

A New Year's Eve to Remember

by Douglas Fox

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David's parents are rich. His dad is a famous retired NFL football player. The girls in ninth grade think he's dreamy and cute. The fourteen year old feels awkward and unsure of his place in the world. The one great thing he has going that does not involve his famous father is his girlfriend of two months, Mia Siano. David was delighted a week and a half ago when he was invited to a New Year's Eve party by his swim team teammates. This is his and Mia's first real teen party.

This story takes place in my "Life in Paradise" universe. This story takes place a decade and a half after the end of "Lost and Found."

(mf-teen, 1st, safe, voyeur, unsafe)

Chapter 1

Is it a blessing or a curse to be the son of a famous man? I don't know. I think it is both at times. I'm David Martin, the oldest son of one of the most famous wide receivers the NFL ever had. I'm 6'-1", 125 pounds and have my dad's light blond hair and baby face.

I live with my mom, my dad, a younger sister and two younger brothers in Fox Chapel, a nice suburb of Pittsburgh. We live on a big house off one of the fairways of the Pittsburgh Field Club, a fancy country club. We have a big pool in the back yard. Life can be sweet.

But I have the same issues as other teens in my high school, Fox Chapel Senior High. One is girls. Or maybe that was an issue. I didn't get anywhere asking girls out until I asked Mia Siano to go to the Halloween Dance with me last October. We clicked. We dated a few times on weekends in November. I asked her to go steady with me during Thanksgiving vacation. She agreed.

Both of us are in ninth grade. We share many, though not all our classes. Mia's dad is a senior vice president of one of the big companies headquartered downtown. They live a half mile from us, also not too far from the country club. Mia has a younger sister who's twelve, same as me. Mia's parents seem OK with the two of us dating. I get along with her mom and dad.

Mia and I have a circle of close friends at school. Like any school, we have cliques. Mia used to date a kid named Landon Fitzroy. Landon and his buddies are stuck up preppies. My parents may have enough money and fame for me to be in his clique, but no THANK YOU!

I inherited my dad's athleticism. I play football in the fall, mostly out of familial obligation. I made the varsity swim team last month. That is my Uncle Hunter's influence. My uncle just received a swimming scholarship to attend Stanford University. The kids on the swim team are more down to earth, not like the snotty kids in Landon's clique. I'm grateful for that.

I plan to go out for track in the spring. I inherited my father's speed too. I expect to do well when track season starts. I guess I am more of an athlete than a stuck up rich kid. At least I try to be like normal kids.

My best friend, Levi Wiesenbaugh, also made the varsity swim team. Levi's short compared to me, maybe around 5'-6". He eats like a horse, trying to get his weight over a hundred pounds. He isn't big but he is a gifted swimmer. Levi works out daily with me at my house. My dad says that will help us do better, whether on the football field, in the pool or next spring on the track.

Levi is gifted with the girls too. After a series of cute girlfriends in eighth grade, he settled on one of the prettiest girls in our grade, Alyssa Morgan. Levi and Alyssa have been a couple since Easter vacation last spring. Levi and Alyssa are responsible for getting Mia and me together. They convinced me last October to ask her to the Halloween Dance. I doubted I had a prayer of getting her to go with me. They convinced me otherwise. They were right too.

Levi and Alyssa, and Mia and I double date a lot. This night, the four of us are hitting a teen milestone - our first mixed gender party. After considerable cajoling, we convinced our parents to allow us to stay out until 12:30 AM at a New Year's Eve party being thrown by for our swim team.

My dad volunteered to drive Mia and me to the party that evening. Usually Dad spends too many of his nights in his office over at the Steelers complex, preparing for the next game. The Steelers won the top slot in the AFC playoff seed earlier today. The team has next weekend off while we wait to see which wild card team plays us here in Pittsburgh on our home field. I guess he was less worried about his next opponent than usual.

Dad pulled up in front of the Holcomb residence right behind Mrs. Weisenbaugh, who was bringing Levi and Alyssa. Alyssa and Mia greeted each other with hugs, as befitted best friends. I got a knuckle bump from Levi. We were ready to head in when Dad called out, "Davey, come here a moment."

"Dad! That's a little kid's name!" I groused. "I'm too old to be called Davey anymore. What do you want?"

"Do you have your phone?" Dad asked. I nodded yes. "I know this is your first real teen party. Older teens can get a little wild at times. If things get crazy or you see drugs being used, call me. I will come and get you and Mia. No questions will be asked. Do you understand?"

“Dad, my friends on the swim team aren't like that,” I responded. “Mia and I will be fine.”

“I know that, son,” Dad replied. “It needed to be said anyway. Have fun.” I turned and started to catch up to Levi, Alyssa and Mia. “David, one more thing.” I turned back to Dad. “Take these. Be safe.” Dad held out two foil wrapped rubbers. I grabbed them quickly and stuffed them into my pocket before Mia saw them.

“DaaaAAAdd!” I whined. “I don't need these. Jeez, Mia is going to think I'm some sort of sex hound.”

“A good Scout is prepared,” Dad responded. “Take them. Use them if you need them. If not, it's no big loss. Remember your Uncle Andy and your cousins Noah and Connor. Be safe.”

“I promise, Dad,” I answered. He drove off. My Uncle Will had been conceived out of wedlock when my Mom-Mom was seventeen and in high school. My Uncle Andy had gotten his girlfriend pregnant when he was my age. My nineteen year old cousins Noah and Conner were the result of that union. I'd even noticed when Mom-Mom and Pop-Pop celebrated their thirty-fifth wedding anniversary the year before last that Dad was turning thirty-five in July, seven months after my grandparent's anniversary. Getting a girl pregnant before I was married to her was NOT a family tradition I wished to follow. Not that it was likely that evening. I would be ecstatic if Mia let me get to second base.

I hustled to catch up with my girl and our friends. My dad was pretty cool, for a grown-up. He and Mom were always open with us kids about sex. They made sure we knew the facts of life. My talk came just after I turned eleven when my parents found out I had been playing “doctor” with the girl next door, Allison Bennett.

I liked Allison. She was a great playmate and my first friend in Pittsburgh when my family moved here a few years ago. The Bennetts moved to San Francisco a few months later when Mr. Bennett was transferred by his company.

It was like Dad to give me rubbers. He and Mom talked about sex with us. I was warned our family was highly sexed. I believed them too. Sex was all I thought about now that I was growing up. I had a stash of Playboys and Penthouses, thanks to my seventeen year old Uncle Hunter and my cousins Noah and Connor. I browsed porno sites on line. I was desperate to get myself laid.

One thing held me back. Mia was a great girlfriend and I cared about her deeply. She was not in a rush for sex. She kept me on a tight leash, allowing little more than deep kissing. I was patient... and hell, making out is fun! I was happy to coax her along slowly. I'd get my chance eventually and I wanted it to be with Mia.

---oooOOOooo---

Jayden Holcomb, our host, welcomed us to the party when we arrived. He took our coats and hats and stashed them in the front closet. "Your dad called a great game this afternoon," Jayden commented as he finished hanging up our things. "The Steelers really trashed the Browns." The score had been 38-17 and the game hadn't really been that close. Our Steelers were looking good for the playoffs and maybe even the Super Bowl.

"Yeah, he did," I agreed.

"Will the guys ready for the playoffs?" Jayden asked. "I bet we see the Ravens for the third time this year. Can we beat them again?"

"The team will be ready," I responded. "We have two weeks to prepare. My dad is home tonight relaxing instead of working late at the office. What does that tell you?"

"We're going to cream them," Jayden gloated. "Crush'em." I smiled and nodded my agreement.

Mom had a firm rule about family time. No matter how much Dad felt he needed to study film or prepare for his next game, he had to make time for our family – every day. Once in a while Mom would relax the rule against a particularly tough opponent or for a critical game. There was no need for that this weekend.

Quite a few members of the swim team were here already. This party was all couples. Everyone brought their girlfriend or a date. Jayden and his girlfriend Leah Wright had a spread of food for us to snack on.

Jayden had music going in the living room and he cleared space for couples to dance. There was room in the dining room and kitchen for us to mingle and talk while we enjoyed the food and the refreshments. There was a cooler full of beer in the kitchen and Jayden directed us to help ourselves.

Levi, Alyssa, Mia and I started with pop (sodas to my parents, born in eastern Pa.) and snacks. We talked and enjoyed the music. Eventually we danced too. Ethan Morris, captain of the swim team, and Isabella D'Ambrosio, his longtime girlfriend and a cheerleader at school, stopped by to talk with us. Ethan and Isabella were seniors, but they weren't stuck up about it the way so many seniors are. They were nice to us freshmen. I respected and looked up to Ethan. He's how I want to be when I'm a senior - cool and easy going with his younger schoolmates.

Ethan went out of his way to make Levi and I feel welcome on the swim team. Levi had the best backstroke on the whole team. I flew through the water with the crawl and the butterfly. Ethan predicted big things for both of us when we grew more, got stronger with practice and got more experience competing.

Mia and I enjoyed our snacks. We danced a bit. We decided our next refreshment was going to be... harder. Each of us took a beer.

My parents had demystified alcohol for me, my sister and brothers. I had sips of Mom or Dad's beer when I was still in elementary school before we moved to Pittsburgh. Dad had allowed me half cans of cold beer for the past year. A few days ago, when he was feeling magnanimous over Christmas, he allowed me a whole can. They made me promise to stop at one can of beer at this party, after Mia and I convinced them to allow us to attend. I meant to keep my word to them.

---oooOOOooo---

Mia and I finished our beers. Both of us were interested in finding somewhere with a little privacy. My girlfriend and I had developed a taste for making out since our first opportunity six weeks ago. Mia's lips, cheeks and neck were delicious and I longed for another taste.

We headed past the kitchen looking for a quiet spot. Jayden told me his family had an entertainment room. The hallway passed the laundry room, too dark and smelly for our purposes. Waist high planters and latticework from the planter to ceiling divided the entertainment room from the hallway.

Giggles to our left warned us the entertainment room was taken. Mia and I peered through the latticework to see Carter Boone on top of Olivia Thomas. Olivia was bare from the waist up. Carter's head was buried in her precious titties, the lucky damned sophomore.

The hallway continued past the latticework wall to another doorway, presumably to the Holcombs' garage. Mia backed against the wall and pulled me against her.

“This will do, Davey,” Mia purred. She wrapped her arms around my neck, pulled my head in and kissed me. I didn't resist. Our lips locked together. We nibbled and tasted. Our tongues touched and tingles of lightening shot down my spine. I pressed my tongue into Mia's mouth. Her tongue met mine and more electricity coursed through my body.

Mia and I quickly became lost in exploring each other's mouths. After awhile, I slipped a hand between our bodies and felt for Mia's sweet titties. My hand covered her tit before I gently squeezed. Mia moaned into our interlocked mouths. This was the one liberty I was permitted beyond making out.

Mia was strict about what I was allowed to do and had been since we started dating at the Halloween Dance. Hands on her tits outside her clothing were OK, as long as I kissed for bit before I tried for that. Mia had slapped my hands twice in the past when I tried to slip them under her blouse or sweater.

We continued making out while I felt up one tit, followed by the other. We rubbed our bodies together as we made out. Vaguely Mia and I could overhear Carter and Olivia in the adjoining room.

“Oooohhh....” echoed into the hallway occasionally followed by, “Oooohhh... nice” as my tenth grade teammate excited his new girlfriend. Mia and I continued making out to the background of moans from the nearby room.

“Carter...NO!” jerked Mia and me to attention.

“Please Olivia,” Carter begged. “I promise... we won't go all the way. I just... just want to see all of you.”

Mia and I turned and glanced through the latticework wall. Olivia was on the sofa with her legs spread apart. Carter was squatting between her outspread legs, tugging at the zipper to Olivia's jeans. Olivia was trying to block Carter's move.

“We are NOT going all the way,” Olivia declared as she struggled to get Carter's hand away from her jeans.

“Of course not,” Carter agreed. We watched as he changed tack. He leaned in and kissed Olivia's tummy, her breasts and then went back to making out. Mia and I turned our attentions back to each other.

“I'm glad you're my boyfriend, Davey,” Mia purred. “You behave yourself. I feel safe and comfortable when we're alone together.

“I try to be a good boyfriend,” I replied before we locked lips again. We ignored Carter and Olivia as we went back to smooching. Apparently Carter was behaving better too. Olivia cooed and purred her approval. Occasionally I peeked to see what the couple was doing.

Carter had doffed his shirt. He was humping his crotch against Olivia's crotch while he felt up and smothered Olivia with kisses. I continued fondling Mia's titties while I pressed myself into Mia's body. I imitated Carter's rubbing. My dick was hard as stone. Mia must have felt it as I ground my crotch against hers. She clung to me and pressed back enthusiastically.

“NO!” Olivia squawked. “Where are your PANTS?”

“It's OK, Livvie,” Carter swore. “Let's keep doing this, honey.”

Mia and I stopped and gawked at the scene through the divider. Carter's pants were around his ankles. His boxers were half way down his ass. Olivia discovered that fact moments before we noticed.

“Jesus Christ!” Olivia exclaimed. She pushed up against Carter, trying to roll him away “You're naked, Carter. Get OFF!”

“Not completely,” Carter countered weakly. “Please...” Olivia pushed Carter off her. “Get dressed, you asshole. I'm going home!” She climbed off the sofa and started dressing. Carter sat on floor by the sofa, momentarily stunned.

“Carter shouldn't have pushed Olivia like that,” I commented to Mia.

“It was too much, too fast,” Mia agreed. Mia and I kissed a couple times before she added, “I understand where he gets his horny... but he shouldn't push her.”

“Horny is no excuse,” I retorted. “Of course he wants to get laid but...”

“And you don't?” Mia asked as she patted the big bulge in my pants. “You do want to get laid, don't you?”

“Um... um.... uh...” I stuttered. “Yeah... no... I don't know, Mia. I don't want to rush you but...”

“But you wouldn't mind burying this thing in my pussy,” Mia said. I felt my face flush. I'm sure it was bright red. “You don't need to answer that, Davey.”

Mia pressed herself against me and rubbed herself against my erection. We went back to kissing and making out. Olivia fled the entertainment room a minute later, after she was decent. Carter dressed slowly. He departed a couple minutes later, feigning aloofness and cool.

Ethan Morris and Isabella D'Ambrosio, wasted no time taking over the empty spot in the entertainment room. Ethan was a good captain, looking after every team member, including lowly ninth graders like me and my best friend, Levi Wiesenbaugh.

Mia and I ignored Ethan and Isabella and went back to making out. I don't know if it was the beer or overhearing Carter trying to get to third base with Olivia, but Mia was hotter than I'd seen her before.

Mid-kiss Mia pushed me away. Shocked, I let her. “My bras too tight,” Mia whispered. “I need to take it off. Mia contorted herself to unsnap it. Somehow she managed to remove it without ever taking off her pretty Christmas sweater. “C'mere, Davey,” Mia called. She latched her arms around my back and pulled me tight to her body again. We went back to kissing. When my hand went for her tittie, she grabbed it and redirected it under the hem of her sweater.

“Feel me for real,” Mia breathed. I was near shock. I slipped my hand up and felt a bare female breast for the first time in my life. It was so soft and warm. I caressed it just as I had when I felt her clothed breasts. Mia moaned into my mouth as I rubbed and massaged her bare left tit. My thumb brushed over something stiff.

Mia squirmed and moaned louder. I realized I had bumped her nipple. I rubbed it a couple more times, to Mia's absolute delight. Soon I had both hands under her sweater exploring this previously forbidden territory. Mia especially loved it when I fondled and rubbed her nipples. Mia and I kissed while I felt her up for a couple minutes before a deep throated groan drew our attention.

“Oooohhh... Isabella, you give the best head,” Ethan groaned from the adjoining room. Head? Mia and I stopped kissing and stared at each other. By common agreement we turned to see what was happening in the entertainment room. Ethan was sprawled on the couch on his back,

stark naked. Isabella, equally bereft of clothing, straddled her boyfriend so her head was hovering over Ethan's cock. Isabella was licking the knob like it was a tasty lollypop.

"Ever seen that?" Mia whispered to me.

"I only read about it in Penthouse," I replied. "Guys joke about getting a blow job but..."

"I know," Mia agreed. "The girls tease about girls who do that, but I don't know anyone who actually..." Both of us stared in disbelief as Isabella locked her lips around the head of Ethan's cock and slid it into her mouth, inch after inch.

"It's so big," Mia murmured. "I don't see how she..." Isabella managed to take all of what had to be at least seven inches of cock. "I... don't... believe... it."

I ended standing behind Mia when the two of us turned to stare at the couple in the rec room. My left hand was still clasping Mia's left tittie under her sweater. I put my right arm around my girlfriend and fondled her right tittie too. Mia pressed her back against my front. I moved her hair out of the way and nuzzled her neck as we continued watching the live sex show. Mia rubbed against my boner. I knew she felt it against her ass. I was surprised she didn't comment.

Isabella's head popped up and down as she blew her boyfriend. "Ethan's dick is huge," Mia commented. "I never expected any guy to be that big." We watched, mesmerized. Isabella's head bobbed up and down as she gave her boyfriend head.

"Ethan doesn't have any hair around his cock," Mia commented. "I thought someone his age would have curlies by now."

"He shaves," I said. "Everyone on the swim team does."

"You shave too?" Mia asked questioningly.

"Yes," I answered. Mia pushed her ass against my boner. "I don't mean your face, baby."

"I understand," I said. God, Mia's rubbing on my cock was making me so horny. I pushed back against her rubbing. "I shave my face about once a month. Dad says that is a family trait. He couldn't grow a decent beard or mustache until he was twenty-five."

"And your curlies?" Mia asked as she ground against my hard-on.

"Gone," I confirmed

"Why would you do that?" Mia asked.

The older guys on the team say that body hair creates drag when we swim," I explained.

"But you're wearing a suit," Mia replied.

“The water flows through the suit while you’re swimming,” I clarified. “Anyway, I’m a freshman trying to stay on the varsity swim team. I do what I need to do so the older guys accept me.” Mia pushed my hands off her tits and out from under her sweater. I was momentarily distressed until Mia turned around to face me and slipped her hand into my pants. My eyes grew wide as she grasped my boner.

Mia wrapped a hand around my dick and slid it down the shaft gently. I shuddered. My knees nearly buckled as she slipped her hand back up and explored the knob. I moaned as she slipped her hand further into my boxers until she fondled my balls.

“Oooohh... Mia...” I moaned. My girlfriend ran her fingers around the base of my cock until they ended on my balls again.

“You really don’t have any hair down there do you?”

“nO,” I squeaked. Another person’s hand stroking my cock was sooo different from doing it myself. Mia continued stroking and fondling me. Where the hell was she going with this? After fifteen or twenty seconds my balls pulled tight.

“Oh God!” I moaned. I was going to cum... hard. “Stop... please... stop...” I begged.

A squeal from the rec room diverted Mia’s attention. Mercifully she stopped stroking my dick barely in time for me to prevent a sticky mess in my boxers. Both of us stared at Ethan and Isabella. Ethan’s head was buried between Isabella’s legs as he licked her crotch. Isabella was cumming.

“She’s orgasming as he eats her,” Mia gasped. She maintained her grasp around my dick.

“Fuck me, Ethan,” Isabella demanded. “Give me that hard cock... plllleaseee...”

Mia and I froze as we ogled the other couple. Isabella climbed off the couch, turned around and pushed Ethan against the back of the couch. She climbed back on the couch on her side, her back lying along Ethan’s chest. His dick was notched between her legs. Ethan wrapped his arms around his girlfriend. His pelvic thrusts rubbed his hard-on up and down against Isabella’s sex.

“They’re really going to do IT,” Mia gasped. She still had her fingers wrapped around my dick. The orgasmic feeling in my balls was subsiding.

Isabella got more excited as Ethan rubbed against her pussy. “Put your rubber on,” Isabella purred. “I want it now.”

“Umm.... We ran out last night,” Ethan replied. “Don’t you remember?”

“FUCK!” Isabella snapped. “I need you now. Why didn’t you get more after church today?”

“My parents had a thing this afternoon,” Ethan explained. “I’m sorry. I just didn’t have time.” Ethan continued his pelvic thrusts, rubbing his hard dick against Isabella’s sex. There was enough light in the room for Mia and me to see that Isabella was wet. Drool from Ethan’s dick added to her moistness.

“FUCK!” Isabella growled. “I need you in me tonight but...”

“We can do it just a little,” Ethan promised. “I promise to get you off. I can pull out and cum before anything bad happens.”

“Ethan, I don’t know...” Isabella gasped. Ethan’s dick was rubbing against the top of her slit. His rubbing was removing whatever doubts she had. After a few more strokes she reached between her legs, grasped Ethan’s dick and stuffed it into her folds. To my shock, his dick simply disappeared into her body in one long continuous stroke. Ethan’s balls were planted against the hole that Isabella’s body widened to accommodate his big dick.

Mia and I were perfectly positioned in the hallway to get an up close and personal view of the coupling. We could see each time Ethan thrust his pelvis forward, driving his hard dick inside sweet Isabella. The sight enthralled us. Mia massaged my dick. I tried to slip my hand back under her sweater so I could continue feeling Mia’s wonderful titties. My girl intercepted my hand and pushed it down. To my shock, Mia unbuttoned her jeans and pushed my hand inside.

Emboldened by Mia, I slipped my hand down until I felt Mia’s soft curly pubic hairs. I ran my fingertips through them. Mia probably had more hair down there than I did a month ago before I shaved myself. My hand went lower, cupping her muff.

This was the promised land I had dreamed of since I “borrowed” my first Penthouse from my older cousin Noah. Mia’s muff was smooth and puffy, split by a vertical slit. I split the slit open with my middle finger.

“Ohhh... yeah...” Mia purred. Encouraged, I continued exploring. I delved in with my middle finger to examine this unfamiliar territory. I found the outside of Mia’s muff was smooth and puffy. My finger burrowed between the swells, finding loose skin and wetness. I’d seen Penthouse photos where the girl pried open their sex. I’d seen pictures of the inner folds I was now caressing. Mia purred into my ear, encouraging me to continue reconnoitering.

I dipped my finger lower and discovered her hole. I explored the perimeter of it but didn’t press in. I fully appreciated the opportunity Mia was entrusting to me. I didn’t want to scare her and end our explorations. I satisfied myself rubbing my finger up and down through her inner folds. My finger became progressively slicker as I played with her muff.

My Uncle Hunter, who is only three years older than me and much more experienced than me with the girls, had teased one time that when you did sex things right with your girl, she got really wet. I had no idea what I was doing, but it must be right. Mia was wet and leaking more and more of her juices onto my hand.

“Mmm... nice, Davey,” Mia purred. “A little higher... yeah... a little...” I moved my middle finger up her slot until I touched a small bump. “AAAEeeeeiiii” Mia screamed in my ear. I was inexperienced but no clueless. This must be the “clittie” my Uncle Hunter talked about. His girlfriend loved it when he played with it. I kept fingering it for about twenty seconds until Mia erupted.

I knew my girl was having an orgasm – a really good one judging from way her eyes rolled back and she shook and moaned. Thankfully Mia released the hand that was holding my cock when she started. It could have been painful for me otherwise.

Mia and I paused from making out briefly while Mia recovered from her climax. The sounds of Ethan and Isabella screwing grabbed our attention. Both of us looked through the lattice wall to see them doing it.

Ethan was pistoning his butt back and forth, driving his big cock into Isabella's sloppy hole. Hunter was quite correct about girls getting wet during sex. Over their moans we could hear the squishing as Ethan's dick plunged into his girlfriend's pussy and the slurping as he withdrew again. Her juices were dribbling down her bottom.

Ethan began thrusting faster. “Remember to pull out before you cum,” Isabella warned.

“Uh-huh... uh-huh... uh-huh...” Ethan grunted in time to his rapid thrusts. “I'm not... there... Ohhhh... yet.”

“Don't knock me...” Isabella warned. Ethan grunted hard and drove his dick in deep and froze. “... up, please...”

“OOOHHHHhhhh...” Ethan groaned. I knew that sound. My swim team captain was taking a big fucking chance right now. He collapsed on top of Isabella as I was certain he drained his balls into his girlfriend. It took Isabella a few seconds to realize what was happening.

“EEEEEethan...” Isabella protested, “You promised!” She managed to shove her heavy boyfriend off. Ethan dribbled the last of his sperm on her pussy lips before he fell to the floor, semi-comatose. A big glob of cum rolled out of her stretched out pussy.

“Sorry,” Ethan apologized. “It felt so good, I couldn't help myself.”

“What is going to happen to your swim scholarship if you knock me up?” Isabella demanded.

“I don't know,” Ethan replied weakly. “I'm sorry, sweetie.”

“My safe time ended two days ago, Ethan Morris,” Isabella snapped as she began dressing. “You really could get me pregnant with this stunt.”

“I could drive you to a pharmacy in the city tomorrow,” Ethan offered. “Some of the ones there carry the morning after pill.”

“Plan on it,” Isabella snapped. “You owe me big time, buster!”

“I’ll make it up to you,” Ethan promised as he and his pissed off girlfriend dressed. Mia and I went back to making out. Isabella stomped out, followed by a repentant Ethan. No one else noticed the open couch in the entertainment room.

“Let’s grab the couch,” Mia suggested between kisses.

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Chapter 2

I followed my girlfriend into the family room. I sat down, expecting Mia to sit beside me. She unbuttoned and removed her sweater, to my surprise.

“Take your shirt off, Davey,” Mia purred. She helped me pull it over my head. “That's better. Now we're on equal footing.” Mia pushed me down on my back on the couch and climbed on top of me. We kissed while Mia pressed her chest, including those lovely, pillowy titties into my chest. Oh, God! Those hard nipples rubbing my chest felt sooo good.

Our tongues dueled as we kissed and nibbled at each other's lips. Mia ground her crotch on the bump caused by my hard boner. My boxers were soaking up the pre-cum that was flowing freely from my cock. I alternately stroked Mia's sides and cupped her breasts with my hands as we tongue kissed. My balls were tingling from her rubbing my boner.

“Oooohhh... hold on,” I begged. “Gonna make a mess...”

Mia took pity on me. “Can I see all of you?” Mia asked. “I'm willing to help you.”

“Help?” I gasped as she climbed off me.

“Take your pants off, Davey,” Mia commanded. I complied. This evening was moving much faster and further than I ever had dreamed, much less had a right to expect. I stood up and dropped my jeans to the floor.

“Boxers too, honey,” Mia said.

“bOXers?” I squeaked, my voice breaking at a most inopportune time. Mia reached over and pulled them down for me when I froze in disbelief. I sat down on the couch, naked except for my socks. Mia pulled her pants off too before kneeling beside me.

“Let me take care of you,” Mia said. She took my hard dick, which was sticking straight up from my torso, in her hands. I shuddered as she stroked my dick. I doubt I lasted more than half a dozen strokes.

“Oooohhhh....” I groaned. “I’m...” My balls pulsed as they forced my cum up. Mia kept stroking as my sperm squirted and rained down on my belly. “Cumming...” The sticky mess coated Mia's hand, my dick and spotted my belly with white globs.

“That's messy,” Mia commented coolly. Dazed, I didn't notice immediately that Mia wasn't surprised at seeing a guy's dick or how he cums. Exactly what had my girlfriend done with that shitty ex-boyfriend, Landon?

Mia grabbed a handful of tissues from the box on the end table and dabbed my belly clean before cleaning her hands. I thought we would be done with our explorations so I sat up and reached for my underwear. Mia pushed me down on my back again and climbed on top of me. Mia and I went back to making out.

I'm a guy. I've had near perpetual boners since I hit puberty almost three years ago. Having a lovely, half naked girl squishing her tits against my bare chest turned my spent, flaccid dick into a boner again in seconds. Mia rubbed herself against it as we kissed sloppily and explored each other with our tongues.

“Davey, did you bring rubbers?” Mia asked when we paused kissing to catch our breath.

“rUB...bers?” I gulped.

“I think we're ready to go all the way,” Mia replied. “Are you prepared?”

“A Boy Scout is always prePAred,” I squeaked. “Are.... are you su... sure?”

“You're special and I want to,” Mia answered.

“The FIRst tIme can hurt,” I said. I do care about Mia and I don't want to do anything that would hurt or scare her.

“It will be fine,” Mia reassured. “Where is your rubber?”

“pANTs,” I gasped. Mia climbed off me and grabbed my pants. She went for the wrong pocket.

“I'll get it,” I stammered. “Do you rEALly waNT TO?”

“I do,” Mia confirmed. I retrieved one of the two rubbers from my pants. “Is this thing new? You remember what Mr. Jamison told us in health class last month.”

“I do,” I confirmed. I tore open the package and tried to be cool. I knew how this thing worked. Mr. Jamison made everyone put a rubber on a banana during the sex lecture in our health class. But this one... it's going on my dick... and then my dick is going in Mia!!! “My dad gave me THis when he dropped us off for this PARty.” I placed the rubber on the tip of my dick and tried to unroll it.

Damn! Upside down! I flipped it over and rolled the latex sheath down my hard boner. “thERE,” I squeaked. Mia removed her panties and sat down beside me. She gave me a gentle push aside.

“Let me lie down,” she asked. “You should be on top.” She lay down on her back and spread her legs open. I clambered over her and let myself rest on top of her body. I adjusted my position until my dick lined up with Mia's pussy. Mia wrapped her arms around my body and stroked my sides while I positioned myself.

I thrust forward the way I saw guys do in the pornos I saw on-line. My dick rode up and sliced between those slippery pussy lips I had fondled earlier.

“Lower, sweetie,” Mia said. I tried a second time, with the same result. Still, it felt great rubbing in that slippery, wet slot. Mia gasped when the tip of my dick rubbed that wonderful bump I was playing with earlier.

“Damn it,” I growled as my third attempt missed. The slide through her womanhood did feel wonderful, even though it was not what we intended.

“Let me help,” Mia said calmly. She snaked a hand between our bodies and grasped my dick. She pointed it lower and said, “Here.” I pushed my butt forward. This time my dick caught on something. I pushed a little harder. Mia's pussy opened and began swallowing my boner. “Yes that's it.”

I paused for a moment with just the head of my dick inside my girlfriend. We weren't virgins anymore! Oh God, this felt great. Mia's pussy opening was stretched tight around my dick. It was so warm.

“Are yOU ok?” I squeaked. She smiled and nodded yes.

“Keep going, sweetie,” she added. I pushed again, feeling Mia's pussy stretch and yield to my invading boner. It was so hot... and moist... and tight. I pushed three more times before my pubic bone crunched against Mia's. “Mmmmmm...” Mia purred.

I pushed my upper body up off Mia and stared between our bodies. Her hard nipples stood up from the swells of her titty mounds. My eyes followed down our taut, slightly sweaty bodies to the spot where we joined. My bare, shaved pubis was nestled against the tuft of hair Mia had down below. My boner was nowhere to be seen. Her sparse pubes tickled my bare pubis.

My heart swelled. I was a MAN! I could feel my heartbeat in my boner as it rested in this tight, hot poke hole. Everything my older cousins and my uncle told me about doing a girl... no words they shared did this justice. It was... indescribable. Thoughts of my uncle flashed into my head. 'Take good care of your girl. She'll do anything for you then.'

Damn, I was being selfish. “How does this feel, Mia?” I asked. “Am I hurting you?”

“It feels nice, Davey,” Mia answered. “I’m used to you. You can start moving.”

I may be a totally inexperienced, freshly de-virginized boy, but I knew what to do now, thanks to too many hours of sneaking looks at pornos on-line. I withdrew tentatively, not wanting to fall out. I withdrew a few inches and then let my weight plunge my boner back into my girlfriend's body. I pumped again... and again.

The feelings were exquisite... the tug of Mia's body on the skin of my boner as I pulled out... it was like it didn't want my dick to go... the wet heat as it plunged back inside her... the thump as our pubic bones crashed together when we were fully joined. Mia purred in my ear contentedly as I banged and thumped in and out of her.

I got over-eager after half a dozen thrusts. I pulled out too far and my boner thrust between Mia's ass cheeks on the next stroke. I crawled up on my knees and repositioned my boner against her hole again. I thrust in as I laid my body over my lover. Mia wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me in for a kiss. The kiss lingered while I continued bucking and thrusting my boner in and out of my girl.

I don't know how long we fucked. It couldn't have been long. This felt too... stimulating. I just know it was longer than if Mia hadn't made me cum already. Sweat was pouring off me as I felt my ball sack pull tight to my body and begin to tingle. I knew what it meant. I bucked and thrust faster, trying to get as much out of the last seconds of our fuck as I could. About three thrusts later my boner throbbed and my sperm pulsed out. I collapsed onto Mia, groaning and incoherent.

“I can feel your dick twitching inside me,” Mia breathed as she wrapped her arms around me and hugged me tight to her naked body. “That was wonderful, sweetie.” She kissed my cheeks and nibbled my lips while I recovered. After a few moments I was alert enough to share the kisses. Our lips locked together and our tongues dueled again. Our post-sex bliss lasted maybe thirty seconds.

“You're getting heavy, Davey,” Mia said. “Can you get up?”

“Sure, sweetie,” I agreed. I sat back on my knees and pulled my now wilting dick out of my lover. It shined in the dim light from its slimy white coating of sperm.

“SHIT!” I growled as I realized. I hadn't taken the rubber off.

“WHAT?” Mia gasped, frightened at my alarm.

“The rubber came off my dick,” I answered.

“Where is it?” Mia demanded. “Where is it?”

“I don't know,” I replied as I searched. I checked Mia's hole first. It was gaping open slightly, no longer the tight ring I felt up half an hour earlier. I saw clear juices dripping out but no

rubber... or white spunk, thank God. "Let me see if it stayed in you when I pulled out." Mia spread her legs immediately to give me a good view. I probed her hole with one finger but found nothing.

"Get it out of me," Mia demanded. She rolled side to side as I continued probing. There it was! The slimy rubber was laying on the couch under my girl.

"Relax, I found it," I commanded. "It fell off after I pulled out of you. It's here." I picked up and held the slimy tube with two fingers for Mia to see. The tip held my deposit of baby makers. "You're safe. You can relax."

"Thank God!" Mia exclaimed. "If I had let you knock me up..." She shuddered. "That is NOT how I planned this evening."

"You planned on this?" I asked, stunned.

"I did," Mia confirmed. "I decided about ten days ago that I was ready to go all the way with you. You are so sweet and gentle with me. I knew I would be trust you."

"I had no idea," I stammered. "CouLDN't you have TOld mE?"

"I didn't because I was afraid I might chicken out at the last minute," Mia replied. "I guess the beer earlier tonight helped my nerve. I know seeing Ethan and Isabella screw certainly got me worked up and ready. I hope you're not mad that I didn't tell you beforehand."

"I don't care at all," I said. I hugged her and gave her a big kiss. "You are the most wonderful girl in the whole world and I'm glad my first time was with you. It literally blew my mind."

"You were pretty good too, for your first time," Mia said. "This was the best time ever for me," Mia blurted before realizing what she just said.

"I wasn't your first?" I asked. Mia turned deep red and nodded yes. "Landon?"

"We did," Mia confirmed. "It was back in September after we had dated all summer. I thought I was ready. The son of a bitch was in a hurry. It hurt like crazy and I bled all over the blanket we had. He lasted about ten seconds and dumped a load of sperm in me. He didn't even have the brains to use a rubber or to pull out. I let him try again the next day, thinking it would get better. It wasn't."

"I never liked that idiot," I agreed.

"He dumped me when I told him I didn't want to go all the way anymore," Mia added. "He probably told all his friends about us doing it."

"I wouldn't know," I said. "I try to avoid those preppy bastards."

“I kept getting hit on by all his friends,” Mia continued. “At least until you asked me to the Halloween dance. They pretty much left me alone after we started dating.”

“I never liked him,” I agreed. “You've given me another reason to hate Landon Fitzroy.”

“Ignore him,” Mia said. “He's history. Let's concentrate on us. That was wonderful tonight. Do you think you'll be able to get more rubbers? I wouldn't mind doing that again soon.”

“I have a second one in my pants,” I answered. “I know my dad will get me more if we need them.”

“We definitely need them,” Mia said. She pushed me down on my back on the couch. “You're not going home with an unused rubber, Davey. I PROMISE you that.”

I didn't. My second time going all the way was just as phenomenal as the first. Mia and I missed the countdown to midnight for New Year's. Neither of us cared. I lasted much longer the second time. I got Mia excited enough to cum too. That was good. My Uncle Hunter had warned me to get my girl off whenever I screwed if I wanted to do it again. I certainly did want it again... and again... and again.

Dad picked Mia and me up around 12:30 that night. It took a couple minutes to drive Mia over to the Siano's house at the end of Hawthorne Road. Dad let me walk Mia to the door, where I got a lingering good night kiss. Mia groped my dick surreptitiously before going inside. I floated back to the car and my dad.

“How was the party?” Dad asked as I climbed in to ride shotgun in front.

“It was great,” I answered.

“Did you drink?” Dad quizzed.

“One beer like we agreed,” I answered. My parents were about the most understanding parents a kid could have. They let me go to a high school party when I was a lowly ninth grader and gave me permission to drink... a little. How cool is that?

“Did Mia have fun too?” Dad continued as we headed for our home.

“Most definitely, Dad,” I answered. “Thank you for giving me those two rubbers tonight.” My dad turned and stared at me before smiling. “Can I get more?”

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The End

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