokes, shorter ones, and then long hard strokes. Slowly the two of us approached our sexual and emotional peaks. We filled the empty house with grunts and moans as we demonstrated our feelings for each other. My pubic area rubbed Crystal's clit with nearly every thrust. I felt the tingle in my bottom when Crystal reached the big 'O'. She convulsed and moaned while I pumped into her a few more times. Her hot pussy clenched and spasmed around my naked rod.

The good feelings exploded out of my groin along with a huge load of sperm laden semen. I pressed my hard cock in as deep as it would go and pumped spurt after spurt of cum into my girlfriend.

I hadn't had sex for five days. Things were so busy with football that I hadn't time to jerk off. I filled her with probably the biggest load of my life. My semen mixed with Crystal's juices to fill her to overflowing. I could feel our combined spend seep around my cock and run down my balls.

We collapsed on my bed, still connected. We rolled onto our sides and exchanged kisses while we recovered our wits. We hugged each other. When Crystal caught her breath she declared, "I love you Andy. I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

"You're the greatest Crystal. I could do this forever."

We finally pulled apart after five minutes when my slightly limp cock finally plopped out of Crystal's pussy. We made love two more times that evening. I pumped so much sperm into her that night that she wore a pad home to keep it from dripping even after we shared a shower to clean up.

I've learned a lot of things since that fateful night. The first thing I learned was that Crystal had lied about being on birth control. She was unprotected. She also was fourteen days away from her next period. She was fertile. One mature egg awaited my millions of sperm.

Our mutual climax was nature's way of propagating our species. Crystal's cervix opened and dipped into the pool of semen I deposited in her vagina when she came. It sucked

my sperm and semen into her uterus. My little guys made a long journey, almost a dozen inches, to reach her fallopian tubes.

Millions of my sperm circled around the egg when they reached it. One by one they tried to penetrate in the outer lining of the cell, only to be rejected. Finally one sperm managed to burrow into the egg to join my DNA with Crystal's DNA. Together we formed a new life.

The whole process might have taken fifteen or twenty minutes. The cell floated down her fallopian tube, dividing as it went. One cell became two, two became four, and so on. Some time in the trip down her fallopian tube the cluster of cells broke into two.

Our fate wasn't finally sealed until about a week later when the two clusters embedded themselves into the wall of Crystal's uterus. We were now well and truly screwed. For life!

You may wonder how I know we conceived our twin sons on August 30th. Crystal and I hadn't had sex for five days prior to that night. With football practice for me, cheerleading try-outs for Crystal, the start of school and my family trip to the beach for Labor Day Weekend, we couldn't share our bodies with each other until September 9th.

Our relationship continued all through September and October as it had before. I don't know if Crystal suspected the truth when she missed her period in September. The two of us actually made love together on the day she should have started her period. I didn't think about it and she didn't say anything.

Crystal finally realized she was in trouble in October. Her period was due the 12th. It didn't arrive. She went out Monday night while I was at scouts and bought a pregnancy test. It came out positive.

I guess Crystal was in denial. She bought another test on Tuesday night. It was positive too. She didn't give me the news when I saw her at school on Wednesday. She simply said she wanted to come over to my house after dinner that night.

I was totally stunned when she told the news that we were going to be parents. Crystal seemed more composed than I expected with news like this. I sought out my brother Kyle as soon as he got home from his girlfriend's house.

I told him my news. Kyle did his best to comfort me when I lost it. I hate to admit it, but I cried on his shoulder for half an hour before he managed to calm me down. I was glad I had a big brother like him in my time of need.

Kyle arranged for the two of us to miss football practice the next afternoon after school. He and his girlfriend Penny took Crystal and me to the family planning clinic in

Lancaster to confirm the home tests. They proved to be correct. Crystal and I were going to be parents in seven months.

It took Penny and Kyle a lot of persuading, but they finally convinced us to meet with our parents that night. We agreed only if Penny and Kyle would help us break the news. We tackled my parents first. I thought there might be some yelling from Dad when he found out what had happened. My parents were upset but didn't display anger. I have never seen them look more disappointed in me than that night. It killed me to see that.

Things went much worse at Crystal's house. Her dad had a few beers before we arrived. He was more than a little drunk. He screamed obscenities at Crystal and me. Kyle, Penny and Mrs. Wagner had to physically restrain Mr. Wagner from going after me. I held Crystal to protect and comfort her. Kyle called Mom and Dad after Mr. Wagner calmed down a little. They arranged to meet with the Wagners on Saturday evening to figure out what would happen to us next.

I faced the Saturday evening family meeting with total trepidation. I've never been more scared than that night. What would happen to Crystal and me?

The get together was unbelievably tense. We met in our family room. Crystal and I sat together on the couch, our arms around each other for comfort.

Mr. Wagner started off by reminding everyone that his family was Catholic. Abortion was totally out of the question. Mom and Dad talked to him a little but he didn't budge. For better or worse our child would be born (we didn't know Crystal was carrying twins yet).

Mr. Wagner insisted that Crystal and I would have to get married. There was no other decent choice. Crystal said this sounded good to her before my family could say anything. This set my Mom and Dad off.

You need to know that my Mom dropped out of high school when she got pregnant with Will. She married Will's father. The marriage was a disaster. It only lasted a year and a half before Mom left Will's dad.

Mom and Dad argued with Mr. Wagner for a few minutes before Dad finally said, "I think we need to know what Andrew thinks of marrying Crystal." He stared into my eyes.

I nearly panicked. Did I want to marry Crystal? No. Hell NO! NO WAY! I finally managed to speak. "We're fifteen. How could we get married?" I felt Crystal stiffen as I spoke. "I like Crystal, but I can't marry her. I just can't."

Crystal pulled away from me, turned and glared at me. "You said you loved me. How can you say this?"

"Crystal, I like you a lot. Maybe given enough time it would develop into love. I don't know. Will we be able to find out now? I don't see how the two of us can raise a child at our age."

Crystal stared at me, stunned. "How... can... you say..." she stammered before she broke down and cried. I tried to comfort her but she pushed me away.

Our parents started to discuss other options, primarily adoption. The discussion continued on for another twenty minutes. My parents and the Wagners discussed who would pay for what and how the adoption could be arranged.

I slowly grew angrier as I listened to them calmly discussing giving my child away. How could I live with having a child I didn't know? It was just wrong! Finally I blurted out, "STOP! How can you talk about giving my child and Crystal's child away without us agreeing to it?"

Mr. Wagner immediately asked Crystal, "Honey, do you have a problem with putting your baby up for adoption?"

"I'm not going to raise a kid by myself. If Andy won't marry me, I think adoption makes sense." Crystal answered. I pulled away from Crystal a little more.

Dad looked at me. "What do you want Andrew?"

"It's just wrong to give my child away. It's my flesh and blood. It's your grandchild. How can you talk about giving it away? I'll do whatever it takes to stop that. I should know my baby."

Mom and Dad stared at me, stunned. They talked quietly for a few seconds. Dad said, "Could you excuse my wife, my son and me for a few minutes? I think we need to have a private discussion."

Mom and I followed Dad to the kitchen. After a few minutes discussion, Mom and Dad agreed to support me in my decision. We went back to the family room.

The Wagners readily agreed to me and my family raising our child when we offered to do that. Both families agreed to split all the costs of the pregnancy and birth between us. Mr. Wagner insisted on having a legal document drawn up that would clear Crystal and her family of expenses and legal responsibilities for our child after birth. Dad agreed. He also said that he wanted the agreement to allow Crystal the right to visit our child if she chose to. Crystal didn't seem to care one way or another. The gathering broke up after that.

I thought I was through for the night, but I wasn't. Mom and Dad made me stay in the family room. They read the riot act to me. The money they were saving for my college education - gone. It would support my baby. My working at scout camp for a little pay

and a lot of fun - gone. I was going to find a part time job and start earning money to help support my child as soon as football was over. Dad concluded with this: "I hope you play football as well as your brother. The only way you are going to college is on a football scholarship. You better be the best!"

I felt like a condemned man when I finally was allowed to go upstairs to my bedroom. Kyle and Penny came over to talk with me when I got upstairs. I filled them in on the evening's events and decisions. They promised to help me any way they could.

I went to sleep that night feeling like I was a condemned man. One evening's fun and my life was changed. Forever!

Dad and Mom told me later that they thought Crystal had planned the pregnancy to get away from her father. They had learned about how drunk he was the night we told him Crystal was pregnant. They had seen how abusive he was themselves the night our families met to discuss the fate our child. Dad did not cut me any slack when he realized that Crystal had been trying to trap me into marriage.

Dad's exact words: "None of Crystal's plans to trap you matter. You stuck your dick in her cunt. No one forced you to do that. Your sperm made her pregnant. She's carrying your baby. As far as I'm concerned you're a man now. It's time to act like a man. You have to take the consequences of your irresponsibility." Of course Dad didn't say it quite that bluntly around Mom.

Things went well for Crystal's first pre-natal check up. On the second visit we found out that Crystal was carrying twins. Mom and Dad took the news with equanimity. One of my Christmas presents last year was finding out that they were both boys.

I did my best to support Crystal through the pregnancy. She was cold and distant to me most of the time. I tried to defend her after New Years at school when she started to show. I made no bones about my responsibility for getting Crystal pregnant. I thought the other kids should know the consequences of fooling around with sex without protection. No one else needed to go through what Crystal and I were going through. A couple other girls in our class got pregnant that year. They banded together with Crystal for support out of necessity.

Crystal's due date was May 22nd. I helped her with her books at school as her pregnancy continued. The doctors were concerned about her size and age. They ordered her to bed on May 1st, for the duration of her pregnancy. I brought her work from school every day. Crystal's attitude towards me started to mellow a little in May. She treated me like dirt instead of shit. She tolerated my presence.

Mom arranged things with the school. Kyle would be excused from school when the twins were born. He would drive me to the hospital so I could be there when my sons were born. All the preparations were for naught.

Dad woke me from a sound sleep early on Sunday, May 17th. It was time! Mom and Dad drove me to meet the Wagners at the hospital. Will and Abby were home from Philadelphia for the weekend, so they came too. They were immersed in the final preparations for their wedding two weeks. Kyle came a little later with Liz.

My family met the Wagners in the waiting room. A nurse took me to Crystal. The nurse gave me scrubs to wear in the delivery room. I changed in the bathroom of her room. I did my best to help Crystal through the delivery the way we had been taught in our Lamaze class.

Crystal's labor was long. She finally was fully dilated in the late afternoon. I followed as they moved my ex-girlfriend into the delivery room. The actual delivery went quickly. One second I was holding her hand. The doctor motioned for me to come around with him. The next thing I knew my son came out, head first. The nurse held him up. A gentle swat on the bottom and my son... MY SON... let out his first cry. The nurse quickly took him over to clean him up, weigh and measure him. The doctor asked, "What is his name?"

I looked at Crystal. "Shall we call this one Connor?" Crystal nodded after her next contraction. I announced, "This is Connor Joseph Martin."

Seven minutes later my second son was born. When he let out his first cry I said, "This one is Noah Daniel Martin."

I had chosen the names with help from my parents. I discussed them before birth with Crystal. She accepted the names I chose. The first names were my idea. Joseph was to honor Crystal's father. Daniel was to honor my father.

Connor was 21 inches long and weighed 6 pounds, 12 ounces at birth. Noah was 20 1/2 inches long and weighed 6 pounds, 2 ounces. The doctor determined that my sons were identical twins. They were mirror images of each other. Connor had a small birth mark on his right shoulder. Noah had the identical mark on his left shoulder. The doctor warned me that one of my sons would be left handed and the other would be right handed.

I stayed at the hospital until the end of visiting hours. I was there with Crystal when they brought our sons to her for the first time. Crystal held them briefly, but didn't seem that interested in them. I realized I was going to be raising our boys on my own. I held each one as long as I was allowed before the nurse took them back to the nursery. Will left me his car so I had a way home from the hospital that evening.

Mom, Dad, Kyle, Will and Abby had a lot of work to do when they got home from the hospital. I was to move into Kyle's larger bedroom when Kyle went to work at scout camp in a couple weeks. My sons would spend the night with me. Kyle would move over to my room, which I share occasionally with Will, when he is home. When my boys were old enough to sleep in a bed, they would take my old room. Dad would turn the basement into a guest bedroom for times when Will or Kyle came home from college. Crystal's early delivery advanced our schedule.

Mom left work early after school on Tuesday, picked me up and took me to the hospital to pick up my sons. We loaded Noah and Connor up in the baby carriers, took them out to the car and drove them home. I was really a father now, responsible for two very beautiful, very tiny young boys.

How had I gotten myself into this mess? Yeah, yeah, I know. I had unprotected sex with my girlfriend.

There were a lot more details beyond that simple statement. I was a kid playing with adult things. I got burned. Now I have to act like a grown-up even though I'm only sixteen. Wish me luck. I want the best for my two sons. They deserve nothing less.

The End.

I hope I wasn't too subtle with this story ;-). Obviously I don't approve of real teenagers doing the things I wrote about in this story. Don't grow up too quick. Adult actions bring adult consequences.

I appreciate comments from my readers. You can contact me at douglas_fox482@yahoo.com

I appreciate comments, criticism and spelling or grammar suggestions. Thanks for reading.

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