

Capture the Flag Bonus

By Douglas Fox © 2016

14 year-old Xander Ferguson witnesses his 17 year-old brother Westin seduce his girlfriend. Xander gets kicked out of the room just before Westin screws his girlfriend. Xander, normally preoccupied with sex, is horny beyond belief. Tomboy, Taylor Wyatt, shows up later that afternoon for her gang of friend's capture the flag tournament wearing a too small T-shirt and no bra. Xander notices and tries his brother's seduction plan when he guards Taylor in "jail." How persuasive can the young virgin be?

(mf-teen, first, unsafe)

Chapter 1

Xander Ferguson tried to concentrate on the movie on the TV but his seventeen-year-old brother, Westin, and Westin's current squeeze, Emily Raines, were extremely distracting. Westin was intent on putting the moves on Emily and coaxing her to bed with him. The couple were on the couch, across the room from where Xander pretended not to watch the seduction.

Westin and Emily made out for a while before Westin made his next move. One hand covered Emily's right breast, outside her T-shirt. He gently rubbed and squeezed as they continued making out. Xander could hear the contented moans of pleasure as Emily enjoyed his brother's attentions. Westin whispered, "Can I take this off?" to his girl.

"What about Xan..." Emily protested as Westin pulled her shirt over her head. Westin immediately kissed a trail from her lips down across her neck, shoulder and onto one of the bra covered breasts. He skillfully unhooked her bra and slipped it off before his lips reached their target, her bronze, quarter sized nipples. All protests about Xander ceased as Westin licked and suckled at her breasts.

Xander took in the sight of two sixteen year-old, perky, nearly perfect female breasts. Xander's dick was rock hard and straining to burst out of his sports shorts. Any pretense of watching TV was gone. Xander stared as he watched his older brother coax Emily into sex that afternoon.

Westin spent time ravishing Emily's breasts before going back to deep kissing. He alternated targets, slowly increasing his stimulation of her so he could entice her into his bed. Westin knew he would reach his goal when Emily dropped a hand down and began rubbing his erection through his board shorts. He slipped one hand down and unbuttoned and unzipped Emily's shorts.

His hand slipped down her belly and slid an inch under her panties. "May I continue?" Westin whispered to his soon-to-be lover.

"Please..." Emily begged. Westin's hand was inside and fingering her slot and hole without hesitation. Xander stared in awe as his brother made it to third base. Xander gawked as his brother fingered Emily with one hand and played with her breasts with the other. Emily's face was flushed and she was panting from the intense stimulation she was receiving.

"May I pull your panties down?" Westin whispered. "I want to eat you."

"Ohh.... God!" Emily snapped as Westin wiggled his finger inside her vagina. No resistance occurred as Westin pulled her panties aside. Xander stared as he watched his brother lick all around Emily's cooch. He decided the girl must shave because she had only a small but full patch of hair above her slot. He had more pubic hair than her and he was two years younger and only sprouted hair a year earlier.

Westin fingered and licked Emily, while he pulled his own shorts and boxers down. Westin continued licking and fingering until she convulsed and shrieked her ecstasy. Xander had seen his brother give orgasms to a number of girls. Emily seemed to be having a great one. Xander wasn't surprised when Westin announced, "Xander, get lost. Emily and I need some privacy."

Xander got up awkwardly, trying to hide his own boner. Westin repositioned Emily on her back on the couch. He split her legs open as he stepped out of his shorts and boxers. He slid in between Emily's wide open legs as Xander shut the door.

Xander paused outside the door for a couple minutes to listen was Westin screwed Emily six ways to Sunday. Finally the pressure in his own cock became too much and he headed upstairs to whack off and relieve his intense pair of blue balls. Xander tried to imagine what it would be like when his own dick was stroking in and out of a girl's cooch. He exploded and spurted come all over his chest before he could quite picture the girl he desired.

Xander was cleaning himself up when his phone rattled, announcing a text. "CAP FLAG ON @ PARK 15 MIN BILLY" He smiled. Billy had texted an hour earlier, announcing that he was going to try to get their gang of friends together for some fun. Xander pulled his shorts and shirt back on. He biked over to the park to enjoy an afternoon of Capture the Flag with his buddies.

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"So, spill the beans," Taylor Wyatt demanded. "How was your first time?"

"Amazing," Morgan Reilly answered. "Alex was so gentle." Alex Masters was her 15 year old, soon-to-be-tenth grader boyfriend. Taylor and Morgan were a grade behind Alex. The girls both finished eighth grade at Cox Middle School two months ago and would move on to Robert S. Granger High School in three weeks.

"Details!" Taylor demanded. "Amazing doesn't begin to cut it. When did you two finally do it? Did it hurt? How long did Alex last? Did you orgasm? Tell me more."

"It was two nights ago," Morgan replied. "Alex's parents went out for the night. We took full advantage of the opportunity."

"Did it hurt?" Taylor asked.

"It pinched a little to start with," Morgan answered. "Alex waited until the pain went away before he got to work. I was surprised at the size of Alex's cock when he pulled down his boxers. I didn't think it would fit inside me. It took Alex a couple minutes but he managed to rip my cherry and force all of it in my belly. I made him rest while I had all his cock inside me until the pain went away."

"Then what?"

"Alex pulled out a little and forced it back in," Morgan explained. "He kept pumping and stroking in and out of me. It felt so amazing to feel his hot dick massaging my insides. After a bit it felt... uh... juicier is probably the best word for it."

"Juicier?" Taylor asked.

"Wetter," Morgan confirmed. "Things slid in and out better. Alex must have screwed me for a good thirty or forty minutes. It was mind blowing."

"Did you come?" Taylor asked.

"Like about three times," Morgan said. She felt a twinge of conscience lying to Taylor. She hated to admit the real story. It hurt like she said when Alex forced his dick into her cooch. He stroked in and out about ten times before grunting and blasting his load of come into the rubber. The whole deal didn't last thirty seconds. The only thing that was true was that it had started to feel really good when things got "juicier" just before Alex ejaculated his load and collapsed on top of her.

"You are so lucky to have a good lover like Alex," Taylor said. "I'll never find anyone like him."

"You need to present yourself better," Morgan answered. "Let your hair grow out so you don't look like a boy. Wear clothes that show you are a girl, not a tom-boy. The guys treat you like one of the guys instead of a girl because you look and act like one of the guys. You're going to have to change if you want to attract a boyfriend."

Taylor phone beeped at an incoming text message. She checked it. "CAP FLAG ON @ PARK 15 MIN BILLY"

"Cool," Taylor remarked as she answered the message. "ON THE WAY TAYLOR"

"Some of our friends are meeting at the park for a game of Capture the Flag," Taylor said. "Why don't you come? It'll be fun?"

“Fun? Getting all hot and dirty running around in the woods,” Morgan replied. “I think I will pass. This is exactly the kind of thing you do that makes the boys think of you as one of the guys instead of as a girl. You’re going to need to change if you ever want to have a boyfriend.”

“The game will be fun,” Taylor insisted.

“I’ll head for home,” Morgan said. “Have fun but remember what I told you.”

Taylor went upstairs and changed out of the loose T-shirt and training bra she was wearing. She put on an old, too small T-shirt she hadn’t worn in over a year. The too tight T-shirt displayed her modest but noticeable breasts. Her nipples stuck out from the T-shirt. She admired the look in the mirror. A boy would have to be an idiot to miss the fact that she was a girl now. Taylor considered her breasts to be her best asset. She was the second biggest girl in her class. Everyone knew Caroline Hill stuffed her bra to get the look she had. Taylor hopped on her bike and rode over to the community park to meet her friends.

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Billy Smith, Jake York, Brian Staley and Dustin Miller were there when Taylor Wyatt arrived at the World War II monument near the north end of the park. Matt Hill, Aaron Jackson and Nick Kenyon arrived next. Xander Ferguson was a half-minute behind them. Ryan Wheeler, Dylan Dobson and Aiden Thomas arrived a couple minutes later.

Billy started breaking the group into two teams. “Aren’t the Sanders twins coming?” Dustin asked.

“Supposed to be coming,” Bill agreed.

“They are always late,” Xander remarked. “Dibs on Chris for my team.”

“Fine,” replied Matt Hill, one of the guys on the other team from Xander.

Xander noticed something different about his friend, Taylor, as the teams were selected. Her shirt was tight and she was clearly showing breasts. He could even make out nipples sticking up in the tight cotton. His cock stirred as he realized his buddy wasn’t just another one of the guys he hung with.

The teams ended up: Billy, Brian, Xander, Aiden, Aaron and Nick on the first team and Jake, Matt Hill, Dustin, Ryan, Dylan and Taylor on the second team.

“We’re shirts and you guys are skins,” Xander announced as he stared directly at Taylor.

“Try again, dickhead,” Taylor retorted. “We’re shirts and you are skins.”

The group laughed at Xander's teasing but accepted Taylor's demand. Chris and Matt Sanders showed up just as the first team stripped off their shirts. "Chris, you're a skin. Matt, you are a shirt," Billy announced.

Each team huddled, picked a leader and made plans for the first round of the game. Billy took charge of the skins team. Matt Hill was the leader of the shirts team. Everyone knew the rules and boundaries. This group with three or four others who were busy today played Capture the Flag in the park two or three times a week. The whole group were thirteen or fourteen and old enough to look after themselves now that they were allowed to travel around town on their own but not so old that they needed to get summer jobs to pay for cars, girlfriends and dates.

The town park was a large farm before it was donated to the town to become a park. The eastern third of the park was a mix of woods and meadows, perfect for a fast paced game of Capture the Flag. Billy's skins took the southern half of the playing field. Matt's shirts took the northern half. Each team hid its flag and picked a spot for the jail.

Matt Hill knew Billy was aggressive, so he made plans to exploit that. He assigned Taylor to sneak across into skins territory and locate their flag. He would keep the rest of his team deployed on defense, ready for the rush of bodies he expected from Billy.

The game unfolded much as Matt Hill foresaw. Taylor managed to sneak into skins territory along the western boundary without getting caught. Everyone except Xander on the skins team made a rush in the middle to try overwhelm the couple defenders expected to guard the flag. Brian, Aaron and then Billy were caught within the first minute or so of the game. Nick and Aiden participated in the rush but managed to get back across into their own territory without being tagged and made prisoner.

Taylor slanted her route off to the northeast and back towards the middle of skins territory to try to find their flag. Instead she passed a hidden Xander while she searched. Xander popped out of cover and chased Taylor. She fled back towards shirts territory, angling away from Xander as she ran. Unfortunately, her route took her straight to Nick, who tagged her easily.

"Xander, take our prisoner back to the jail," Nick announced.

Taylor trudged after Xander as he led her to the skins' jail. They picked a small meadow near the northeastern edge of the park. It was isolated and difficult for the shirts to get to, if they wanted to stage a prison break.

"Might as well have a seat and get comfortable," Xander suggested when they got to the meadow. "It could be a while before your team figures out we're here."

"Yeah, I guess," Taylor agreed.

"You look really good today," Xander commented. "I like your shirt."

"It's just an old one," Taylor replied. "I was wearing a brand new shirt when I got the text about the game. I didn't want to get it dirty."

"This one looks great on you," Xander said. "It really shows... uh... shows..."

"My tits?" Taylor teased. Xander blushed.

"Yeah," he admitted. "You look really good. You aren't wearing a bra this afternoon, are you?"

"No," Taylor said. It was her turn to blush.

"You look good this way," Xander said. "You... um... jiggle when you run. I think it's hot looking."

"Me? Hot?" Taylor asked, incredulous.

"Yes, you... look hot," Xander insisted. "You have the biggest set of... of..."

"Titties?" Taylor interjected. Xander giggled and blushed, nodding his head yes.

"You are way prettier than Catherine Hill," Xander added. "Everyone know she stuffs her bra to look like she does. They're all stiff and stuff. While today you... uh... jiggle."

"Have you been working out, Xander?" Taylor asked. "You look pretty good too."

"Does it show?" Xander asked. "My dad allowed me to start lifting weights after school ended. He decided I was old enough now."

"It does show," Taylor said. "Your pecs are getting defined. I can see ripples between your abs. Working out is really making you look good. Between your gorgeous hair, your handsome face and now your muscled bod, you are going to have to beat the girls away with a stick."

"Me? You're crazy," Xander replied. "I went down in flames the only time I asked a girl for a date."

"When and who?" Taylor asked.

"Erin Peters, the last day of school," Xander said.

"Erin is a fool," Taylor said.

"You must have plenty of boys asking you out," Xander said.

"Not one," Taylor replied. "Never been on a date. Never been kissed."

"I would ask you on a date," Xander said. "As a matter of fact, what are you doing Saturday night? Would you like to go to a movie with me?" His eyes flew open in amazement when he realized what he just said. Normally he stuttered, hemmed and hawed, unable to ask a girl for a date.

"I would like that, Xander," Taylor said. She laughed a bright laugh that charmed and relaxed Xander. "Date – check. Saturday night we can see about the kissing too."

Xander cock stirred at the mention of kissing, particularly kissing Taylor. He thought back to the dozen or so times he had witnessed Westin seducing a girl. "Do we need to wait until Saturday night to kiss? Maybe we could practice this afternoon so we know what we're doing."

Taylor eyed Xander carefully without saying anything. Practice? She had known him since first grade. He was kind and considerate, not at all a bully. He was one of the most handsome boys in their class. She remembered what Morgan said about her and Alex having sex a few days ago. Maybe a little kissing to pass the time until this round of the game was over would be fun.

"OK," Taylor said. "How do want to do this?"

"I guess we can sit beside each other," Xander suggested. He scooted over and sat beside Taylor. They turned their torsos to face each other. Xander carefully leaned in and kissed Taylor on the lips. He repeated the kiss, with a bit more passion. Taylor opened her eyes again and smiled.

"That was nice," Taylor said.

"It was," Xander agreed. He leaned in and kissed her again. They continued, holding their lips together longer each time. Finally Xander slipped his tongue out and licked the outside of Taylor lips. She loosened her lips. The next time, Xander's tongue slipped right into Taylor's mouth. Electricity zapped down both teens' spines as their tongues touched. They broke apart and stared at each other.

"Wow!" both teens mouthed breathlessly. Both joined together again to repeat the deep kiss. Xander had attempted a French kiss with a couple girls last spring but not with the same affect. Xander's dick hardened into a steel rod as he experimented with this new form of kissing. Xander's and Taylor's hands clenched onto their partners, trying to draw them closer.

They engaged in kisses until they were forced to pause for breath. After a brief pause, they locked lips and swirled their tongues together. After a third panting pause for air, Taylor complained, "This hurts my back."

"You could sit on my lap so we don't have to twist around to face each other," Xander suggested. Taylor switched so she was sitting on his lap, facing him. They were kissing again when she noticed the hard lump she was sitting on. They kissed for a couple minutes before parting for air again.

"I can feel your thing," Taylor giggled.

“Thing?” Xander asked blankly.

“You know... your... uh...” Taylor said. She wiggled her butt against the lump. “Your thing.”

“My dick?” Xander croaked. He was afraid she’d freak out at this development. He blushed a deep shade of pink. “I’m sorry. I can’t help it. I’m kissing a pretty girl and... and... well... it just gets hard.”

“Yes... yes it does,” Taylor agreed. She pressed her lips to his and they went back to making out. Xander loved what they were doing. How far would Taylor be willing to go? He decided to test the boundaries. He very gently lowered one hand until it rested on Taylor side. He rubbed the hand up and down, caressing her side, slowly, ever so slowly moving the hand closer to her left breast.

Taylor stiffened when she felt his hand slide around to her front and a thumb and forefinger surround one side of her left tit. It felt nice. Xander squeezed his finger and thumb together, feeling a female breast for the first time. Taylor was nervous but she permitted his gentle exploration to continue.

It took Xander about thirty seconds to fully grasp her left titty with his hand. His hand was bigger than its target, so he used his fingers to feel the titty and then rubbed his thumb across the protruding nipple. Taylor jumped in shock at the intensity of feeling caused by his thumb. She pressed her chest towards his hand, trying to get more stimulation.

Taylor dropped her hands from his shoulders down to his pecs and imitated his actions. She felt Xander jump when she strummed her thumb over his nipples. Who knew boy’s nipples were sensitive too? She continued playing with him as they made out.

When the two paused for breath again, Xander asked, “Could you take off your shirt?” and the same time as Taylor said, “Stop a second so I can take off this shirt.” The two stared into each other’s eyes, paused and laughed. Xander helped Taylor pull the too-small T-shirt off and drop it to the ground.

Xander stared at his first sight of bare female breasts for a few seconds before diving back in. He used both hands to caress and play with her nipples and titties. Xander took a cue from his brother, Westin. He kissed a trail across her cheek until he reached under her ears. He nibbled at her ear lobe and then kissed down her neck and across her chest until he reached her titties. He kissed and licked at her left breast before kissing and sucking on her nipple. He kissed and licked across her chest to the right titty before giving it the same treatment.

Taylor could feel her vagina turn juicy, just like Morgan had described. Her clitoris was tingling as Xander his tongue laved and he kissed her titties. How far could she allow this boy to go? They had reached second base already. That probably should be her limit today.

Xander switched back to deep kissing Taylor after giving her chest his attention for a few minutes. He continued to feel her up as they Frenched. Taylor fidgeted on boner as they kissed. Xander suggested, “Could we lay down? Would that be more comfortable?”

"Maybe," Taylor allowed. She allowed Xander to lower her onto her back. He ended up between her legs. He stretched over her body and went back to kissing. One hand on a titty, the other balancing him so his chest just rubbed against hers without pressing his weight into her. Their natural movements rubbed her hard nipples against his chest, further enflaming both teens.

Taylor was curious about the lump in Xander's lap. She slipped one hand down to feel it. Xander shuddered as her hand rubbed and then clasped his erection through the thin cloth of his shorts. Morgan was right. A boy's dick was huge!

Taylor thought about how big a Tampax was when she inserted one during her period. She had experimented a few times with stuffing a finger inside her vagina too. Both were much smaller than what Xander was sporting between his legs. Taylor felt her insides juicing more as she felt up this boy's dick.

Xander recognized the sign when Taylor felt his boner. He executed the next step on his brother's seduction sequence. He slid his hand down onto Taylor's womanhood. Partly by chance, partly by imitating his brother's actions, Xander's thumb landed directly on Taylor's clitoris. He rubbed her womanhood, his thumb causing exquisite friction on her clitoris. Taylor nearly came from this contact.

"I could do this better if you took off your shorts," Xander suggested.

Taylor's conscious brain screamed, 'No. Too far. We need to stop now!' Shocking herself, she squeaked, "Yes, please do."

Xander crawled off her and sat up between her legs. He undid the button and unzipped her shorts. She raised her butt off the ground to allow the boy to pull her shorts off. He deposited them on the ground beside her shirt. Xander pushed her thin white panties aside as he repositioned his hand on her womanhood again. He slid his fingers up and down her slot while his thumb rested on her clitoris. Taylor was sloppy and dripping with juices. Xander knew from watching Westin that this meant Taylor's body was preparing for sex.

Xander was shocked at how far he had gotten with Taylor. He would have been happy just with making out. Second base was certainly fun. Now he was standing on third base and staring at home. Could he really hit the home run? Would Taylor allow him to fuck her? He followed Westin's seduction plan. He minimized playing with her clitoris for a couple minutes while he played with the rest of her cooch. He tried to steel his nerves for the next step. After a couple minutes he decided he was ready to try.

"Could you take off your panties?" Xander asked politely.

Even though her brain screamed, 'No!' she replied, "Yes." She raised her butt off the ground while Xander pulled her last bit of clothing off her. She was naked and helpless before this boy. She fully expected Xander to drop his own shorts now and try to stick that big dick in her. She was frightened but so lust filled that she couldn't deny him.

Xander bent down, sucked in a big breath and started licking at her slot. To his pleasant surprise, he found he liked the taste of Taylor. He licked enthusiastically, from the hole he found at the bottom of her slot the whole way up to her clitoris. He worked up and down for a minute or so. Taylor used her hands to press his head down and force that wonderful tongue to continue licking. Finally Xander forced his head up.

"Can I finger your hole?" he asked politely.

"Whatever," Taylor gasped. Her clitoris was tingling worse. She expected a massive orgasm to hit her any second. "Do it!"

Xander carefully wormed his index finger into her body. He went back to licking and sucking at her pussy while he finger fucked the girl. Unknown to Taylor, Xander executed the next step in his brother's seduction plan. He used his free hand to slip his own shorts off so he was as naked as Taylor. He increased his finger fucking and licking, finally applying his tongue all around her clitoris.

"Ohh... oooh... ohhh... God!" Taylor gasped. She panted and grunted incoherently as Xander brought her to climax. "OOOooooohhhhHHHH... CHRIST!" she shrieked as her body exploded into orgasm. Xander felt her pussy walls clench the invading finger. He stopped licking her, as he had seen his brother do before. He sat back and watched as she climaxed, his finger embedded in her pussy the only connection. After about thirty seconds of pure pleasure, the feeling subsided.

Xander kept his finger inside Taylor as she recovered. He stretched his body over hers again, propping himself up on one elbow. "Did you enjoy that?" Xander asked.

"That was amazing," Taylor gasped. "Thank you." He leaned down and they engaged in deep kisses again. Xander kept one finger inside her hole while they kissed. He allowed his torso to drop down and rest against Taylor's slot. His dick fit snugly between the folds of her labia. He hunched his hips back and forth, picking up lubrication from her secretions.

Xander was winging it now. Westin always had thrown him out of the family room before Westin fucked his girlfriend.

"Do you want more?" Xander asked.

"More?" Taylor asked. Her brain, high on the endorphins released during her orgasm, made no complaint. Her body? It craved more of this. "Yes, please."

He sawed his dick up and down her dripping slot as he finger fucked Taylor with his index finger. After about ten seconds, he dipped his hips low and grasped his erection with the remaining fingers not stuffed in her pussy. He guided his dick forward until the tip rested beside the finger in her hole. He gave her a couple more finger fucks, wiggled the finger and then withdrew it.

Taylor stared into Xander's eyes as she felt the finger pull out. She assumed he replaced his finger with his thumb, because whatever it was now, was larger than the finger. She smiled as he pushed in deeper. He thrust again, burying another inch into Taylor's belly. She slid her hands down his back. To her surprise, she found bare butt cheeks. When had Xander gotten naked?

Xander hunched his butt again, forcing another inch of dick into his lover. He was surprised. He had expected to hit her hymen by now but nothing obstructed his penetration except the tightness of her pussy. Taylor finally felt a twinge of pain briefly as his thrusts stretched what little hymen she had to shreds.

Taylor stared up at Xander, the man who took her virginity. Her brain screamed, 'He shouldn't do this! Make him pull out!' Her animal was in control, not her consciousness. That dick was exactly where it was supposed to be and she wanted more of it and now!

"Are you OK?" Xander asked.

"Keep going," Taylor answered, giving him a strained smile. Xander thrust hard, bumping his pubic bone against hers as he bottomed out. He held his dick in place without moving as he observed Taylor's reaction.

Half an hour ago she was complaining she had never been kissed. Now she had been kissed, deep kissed, had a guy feel her titties, had her pussy eaten and now was fucking. How had all this happened so quickly? She gave Xander another smile. "Go ahead. This feels nice."

Xander began stroking his dick in and out of Taylor pussy, slowly at first but slowly gaining confidence and pace. Soon he was fucking her to 2/4 time. He knew because the beat from this one song with a heavy baseline stuck in his head as he thrust, stroked and humped into his lover.

Xander and Taylor were fortunate that this fuck would culminate in Xander's third come for the day. He had wacked off once when he showered in the morning. He came again less than an hour ago when Westin fucked Emily. He lasted far longer than any first timer should last. He probably screwed Taylor for about five minutes before his balls pulled tight and his own orgasm exploded. His dick pumped spurt after spurt of semen and sperm into his lover's vagina.

Taylor felt his dick swell and explode when he orgasmed. She counted the pulses as it seeded her with his come. She counted six strong pulses before it slowed. Vaguely, her conscious brain tried to warn her this was bad, but the animal instinct that drove both teens was firmly in control.

Xander slumped onto Taylor's body, spent by his orgasm and his exertions. Taylor enjoyed the feeling of the boy pinning her down. Taylor, at 5'-3" and 105 pounds was nearly the same size as Xander, who was 5'-4 1/2" and 102 pounds. Taylor hugged Xander to her body as the two recovered from sex and enjoyed the physical intimacy that went with sex.

Finally Xander climbed off Taylor. He sported an erection again. The perpetually horny teen had gotten hard while the couple shared the intimate afterglow from their intercourse. It shimmered in the afternoon sun from the lubrication and come that coated it.

The two heard some yelling in the distance. Some of the guys were running this way. Xander had his shorts back on in two seconds. He handed pieces of clothing to Taylor as she dressed. Matt Hill raced into the meadow carrying the skins' flag just as Taylor pulled her shirt down. He dodged a tag attempt by Xander. He managed to tag Taylor and evade Xander's second tag attempt. The two raced for home territory pursued by Aiden, Nick and Xander.

Lovers a few minutes earlier, the two teens were back to normal, just playing games with their friends as teens do. The group managed two more rounds of Capture the Flag before it was time for everyone to head home for dinner.

"Are we still on for the date on Saturday night?" Taylor asked as everyone was leaving for home. They were the last two at the monument in the park.

"Hell yeah," Xander agreed. "Maybe more of the other thing too."

"I would like that," Taylor agreed. They exchanged a deep kiss before parting.

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After dinner Xander stopped by Westin's room to talk. "I know I get on your nerves sometimes but I want to thank you for being a good big brother. I owe you big time for everything I've learned from you."

"Learned from me?" Westin asked blankly.

"Well, about girls for one thing," Xander explained. "Thanks for allowing me to watch you talk a girl into bed. Your technique worked to perfection."

"My technique?" Westin asked.

"I followed what you do when you are trying to coax a girl into bed with you," Xander explained. "I got laid for the first time today."

"Little brother got laid?" Westin asked. "Good for you. What type of protection did you use?"

"Protection?" Xander asked.

"Duh! A rubber," Westin said. "That thing that keeps you from knocking up your girlfriend."

"Knocking up?" Xander asked. His face drained. "I never saw you using rubbers."

"I almost always use rubbers," Westin replied. "I always throw you out of the room before we get it on."

"But two weeks ago," Xander stammered.

"Two weeks ago?" Westin asked. "Were you spying on us?"

Xander gulped hard. "Yes. You didn't use a rubber when I watched you do Emily then."

"It was the day after she finished her period," Westin explained. "The chances of knocking her up then are nearly zero. Do you know when your girl will have her period?"

"Um... no," Xander admitted.

"So you fucked this girl without protection, completely disregarding the chances of her getting knocked up?" Westin said.

"Yeah... I guess so," Xander agreed. "What do I do now?"

"Talk with the girl," Westin said. "Find out when she had her last period."

"What will that tell us?" Xander asked.

"Two weeks before her next period is due is when she is most likely fertile," Westin explained. "Girl's periods can be a little irregular but generally that means two weeks after her last period is a bad time to skip birth control. Generally you give yourself at least a week on either side of the line for safety."

"So what if we did it at the wrong time of month?" Xander pleaded.

"I guess the morning after pill," Westin suggested. "It is meant for mistakes like this one."

"I'm just a kid," Xander protested. "Can I get that?"

"Google the information, bro," Westin said. "I aim to be safe every time. I've never had a girl need the morning after pill."

"OK," Xander said dejectedly. He went back to his room and Googled pregnancy and the morning after pill. He had no idea if the information was good or bad. He needed more information from Taylor. He texted her and asked her to meet at the monument in the park. She texted back that she would see him in fifteen minutes. Xander let his parents know where he was going and took off to meet Taylor.

She was waiting at the monument when he arrived. She gave him an enthusiastic kiss with plenty of tongue to greet her lover.

"We may have a problem," Xander said. "Are you on birth control?"

"Birth control?" Taylor said. "I'm just a kid."

"Who has periods, I assume," Xander said. "When was your last period?"

"It finished the twelfth," Taylor answered.

"The beginning?"

"It started on the eighth," Taylor answered. The current day was August 22nd. It didn't take Xander long to do the math. Fourteen. That was not a good number.

"When do you expect your next period?"

"Um... around the 5th of September," Taylor answered. "Sometimes they vary by a few days."

"I'm am sorry," Xander apologized. "We are screwed."

"I know," Taylor teased. "It was fun."

"No, you don't get it," Xander said. "We had sex. I shot my sperm in your belly. You very likely are fertile right now. I may have gotten you pregnant today."

"I'm too young to be pregnant," Taylor said. "I'm not even fourteen yet."

"You know about Haley Freeman, don't you?"

"The kids passed around this nasty rumor that she was pregnant last spring," Taylor said. "Kids can be really cruel."

"I am know Caleb Fletcher," Xander said. "He is the one who got her pregnant."

"She isn't pregnant now," Taylor protested.

"Because Caleb had to pay for her abortion," Xander said. "I am sorry for being so careless. I never thought about protection. Everything felt so good I just couldn't stop."

"I knew in my head I should make you stop, but I couldn't," Taylor agreed. "It just felt so damned good I couldn't allow you to stop. How bad is the chance I am pregnant?"

"I came in you almost exactly two weeks before your next period," Xander said. "The internet says that is the worst possible time for us to do what we did. It might be a 30-50% chance that you get pregnant."

"50%?" Taylor gasped. "Now what?"

"My brother suggested we get you the morning after pill?"

"When? Where?" Taylor asked.

"I guess the morning after we fucked," Xander said. "Can you meet me here at 9:00 AM tomorrow? I will find out where we can get the pill in the meantime."

"9:00 AM, OK," Taylor agreed.

Chapter 2

Xander went home and Googled pregnancy and the morning after pill. He found most any pharmacy would sell it. Taylor wouldn't need a doctor's prescription to get the emergency pill. He found out that chances of preventing pregnancy was nearly 90%. That was encouraging. Unfortunately, the pill wouldn't do any good if his sperm had fertilized a mature egg in Taylor's belly. If the sperm found and fertilized an egg before she took the pill, they were royally fucked.

Taylor did similar searches online at her house. She found similar information. Taylor found a list of symptoms that indicated a female was fertile. She checked what she could of the ten symptoms. Two fingers up her vagina found her cervix high and soft like an ear lobe instead of low and tight like her nose. The mucus in her cervix was clear, slippery and stringy like egg whites. She had tender breasts.

She definitely was horny, but that wasn't conclusive. She had loved screwing and wanted more of that fun. Taylor did feel a little bloated. She hadn't noticed a pain in her side, nausea or any spots of blood. She met five of the ten symptoms and couldn't judge two more.

Both teens tossed and turned before they finally fell asleep. Sometime after midnight Taylor woke with a sharp pain in her left side that subsided quickly. She fell asleep again without really remembering the pain.

While the no longer innocent teen slept her body did its work. The pain was a mature egg breaking loose from her left ovary. The egg floated down her fallopian tube for its rendezvous with Xander's sperm.

Xander may have been an immature young teen barely starting puberty. His sperm on the other hand, was mature and fully ready to fulfill their purpose. They were capable of swimming through Taylor's cervix, up her uterus and the flooding both fallopian tubes with millions of sperm. The sperm and egg met somewhere in her left tube. Sperm after sperm tried to burrow into the tough coating around her egg, without success. Finally one broke through. The egg sucked the contents of the spermatozoa into the egg and merged half of Xander's DNA with half of Taylor's DNA inside the cell.

Fertilized, the cell was a zygote and a potential life. The hair like cilia pushed the fertilized egg down her fallopian tube towards her uterus. The zygote split repeatedly as it journeyed down her fallopian tube. The only remaining question was whether the zygote would embed in Taylor's uterus and become a viable person or was defective and wouldn't implant. The remnants would be flushed from her body in a few days.

-----oooOooo-----

Xander and Taylor met at the monument the next morning at 9:00 AM. They rode their bikes to the nearest pharmacy. They searched the aisles, finding only the contraceptives rack. Xander noted where

it was. He would be needing to visit there one of these days. He had no interest in going through a pregnancy scare again. Finally the two teens went up to the front desk and asked for help.

"We can't find... uh..." Xander stuttered to the older lady minding the cash register.

"Contraceptives, aisle 7," she offered helpfully. Xander blushed crimson.

"Actually we need the morning after pill," Taylor said.

"Oh..." the lady said. "Young man, remember where the contraceptives are for the next time. We keep the morning after pill behind the counter. I will get it for you."

She returned a minute later with the box containing the pill. Xander paid for the drug. The lady offered, "Remember, if things don't work out, you can go to the local woman's clinic for help. Good luck you two."

"Thank you for your help," Xander replied, politely. Taylor echoed his thanks. The two went outside and ripped the box open. They read the directions carefully. It seemed simple enough. Taylor took the pill. Everything else was up to fate.

"What do you want to do now?" Taylor asked.

"We could go over and hang out at the park," Xander suggested.

"We could ride over to my house," Taylor added. "Nobody is home."

"Um... OK," Xander agreed. He followed Taylor home. She took him upstairs to her bedroom. The teens sat down on her bed.

"I want to apologize for what I did yesterday," Xander said. "I shouldn't have tried to seduce you into sex. I don't know if we were ready for what we did."

"I knew what you were doing, Xander," Taylor replied. "My brain kept telling me to make you stop. I didn't want to stop. I am at fault too. I read up online last night. I have five of ten of the symptoms of a fertile female. One of the biggest ones is the being fertile makes a girl horny."

"You get horny too?" Xander asked. "I seem to be perpetually horny."

"I think that goes with being a teen-aged boy," Taylor teased.

"Still, I'm sorry for seducing you into sex," Xander aid. "I should have respected you more."

"Don't beat yourself up," Taylor replied. "I could have said no and didn't. I wanted to do what you did with me. About an hour before we did the deed, I had a long heart-to-heart talk with a girlfriend. She

and her boyfriend just had sex and she told me all about how great it was. I was primed to want what we did before you ever laid eyes on me yesterday.”

“I know that feeling,” Xander said. “I watched my brother seduce his girlfriend, right up until he kicked me out just before he stuck his dick in her pussy. I was horny as hell yesterday.”

“The animal instinct in us was running things yesterday,” Taylor said. “You’re a guy programmed to get females pregnant. I’m was a fertile girl looking for a hunky guy to fuck me and get me pregnant. Mother Nature was running things yesterday.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” Xander allowed.

“Where did you learn to do all those things you did?” Taylor asked.

“My big brother,” Xander answered. “He gets carried away with his girlfriend and typically doesn’t throw me out of the family room until he is ready to ram his dick in his girl’s pussy. I have seen him seduce girls a dozen times. They all seem to enjoy what he does to them too.”

“I certainly enjoyed, what you did,” Taylor said. “I wouldn’t mind doing it again.”

“I can’t argue with your there,” Xander agreed. “I’d love to do it again.”

“So, what’s stopping us?”

“Um... you might get pregnant?” Xander offered.

“I might already be pregnant,” Taylor answered. “If I am, screwing now can’t hurt anything. You can’t make me more pregnant. If I am not pregnant, I have the day after pill to protect us.”

“I don’t know, Taylor,” Xander responded. “I don’t think that us doing it again and me dumping more sperm into your belly is the best way to protect you.”

Taylor face fell. “You’re probably right. We would be safer if you didn’t dump more sperm in me.” The two were quiet for a moment.

“I could ride back to the pharmacy and pick up rubbers,” Xander offered. “I know where they are now.”

“You could do that, couldn’t you,” Taylor agreed. She gave Xander a big smile. “What are you standing around her for? Get the rubbers and let’s get busy having our fun.”

“I’ll be back in fifteen minutes,” Xander said as he bolted for the door. He raced over to the pharmacy and headed for Aisle 7, where the contraceptives were displayed. He had noted the rubbers were there during the earlier visit but hadn’t really looked over the display. He was shocked to find probably about

twenty-five different types and styles of rubber on display. After reading about half a dozen, he just grabbed one of the boxes holding a dozen rubbers.

Xander took his merchandise to the front counter. The older lady who waited on him and Taylor was still manning the cash register. She gave him a smile as he handed her the boxes of rubbers.

"It is a wise man who takes proper precautions," the lady said. She looked at the box and frowned. "How do I ask this delicately? You're a young man, not fully grown, correct?"

"Yes," Xander agreed.

"Your... uh... endowment probably isn't the size of a full grown man yet, is it?" she asked. Xander blushed but nodded his head in agreement. "Claire, could you man the register for a couple minutes. Let's find you something suitable to your body size."

Xander followed the lady back to aisle 7. She put his box of condoms back on the shelf and looked over the display. She found a box of a dozen marked slim fit. "These would be more suitable to you. It is critical that you have a snug fit on your... uh... endowment so the condom doesn't pull off while you have intercourse with your girlfriend."

"OK, thanks for your help," Xander said. She took him back up front so he could pay for the rubbers. The saleslady asked, "Was yesterday your first time?"

"Um... yeah," Xander admitted.

"This all new, fresh and extremely exciting," the lady said. "Give your girlfriend a break and pace yourselves. You don't want to get carried away and do this so often you make her sore down there."

"I'll try to remember that," Xander promised. "Thank you for your help."

He raced back to Taylor house on his bike. Taylor met him at the front door wearing a bath robe. The sight of her in only the robe made his dick go from semi-hard to painfully erect almost instantly. Taylor led Xander upstairs to her bedroom. She dropped the robe to the floor.

"Let's get you undressed so I am not the only naked person here," Taylor said. She helped him pull off this T-shirt. She tried to tease and caress his nipples while he tried to pull down his shorts. They ended up tangled together. Taylor then pulled Xander's shorts off, revealing his 4 ½ inch, steely hard dick.

"May I touch it?" Taylor asked. Xander smiled and nodded his approval. She grasped his dick with her thumb and fingers, stroking them up and down a little. "It's hard and..."

"It's called a boner for a reason," Xander said.

"And yet it's soft outside," Taylor continued. "It's really warm too."

"Mmm... yeah," Xander agreed contentedly. Having someone else stroke your rod was nicer than doing it yourself. Taylor wrapped the rest of her fingers around his dick and stroked it harder.

"OW! Easy! Too hard," Xander gasped.

"I should have realized you would be sensitive there," Taylor responded.

"It's OK."

"No, I should have known," Taylor insisted. "You seemed to know instinctively that I was sensitive down there, especially around my clitoris. You used exactly the right amount of pressure to send me into orbit yesterday."

"Beginner's luck and me following my brother's example," Xander said. "Why don't we lay down and kiss for a bit?"

"We can," Taylor agreed. She let go of his dick and climbed into bed. Xander laid down beside her, facing Taylor. They kissed, experimentally at first and then with tongue engaged. Xander's weight rolled Taylor onto her back. Taylor draped his body on top of hers to reach that luscious mouth. Her hard nipples pressed into the sensitive skin of his chest, further enflaming his desire.

The two teens made out for about five minutes when Taylor stopped the kissing. "I want to feel you stuff me again with that big dick of yours."

"Now?" Xander asked, surprised that she proposed intercourse at all, much less this quickly. "My brother and his girlfriends usually spend more time making out and playing before they get to the deed. Are you sure you are ready?"

"You are hard," Taylor said. "I want to feel you stuffing me full like yesterday. Why wait?"

"OK, let me get the rubber," Xander said. He hopped out of bed and tore open the box of slim fit condoms. He pulled out a foil packet and sat down on the bed beside Taylor. He tore the packet open and pulled out the latex ring. He stared at it for a few moments, clueless about what came next.

"What's wrong?" Taylor asked.

"I'm not sure how to put this on," Xander said. "They didn't teach this in Health class last year. Westin says they teach boys how to put a rubber on a banana in tenth grade Health class."

"Does the box have directions?" Taylor asked. Xander handed his girl the box of condoms. She read for a moment.

“Put the rubber right on the end of your dick,” Taylor instructed. Xander did as instructed. “Roll the condom down the shaft of your dick.”

He tried to unroll it, but it wouldn’t budge. “Is it upside down?” Taylor asked.

“I don’t know,” Xander replied. He turned the latex ring over and tried again. This time, the rubber unrolled, sheathing his dick with latex. He unrolled it until he reached the root of his dick. The rubber felt funny, hugging tight to his dick, just like the saleslady at the pharmacy said it should.

“OK, I’m ready,” Xander announced. Taylor lay on her back and spread her legs wide open to receive Xander. He got in position and swiped a finger down her slot. To his surprise, her folds of skin were only slightly damp. He tried to press his finger into her hole to guide his dick.

“Ow!” Taylor protested. “Don’t press so hard.”

“You aren’t wet and slick like yesterday,” Xander replied. “We are doing something wrong.”

“What?” Taylor asked.

“I don’t know,” Xander replied. “How about if I lick your pussy like yesterday. That will get you wetter.”

“OK, that felt really great when you did it yesterday,” Taylor agreed. Xander leaned down and began licking up and down Taylor’s slot. He continued pressing and rubbing his finger around the opening of her hole. Xander licked and teased around her pussy, bringing that wonderful tingle back like yesterday. She pressed her hands down on Xander’s head as he licked.

He found her bump again and began licking around it too. Taylor’s body had to be releasing juices because now she was much wetter than just the saliva his tongue laid down. Xander was able to work his finger into her hole. He began to finger fuck Taylor as his licking produced tingles and then quivers as her body prepared for climax.

Xander knew he was doing it right from Taylor’s moans and how juicy she was getting. He continued licking and started teasing and the licking directly on her bump. About thirty seconds was all Taylor could stand.

“ooooOOOOHHH...” Taylor gasped in a rising wail. Her orgasm flushed through her body. “FUCK!”

Xander sat up and watched his girl enjoy the throes of her climax. His finger was still embedded in her pussy, which clenched and tugged on the invader. Wouldn’t it feel really cool if that was his dick? Xander imagined.

Taylor calmed down after fifteen or twenty seconds. Xander crawled over her, propping himself up on one elbow as he stared into Taylor’s eyes. She smiled back.

"Now you are ready to fuck," Xander declared.

"You're damned right I am," Taylor agreed. "Do it. Do it now!"

Xander slipped a hand between her bodies. He felt down her slot until he located her hole. He hunched his hips and brought his dick closer to its target. His hand guided it home. His latex sheathed dickhead rested against Taylor's tight opening.

"You ready?" he asked. She grinned and nodded yes. Xander hunched his hips forward and forced his dick up inside his lover. It took three or four thrusts before his pubic bone bounced against Taylor's.

"Are you OK?"

"I am great," Taylor replied. "Stuffed full and loving every inch of it."

"I'll start moving," Xander replied. He started stroking his dick in and out of his girl. He fell into a comfortable rhythm quickly. Taylor started pressing back as he stroked his dick in and out, furthering the pleasure for both teens. Fucking with a rubber felt less stimulating than when they did it without protection yesterday. Still it felt nice. The comfort of knowing you weren't going to get your partner pregnant made the rubber tolerable.

Xander felt the first tingle of his orgasm after about two minutes of fucking. He slowed his pace and tried to will himself to hold off. After half a minute he went back to a faster pace. He needed to back off twice more before the need to ejaculate overcame him.

Xander grunted as he hunched his hips hard into his lover one more time and froze. Xander's dick belched out semen and sperm, filling the end of the rubber. Taylor felt the throb from his cock but missed the warm, juiciness that announced his orgasm yesterday. She felt the same as Xander. The rubber was bearable but not ideal. Skin on skin had been more fun.

Xander collapsed when his dick was spent. Taylor held him and caressed his sides as he recovered from his orgasm.

"That was nice," Taylor purred to her lover.

"It was," Xander agreed.

"You were right about me not being ready," Taylor remarked. "You know so much more about sex than me."

"I don't know that much," Xander answered. "I just know what works for my brother. Making all this work yesterday and today's is really beginner's luck. I'd love to know more about having sex so I can make it fun for both of us." Xander giggled. "I wonder what we might learn if we Goggled 'sexual intercourse'. It might be real interesting."

"I can't," Taylor said. "My parents check my history regularly. Anyway, the 'Kids Safe' monitor program would block a search like that." Xander laughed.

"Kids Safe? I can beat that," he bragged. "I can clean up your history too. Your parents will never know where we've been browsing."

"Really?"

"Sure, let me show you," Xander said. He stood up on his knees and pulled his dick out of Taylor. The horny fourteen-year-old was still hard after coming. Taylor's tight pussy still tried to pull the rubber of as he withdrew. He managed to grab the ring of latex and slide out without spilling anything.

"That was close," Xander said as he held the rubber onto his dick. A couple inches of rubber, containing all his sperm, drooped off the end of his dick.

"What?" Taylor asked.

"It almost slipped off when I pulled out," Xander explained.

"Let's be careful," Taylor said. She reached for a tissue as Xander pulled the rest of the rubber off his dick. She wrapped it in the tissue and tossed it in her waste can. Xander hopped out of bed and followed Taylor over to her computer. She pulled another chair over for Xander.

The two teens plopped down in front of her computer bare-assed naked as the day they were born. Taylor fired up her computer and logged on.

"Let me have the controls," Xander said. She slid the keyboard and mouse over to him. She couldn't follow all of what he did as he brought up the settings in her computer and went to work. He rebooted. To her surprise, there was a new login icon, titled "FoxyLady." Xander clicked on it and typed in a password. A clean Windows 7 desktop appeared.

Taylor was surprised to see her background picture and icons gone from the screen. "What did you do?"

"I created a new user with administrative rights," Xander explained. "Kids Safe doesn't know about FoxyLady and won't block any website we want to search. The admin rights will allow me to clear your browser history and hide where we go."

"You really know a lot about computers," Taylor said. "I never knew that."

"It's a hobby I enjoy," Xander said. Taylor gave Xander a kiss on the cheek.

"I am glad you know computers so well," she added. "What do we want to search for first?"

Googling “sexual intercourse” led to sites about your first time, sexual positions, pregnancy chances, birth control and more. The two teens spent over an hour browsing and learning more about human sexuality than they knew was possible. They found their way to sites with photos of adult and older teen couples screwing. They even found pictures of two guys fucking one girl, a dick in each hole.

“I can’t believe people really do that,” Taylor gasped when she saw the picture.

“People can be really kinky,” Xander answered. He tried to remember the one search he had done a few days earlier. Finally he remembered and showed Taylor just how shocking humans could be. The site showed “furry” videos. He clicked on one he watched previously. The images were fuzzy but you could make out a lady rubbing her dog’s belly until it’s penis popped out and grew to a full sized doggy erection. The lady sat down on the dog’s dick and began bouncing up and down.

“Oh... my... God!” Taylor gasped. “She is fucking her dog!”

“People can be kinky can’t they?”

“I never... ever would have imagined that was possible or that people actually do it,” Taylor said. “Turn it off. I’ve seen too much. Don’t you have any more normal videos?”

“We can search,” Xander replied. He soon found more conventional sex video sites. They watched as couples fucked each other. They browsed more sites, fascinated by what they found. The sound of two phones buzzing brought them back to reality.

Both teens received the same text. “CAP FLAG 3PM? BILLY”

“You up for it?” Taylor asked.

“I am if you are,” Xander agreed. “Maybe one of us can be jailor and the other the prisoner when we play.”

“You have a dirty mind,” Taylor replied. “I like it.” Both teens texted Billy to report they were in for the game later in the afternoon. They noticed it was after 12:30.

“Do you want some lunch?” Taylor asked. “I need you to keep up your strength if you are going show me what you learned on-line this afternoon before the Capture the Flag game.”

“Sure, that sounds good,” Xander agreed. They pulled on their clothes and went downstairs. Taylor made her lover a sandwich and heated soup in the microwave. They gobbled down the food and finished it off with a slice of cake for each. They teens raced back to Taylor’s bedroom to practice the skills they had Googled in the morning.

The biggest thing they learned was foreplay. Xander's brother Westin was dead right about that. The more foreplay the better for both partners. They stripped down again and hopped into bed. They made out for fifteen or twenty minutes before graduating to Xander playing with Taylor's breasts and Taylor playing with Xander's pecs and nipples. Xander fingered Taylor to one orgasm and then ate her out for a second.

Taylor's pussy was drenched and dripping when Xander finally impaled her on his latex covered rod. He thrust and stroked away lustily. He had come once in the shower in the morning and again when he fucked Taylor before lunch. He had uncommon staying power for a young, inexperienced lover.

Taylor loved every stroke of the pounding he was giving her. After about five minutes she felt her clitoris tingle. Xander was rubbing it often as he stroked in and out. After a couple more minutes of stimulation, Taylor shrieked and clasped her lover as another orgasm swept over her. Xander felt her pussy clench and milk at his boner. He was getting tired but wasn't real close to coming. He continued pounding into his lover for a few more minutes before he finally blasted a load of semen and sperm into his rubber. He collapsed on top of Taylor, sweaty and panting from his exertions.

Taylor hugged the tired boy to her sweaty body. She plastered his face with little kisses to thank him for the amazing time he had given her. She realized sex was a drug and she was addicted for life. Xander finally regained awareness and returned her kisses. They couple rolled to their sides, still connected by Xander's nearly perpetual hard-on.

Xander remembered the one website that counseled the man to cuddle and hold his girl after sex was finished. He was quite contented to stay exactly where he was holding and kissing Taylor. She was equally delighted at the connection to her lover.

"Who knew that sex was this much fun?" Taylor asked.

"Grown-ups," Xander answered. "If they told us, they would never, ever get us out of bed."

"That's for sure," Taylor agreed. "Do we really need to go over and play capture the flag this afternoon? My parents don't get home until after five. We could probably do it another time or two, if you wanted."

"We probably should go join our friends," Xander said. "What would they think if both of us blew off the game?"

"Probably something scandalous, like you and I are having sex," Taylor responded.

"But we are having sex," Xander said.

"They don't need to know that," Taylor said. "I guess I answered my own question. We need to go over to the park and join our friends so they don't get the right idea about us."

"Yeah, I think so," Xander replied.

Xander's erection finally wilted. Both teens heard the plop as his dick slipped out of Taylor's pussy. She felt liquid running down into her ass crack and down her leg immediately.

"Are you still wearing the rubber?" Taylor asked, beginning to panic. Xander rolled on his back, revealing a semi-turgid dick mostly covered by a slimy rubber holding his semen and sperm.

"I got it," Xander said as he stared down his torso. Relaxing again, Taylor handed Xander a tissue. He pulled the slimy rubber off and wrapped it in the tissue. He shot and hit the wastebasket, making a thunk as it hit the metal bottom of the can.

"What is going to happen if the pill I took this morning doesn't work?" Taylor asked.

"It will work," Xander replied. "It works 90% of the time. Those are great odds."

"But if it doesn't?" Taylor asked again. "What happens if I get pregnant?"

"You won't," Xander promised. "If the worst happens, you can do like Haley Freeman and get an abortion. I have some money saved. I could pay for it."

"I can't do that," Taylor said. "My family believes abortion is wrong."

"OK," Xander said. "I guess our choices will be adoption or we keep the baby. Would your parents help you raise it?"

"Would yours?" Taylor asked.

"Probably, I don't know for sure," Xander answered. "Whatever happens, I will be there beside you through all of this."

"You promise?" Taylor asked.

Xander made the Boy Scout sign and answered, "I promise on my honor as a Scout."

"You wouldn't deny all this happened and abandon me?"

"What kind of friend would I be if I did that?" Xander asked. "Any way, what would be the point? Nine months from now if a baby is born, they will do a test and confirm that I am the father. Why lie about it? Anyway, I swore I would not be like my own father. I will be there for my kids."

"What do you mean?" Taylor asked. "I just saw you with your dad a couple days ago."

“Stephen Freeman is my step- and adoptive father,” Xander explained. “My real father divorced my mother when I was three or four. I haven’t seen him in ten years.”

“I had no idea,” Taylor said.

“I don’t like to talk about him very much,” Xander said.

“What’s is your real name?” Taylor asked.

“Xander Ferguson is my real name,” Xander replied. “The adoption changed my name from my birth name, Xander Andrews. Stephen Ferguson married Mom just before I started kindergarten. He adopted Westin and me right after the marriage.”

“Ferguson is the only name I ever remember hearing,” Taylor said. “We were in kindergarten together. Why didn’t Mrs. Hammond call you Xander Andrews when school started?”

“Adoption papers were already filed,” Xander explained. “Mom and Dad insisted that the school use my new name rather than my old name when I started. I wasn’t officially a Ferguson until almost Christmas that year.”

“I never knew any of this,” Taylor said. “It is quite a story.”

“I don’t like to talk about it much,” Xander said. “I am glad that you know. I promise, if I got you pregnant from yesterday, I will be with you through everything. I’m only fourteen and don’t have much, but I will do everything I can to help.”

“I can’t ask for more,” Taylor said. She glanced over at her alarm clock. It read 2:44 PM. “I guess we better get dressed and head over to the park.”

“Yeah, I guess so,” Xander agreed. “Why don’t I leave now and you follow a few minutes later. I don’t want any of the guys to realize we spent the day together in your bedroom. You know what they’ll think.”

“That we did exactly what we did,” Taylor teased. “We screwed each other’s brains out. It felt great too.”

“True, but not something they need to know,” Xander said as he pulled on his shirt. Taylor dressed but put on another small T-shirt, like yesterday’s. She skipped her training bra too.

“You’re going to make me perpetually horny,” Xander said as he pulled his shoes on.

“Who taught me sex is fun?” Taylor retorted. “You unleashed a huge need in me and now you are going to have to satisfy this need.”

“God, I’ll go broke buying rubbers or die from exhaustion,” Xander replied. “I’ll see you at the park.”

“What a way to go,” Taylor added. “Maybe you can be my jailor again.”

“Oh God help me,” Xander laughed as he left. He biked over to the park by a circuitous route so his friends wouldn’t know he was coming from the direction of Taylor’s house. The gang was gathering. Mike Davis, Jaden Ross and Drew McKeown made it today. The Sanders twins and Nick Kenyon were busy that afternoon.

The group divided up into teams. Xander didn’t comment but smiled silently to Taylor when they ended up on opposite teams again. She pointed towards the side of the field where they made love yesterday afternoon. Xander nodded in agreement. Matt, Jake, Dustin, Ryan, Billy and Drew ended up on Xander’s team. Brian, Taylor, Aaron, Dylan, Mike, Jaden and Aiden made up the other team. No one joked about making Taylor’s team the skins today. Matt’s team stripped their shirts off and piled them at the WWII monument. The teams separated to hide their flags and make plans.

Xander volunteered to guard the jail as Matt handed out assignments. On the opposite side of the field, Taylor volunteered to scout for the skins’ flag to start the game. The game started slower than the previous day. Billy’s all-out attack plan was nixed. Xander stayed towards the east end of their territory watching for Taylor to make her move.

“Hey Xander,” Taylor called quietly. “Over here.” He turned suddenly, shocked to see her behind him. “I’m your prisoner. Take me to jail and have your way with me.”

“We have to make this look good,” Xander whispered back. “Hey everyone! I got one over here!” Taylor took off running for her territory, closely followed by Xander. She tripped about half way to safety. Xander tagged her as Drew and Ryan ran to help with the capture.

“Take her off to jail, Xander,” Ryan said. “We’ll cover this end of the field now.”

“Let’s go, prisoner,” Xander said as he helped Taylor up off the ground. The two hurried back to the meadow.

“Come here, lover,” Taylor said as soon as they settled. The couple embraced and began making out, standing. Soon they settled to the ground, sitting and then laying side by side. Taylor pulled her too-tight T-shirt off after a couple minutes. Xander took full advantage of her exposed breasts. After a minute or so, Taylor suggested they drop with shorts. The naked girl lay on her back while her lover sprawled in the grass between her legs.

Xander licked, sucked and finger fucked her until she came again. Five orgasms in a single day blew Taylor away. She never had experienced anything so sweet. “Get the rubber, lover. I need you to fill me again.”

"Can do," Xander agreed. He found one of the rubbers, tore the packet open and unrolled the sheath of latex over his dick. "Ready?"

"Oh, yeah!" Taylor agreed. "Stick it in and fuck me good." Xander did exactly that. He clambered over Taylor and notched his dick at her hole. The hard thrust buried his teen dick fully into her pussy. He started stroking and thrusting, trying to deliver as much pleasure to her as she was giving him.

Billy was suspicious of the quiet back towards the jail. He and Drew went back to check out Xander, to make sure he had his prisoner properly guarded. They were at the edge of the woods when they spotted the two about fifty feet away in the meadow. Their backs were to Billy and Drew.

"Holy shit!" Drew whispered.

"I don't fucking believe this," Billy added quietly.

"Are they really... uh... you know... doing it?" Drew asked. Drew was one of the youngest kids in the group. His thirteenth birthday was a week away and he had just finished seventh grade in the spring.

"They are both naked," Billy said. "He is on top of the girl and his butt is pumping up and down. Yeah, I would say they are really fucking."

"We better go before we get caught," Drew said.

"Wait, I've never seen this for real before," Billy said.

"I haven't either," Drew agreed. They two stared as Xander continued to fuck Taylor merrily. The couple was unaware they had been caught and had an audience. Xander merrily stroked away, screwing his girl. Billy and Drew could hear Taylor encouraging him to continue fucking her. There was no question they were enjoying what they were doing.

Billy pulled Drew away after about five minutes of watching the two. When they were further away, Billy commented, "I can't believe Xander has the fucking balls to screw Taylor in the middle of a game where anyone could see them."

"He has balls," Drew said. "They were right there for us to see."

Matt asked, "Does Xander have the prisoner secured?" when the two got back to their headquarters.

"He's got her completely covered," Drew allowed before laughing.

"Completely pinned down," Billy added. "She isn't going anywhere."

"That's good," Matt said. He sent Billy and Drew forward for a raid to draw the shirts away while he and Jake went after the flag or the prisoners in shirts' jail. Ryan and Dustin had managed to get themselves caught.

Xander screwed Taylor for a good ten or twelve minutes. This was his fourth time going for a climax that day, so he needed a lot of stimulation to reach orgasm. They kissed and cuddled for a couple minutes. One unexpected problem was what to do with the used, slimy rubber. Neither teen had tissues. They couldn't litter and leave it in the meadow. Finally Xander knotted the disgusting thing and stuffed it in his shorts pocket. He had better be sure he pulled it out when he got home. No telling what his Mom would do if she found it in his pocket when she did the laundry.

"We better get dressed before someone else gets caught and sent to jail," Xander suggested.

"The last thing we need is everyone finding out what we've been doing," Taylor agreed.

The two teens thought their timing was perfect. Two minutes after getting dressed, Jake brought in Dylan and Mike. They took seats on the ground beside Taylor. Xander stood guard.

"You two look like you're worn out," Mike commented. "You're drenched in sweat."

"Yeah, I led Xander on quite a chase before he nailed me, Taylor replied innocently.

Matt and Jake managed to break Dustin and Ryan free from jail. The four overwhelmed the shirts defenders and carried their flag back to skins territory, ending the first round. The kids played two more rounds of the game before it was time for everyone to head home for dinner. Billy made sure he assigned Xander to offense for the next two games.

Taylor got caught early again. She was shocked to find Drew guarding her instead of Xander. Drew tried to think of things to talk about in hopes of convincing Taylor to let him do what he had watched Xander do to her. The tongue-tied pre-teen had little chance of seducing her into having sex with him. He was barely 5'-0" tall and weighed maybe 90 pounds, soaking wet. Some baby fat bulged around his waist. His chest was flat and displayed ribs, rather than muscles.

The group enjoyed their afternoon of running and fun. They parted for home a little before five o'clock. Purposely, Xander and Taylor lingered at the monument, talking about school's start next week. After everyone else had left, she asked, "Do you want to meet somewhere for more fun after dinner?"

"Maybe we better cool it," Xander said. "We screwed three times in one day. I hope I didn't make you sore down there."

"I feel fine," Taylor said. "Do you want to get together tomorrow after breakfast?"

"That would be cool," Xander agreed. "I'll call you tonight." The two exchanged a kiss before heading in opposite directions for their homes.

Chapter 3

Xander bumped into Billy Smith about a block from the park. Billy waved Xander to a stop. He pulled his bike off the road beside Billy's. The two boys stood straddling their bikes.

"So, how long have you been screwing Taylor Wyatt?" Billy asked.

"What?" Xander protested through his shock. "Where did you get such a crazy idea?"

"From standing at the edge of the woods and watching you fuck her in the meadow we use for a jail this afternoon," Billy said.

"Shit! Does anyone else know?"

"Drew was with me when we saw you," Billy said.

"You have to keep this secret," Xander begged. "We don't need the whole world knowing what we are doing."

"This is massively juicy gossip," Billy replied. "Why should I keep it quiet?"

"I don't know," Xander pleaded. "Cause you're my friend?"

"There is that," Billy agreed. "I need something. Tell me how you went from a tongue-tied fool who couldn't even ask a girl for a date last spring to someone who could sweet talk a girl into allowing him to screw her."

"I can tell you but I don't know if it will help you get laid," Xander replied. "It's almost supper time and I have to get home. Why don't you come over after dinner and we'll ride somewhere and find some privacy. I tell you what I can then. Can you keep our secret until then?"

"I will," Billy agreed.

Xander was quiet at the Ferguson family's supper. Westin sensed his nervousness. No one else noticed. Gabriel, their nine-year-old brother, chattered on about things he and his friends did at day care that day. Westin asked Xander to stop by his room after dinner.

"What did you find out about the chick you nailed yesterday?" Westin asked after Xander shut the door.

"Everything is good," Xander said. "She got the morning after pill this morning. Chances are only about 10% that I got her pregnant."

"When is her next period?" Westin demanded.

"Um... she said early September. Like the fifth, I think," Xander answered. Westin did a quick calculation.

"Damn, that is too close. You have got to be careful if you're going screw around with girls. Yesterday was right in the middle of her danger zone. You need protection if you fuck'em when they aren't safe."

"I got rubbers at the pharmacy today too," Xander said. "Slim fit ones for protection."

"Yeah, you're still a little dude, aren't you?" Westin said. "Make sure you always wrap your dick when you screw during their unsafe time."

"When is the unsafe time?" Xander asked.

"Three or four days after their period ended is safe," Westin said. "The next two weeks are the danger zone. The last week before her next period is safe too."

"Thanks for helping," Xander said. "I may tease you but you are a good big brother."

"Be safe," Westin said. "Don't take more dumb chances."

"I won't," Xander promised.

Billy Smith arrived about half an hour after the Fergusons finished dinner. Billy and Xander decided to ride down to the ice cream shop for shakes. They could enjoy the creamy shakes while they talked. The ice cream shop was a ½ mile ride from Xander's house. They grabbed a booth and placed their orders. They made small talk until the shakes arrived.

"OK, now you spill the beans," Billy announced. "How did you get Taylor to allow you to screw her?"

"Dumb luck," Xander answered. "I will tell you what I did, but I don't know if it will help you. If I try to ask a girl for a date, I will still be that hopeless klutz stuttering and babbling as I talk to her. I was able to talk with Taylor because she's Taylor, not some girl I don't know or understand."

"You sly dog," Bill responded. "Bag the only girl in our gang of friends. That was smart. But still, how did you convince her to allow you to go all the way? I figure kissing wasn't too hard. I've made out with a couple girls. How did you get her to second base? I've gotten slapped a couple times for trying that move."

"We just made out for quite a while," Xander said. "I slipped a hand down to her breast and she suggested we take her shirt off. You need to understand. Taylor was horny yesterday afternoon. I didn't need to coax her much to do what we did."

"She was horny?" Billy marveled. "Man, we're you lucky. Tell me blow by blow how you did it."

"Take your time and use lots of foreplay," Xander said. "You know, kissing, making out, feeling her up and then fingering and licking her pussy. It gets the girl ready for sex." Billy spent about twenty minutes quizzing Xander step by step how the seduction played out.

"You have to promise me you won't tell anyone what I told you," Xander asked when he finished his story.

Billy raised his hand in the Boy Scout sign. He was a member of the Fox Patrol in the local troop with Xander. "I promise, on my honor, not to tell anyone about you and Taylor screwing."

"Thank you," Xander said. "You are a good friend."

-----oooOooo-----

Xander and Taylor talked in the evening and made plans for Wednesday. Xander came over after breakfast with his supply of rubbers. The teens spent the morning fucking and browsing on-line. They found a couple website showing sex positions. They decided to give some of them a try. Xander liked doggie style but Taylor didn't like it so much. Both loved the spooning position they used just before lunch. The expected text from Billy Smith soliciting players for a game at the park came after lunch. Xander and Taylor both texted they were in. Too many guys were being dragged off to the mall for back to school shopping, so the gang wouldn't get together that afternoon. Xander and Taylor were fine with that. They wouldn't need to pretend to be jailor and prisoner. They could screw to their heart's content.

They tried fucking standing up. Both teens could see where this could be useful if they wanted to get it on quickly. School was starting in a couple days and their long, lazy summer days were about to end. Speed might be useful if the need got too great. They ended the afternoon trying out cowgirl. Both Xander and Taylor liked this position.

Xander finally remembered he needed to get his Mom or Dad to drive him and Taylor to the next town to the movies on Saturday night. Over dinner he announced, "I have a date with Taylor Wyatt Saturday night. Mom, could you or Dad give me a ride to and from the theater?"

"Taylor? She's nice girl," Mom said.

"Cute too," Dad added. "I am sure one of us could drive the two of you to the movies."

"I could help, if you want," Westin volunteered. "Emily and I are going over there anyway."

"That would be fantastic, honey," Mom said.

"Xander, make sure she doesn't have a real early curfew," Westin said. "I don't want to cut short my date with Emily if she has to be home by 9:30 or 10:00 o'clock. Remind her parents she is a high school kid if they insist on an early curfew."

"I will check with her tonight before Scouts," Xander agreed. He called Taylor right after dinner.

"I am lining up a ride to the movies for our date on Saturday night," Xander explained. "Do you have a curfew?"

"Daddy always wants me home by ten o'clock," Taylor explained. "He has insisted on that since our group started doing group dates in seventh grade."

"My brother offered to drive us," Xander explained. "Could you get your curfew extended to eleven o'clock? Westin's wants more time with Emily. He said you should remind your dad you are in high school now. Eleven o'clock or even midnight is a more common curfew for kids our age."

"Give me a second to see," Taylor said. She bounded downstairs to see her father. She batted her eyelashes at him. "Can you extend my curfew on Saturday night until eleven o'clock, Daddy? Our ride is going to the movies too and needs a later curfew time."

"I don't know if that is a wise idea, honey," Mr. Wyatt said.

"We end up at the G rated kiddie movies if we have to be back by ten," Taylor protested. "The ride back takes half an hour and none of the fun movies end before 9:30 PM. Anyway, eleven o'clock or midnight are more realistic curfews for high school kids."

"You're too young," Mr. Wyatt protested.

"Daddy, I start high school on Friday," Taylor said. "I am a high school student."

"Who is your date?" Mr. Wyatt asked.

"Xander Ferguson," Taylor answered.

"Xander? Xander is a decent boy," Mr. Wyatt said. "I will allow the eleven o'clock curfew."

"Thank you, Daddy," Taylor said before giving her father a kiss on the cheek. "Thank you!"

She raced back to her room and called Xander back. "Eleven o'clock is my curfew now."

"Cool! I'll see you after breakfast tomorrow," Xander promised.

"I am looking forward to it," Taylor replied.

Xander headed off to his Boy Scout meeting. He was the assistant patrol leader for the Fox Patrol, one of three patrols in their troop. They had an active outdoor program, going on campouts or trips every month. They spent a week at the local scout camp each summer. Now that he was fourteen, Xander had a chance for more fun. The troop was taking the older scouts down to the Florida Keys over Christmas vacation for a week of sailing and snorkeling at the Florida Sea Base. He couldn't wait for the fun.

-----oooOooo-----

Xander and Taylor got together at his house on Thursday. They spent most of the day in his room trying out different sex positions and techniques. They screwed four times during the day. Taylor came half a dozen times, twice from just vaginal stimulation. The final sex act culminated in both kids orgasming simultaneously. They hoped to repeat that feat again. It felt spectacular.

Xander rode his bike out to the pharmacy after dinner on Thursday night. His supply of rubbers was down to one. He bought another box of the slim fits. He also saw personal lubricant bottles sitting on the shelf beside the rubbers. He had heard of personal lubricant before but never understood what you were lubricating. Now he did. He picked up a small bottle in case he and Taylor wanted to screw in a hurry. With school starting he suspected they wouldn't have half an hour for foreplay every time they shared their bodies.

While the two teens spent their week screwing, a small zygote continued its slow journey down Taylor's left fallopian tube. It continued dividing and dividing. The cluster of cells grew as it developed. Neither teen suspected their danger. Would the cluster of cells implant in her womb and make Taylor pregnant? Would it flush out, leaving them safe? It was best they didn't know. There was nothing that could influence their fate. Mother Nature would determine whether they became teen parents or not.

The school bus picked up a cluster of sixth and ninth grade students at the corner at 7:12 AM on Friday morning. The school district always brought students in those two grades in to school a day ahead so they could get used to the middle school or high school. The ninth graders had a half hour in their home room, including getting their locker assignments. They had abbreviated fifteen minute periods for each of their classes, so they could meet their teachers and find out where the rooms were.

Xander was pleased to meet Taylor in his first period math class. They greeted each other with a hug and a kiss. About half the class noticed that Xander and Taylor were a couple now. Half a dozen other couples happened over summer vacation among the roughly 175 ninth graders starting at Robert S. Granger High. Half a dozen more girls, such as Taylor's friend Morgan, were part of couples, but with tenth or eleventh graders missing that morning.

Taylor and Xander ended up in the same science class third period. That would be nice. Their class had an early lunch after science, so Xander and Taylor could eat lunch together every day. They also shared the same seventh period English class.

Older students took the seventh period classes on a grand tour of high school building before bringing everyone to the cafeteria. They had lunch. Xander and Taylor sat with about half their gang of playmates and friends from the park at lunch. The whole group went down to the auditorium for a presentation by Principal Walden. They were dismissed and sent back home at 1:00 PM.

Xander hopped on his bike and pedaled over to Taylor's house. He arrived a couple minutes after she got off her bus. His house was near the beginning of his bus's route. Taylor's house was near the end of her bus's route. The teens retired to Taylor's bedroom to practice their sexual gymnastics again. They fit in two rounds of intercourse before Xander had to go home for supper.

Morgan Riley finally tracked down Taylor Wyatt after half a week of trying later Friday night.

"What have you been up to, girl?" Morgan demanded when they reached the privacy of Taylor's bedroom.

"Up to?" Taylor asked.

"You and Xander Ferguson," Morgan said. "How long have you to been going steady?"

"I guess since Monday," Taylor replied. "We... um... hooked up Monday afternoon."

"That starts to explain things," Morgan said. "I stopped by every morning to hang out with you. Every morning there was a boy's bike parked on your porch beside yours. You didn't answer the door bell or my knocks. Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday mornings. What's up?"

"Um..." Taylor blushed. "We... uh... you know... hooked up."

"Hooked... up... as in, all the way?" Morgan gasped. Taylor allowed a guilty smile to spread across her face. "I guess he is cute. He is a decent guy too."

"You don't know half of it," Taylor said. "You haven't seen him without his shirt. He started lifting weights this summer. He is turning onto a stud."

"Xander? Xander Ferguson?" Morgan said. "A stud?"

"He is," Taylor confirmed. "He is damned good in bed too. He isn't up to Alex's standards yet, but he is learning. We were both virgins Monday afternoon when we did it the first time. He doesn't have Alex's stamina to last thirty or forty minutes yet, but manages six, eight or even ten minutes, sometimes. He makes up for lack of stamina with persistence. He has screwed me three or even four times in the same day."

"Three or four times?" Morgan said. Morgan felt a twinge of jealousy. Despite her boasts, Alex only lasted about thirty seconds the first time they did it and maybe a minute and a half yesterday evening when his parents went out for a couple hours.

"You are lucky your boyfriend isn't as busy as mine," Morgan said. "Alex has soccer practices during the day every weekday and has to squeeze in a summer job too. We've never done it more than once a day."

"That is too bad," Taylor said. "Does Alex eat you out every time you two get together? I love it when Xander does that to me. The orgasms he gives me when he does that send me into orbit."

"Yeah, they are nice, aren't they," Morgan agreed. "I am glad it is working out for the two of you." Morgan wondered how she could get Alex to try some of the things Taylor's boyfriend was doing for her.

The two girls changed the subject to school and who they had for their classes. They conversed happily until Morgan went home later that evening.

----oooOooo-----

Xander's Mom took him to the big mall down in Cincinnati Saturday morning to finish their long delayed back-to-school shopping. They got home just in time for Westin and Xander to compete for bathroom space so they could get ready for their dates.

"Make sure you bring protection, bro," Westin warned as they were finishing in the bathroom. "I plan to stop and do some parking with Emily tonight before we get back."

"I am fine with that," Xander agreed. He was actually more than fine with that. It had been more than twenty-four hours since he'd last boned Taylor. He was horny and ready for action whenever it became available. Xander pocketed a couple rubbers and the small bottle of lubricant.

Westin headed across town and picked up Emily first and then came back to Taylor. The foursome talked as Westin drove them the dozen miles to the larger town and the movie theater. Westin and Emily bought tickets to an 'R' rated movie. Taylor and Xander settled for a tamer 'PG-13.'

Xander escorted Taylor towards the back of the theater. Most of the teens seemed to be congregating towards the back of the rows of seats. Taylor immediately cuddled up against Xander when they sat down. He put his arm over her shoulder. They spent the first half of the movie watching the action on screen. Both noticed as the movie wore on, action was heating up among their peers.

The pair lost track of the plot about half way through the movie. They started kissing and making out, imitating the other couples around them. Xander developed a hard-on immediately. The poor boy had a bad case of blue balls by the time the movie was over. Taylor was little better. She was dripping and desperately wanted to mount her stud.

Xander and Taylor's movie let out about twelve minutes ahead of Westin and Emily's. The couple briefly considered sneaking into the restroom and getting it on but found long lines at both the men's and the women's restrooms. They settled for making out while they waited for Westin and Emily.

It was a little after ten when the older couple joined Xander and Taylor. Everyone loaded up in Westin's old car and headed for home. About half way home, Westin turned off the main road and followed a side road for a half a mile. He turned onto a dirt road into the woods and drove back a couple hundred yards, until his car was out of sight from the road.

"I hate to be a pain in the ass, but Xander, you and Taylor need to go take a walk for about twenty minutes," Westin said. "Emily and I want some privacy here in the car. Thankfully it isn't winter. It's nice night for a walk."

"Let's go, Taylor," Xander suggested. He helped her climb out of the backseat.

"Now what?" Taylor asked.

"We get out of Westin and Emily's way and find a little privacy of our own," Xander replied. "We've done it outside before. Why not have the fun we wanted?"

"Um... well the ground is all muddy," Taylor complained. It had rained earlier in the day. "Do we have enough time? It's 10:22 now. I think we need about twenty minutes to get to my house from here. That leaves about eighteen minutes for foreplay and sex."

"We did it standing a couple days ago," Xander said. "We can use that position here. Remember, I bought some personal lube when I bought more rubbers on Thursday. The stuff is pretty slippery. I tried it when I jerked off before bed last night. It will get you nice and slick in case we don't get as much foreplay as normal."

"I horny as hell and sold," Taylor said. She grabbed Xander's hand and dragged him up the road and around the bend. "This should do," Taylor declared. The two embraced and began making out. The went to it for about five minutes before Xander started to grope her titties. Both kids took their shirts off.

Xander felt her up for a couple minutes. Taylor was beginning to juice up down below but the clock was ticking. She noticed it was 10:31.

"Get your lube," Taylor directed. "We need to fuck now if we are going to have enough time." She dropped her pants and panties and set them on the rock beside the tree they were leaning against. Xander dropped his pants and boxers and set them with Taylor's clothes. He unrolled the rubber over his dick and then lubed up his cock with some of the lube he brought for exactly this purpose. He rubbed more lube into Taylor's hole.

"How do you want me to do this?" Taylor asked. "I bent over a desk the last time."

"Why don't you face the tree and lean against it?" Xander suggested. "Stick your butt back at me." He pulled her backside a couple steps from the tree. "Now relax. Here we go."

Xander felt her backside until he found her hole. He lined up his rubber covered dick at her hole and pressed up and in. He thrust hard a couple times until he buried his dick completely inside his lover.

"Are you OK?" Xander asked.

"Perfect," Taylor purred. "Stuffed full by my guy." Xander began thrusting and humping his dick into and out of Taylor.

"This lube is nice and slick," Taylor added. Xander stroked away, stuffing her full on the upstroke before pulling out some. Xander fucked her a quicker than normal tempo, knowing he was on the clock. His thrusts had some force to them, often driving Taylor onto her tiptoes as he bashed his dick up into her belly. Taylor enjoyed the vigorous fucking and clung to the tree for support.

Xander was surprised at how good the lube felt as he fucked her. He could feel the folds inside her pussy as he slid his dick in and out of his lover. He felt his own climax start to stir, so he buried his dick all the way in and paused his fucking.

"What's up?" Taylor asked.

"Don't want to come yet," he gasped. After half a minute, he started thrusting again. He stopped again after a minute to delay his orgasm again. Xander began thrusting again when he had calmed a bit. He began thrusting again. Xander might have lasted another thirty seconds before he bucked his dick up into Taylor and let loose.

Taylor felt his dick swell and throb, just like always. Her eyes flew open as she realized she suddenly felt drenched inside. Each spurt of his dick made her pussy feel wetter and hotter.

"Something's..." Taylor gasped. Xander grunted and bucked his hips upward hard, pushing Taylor feet off the ground. She dangled, impaled on his belching dick and clinging to the tree to keep from falling over.

"It's too wet," Taylor declared. "Something is wrong!" Xander panted and slowly lowered Taylor onto the ground again.

"What?" Xander asked blankly as he recovered from an excellent climax.

"I can feel your come in me," Taylor replied. "I think the rubber broke." That finally penetrated the endorphin haze clouding his brain. He pulled his cock out of his lover. To both teens' horror, what was

left of the rubber was the ring at the bottom and a little of the latex covering part of his shaft. Pieces of it dangled from the sides of the rubber. It looked like the rubber had melted away.

"Jesus! Not again," Xander complained. Taylor swiped a finger through the come dripping out of her bottom.

"Again," she confirmed.

"How in the hell could it shred like this?" Xander wondered. Taylor glanced at her watch.

"It is 10:39," Taylor said. "We better get dressed and get back to the car. Let's not make things worse by breaking curfew too."

The teens dressed quickly and walked back to the car. Xander looked in the car's back window and could see two heads sitting in the driver's and front passenger seat. Apparently Westin and Emily were done to. Xander helped Taylor into the car and followed her into the back seat.

"Did you two have some fun?" Westin asked as he started the car.

"Mostly," Xander replied. "What would cause a rubber to shred?"

"A rubber to shred?" Westin asked. "Tell me it didn't."

"I can't," Xander replied. "It ripped into tiny pieces."

"Was it a new rubber?" Westin asked. "Old ones can get overheated and deteriorate."

"It was brand new," Xander explained.

"Did you use lube with it?" Westin asked.

"I did," Xander said as he handed the bottle of lube to the front seat. Emily took it, flipped on the overhead light and glanced at the label.

"Oil based lubricant," Emily said. "Do not use with latex contraceptives."

"Shit!" Xander growled.

"Taylor, how bad is the timing?" Emily asked. "When is your next period due?"

"September 5th," Taylor answered.

“Hmmm... nine days away,” Emily said. “Not ideal but it could be a lot worse.” She giggled and said. “It could have been last Monday.” No one else laughed. They all knew Xander and Taylor had already risked unprotected sex that day. “Probably you are 85 to 90% safe from this goof.”

“Now you know why rubbers are only 90% effective under normal use,” Westin said. “Humans tend to do dumb things when sex is involved.”

“Yeah, we keep seeing that,” Taylor agreed. “Should I go get the morning after pill tomorrow?”

“It’s up to you, Taylor,” Emily said. “The risk isn’t too bad. I would probably just wait things out. You should be OK.”

“Thanks, Emily,” Taylor said. Xander and Taylor cuddled in the backseat for the rest of the trip home. Xander walked Taylor to her front door. They lingered outside for a moment. They parted with a kiss, probably a little too intimate for the porch, but needed for reassurance by both teens.

Taylor uterus was flooded with millions of Xander’s sperm again. This time their search was fruitless. The cluster of cells, continued dividing and filling up the hard outer shell of the ovum. The cluster was nearing the end of her left fallopian tube. Sunday or Monday it would shed its shell and try to embed itself into Taylor’s uterine wall. Her fate would be determined soon.

Chapter 4

Oak Grove was a small, fairly religious community. Nearly everyone, including the Ferguson and Wyatt families went to Sunday School and church at one of the four churches. Sundays were time for families to gather over diner and spend time together. Taylor and Xander had no opportunity to get together. They settled for texting back and forth during the day.

Granger High looked completely different on Monday when the ninth graders met up with the remainder of the students. The school seemed spacious on Friday. Now it was crowded with kids, all older and larger than them. To call it slightly intimidating was an understatement.

Xander met Taylor outside her homeroom before first period. They walked to math class together, holding hands. A few of their friends congratulated the couple on getting together. One obnoxious guy, almost 6'-0" tall, catcalled to Taylor.

"Hey Babe, you need to find yourself a real man instead of that freshmen runt."

"That's your best pickup line?" Taylor retorted, facing the boy. "Has that line ever worked?"

Some of the other students in the hallway overheard the exchange and laughed at the boy. "You must spend a lot of time with your hand since you don't seem to know how to pick up girls." Taylor added as she and Xander walked away. The brought more laughter from the crowd at the obnoxious kid.

"You handled that great," Xander commented.

"He was an asshole," Taylor said. "Mom taught me how to deal with assholes."

The couple went into the Algebra II class and took their assigned seats, side by side. Mrs. Serrano began the day with a review of the algebra they had learned last year.

As the teens listened to the lecture, the small cluster of cells in Taylor's body were in her uterus. They divided again. The cluster had grown to sixty or seventy cells tightly packed in the hard outer shell of the ovum. The latest division increased the pressure to the point where the outer shell ruptured. The mass of cells oozed out of the shell and floated free in Taylor uterus. Her and Xander fates would be determined in the next twelve to twenty-four hours. Would the cells embed in her uterus and make her pregnant? Or would they get flushed away, the detritus of a failed attempt at procreation?

Unaware of what was going on in Taylor's body, the two kids went about their school day. They rejoined for science class third period and for lunch. Taylor and Xander sat with their normal crowd of friends who they played Capture the Flag with during the summer.

Taylor pulled Xander aside about twelve minutes before the lunch period would end. "Did you replace that lube from Saturday night?" Taylor asked. "I am horny and haven't felt you stuffing me since Saturday. One time in three days isn't enough."

"Umm... I didn't have a chance to replace it yesterday," Xander said. His cock started to swell at any hint that it might get stuffed in a girl's pussy. "You know, this week is one of the week's when Westin and Emily said it is safe to screw without protection."

"Safer without protection, not safe," Taylor countered. "We reduced the risk from last Monday to 10%. Emily thinks chances are around 12% from Saturday night. We do this again without protection, say add in another 10% chance. Add in us getting horny a couple more times this week and now chances of me being safe are down to 50%. Flip a coin. Do I get pregnant or not this month? No thank you. You need to wrap up before you stick that wonderful dick of yours in me again."

"Yeah, you're right," Xander agreed. "I promise, I will go over to the pharmacy as soon as school is over and replace the oil based crap with the water based lube Westin recommended."

"Do that," Taylor said. "I don't want to go from fourteen times in last week to none this week."

"I don't want to go there either," Xander agreed. They dumped their trays and went back to rejoin their friends. The pair hooked up again in seventh period English. Xander walked Taylor to her bus at dismissal. She reminded him of his promise to run to the pharmacy.

You would imagine the teachers would add homework slowly at the start of school. Oh no. They piled it on the kids immediately. Xander figured he had at least two or three hours of work Monday night. He was supposed to start his homework when he got home from school. He had no chance to go to the pharmacy.

It was 8:30 when Xander finally completed his homework. His parents said it was too late for him to go out to meet friends. He had to be satisfied trading texts with Taylor.

-----oooOooo-----

Tuesday morning Tyler Fitzwallace, the kid who sat to his right in homeroom leaned across the aisle and commented. "I heard you knocked up your girlfriend, Xander. How's that feel?"

"What?" Xander squawked. "Where did you hear that? It's not true."

"I heard it around," Tyler said. "Did you really nail that Wyatt chick?" Xander blushed but didn't answer. "Really? You nailed her? Way to go dude. I'm glad to hear you didn't preg her."

"Don't spread this around, Tyler," Xander begged. "It's private."

"Sure, man," Tyler agreed.

Xander got two more comments about pregging Taylor before homeroom was dismissed. He denied everything, though no one believed him.

Xander found Taylor outside her homeroom, nearly in tears. "Did you hear the terrible rumor going around?"

"I did," Xander said as he embraced his lover. He gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"What do we do?" Taylor asked as they started towards their classroom.

"Deny it all," Xander said. "We don't know that you are pregnant. Denying it is the truth."

"But I might be," Taylor replied.

"That is private and none of their business," Xander said.

"But they know we are having sex," Taylor said.

"We are a couple and we are in high school," Xander said. Lot's of high school couples screw. We aren't unusual. The majority of high school students have sex before they leave high school."

"This is only our second day in high school," Taylor said.

"So we got an early start," Xander said. He waved his hands towards the crowd of students in front of them. "Half the kids you see have sex. We are part of that group now instead of the half that hasn't screwed yet. It isn't a big deal."

"I guess you are right," Taylor allowed. They slipped into their seats at math class. Kim-Ly Nguyen stopped by Taylor and whispered to her, "I am sorry to hear your boyfriend got you pregnant. Is there anything I can do to help?"

"I am not pregnant," Taylor answered out loud. Kim-Ly blushed and scurried to her desk. The loud comment drew looks from half a dozen classmates. Taylor realized she would need to apologize to Kim-Ly. It actually was very nice of her to come by and offer support if the rumor had been true.

Teasing followed both teens throughout the day. Most of the teasing Xander received as in the vein of 'Way to go bagging that chick. Too bad about knocking her up.' The verbal abuse Taylor received was more vicious. The girls' comments said essentially, 'You dumb slut for allowing that boy in your pants. You deserve to get knocked up for being so stupid.'

Taylor talked with Morgan after second period. Morgan denied telling anyone about Taylor having sex with Xander. Xander found Billy Smith before third period.

"Did you spill the beans about what you saw last week?" Xander demanded of his friend.

"Hell no!" Bill insisted. "I took an oath I wouldn't. You can trust me."

"How do people know?" Xander asked.

"Drew McKeown was with me when we spotted you two," Billy said.

"He's in eighth grade," Xander said. "How would he spread the word around high school?" Billy had no answer.

Xander and Taylor and their friends discussed the rumors flying around the ninth grade over lunch. All the guys pledged to help and support the two. More rumors dogged the couple in the afternoon. They denied everything but few believed the denials. It was more fun to believe they were true for the kids doing the teasing.

-----oooOooo-----

Homework kept the teens busy during the week. Now that school started, Xander and Westin had to watch their little brother, Gabriel, for the hour between 4:05 PM when he got off the elementary school bus until their parents came home, a little after five o'clock each day. During the summer Gabriel stayed with the sitter until his parents came home.

Xander and Taylor grew increasingly frustrated at their inability to find time and privacy for sex. Wednesday afternoon, Taylor had an idea to fix their dilemma.

"Would your parents allow you to have me come over to work on math homework together?" Taylor asked.

"Probably," Xander agreed. "Why?"

"How much time between when you get off the bus and your little brother gets home?" Taylor asked.

"Usually fifty-five or sixty minutes," Xander said.

"Perfect," Taylor replied. "That will give us forty-five minutes for sex and ten minutes to cleanup. We will be sitting at the kitchen table doing math problems when your brother walks in the door."

"How is that going to work?" Xander asked. "You get home at least five minutes after me and need ten minutes to ride over to my house. That would be cutting it really close."

"I get my parents to write a note giving me permission to take you bus home from school," Taylor explained. "Even if I can't get the note, it would leave us half an hour for our fun. We could do a quickie and still be decent when Gabe comes home."

"Let's do it," Xander agreed. "I'll text when I get permission from my parents tonight."

The plan unfolded as the teens intended. Xander's parents gave him permission to have Taylor over after school to work on math homework. Taylor's parents wrote the note to the school requesting that Taylor be allowed to ride Xander's school bus home from school.

The first flaw in the plan happened Thursday morning when Taylor took her note to the school office. The secretary she handed the note to checked a schedule and then came back and said, "I am sorry. That bus is over-crowded. You will have to take your own bus home and arrange alternate transportation to your friend's house."

"It looks we are doing the quickie today," Taylor said as she greeted her boyfriend before first period math. "The school won't allow me to ride your bus home. They claim it's too crowded."

"It is usually full," Xander agreed. "I wouldn't have a problem if you sat on my lap on the way home."

"The school didn't see it that way," Taylor said. "It doesn't matter. We can still go ahead with our plan. We just have to hurry a bit to get finished before your little brother gets home."

"I am willing to try," Xander agreed.

Traffic was light for the trip home for Xander's bus. He was dropped off three minutes earlier than normal. He knew he had at least fifteen or twenty minutes to kill, so he decided to jerk off and desensitize his dick before he screwed Taylor. Xander waited for his lover, wearing just a pair of boxers.

She hadn't showed at the expected time of 3:20 PM. Xander waited five minutes... ten minutes... and longer. Taylor finally peddled up the driveway and parked her bike on the porch. Xander threw the door open and hurried her inside and upstairs.

"What happened?" Xander demanded as the teens bounded up the steps two at a time.

"My bus got caught behind an accident," Taylor explained. "I was afraid I'd never get here. How much time do I have left?"

Xander didn't answer until they reached his room. His clock said it 3:33 PM. "Twenty-two minutes," Xander said. Taylor was discarding clothing meantime.

"Do you have that new lube that is safe for the rubbers?"

"I didn't have time to get it," Xander said. "I plan to go out tomorrow evening or Saturday to get it."

Taylor grabbed for Xander's boxers and pulled them off. She pulled him into bed on top of her. "Let's get started, lover. We don't have a lot of time to get me ready."

Xander and Taylor started making out. It felt nice. Xander went after Taylor's titties, since they were always sensitive and a big turn-on for her. He was feeling her up when he had a realization.

"When is your period due?" Xander asked.

"Monday," Taylor answered.

"Four days from now," Xander said. "We could use the old lube and skip the rubber today."

"I don't want to take more risk at getting pregnant," Taylor said.

"You won't be," Xander replied. "There is no chance of sex now getting you pregnant if your period starts on Monday."

"True, but we don't know if it will be on time," Taylor said. "What if my period comes a few days late?"

"I guess you're right," Xander said. "I just hoped to have enough time today to eat you before we get it on."

"Time check?" Taylor asked.

"3:43," Xander reported. Taylor hopped out of bed and hoisted one leg up on the side of the bed. She stuffed her fingers into her pussy.

"Hmmm... hard like my nose, low and centered," Taylor remarked. "Cervix is... tight and dry." She added as she looked at her fingers after she pulled them out. "I'm not likely to be ovulating now. Get the lube and get to licking me." Taylor hopped in bed on her back and spread her legs for her lover. Taylor hopped out and brought back the bottle of oil based lube.

Xander spent about three minutes licking and stimulating his girlfriend.

"Time check – 3:46 PM," Taylor reported. "Lube up and stuff me now. We don't have enough time for you to get me off before we fuck."

Xander squirted the lube up Taylor's hole and smeared more over his dick. He mounted his lover and got to work. He pumped and stroked his dick in and out. Taylor, equally horny, thrust her bottom back in time to Xander's strokes.

"Time check?" Taylor asked, knowing Xander was doing an outstanding job of holding off his orgasm.

"3... :54," Xander grunted in time to his thrusts.

"Got... to stop... unh... soon," Taylor gasped.

"Almost... all most... there..." Xander begged. He increased his tempo, thrusting frantically in and out of his lover.

"I feel you swelling," Taylor said as the overwhelming good feelings well up from deep inside Xander.

He hunched his hip hard into Taylor once... twice... three times before he froze in place. Taylor felt the throb of his dick as his muscles spurted his semen and sperm into her body. She felt the hot splashes as his come tried to seed her.

Xander collapsed on his lover. She hugged the tired boy to her body for a minute before asking, "Time check?"

"Umm... 3:56" Xander mumbled. Taylor pushed Xander off her body

"Let's go buddy," Taylor demanded. "Time to clean up. Your little brother is due in nine minutes. We need to look like good, well behaved teens working on homework by then. Move it."

"Yes, boss," Xander promised.

"That felt pretty damned good without rubbers, didn't it?" Taylor commented.

"It felt fantastic," Xander agreed. "It would be great if we found a way to do this without the damned rubbers."

Xander and Taylor managed to clean up and be downstairs studying two minutes before Gabe came bounding the front door. He gave Taylor a cheery hello. He was used to seeing her around with his big brother by now. He went upstairs and got to work on his own homework.

Chapter 5

Taylor's family went to a park on Lake Michigan for Labor Day weekend. Xander hung out around home, wishing he was with Taylor. He texted her half a dozen time over the weekend asking if her period had started yet. At first Taylor was upset with his obsessive worrying. By Monday she was starting to worry too. The ride home Michigan seemed to take forever as Taylor worried about her chance of being knocked up.

"Nothing?" Xander asked as he greeted Taylor with a kiss at school Tuesday morning.

"Nothing," Taylor agreed.

"We are pretty well screwed by now, aren't we?" Xander asked.

"Not completely," Taylor said. Let's give it another day or two before we panic."

"OK," Xander agreed. "I did some research on the home pregnancy tests. You can probably get a reliable result from one within a day or two from now.

"Maybe we could do an afterschool study session at my house on Wednesday," Taylor suggested.

"I'll let Westin know he has to watch Gabe that afternoon," Xander said.

Teasing from their classmates slowed some after the instigators realized they couldn't get much reaction from Xander or Taylor to the accusations. Still the rumors hurt when they heard them repeated.

Xander arranged things with his Westin to make sure he would be home for Gabe after school. It wasn't hard to convince him. One report to Mom or Dad about how often Westin ditched babysitting duties would put him in trouble. His parents expected him to be there every afternoon, not the one or two a week he actually managed.

Xander promised Taylor to stop at the pharmacy on the way to her house after school to pick up a home pregnancy kit. The older saleslady who sold Taylor and him the morning after pill. She gave him a smile until he handed her his merchandise.

"I am sorry to see you here with this," the lady said kindly. "How late is your girlfriend?"

"Two days," Xander answered.

"It is time for this," the lady said. "You two need to figure out what is happening and then deal with the consequences. The women's clinic in Stanton is very good at helping with situations like this if the test

comes up positive. I urge you to talk to your parents as soon as you know too. No young couple should face this without all the help they can get. Will you promise me that?"

"We plan to tell, if it is positive," Xander said.

"Good!" she said as she rang up his purchase. He paid for it. "I hope all of this is a false alarm."

"Thanks for your help," Xander said as he left. He biked over to Taylor's house.

Xander handed the box to Taylor when he got to her house. "How does this work?" she asked.

"I have no idea," Xander replied. The two teens read the directions carefully. They seemed simple enough. Wet the tester with some of Taylor's urine. Wait five minutes. If a red plus sign appeared, Taylor was most likely pregnant. If the plus sign didn't appear, she was clear. Taylor went into the downstairs bathroom to start the test.

The five minutes wait for the result was nerve racking. Xander and Taylor cuddled and hugged each other while they tried to make small talk about school and their friends. Finally Xander saw the clock flip to 3:40 PM, the appointed time.

"It's time to see," Xander said quietly as he kissed Taylor.

"I can't do it," she protested. "You look." Xander tried to put on a brave front even though he was scared witless. He was the man, after all. He walked into the bathroom and checked the tester. It showed a distinct red plus sign. His stomach did a belly flop. He tried to control his urge to cry. The weight of the whole world had just crashed down on him and Taylor. He batted his eyes and tried to steel his nerves. He wouldn't do poor Taylor any good if he fell apart.

Xander stepped out of the bathroom, finding Taylor outside the door. The two hugged. "I am so sorry," Xander apologized. "This is all my fault. I got you pregnant. Please forgive me."

Taylor stared at Xander blankly for about ten seconds. The beginnings of tears collected at the corners of her eyes. The two held each other for half a minute. "I am sorry. I am so sorry," Xander continued repeating as they tried to comfort each other.

Finally Taylor sniffled and stared into Xander's eyes. "It's not entirely your fault. I wanted every bit of what we did that day. I loved it. I could have stopped you if I wanted to."

"What do we do now?" Xander asked.

"We tell our parents," Taylor said. "Why don't you stay for dinner? We can break the news after dinner."

"I guess," Xander agreed.

"I am scared," Taylor said. "How am I going to get through this?"

"You aren't alone," Xander promised. "I will help you through it."

"Easy to say before things get hard," Taylor said.

"I swore I would not be like my father," Xander said. "I know I will do this because of how I was treated when I was little. I know how much it hurts a kid not to have his father around. Stephen Ferguson is my step- and then adoptive father, not my biological father," Xander explained. "I was born Xander Andrews. My parents got divorced when I was about four years old. My father split and I have not seen him since the divorce."

"You told me this story already," Taylor said.

"I guess it is important to me," Xander declared. "I will be here for you and for our child. I am NOT going to be like my father."

"I am sorry you had to go through that trauma," Taylor said. "Do you remember much about your biological dad? You were really young when they divorced."

"I remember him playing with me when I was little," Xander said. "I remember the family taking a boat ride on Lake Michigan, years ago. I remember bits and pieces from when he was around. I really looked up to him then. All of those memories are overshadowed by his absence from my life for the last ten years."

"I am glad you are willing to be here with me through this," Taylor said. "It helps my courage. I don't know how I could get through having a baby by myself."

"No possibility of getting an abortion?" Xander asked. "It is a legal option."

"My family thinks abortion is wrong," Taylor said. "Abortion is not an option. Adoption is a possibility. I don't know if I am crazy about that choice, but it isn't a sin to give the baby to grown-ups who can raise him or her properly."

"What are your parents going to say?" Xander asked.

"I have no idea," Taylor replied. "Nothing like this has ever happened in our family before. I have no idea. How about your parents?"

"I think they will be calm and thoughtful," Xander said. "They don't know that I know, but they faced something similar when my Mom divorced my biological dad. I noticed a couple years ago that Mom was noticeably pregnant in a Valentine's Day picture taken three months after she married Stephen. Since then as I found out more about pregnancy, I realized Mom must have been knocked up with Gabe

when she married Stephen. They married in late November. Gabe was born on July 7th the next year, too soon to fit in nine months of pregnancy. Actually when I counted backwards, I am not sure Mom and Stephen weren't screwing before the divorce from my biological dad was official."

"Wow," Taylor remarked. "Still, what happened to them isn't the same as us. They weren't fourteen at the time."

"True, but they should understand that things happen in the heat of the moment," Xander said. "That is exactly what happened to us. We were making out and things got carried away."

"What do you want to do until my parents get home?" Taylor asked. "We could watch a movie."

"That would be cool," Xander agreed.

They cuddled together on the couch in the family room and watched the movie. Cuddling led to some kissing and then full-out making out. Xander began playing with Taylor's titties after a few minutes of tonsil swabbing. Shirts fell to the floor.

Xander was the first to realize the only glimmer of brightness the news that afternoon brought. "You've never slept with anyone else, right?" he asked.

"Of course not," Taylor answered.

"Same for me," Xander said. "We can't get infected with sexually transmitted diseases. I can't get you pregnant again. You already are. We can screw without bothering with rubbers. Pretty much whenever we want as often as we want."

"Hmm... true," Taylor agreed. "Are you suggesting we take advantage of circumstances this afternoon?"

"Get down and get dirty," Xander agreed. Clothes went flying. Soon Xander's head was buried between Taylor's legs. Xander brought Taylor to climax orally. He mounted his lover and began screwing. The coupling probably lasted about five minutes. Xander grunted and forced his dick deep into Taylor before spewing his load of semen and sperm into Taylor's pussy.

The naked lovers cuddled and watched more of the movie. Taylor noticed the time was 4:30 PM. "Do you want to go again before my parents get home?"

"Sure," Xander agreed. "No reason not to."

Taylor took charge this time. She rode Xander's dick cowgirl style. Xander enjoyed the ride and also watching Taylor's titties bounce up and down as she fucked herself on his rod. He diddled her clitoris as she rode him. Taylor wore out after about five minutes of vigorous fucking. The two clasped each other and rolled forward so Taylor ended up on the bottom and Xander was on top. He forcefully fucked her

until the pressure was too much. He flooded her insides with more of his potent but now unnecessary sperm.

The two cuddled for a bit, enjoying the sensual touches. A car door slammed followed by a second slamming car door. The two teens stared at each other, bug-eyed.

“Shit, my Mom’s home early,” Taylor gasped.

“Shit, your mom’s home,” Xander echoed. The two flew around the room, gathering up and putting on clothes. They heard Taylor’s eleven-year-old sister, Emily, drop her stuff inside the door and bound upstairs. Taylor’s mom walked back the hallway to the kitchen. The two kids desperately threw their clothes on, hoping against hope her mom would stay away long enough.

No such luck. Mrs. Wyatt walked into the family room saying, “Taylor, is your friend...” She stopped short when she saw the two teens, looking as guilty as sin.

Xander was trying to pull a sock on. His other foot was barefoot. His shirt was inside out. Taylor was barefoot too. Her blouse was buttoned but the bottom button was misaligned, with a spare button hole at the top but no button for the hole. Xander blushed with embarrassment at being caught.

Taylor decided to go for broke. “Mom, is it all right if Xander eats with us tonight? We want to talk to you and Daddy after dinner.”

“Talk to us?” Mrs. Wyatt stuttered. “Talk to us. Yes, that might be a very good idea. Does your mother know about this, Xander?”

“Umm... no,” Xander said. “She won’t be home for another fifteen or twenty minutes.”

“OK, call her when she should be home,” Mrs. Wyatt said. “Xander, put your shoes and socks back on. Turn your shirt right side out too. Honey, re-button your blouse. You missed a button in your hurry. I will try to keep Emily from seeing what I am seeing. She is too young to see this sort of thing.”

“OK Mom,” Taylor agreed. The two teens redressed quickly, not wanting to get caught again.

Mrs. Wyatt head was swimming from finding her oldest daughter in a compromising situation with her boyfriend. Her only hope was that maybe she had caught them making out or petting rather than dressing after sex. She stopped off at the powder room before she started dinner.

The empty pregnancy test kit box was sitting on the back of the toilet. The tester was laying on the counter, its big red plus sign still prominently displayed. She plopped down on the toilet and took care of business, too stunned to say anything. No question now that her daughter and boyfriend were sexually active – and her daughter was pregnant to boot. It was going to be an interesting evening.

Xander called home and arranged with his mom to eat dinner at the Wyatt's house. Unknown to the couple, Mrs. Wyatt arranged for Emily to spend an evening at her best friend's house. She didn't want her innocent eleven-year-old hearing the after dinner conversation.

Taylor and Xander kept out of sight in the family room until it was dinner time. Xander was petrified as Taylor escorted him to the dining room when dinner was called. To his surprise Mrs. Wyatt gave the boy a smile and was polite to him. He knew she knew he had screwed Taylor. Maybe the evening wouldn't be as bad as he feared.

Mr. Wyatt was polite too. Emily rattled on about a project she and two girlfriends were working on together for art class. Xander wasn't sure if Mr. Wyatt knew Mrs. Wyatt caught him in a compromising situation with Taylor before dinner. In fact, it took all of Mr. Wyatt's self-control to maintain a neutral appearance. His wife had informed him about nearly catching Xander being intimate with Taylor and then about discovering the pregnancy tester.

When dinner was over, Mrs. Wyatt announced, "Emily, head over to Tara's house this evening. Your father and I need to have a private conversation with Taylor and Xander."

"As soon as I get the table cleared, Mom," Emily replied.

"Taylor will take your turn tonight," Mrs. Wyatt said. Taylor nearly blurted out, 'That's not fair, Mom! It's Emily's turn tonight.' Wisely, she kept her mouth shut.

The foursome waited quietly until Emily had left the house. Mr. Wyatt stared hard at Xander and said, "I am deeply, deeply disappointed in you, Xander. I thought you were the sort of boy who would treat my daughter with care and respect instead I come home and find you've seduced her and..."

"It wasn't like that, Daddy!" Taylor protested. "Xander didn't seduce me. It started as a simple kiss after Xander asked me for a date. Things... um... escalated after that."

"We got carried away," Xander added. "You have two kids, Mr. Wyatt. You understand what sex is like. We didn't plan on having sex. We got excited and went too far, too quickly."

"You can't tell me, the two of you never got carried away during sex," Taylor challenged. Mr. Wyatt managed to maintain a straight face as he remembered the half a dozen girls he'd screwed in high school and college without protection.

Mrs. Wyatt couldn't cover her emotions as well. She blushed. She thought back to her first time. It was with that hunky high school tailback, Josh McGhee. He'd been so sweet and gentle as he talked her into going all the way. He'd actually been a pretty decent lover, she found later. But he screwed her without protection at the worst time of the month. She had worried about getting knocked up for the next three and a half weeks until her period came – a week late. She had no idea how she had avoided pregnancy with that goof.

"So you do understand, Mom," Taylor said. "Daddy?"

"I understand it can happen," Mr. Wyatt admitted. "That still doesn't excuse what Xander did. I understand about teenaged boys being horny. If you were on the prowl for sex, why didn't you carry rubbers? Birth control is easy for teens to get now compared to when I was young."

"On the prowl?" Xander said. "I was shocked I was able to get the words out to ask Taylor for a date. I am normally totally tongue-tied talking to girls. Sex was the last thing on my mind..." Xander stopped and laughed. "Me actually having sex was the last thing on my mind. Why would I need protection? I wasn't able to talk to a girl to get a date much less seduce them so they would have sex with me."

"None of that changes the fact that you got my daughter pregnant," Mr. Wyatt retorted.

"You know?" Taylor gasped.

"You and Xander didn't have enough time to clean everything up when I came home," Mrs. Wyatt answered. "I found the home pregnancy test kit in the bathroom."

"Oh, shit!" Taylor gasped.

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Wyatt agreed. "Xander, don't you realize they have emergency birth control for accidents like this one?"

"I know they do," Xander replied. "I took Taylor out the next morning and got her the morning after pill. It is supposed to prevent 90% of pregnancies if taken within 48 hours of sexual intercourse. Taylor took the pill in plenty of time. We just ended up in the unlucky ten percent."

"You're sure it was your first time?" Mr. Wyatt demanded. "Have you done it more than your first time and today?"

"Uh... uh... more often..." Xander stuttered.

"How often is not your business, Daddy," Taylor said. "Xander insisted on getting rubbers. We used protection every other time, except today. We knew it was much too late for rubbers today."

"So, what's next?" Mrs. Wyatt asked. "We can spend all night on recriminations but that won't change the fact the Taylor most likely is pregnant. We need to plan for the future."

"Could I make a suggestion?" Xander asked. Both parents nodded their approval. "I think all of us should go over and sit down with my parents and tell them what is going on. They will want to help with this problem."

"Damn right they will," Mr. Wyatt snapped. "They'll pay!"

“David, calm down,” Mrs. Wyatt said. “Why don’t you call ahead and let your parents know we are coming over.”

Xander pulled out his phone and called his mom. “Mom, could you and Dad meet with Taylor and her parents in about ten minutes?”

“What’s up?” Mrs. Ferguson asked. “You know Stephen is watching his ball game.”

“This is urgent,” Xander said. “He will have to interrupt his game.”

“What is it all about?” Mrs. Ferguson quizzed. “Can you give us some idea what this is about?”

“This is best talked about face-to-face,” Xander said. “We’ll be over in about ten minutes.”

“OK, we will be here,” Mrs. Ferguson replied. She headed to living room and her husband.

“Stephen, we have company coming in a few minutes,” Kimberly Ferguson explained to her husband.

“Who is it?” Stephen asked. “What do they want?”

“It is Xander, Xander’s girlfriend, Taylor, and her parents,” Kimberly explained.

“Son? Girlfriend? Girlfriend’s parents?” Stephen replied. “Shit! This won’t be good.”

“It almost has to be like two years ago,” Kimberly agreed. Unknown to Xander, his older brother Westin had gotten a previous girlfriend pregnant. The meeting with Westin, Julia and Mr. & Mrs. Osborne had been acrimonious. The only fortunate thing about the whole unfortunate incident was that Julia Osborne had miscarried and neither she nor Westin had to carry the burden of being teenaged parents.

“Let’s try to keep our heads on straight if this is what we suspect it might be,” Kimberly suggested.

“I swear, Gabe is going to wear a chastity belt until he’s twenty-one.” Stephen declared.

“You know you can’t do that,” Kimberly replied.

“Yeah... I know,” Stephen agreed. He turned off the ball game and the two waited for their guests to arrive. Five minutes later Xander, Taylor, Nicole and David Wyatt were seated in the Ferguson living room.

“You called this meeting, Xander,” Stephen Ferguson said after a few moments of uncomfortable silence.

"You all know how I started dating Taylor a few weeks ago?" Xander said. He got head nods from both sets of parents. "Things have gone well beyond just a date. A few weeks ago we got carried away. Totally unplanned, with no preparation, we found ourselves having sex... without protection."

"You know they make..." Stephen interrupted.

"I know," Xander said, talking over his stepfather. "Give Westin credit. He heard about my predicament and made me take Taylor down to the pharmacy and get the morning after pill for her... uh, the morning after. We happened to be one of the unlucky ten percent where the pill didn't work. Taylor is most likely pregnant."

"Most likely?" Kimberly Ferguson asked.

"The kids waited until a week after when Taylor's period was due before taking the home test," Nicole Wyatt explained. "A positive home test is about 99% certain to be a pregnancy. Of course I will line up an OB/GYN appointment for Taylor to get this confirmed and get her pregnancy started off safely."

"Now, I will expect that your family will..." David Wyatt said, staring directly at Stephen Ferguson.

"Dave... Dave... Stop," Stephen Ferguson replied. "Demands are not necessary. Get me copies of all bills your family incurs during Taylor's pregnancy, including the OB/GYN visit later this week. Include everything remotely related to the pregnancy, even maternity clothes for Taylor. Xander and the Ferguson family will pay half of all expenses related to this pregnancy."

"Um... um... OK," David Wyatt said. He was shocked at how easily Stephen had given in.

"Taylor, may I ask you one question, one that does need to be asked," Stephen Ferguson asked.

"OK," Taylor allowed.

"Is Xander the only boy you've slept with?" Stephen asked.

"He is," Taylor replied.

"OK, good enough for me," Stephen said. "Xander and our family will cover half of all expenses. Dave, if by chance the kids aren't telling us the full story and some other boy is the father of this baby, I am not going to expect repayment for you. I will sue the other boy's family to recover our costs."

"That's fair," Dave Wyatt agreed. "Um... OK... uh, I surprised but pleased at your attitudes."

"We may end up sharing a common grandchild," Kimberly said. "We certainly want to start what could become a long term relationship between our families civilly."

"I guess that leaves the next question," Stephen said. "What will we do about this pregnancy? Is abortion an option? Should Taylor carry the baby to term and give it up for adoption? Are either of our families prepared to raise this child?"

"Abortion is not an option," David said firmly. "It is strictly against our beliefs."

"I am fine with that decision," Kimberly Ferguson agreed. "I believe a woman has the right to choose but I think this is the right choice for our families today."

"OK, one decision done," Stephen said. "Is either family willing to tackle raising this baby or should it be put up for adoption?"

Given the cooperative atmosphere so far, this question took a surprisingly long time to answer. Adoption was gone immediately, since both families were willing and anxious to raise their grandchild. After half an hour of discussion they agreed that the Wyatts and Taylor would be the baby's primary care-givers. Xander would be available frequently to spell Taylor, babysit, or whatever Taylor needed when she needed a break from their child. The Fergusons would get opportunities to host their grandchild frequently.

Taylor looked over at Xander in the middle of the discussion. "This is really happening to me, isn't it?"

"It's really happening to us," Taylor responded. "I will be here for you every step of the way."

The two families finally ironed out all the details they felt necessary that evening. David Wyatt brought up one last topic.

"Can my wife and I permit Xander to continue to see Taylor given the careless way he has treated her so far?" Nicole gave her husband a warning stare. Taylor glared at her father.

"Xander wasn't the only careless person involved," Taylor said, her eyes burning with determination. "No one gets to make rules about Xander and me. We will determine our own relationship."

"Taylor is right, David," Nicole added. "The kids need to figure out their own relationship."

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt kept silent.

"Mr. Wyatt, I understand that I'm not your favorite person right now," Xander said, "but my relationship with Taylor is between the two of us, not the two families. I understand that certain... aspects of our relationship should stay hidden from Gabriel and Emily. We can do that. Beyond that promise, all I can say is Taylor and I will have to figure out where we go as a couple from here."

Mr. Wyatt looked at his wife and then his daughter. "OK, I've been outvoted. You will keep all the gory details about what you and Xander have been doing from your twelve year-old sister."

"I can do that, Daddy," Taylor promised.

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Somehow the school grapevine caught fresh news of Taylor's pregnancy. She and Xander endured more teasing from their peers. The ordeal made the bond between the two teens tighter than before.

Friday's OB/GYN visit confirmed Taylor's pregnancy. The estimated date of conception was August 23rd. She was due May 16th, the following spring. The doctor said everything was fine so far with the pregnancy.

Taylor and Xander continued to date, like normal teen couples. They also utilized with private time to enjoy their favorite sport – recreational fucking. Xander loved how Taylor's breasts grew. Taylor's body was flooded with hormones, which made her horny as hell. It's hard to wear out a ninth grade boys' dick, but she made a valiant effort to try.

Xander got to go along for the sonograms. He saw their baby, which proved to be a boy. Taylor was carrying his son. Xander participated as Taylor's partner in the birthing classes. At 5'-4½", he looked horribly out of place with the other grown men in the class. The Andrews men traditionally were late bloomers. Westin, at 6'-0", had sprouted almost nine inches between the start of his junior year and his senior year. Xander, who was considered to be average sized as an elementary student fell rapidly behind in height and development as his peers entered their growth spurts at thirteen to fifteen. Someday he would have a noticeable beard and would reach normal height, but this wasn't going to be the year for that.

Twelve year-old Emily, on the cusp of puberty, showered her big sister with questions about boys, sex, kissing, sex, and pregnancy. Oh, and she wondered about sex too. Taylor answered some questions and directed Emily to their mother for other answers. Gabe, Xander's ten year-old brother, stayed clueless. He teased Xander about knocking up his girlfriend, but really had no concept about what that meant. Westin tried to help Xander too. He remembered too well his close brush with fatherhood.

Taylor's bump really stood out by the time the holidays were over. This led to more teasing from their classmates. Xander and Taylor ignored all the braying asses.

In spite of her small size, Taylor handled the pregnancy better than could be expected. Helping and taking care of Taylor brought Xander closer to his lover. The pregnancy was an accident created purely by lust. Now that he had time to consider Taylor closer, in good times and in bad, he found more than friendship. Love grew between the two as they navigated the trials of a teen pregnancy.

The Wyatts and the Fergusons were all nerves as May arrived. The doctor announced everything was proceeding properly at Taylor's May 1st exam. As a precaution, he ordered Taylor to bed for the remaining days of the pregnancy. Xander brought her homework home from school each afternoon so she could do the work and not fall behind. Thursday afternoon, May 5th, while he was delivering her homework, Taylor felt a sharp pain and then her liquid gushed from her vagina.

"Mom, something's happening," Taylor yelled.

"Oh shit!" Xander gasped. "Your water broke. Do you feel any contractions?"

"Contractions? It's too early," Taylor said. "I'm not due for almost two weeks."

Xander, who sat through all the birthing classes, knew what was happening, even if Taylor didn't want to believe it yet. "Mrs. Wyatt!" he yelled. "You better get up here... right now!"

"Have you had any pains today?" Xander asked. Taylor.

"Just some indigestion," Taylor replied. "I was hungry for pickles and chocolate ice cream at lunch." She laughed. "My stomach didn't agree with my menu choice. I had a little stomach pain." Just as she said it, she felt a pain in her gut, stronger than the previous two she had after lunch. She gritted her teeth and bore the pain until it subsided. "Do you think this is a contraction?"

"I am almost sure it is," Xander said.

Nicole Wyatt appeared at the door. "What is it?" she asked.

"Her water broke and she just had a third contraction this afternoon," Xander said. "I think the baby is coming."

Mrs. Wyatt helped her daughter up and to get on a dry robe. Xander helped both of them downstairs to the garage and then helped load the car. He sat in the backseat with Taylor on the way to the hospital. Taylor had another contraction just before arriving. Xander talked her through it.

Taylor was wheeled into a room in the birthing area as soon as she arrived. Xander paused in the lobby for a couple minutes to call his parents and grandparents and let everyone know what was happening. He headed back the hallway towards Taylor when a tall nurse stopped him.

"I am sorry," she said. "Fathers or parents of the woman giving birth only. We don't allow brothers to attend the births."

"I am the baby's father," Xander insisted. The nurse turned and stared closely at the short boy.

"How old are you?" she asked. "Something like thirteen?"

"I will be fifteen in six weeks," Xander insisted.

"OK," the nurse said with a heavy sigh. "I will see if I can find you some scrubs that fit."

She managed to find scrubs for Xander that weren't too terribly baggy. He headed back to join his girlfriend in her room. He helped her with breathing through the contractions. He held her hand or gave her ice chips to suck when she was thirsty. Xander wasn't prepared for how lengthy the process could be. Almost four hours later Taylor delivered a 5 lb. 6 oz. baby boy – ten fingers, ten toes and impossibly small. Xander and Taylor christened the boy Michael Wyatt Ferguson. Could Xander and Taylor manage to navigate all the difficulties and perils of teen parents? Time would tell.

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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

Douglas Fox has authored a series of stories in his Life in Paradise (,PA) series, including: Algonquin Memories, The Tailback and The Cheerleader, Second Chance at Love, Finding Balance, Finding Answers, Drive for Excellence and Lost and Found.

Other Stories include: Reluctant Hero (in Al Steiner's Greenies world), Tyler Does Debbie, Three for Two, Class Float, Capture the Flag Bonus and Stranded by the Hurricane.