

Black or White: Katie North's First Time

By Douglas Fox © 2017

Two teens, Katie North and her boyfriend, Colin Cavanaugh, in spite of their intentions to wait for sex until after marriage, fall for their genetic destiny. Both teens are dedicated Catholics who need to figure out how to square their feelings and needs against their Church's teachings.

This is a short story that is part of my Life in Paradise series. It is set in 2034-2035.

(mf-teens, first, unsafe)

Chapter 1

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"When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. When I became a man, I put away childish things." 1 Corinthians 13:11

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I was born and raised a Catholic. I saw things as black or white when I was growing up. One day that changed. I thought I understood what St. Paul meant in that verse. I understood the verse as a child. One unexpected day I learned the world is not black or white but many shades of gray.

I am Katie North, the fourteen year-old younger daughter of Jeremy and Kathy North. I am a ninth grade student at the Avon Grove High School, raised by my loving parents. They were childhood friends, high school sweethearts and college lovers. They celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their marriage this past February.

Two facts have defined my family. My Dad is a football player and coach. My parents are deeply committed members of the Roman Catholic Church. My eighteen year-old sister, Allison, and I were raised in the Faith.

Dad currently works as the defensive coordinator for the Philadelphia Eagles under head coach Kyle Martin. To me he's Uncle Kyle. Uncle Kyle and Aunt Penny aren't really my aunt and uncle but they are long-time family friends who are too close to be Mr. and Dr. Martin to my sister and me. The situation is similar with Uncle Ed and Aunt Rose. Uncle Ed, properly, Ed Fritz, works for Uncle Kyle as the Eagles quarterbacks coach. My Dad, Uncle Kyle and Uncle Ed played football together as kids. All three made it into college football, where they excelled.

Dad attended Notre Dame University, playing linebacker for the team. The Chicago Bears drafted Dad and he went on to have a thirteen year, Pro Bowl career manning the middle of the Bears' defense. Uncle Kyle set just about every receiving record in college and was drafted by the Denver Broncos. Uncle Kyle had a Hall of Fame career there before going into coaching. Uncle Ed's career was not as acclaimed. He played in Arizona, Tennessee, Minnesota, Jacksonville and Los Angeles in his career as a journeyman quarterback. Uncle Ed made one Pro Bowl, the year he took the Jacksonville Jaguars to the playoffs.

Allison and I were born when we lived in Chicago. Dad retired after thirteen seasons and took a job coaching linebackers at Notre Dame University, his old college. I loved living in South Bend. It was much more of a country setting than our old home in Chicago. Dad did well as a coach. He was promoted to defensive coordinator for the Fighting Irish after three seasons coaching linebackers.

My family's life changed dramatically three years ago one February night when Uncle Kyle called. He was hired to restore the Philadelphia Eagles to winning ways. Uncle Kyle asked Dad to coach linebackers for the team, a big promotion from coaching in college. Better yet, Dad would have Larry Czarwinski, known to all as "Coach C," as his boss and mentor. Coach C would coach the defense for two years and then turn the job of defensive coordinator job over to Dad. Dad was hesitant about taking the offer. He loved working at Notre Dame.

Uncle Kyle's daughter, Jessie, texted me when she heard the news and welcomed Allison and me to "horse country" as she termed southern Chester County, Pennsylvania. Allison and I have always loved horses and wanted to have our own. That was impossible in Chicago and would have been difficult in South Bend. Allison and I pushed Dad hard to accept the new job. Mom liked the idea of living closer to our grandparents too. Both sets of grandparents live on the same street in Paradise, PA, the next county west of Chester County. In the end Dad accepted Uncle Kyle's offer and we got our horses. Aunt Penny, a veterinarian, helped Mom buy Jersey Boy for me and Delphia for Allison.

We settled into our new home in Chester County. I went to St. Mary's Elementary, the local Catholic school nearby in West Grove. Unfortunately my sister Allison couldn't stay in parochial school. The Catholic high school was located in Downingtown. We live in the southern end of Chester County, nearly into Delaware and Maryland. The high school was too far for Dad or Mom to drive us before work. The church runs a bus from the center of West Grove to Bishop Shanahan but it would take over an hour to get to school and another hour to get home again. The local public school, Avon Grove School District, was well regarded, so Allison became a public school student.

Allison started dating when we moved to Kemblesville. That drove Dad crazy. Thankfully for me, he calmed down by the time I started dating last year when I was in eighth grade. I did some group dates with my friends from school. My first solo date was with Dylan Reynolds last spring. Dylan was a cute boy with a kind personality. I knew Dylan through his dad, the offensive coordinator for the Eagles. Dylan was in eighth grade at the local public school, Engle Middle School, rather than St. Mary's.

Dylan took me bowling. We had a fun time. His mom gave him a minute to walk me to my door at the end of the date. We kissed. Oh God! Dylan was a good kisser. He asked me for a second date before he parted. We went to the movies the next weekend. We spent a good part of the movie kissing. It was amazing. By our third date, Dylan asked me to go steady. I accepted.

The two of us learned about kissing, making out and more. Allison counseled me on what was proper. She felt it was OK for an eighth grader to allow the boy to feel up her titties. That felt even better than kissing! We went together for over two months. By last May we were getting more and more intimate. One night I allowed Dylan to put his hand up my skirt – strictly hands outside my panties. His caressing and rubbing felt amazing. Too amazing.

I am a dedicated Catholic believing in the teachings I learned from my priests and nuns. I believe it is a mortal sin to fornicate outside of marriage. Dylan was not a church goer, Protestant or Catholic, so he did not have those qualms. He kept putting moves on me to go further. I resisted. Dylan wanted us to go all the way – to fornicate. He teased me about me calling it fornication. He said it was just a little recreational sex and everyone was doing it. I refused. He tried to put his hand inside my panties. I

blocked his move. He called me a cock tease and said I was frigid. We broke up that night because he insisted we have sex and I refused categorically.

A week later, on the last day of school, Colin Cavanaugh, a cute boy in my class at St. Mary's, asked me for a date. I accepted. We had a good time. He asked me to go steady after our fourth date. I had to teach Colin some of the things I learned from Dylan about kissing and making out. He was a quick learner. It was an idyllic summer for both of us. I got to feel the lump in his pants more than once. He always got hard when we made out. My boyfriend was well endowed. Colin accepted my limits of second base. He didn't push to go further.

Colin's parents were in the same bind as mine with regard to Catholic high school. We started public high school at Avon Grove at the end of August. Colin and I were afraid the students at the school would be undisciplined. They were fairly well behaved. The teachers and principals were good. The choice to go to public school turned out to be a good one. It beat wasting a couple hours a day on buses riding to and from Downingtown.

A few of my Catholic school friends made the same choice as Colin and me. I also got to see more of my non-parochial friends. One of those was Edward Fritz, Junior, better known as EJ. EJ is Uncle Ed's oldest. Colin and I even double-dated with EJ and his current girlfriend, Ava Mullins. I also got to see more of Uncle Kyle's third child, Danny Martin. Danny was in eleventh grade, two grades ahead of Colin, EJ, Ava and me.

I reconnected with Dylan Reynolds again. I let bygones be bygones. Dylan was "in love" with his current girlfriend, Lydia Ferguson. Rumors around school said Lydia relieved Dylan of the burden of his virginity at a Labor Day Weekend party. Colin and I planned to stay true to our Faith and stay celibate until we grew up and married.

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My childish outlook on life changed one Friday afternoon just before Halloween. The teachers had a conference after school, so Colin didn't have soccer practice like normal. We got permission from our parents for Colin to ride his bike over to my house after school so we could go out riding. Mom would feed Colin supper and then give him a ride over to Tony Russo's house for the rest of the weekend. Colin's parents were going out of town.

We enjoyed Indian summer through much of the week. Temperatures were in the mid-seventies, flirting with breaking the 79 degree record. The weather was perfect for Colin and me to ride Jersey Boy and Delphia through our neighbor's woods down to the creek, follow the creek to the township park and then back again. It was a seven mile ride, perfect for after school and before dinner.

Colin showed up fifteen minutes after the school bus dropped me off at my house. We saddled up the horses and rode off. We ignored the dark clouds to the northwest, a fateful mistake. Colin and I were about half way to the park when the dark clouds blew in, dropping the temperature nearly thirty degrees in minutes. The clouds cut loose, drenching us with heavy, cold rain.

If we have been closer to the park we could have rode on and taken shelter in one of the pavilions. As it was we were halfway between home and the park. I turned back and led Colin and Delphia back to our barn. We ended up soaked to the bone, shivering and nearly hypothermic when we got back. We put the horses away quickly and headed into my house. The laundry room doubled as the back entrance to our house.

“What now?” Colin asked me.

“Let’s strip off these wet things,” I suggested. “We can run them through the drier in half an hour.”

“Um... OK,” Colin agreed. I pulled off my soaked sweatshirt and T-shirt in one motion. My boyfriend hadn’t made a move.

“What’s up?” I asked.

“You expect me to get naked in front of you?” Colin said.

“Keep your boxers on,” I replied. “Jeez... I’ve seen as much when we went to Danny’s [Martin] swim party on Labor Day.”

“Yeah... I guess,” Colin conceded reluctantly. He undressed, tossing his clothes into the drier after mine. Soon we standing there, me in panties and a sports bra and Colin in a light blue pair of compression boxer/briefs.

I should describe my sexy boyfriend. He’s 5’-4” tall and weighs in at 106 pounds. He is well muscled, as you would expect from a gymnast and soccer player. His tight boxers accented what I considered his best feature – his cute butt. What I’d like to do if I had my hands on that butt. I’ll have to do a couple Hail Marys for that impure thought.

“Let’s go upstairs and look for some robes,” I suggested after Colin shivered. He followed me upstairs. “Try Dad’s robe,” I suggested pointing at my parents’ bedroom door. “It’s usually hanging on the inside of the bathroom door.” I went to my bedroom and grabbed my robe and put it on.

I had to laugh when Colin joined me in my room. My Dad’s robe hung down and dragged on the floor. “What do you think of my look?” Colin asked, laughing too.

“Try this robe,” I replied, still laughing. It shouldn’t have been a surprise that Dad’s robe didn’t fit Colin. My dad is 6’-3” tall, and still goes about 210 pounds, down forty pounds from his playing weight when he was a linebacker for the Chicago Bears.

My mom and I are about the same size, 5’-2”. Thankfully my older sister Allison, who inherited Dad’s height, also inherited Mom’s build. She is 5’-11” tall and 135 pounds. Allison also inherited our father’s athleticism. She is a freshman at Syracuse, on their basketball team.

My boyfriend looked worse in Allison’s robe. It was too short, coming down to his mid-thigh. Worse, it didn’t come the whole way around to meet in the front. My boyfriend’s hard penis tented his boxers, splitting the robe open.

“What do you think?” Colin asked, modelling the robe.

“Someone is thinking sinful thoughts,” I responded.

“I’m a guy,” Colin said. “What do you expect? I am in my girlfriend’s bedroom dressed only in boxers. You’re wearing panties and a bra.” He dropped the robe to the floor.

“There is another way we could stay warm,” Colin suggested. “We could generate our own heat. What do you say to picking up where we left off last Saturday night at the movies?”

“Now there is a sinful idea I can go along with,” I agreed. I pulled Colin into my bed. We lay on our sides, facing each other. We hugged and began making out. Our lips locked together and our tongues sought each other. Touching and twisting, exploring and probing, our lustfulness grew as we stimulated each other.

Colin and I had been making out since soon after we started dating. Colin and I had a slow start but we knew how to maximize our pleasure deep kissing. We went on quite a while, lost to everything but each other.

Colin started wiggling his hips as we made out. Wouldn't you know that his boxer-covered, swollen penis found its way right against my camel toe? God! That felt good. I started humping my hips to continue the pressure his penis was making against my vulva.

“May I play with your breasts?” Colin asked. His bulge rubbed right across my clitoris.

“Ooohh! Yes!” I gasped. Before I could explain myself, Colin slipped a hand between our bodies, slipped my sports bra up and began caressing my breasts. The “is this too much?” I wanted to ask turned into “This is nice,” as he felt me up. Colin's hip wiggling become more organized as he hunched his hips and slid every inch of his hardened bulge across my vulva.

I knew I should be taking control now. Mom and the nuns said that it was essential for a girl's purity to make sure a boy doesn't overwhelm us with good feelings and bring us to sin. My control of this situation was growing tenuous but it felt too good to call a halt to our activities.

Colin sat back on his haunches. His other hand pushed my sports bra up so he could play with my right breast too. “Why don't you take this off?” my boyfriend asked politely. I didn't object as he pulled my sports bra over my head and tossed it on the floor.

My guy leaned down and began kissing me again while he used both hands to stimulate my breasts. I had no idea they were so sensitive. I could feel my vagina tingle and grow wetter as Colin felt me up. After minute or so of deep kissing, Colin shifted his kissing to my cheek, then to my ear lobe and finally down across my neck to my cleavage and then right onto my left breast.

Mmmmm... Kissing and nipples go together well. Colin kissed and licked around the nipple and finally sucked it into his mouth. I felt a gush of juice in my vulva. He suckled at my sensitive nipple for about thirty seconds before repeating the process with my right breast. I knew Colin had to feel how wet I was becoming as his hardened penis bumped against my vulva.

My boyfriend continued playing with my breasts for a few minutes. Colin rubbed my belly with one hand while the other continued playing with a breast. He slid the hand lower until he reached the hem of my panties.

My eyes flew open as I realized what Colin planned. “We can't go all the way!” I insisted as I grabbed his arm and pulled it away.

“Please!” Colin begged.

“Fornication is a mortal sin,” I replied. “What would we say to Father Kelly during confession this weekend?”

“What we are doing now is a sin too,” Colin retorted. “Lust in thought is just as bad as lust in deed. You can’t tell me you aren’t tempted to try sex.” He stared directly into my eyes. I couldn’t lie. This all felt so good. I was tempted to allow Colin to continue lower. I understood where allowing more could go.

“If I am going to do penance for lust, I am going to get maximum pleasure from my sin before I confess to the Father,” Colin said.

“That not how you’re supposed...” I started. Colin leaned down and drowned out my objection with a deep kiss. He hunched his hips up and down my vulva again, spreading a tingle through my vulva as he stimulated me. I wiggled my hips in time to Colin’s thrusts.

Colin’s rubbing at my bottom felt wonderful. The deep kissing was fantastic too. My vulva seemed saturated. I could feel it making Colin’s boxers wet and slick too. His penis felt so nice rubbing against me. No wonder boys called them boners. Time passed in a swirl of kisses and hunching our bottoms together, overstimulating both of us.

Once when we paused kissing to catch our breath, Colin asked, “Could I see all of you? I know we aren’t going all the way today, but can I at least see how beautiful you look?”

“Look?” I said, blinking my eyes quickly. Could that hurt? “OK, just look.”

Colin climbed off me. He reached down for my panties. I raised my hips off the bed and allowed him to remove them, leaving my bare-assed naked. I lay back on the bed and allowed my legs to fall open. I knew I was completely vulnerable now. If Colin choose to force me into sex, I had no defense left. I also knew Colin would never force the issue. I allowed him to stare at my vulva.

“I can’t see much, except for the wet slot,” Colin said. “Could I touch you so I can see better?”

“Just touch with your fingers?” I asked. He nodded yes. “OK, be gentle.”

He used two fingers to pull my outer vulva open. “It’s pink inside,” Colin commented as he dipped his fingers between my outer lips and inner lips. He moved his two fingers up and down my slot. “It’s really soft and really wet.”

“You have me excited,” I explained. “It happens when my body thinks it is about to have sex. Which we are NOT going to have.”

“No of course not,” Colin agreed. His fingers continued exploring my vulva. “Where does a boy go?”

“Lower...” I said. He slipped his finger lower down my slot. “Lower...” Suddenly one his fingers slipped down and into my hole.

“This is the spot?” Colin asked. I stared down my belly and saw only the bottom joint of his index finger. The other two joints were stuffed in my hole. Surprisingly, the finger felt nice exactly where it was. “It’s so tight. How can a boy’s penis fit in there?”

“It stretches,” I answered. Colin wormed a second finger into my hole.

“This is really tight,” Colin said. I had to agree. I could feel the second finger stretching the ring at the edge of my hole slightly. He pulled the two fingers out a little and forced them back inside. It felt nice

when they penetrated me. "I heard girls have this bump that feels really good when you rub it. Where is it?"

He continued probing my hole with the two fingers and slipped his thumb up my slot. Suddenly he pushed his thumb over my clitoris. I shuddered. Colin smiled and said, "There it is." My boyfriend rubbed his thumb on my clitoris while he pumped his two fingers in and out of my body. The vulgar term was finger fucking. It was exciting and stimulating and damned scary for me. I felt a tingle begin to grow in my belly as Colin worked me over. I was going to climax and it was going to be way better than any I had ever given myself.

I panted and moaned as Colin continued his assault. I lasted maybe thirty seconds before the massive freight train that was my orgasm ran me down, knocking me senseless.

"Your vagina is squeezing and pulling at my fingers," Colin marveled as he continued to finger fuck me. I had to knock his thumb off my clitoris.

"Too much!" I gasped as I writhed in pleasure. Colin pulled his fingers out of my vagina and sat back on his haunches between my legs.

"That must have felt great," Colin said.

"Thank you for doing that," I sighed as I calmed down from my climax.

"It's too bad I don't get to see how good that feels," Colin commented.

"We are not having sex today," I retorted.

"Maybe you could get me off like I did for you?" Colin suggested.

"Make you come?" I asked. I was horny enough to be willing. "I could do that." Colin hopped out of bed and pulled his boxers off, dropping them onto the floor with my undergarments. He hopped back onto the center of the bed and lay on his back. His boner stood straight up from his body. I examined it at first. It was around five inches long and maybe a little more than an inch in diameter. It had a purple tapered head that ended just above a ring of brown flesh. The shaft was smooth except for the big vein that ran down the underside of his erection.

"What do I do?" I asked.

"Wrap your hand around it," Colin replied. "Stroke it up and down gently." I did as directed. Colin instructed me on the right way to hold it and the correct amount of pressure to use as I began stroking him.

I stroked him for a couple minutes. Colin started to sweat and then his head turned pink then red. The redness spread down his neck and across his shoulders. My boyfriend was panting and squirming as I continued to stroke his penis. Finally he gasped, "Oh, God!" His penis swelled in my hand and then throbbed. It spat a blast of white stuff in a high arc over his belly. The first blast landed on Colin's chin and cheek. The next blast dropped on his chest. Subsequent blasts landed closer to his penis. Finally it drooled a little more of the white stuff onto his belly. I let go of his penis.

"Wow!" Colin gushed. "That was so much better than when I do it myself."

“I am glad you enjoyed it,” I said. “I’ll help clean you up.” I grabbed tissues and wiped up the semen and sperm from my boyfriend’s chest and chin. I lay on the bed beside him, facing him on my side. We hugged. I licked the last bit of sperm off Colin’s cheek. We kissed. I allowed the dribble of sperm to roll off my tongue and onto his. He swallowed hard.

“Is that what I thought it was?” Colin asked. “My come? You can be a little wild, Katie.”

“Right,” I scoffed. “Me? Wild?”

We rolled over and went back to deep kissing. Colin started hunching his hips up and down my slot again. This time, his naked boner was sliding through my vulva and rubbing my clitoris. This felt ten times better than when we did this with our underwear on. We humped and made out for probably fifteen minutes, or more. The two of us were incredibly lustful by then.

We had committed a whole raft of sins already. My vow of purity until I married was taking a beating. Finally I couldn’t take it anymore and blurted out, “Colin, what if…”

Simultaneously Colin asked, “Katie, could we try…”

“Go ahead, honey,” I said.

“No, you go first,” Colin insisted.

“Um… OK. I was thinking,” I said. My nerve was wavering. “Maybe we could try sex a little… just to see what it is like.” Colin laughed.

“I was going to suggest the same thing. I put it in a little and we see what it is like. You are serious about this?”

“I am,” I declared, wishing my conscious brain was as sure as the rest of my body was.

“I don’t have any rubbers,” Colin said.

“Using them would be a sin,” I said. “Only family planning is allowed.”

“Which means?”

“Do it only on safe days,” I replied.

“Is today a safe day?” Colin asked.

I had to do some counting. Hopefully I remembered how to tell when it was safe. It was the nine days after your last period and the week just before your next. I think. I counted off the days since my period ended. Nine days.

“It’s a safe day,” I said.

“We are really going to do this?” Colin asked.

I took a deep breath to settle my misgivings. “We are.”

I lay down on my back and spread my legs wide open, leaving myself entirely at Colin's mercy. He climbed out of bed and went around and crawled back into bed over the bottom. He scooted up until he was sitting on his haunches between my legs. He grasped his hard penis in one hand.

"It's not tOO late to change your MInd," Colin cheeped nervously. My boyfriend's voice was deepening from a high pitched boy's voice to a deeper man's voice.

"Do it!" Colin lay down over me, resting his weight on his elbows. We could stare into each other's eyes while we did the deed. Colin hunched his hips and his penis pressed the wrong spot before deflecting up my slot. He tried a second time, missing the same way. The third time he deflected between my butt cheeks.

"I need to see what I am doing," Colin declared. He sat up and held his penis in one hand. This time he pressed in low enough to find the target. His penis felt blunter than his fingers as he pressed it against my hole. Suddenly I felt tremendous pressure.

"It won't go in further," Colin said.

"You hit my maidenhead," I said. "Press on it. It will give way."

Colin supported his penis with a hand and pressed again. Nothing happened. "Press really hard," I asked.

"I don't want to hurt you."

"Do it!" I demanded.

Colin reared back and thrust hard. I felt an immediate sharp pain as his penis plowed through what was left of my maidenhead. Worse, it felt like his penis was going to split me in two as it forced its way into my vagina.

"Are you OK?"

"It hurt when you burst through to start with," I replied. "I feel really full and stretched now."

"I can take it out," Colin said. "I don't want to hurt you."

"Don't you dare!" I snapped back. "Push in slowly until you are all the way in. Then we can see how I feel."

"OK," Colin agreed. He pushed his hips forward, forcing another inch of penis into my vagina. He pushed again and again, until all five inches had disappeared into me. I could see his sparse brown pubic hairs nestled among my red hairs. My pubic hairs are the same shade of red as the hair on my head.

Colin leaned back over my body and gave me a kiss while we got accustomed to the feelings of sexual intercourse.

"You're sure this is safe?" Colin asked. "I can't get you pregnant, can I?"

"It's a safe day," I replied. "It is unlikely you will get me pregnant. You ready for more?"

"More?"

“You know, stroking in and out so it feels really good,” I said.

“It feels really good like this,” Colin said. “Your vagina wraps right around my dick and is so warm and soft.”

“Start stroking,” I said. “I bet it feels even better.” Colin reared back a little and plunged his penis back into me. It was wonderful the way it wormed its way back into the folds of my vagina. The feelings were excellent. Colin started stroking in and out. Soon he had a good rhythm going. I started hunching my bottom back into time to his thrusts. We filled my bedroom with the sounds of slaps as his pubic area crashed into mine with each stroke.

I don’t know how long we lasted. I spotted Colin’s head turn pink and then red. The redness spread down his neck and onto his chest. The timing of my lover’s strokes become erratic.

“You’RE sure... [pant] Colin grunted, “You can’t... [grunt] get... pregNANT [pant]?”

“It’s... safe,” I promised.

Colin gave me four more strokes of his penis before he slammed his penis in hard and froze. I felt him swell in my belly and then felt the spurts as he flooded my insides with sperm. God, I hope I calculated correctly when I said this was a safe day. It felt like Colin pumped a gallon of sperm into me. He collapsed on top of me, spent. I hugged him and gave him small kisses until he recovered. Then we went to mouth lock and deep kisses.

“That was amazing,” I gushed. “Just, fucking amazing.”

Colin laughed and teased, “Does my girlfriend have a potty-mouth when she has sex?”

“I think I can say fuck if I can do it,” I retorted.

“You are sure we are safe?” Colin asked.

“You keep asking me that,” I responded. “We’re safe. We... are... safe! OK?”

“I just don’t want to HUrt you,” Colin said.

“What time is it?” I asked. “We should probably be getting dressed in case my Mom gets home soon.” I glanced at my clock. It said 6:13 PM. “Holy shit! My Mom might be home now! Get dressed quick.”

“Umm... my clothes are in the laundry,” Colin said.

“Shit!” I grouched. I threw my robe on and headed downstairs quietly. I listened for sounds downstairs. Everything was silent. I ventured downstairs quietly in case someone was home. Lights were out and the house was deserted. I retrieved our clothes from the drier and scurried upstairs again. We flew through dressing in about two minutes and then headed downstairs. I turned the kitchen light on and saw the blinking red light of our answering machine.

“Hey Katie, it’s Mom,” the message announced. “I got caught up at work tonight and won’t be home until late. I called your Dad. He’ll be home in time to make supper for you and Colin and then drive

Colin over to his friend's house for his overnight. Love you, Mom." The machine beeped twice and continued playing.

"Katie, it's Dad. I got a message from Mom that she has everything covered tonight. She'll get you and Colin dinner and then drive Colin over to his friend's house. I stuck here at Novacare. Brendan found a tell in Dallas' o-line. We need to study film to get things set for tomorrow morning's walk-through so the guys are ready for Sunday's game. Promise your Mom for me that I will not pull an all-nighter, though I doubt you'll be awake when I get home. Love and lots of kisses. Dad."

"Well, that is interesting," I commented.

"Two kids... a big empty house... whatever shall we do?" Colin teased. "Maybe something upstairs in the bedroom again?"

"Easy, loverboy," I cautioned.

"Loverboy?" Colin said. "I think I like that nickname."

"When are you supposed to be at Tony [Russo's] house?"

"7:30 or eight o'clock," Colin said. "How am I going to get there?"

"Why don't you call the Russo's house and see if Tony's parents could pick you up from here."

"What about dinner?" Colin asked. "I'm starved."

"Let's check out the fridge and find out what Mom planned for supper tonight," I suggested.

"You cook?" Colin asked, surprised at the news.

"I love cooking," I replied. We walked over to the refrigerator. I found a container of left over mashed potatoes from last night. A pound of hamburger was left to thaw. I knew exactly what Mom had planned. "Let's do Shepherd's Pie."

"That sounds complicated," Colin said dubiously.

"Easy," I replied. "Just follow my directions. Put these ingredients on the counter." I handed him the hamburger, the mashed potatoes, an onion, butter and milk. I grabbed a bag of frozen vegetables from the freezer. Finally I grabbed a bag of instant gravy mix from the cupboard.

I got a frying pan out and had Colin brown the hamburger. He didn't seem confident but he managed the task. I warmed the oven and then greased a casserole dish to hold our dinner. Diced onion went in with the partially cooked meat. I had to show Colin how to break up the chunks of meat as it browned.

I mixed the instant gravy mix and put it on a front burner beside Colin's frying pan. I tried to stir the lumps out of the gravy. Colin had other, more libidinous ideas.

He wrapped an arm around me and pulled me so my back was against the front of his body. He leaned into me and kissed me along the back and side of my neck. It felt good. Colin continued kissing me and hugging me to his back. After about thirty seconds I felt my lover's boner poke me in the back. I also smelled something burning. I pulled away from Colin.

“Watch the hamburger!” I ordered. “Don’t let the meat burn or stick to the bottom of the pan.” I frantically stirred my gravy to make sure it was smooth and pulled it off the burner.

“The hamburger is OK,” Colin said. I could see some scorching around the edges of the meat but otherwise it seemed all right. I had Colin break up the large chunks of ground beef into smaller pieces. When the meat was browned, I added the mixed vegetables and the gravy to Colin’s frying pan. I allowed everything to heat and incorporate flavors for a few minutes.

The meat and vegetable mix went in the bottom of the casserole. I spread the cold mashed potatoes across the top of the dish, creating a second layer to seal in the first. The dish went in the oven to bake.

“What’s next?” Colin asked.

“This bakes for half an hour and then we broil the top to brown the potatoes,” I explained.

“I thought cooking was more difficult than this,” Colin said.

“It can be,” I agreed. “This is an easy recipe my Mom showed me a couple years ago. It’s even easier when you have left-over mashed potatoes from the previous dinner.”

“What do you want to do while we wait for dinner?” Colin asked.

“You should call Tony and see if you can get a ride over to his house tonight,” I suggested.

Colin pulled out his phone and punched his friend’s contact info. “Hey, Tony.”

“Hey, dude, what’s up?” I heard Tony Russo reply.

“I’m over at Katie’s house,” Colin explained. “Her mom was supposed to drive me over to your house after dinner but she had to work late. She called Katie’s dad to cover for her but he’s working late too. I’m stranded here. Could your mom or dad give me a ride to your house later tonight?”

“Let me get this straight,” Tony replied. “You are alone with your girlfriend and no one is coming to disturb you for hours. Why would you need a ride anywhere? Big empty house? Let the seduction begin. You might even get into her pants despite of the purity pledge you guys took.”

“You do realize Katie is standing beside me and hearing every word,” Colin warned.

“Shit!” Tony exclaimed. “Sorry, Katie.”

“You are forgiven, Tony,” I added.

“I’ll check with my parents see if someone can pick you up, dude,” Tony said. The phone was quiet for a minute before Tony returned. “My dad can stop by around 7:30 PM, if you’re sure that is what you want.”

“It is,” Colin said. He clicked the phone off. “Sorry about Tony’s big mouth. You know how he is.”

“I do,” I agreed. “He spreads the word faster than just about any gossip at our school. I don’t want the rest of the school to know what we did today. It is private and personal, between the two of us.”

“Of course,” Colin agreed. “I wouldn’t want it any other way.”

We sat talking for a couple minutes about what we had done. One thing led to another. Soon Colin and I ended up on the couch in the family room, having sex a second time. I glanced at the clock as Colin skewered me with his penis. It was 6:38 PM.

The second time was much wetter and sloppier. His penis ramming into my vagina made obscene slurping and squelching sounds as he impaled me with his erection. Thank God I put a towel down under us. The towel was a complete mess from his come and my juices when we finished.

We made it back to the kitchen half an hour after the shepherd’s pie went in the oven. It was time to broil the top of our dinner. I pulled the casserole out of the oven and spread some cheddar cheese across the top. Colin adjusted the oven to broil. I put the casserole back in the oven for five minutes. It came out with the cheese melted and the cheese and potatoes nicely golden brown. We set the table, said grace and then enjoyed our meal.

Mr. Russo and his son Tony showed up 7:30 P. M., just as Colin and I finished doing the dishes from dinner. Colin gave me a hug as we finished.

“Thanks for making today special,” Colin said as he kissed me. “I will remember today for the rest of my life.”

I returned the kiss and added, “It was special for me too. I will remember this forever.” I followed Colin out to the porch and waved good bye as he rode off with the Russos.

Chapter 2

I worked on my homework for a while after Colin left before turning on the TV. Mom didn't make it home until almost nine o'clock.

"Where is your Dad?" Mom asked after she breezed through the downstairs.

"You two must have gotten your messages mixed up," I explained. "I found your message about being late first. About five minutes later I got a message from Dad thanking you for covering tonight. He said he was swamped studying film for Sunday and wouldn't be home until very late."

"So you were here alone with Colin for how long?" Mom asked suspiciously. "And how did Colin get to his sleep over tonight? Your father was supposed to deliver him to Russos after dinner."

"Mr. Russo came and picked Colin up," I answered. "I'm fifteen. I am capable of staying home alone without a babysitter."

"How did you get dinner?" Mom asked.

"I made the Shepherd's Pie you planned for tonight," I answered. "That was what you planned to make, wasn't it?"

"It was," Mom confirmed. "Now..."

"Go upstairs, clean up and get comfortable," I suggested. "I can get you some casserole to nuke in the microwave for dinner."

"I'll see you in a few, honey," Mom said. I dished out a serving of the Shepherd's Pie while I waited for Mom. She came down a couple minutes later.

"What did you and Colin do this afternoon?" Mom asked as she started warming her dinner in the microwave.

"We went out for a ride on Jersey Boy and Delphia," I answered. "We got caught by a rainstorm and got soaked. After we put the horses away, I used the dryer to dry off our clothes. We hung out for a while and then made dinner. Mr. Russo came over around 7:30 to pick Colin up."

"Hung out... huh?" Mom asked. "Are you sure nothing special happened this afternoon?"

"Special? No," I replied. Now I was getting nervous. Mom didn't usually give me this degree of questioning when I was home alone.

"Nothing else happened between you and Colin?" Mom pressed. She stared into my eyes. I wilted. "Nothing?" I stood silent, staring at Mom.

"I can add, honey," Mom said. "Two horny teens plus one empty house for an extended time plus one circumstance where you both need to strip your clothes off. And nothing happened?"

I felt so ashamed. Tears started to flow. "I am so sorry, Mom," I blubbered as she hugged me. "I know it's a mortal sin but we couldn't stop ourselves. I am so sorry."

"It's OK, honey," Mom repeated as she kissed me. "God forgives sins. It's OK. Today was bound to happen someday." Mom kept repeating the soothing words and hugging me until I finally stopped crying.

"I am so sorry for letting you and Dad down and for breaking my pledge to remain pure until I married," I said. "I expect better from myself than this."

"You have nothing to be ashamed of, honey," Mom responded. "You and Colin found out today how strong and primal the urge to have sex is. Frankly, I am a bit surprised you held onto your virginity this long."

"You and Dad waited until marriage, didn't you?" I asked. Mom just laughed, long and hard.

"No dear, your father and I didn't make it nearly that long," Mom explained. "We were in ninth grade too when we shared our bodies the first time."

"How did you know Colin and I did it today?" I asked.

"Your virginity left a blood stain on your bedspread," Mom said.

"I never thought to look at that," I gasped.

"You were busy with other thoughts and feelings," Mom said "It's OK. I have two important questions for you about today. Did Colin force you in any way, shape or form?"

"Force me?" I said. "No. It just happened and the desire was very mutual."

"Did Colin use protection?"

"No, of course not, that would be another sin," I said. "We're safe. I counted off the days after my period ended. It's been nine days, so we should be safe today, right?" Mom frowned.

"How long was your last period?" Mom asked.

"About three days," I answered.

"So you and Colin had unprotected sex twelve days after you started your period?" Mom asked. I nodded yes, confused why she had me repeat the answer.

"If you are going to follow church teachings on birth control, we are going to need to get you properly trained in fertility signs and timing," Mom said. "What is the shortest number of days between periods this past year?"

"Twenty-seven," I answered.

"The longest?"

"Thirty-one," I replied.

“OK, to calculate safe times of the month for unprotected sex, subtract twenty from your shortest time between periods. You get seven. Unprotected sex should be safe from day 1, the first day of your period until Day 7. The next couple or so weeks is unsafe.”

“OK,” I agreed.

“Here is the nine you remembered,” Mom explained. “Subtract nine from the number of days in your longest period: $31 - 9 = 22$. You are safe between Day 1 and 7 and Day 22 and when you begin your next period. What day are you in your cycle today?”

“Um... Day 12?” I asked. I very clearly was out of the safe zone. “Oh, crap! How bad is this? What do I do?”

“Day 12 is clearly in the pregnancy danger zone,” Mom answered. I shuddered involuntarily. “It could be worse. Most likely we can fix this.”

“Thank the Holy Jesus,” I gasped. “How?”

“We are going out the CVS Pharmacy in Avondale right now,” Mom said. “We can get you the morning after pill which should take care of this problem.”

“Mom!” I gasped. “I know Colin and I committed a sin this afternoon. Don’t compound the sin by making me take an abortion pill. That is tantamount to murder.”

“Many pro-life people do call the morning after pill an abortion pill,” Mom stated coolly to my heated outburst. “It isn’t. You love science. How would a scientist answer a question he is unsure about?”

“Research?” I suggested.

“Let’s go research how the morning after pill works,” Mom suggested. We went into the family room and used the computer to research the morning after pill. We looked at four medical websites. All told a similar story. The morning after pill was simply a higher dose of the same hormones in the birth control pill. All sites agreed that the morning after pill worked by preventing a girl from releasing a mature egg for fertilization. They agreed it was ineffective if taken after the egg was fertilized, which led to its 10% failure rate.

“So, this pill isn’t committing murder,” I finally agreed. “Father Kelly says I still would be committing a sin by using birth control.”

“You will be fifteen in a couple months,” Mom said. “It’s about time you used that God-given brain for some critical thinking. You are old enough to follow this.”

“OK,” I agreed. “What am I missing? Father is teaching me the Church’s truth as revealed to them by God.”

“The Holy Catholic Church is a wonderful thing,” Mom said. I nodded in agreement. Our family is hard core Catholic. “It is also a man-made organization run by men.”

“But it is infallible since God reveals the truth to the Pope,” I said.

“You know your father and I love the Church,” Mom explained. “God knows it does wonderful things for mankind. Still it is a man-made organization that can make error. You know your history. I don’t disagree with Martin Luther’s take on indulgences. God knows the Inquisition was inspired by man and not God.”

“What were indulgences?” I asked. I remember hearing about them in history class but I wasn’t sure what they were.

“Before the schism in the Christian faith that separated Catholics from Protestants,” Mom explained, “The church would sell what were called indulgences. You paid money so God would forgive the sins of your dead relatives stranded in purgatory.”

“You paid money to have God forgive your sins?”

“That is what they did five hundred years ago,” Mom confirmed. “Those examples are only two of the many times our Church failed to live up to God’s teachings. God may inspire the Pope and church hierarchy but they are men just like all men; sinners. Your father and I don’t believe that old celibate men are the best judges of sexual matters and how to manage relationships between a man and a woman. God gave us a brain and the power to reason. He expects us to use it.”

“You and Dad don’t believe the teachings of the Church and the Pope are the true and revealed word of God?” I said. Mom sighed before continuing.

“We believe in the God as our savior, in the Christ our Lord born to the Virgin Mother, and in the power of the Holy Catholic Church to teach, better and save mankind,” Mom stated. “Our Church is also not infallible, as history has shown. We believe God expects us to use the power of reason He gave us to live our lives as He intended.”

“You’ve never told me you and Dad don’t believe all the church teachings,” I said. Mom smiled.

“Do you remember how much you and Allison enjoyed the children’s talks during mass when you were little?” Mom asked. “The father used simple words and concepts for his talks. ‘When you were a child, I spoke with you as a child.’ You are growing up and becoming a woman. It is time to talk like grown-ups.”

“Forgive me. I am stunned,” I said. “I always believed you and Dad were capital ‘C’ Catholics and believed fully in the Church. You don’t accept all its teachings? How can you be Catholics if you can’t accept everything?”

“We accept 99% of the Church’s teachings,” Mom answered. “Our Church is a tremendous power for the betterment of mankind and we support it whole-heartedly. We also use our God-given ability to reason to follow our faith to the best of our abilities.”

“I guess I understand,” I said. My mind was still reeling from these revelations. “Where does that leave me?”

“You decide where it leaves you,” Mom said. “Personally your father and I don’t believe birth control is sinful. We use it and have for decades.” She giggled. “Except for the obvious times, like when we conceived Allison and you.”

“So you think I should use the morning after pill even though I am not sure if it is a sin,” I asked.

“You have millions of Colin’s sperm swimming in your womb and fallopian tubes,” Mom stated. “They are viable for three to five days. Based on your normal cycle, you should release a mature egg in two days, on Sunday. Colin’s sperm will swarm this egg and most likely one of them will penetrate the shell and make you a teenaged mom. Are you physically and emotionally ready for that?”

“God! No,” I replied quickly.

“If you take the morning after pill tonight,” Mom said, “you will most likely not produce a mature egg this month. Colin’s sperm will die in a few days and be flushed away. What is your choice?”

I stared at Mom silently for a few seconds. No way was I ready to be a mom. The full import of the mistake Colin and I made that afternoon became clear. “I guess we take a trip to CVS.”

We drove straight over to the pharmacy after I said that. I felt guilty the whole way to the store. Mom made me purchase the morning after pill myself. She expected me to be responsible for cleaning up my own mistakes. I took the pill as soon as we got home.

I didn’t sleep well that night. I felt guilty as all get out for taking a pill that Father Kelly taught me was tantamount to committing murder. Still the science I read told me that Father was wrong. I was still committing what he considered a sin by using birth control, but it wasn’t murder. Mom gave me a lot to think about.

-----oooOooo-----

I wandered downstairs on Saturday morning around 8:30. Mom was in the kitchen. “What would you like for breakfast?”

“Scrambled eggs and toast,” I answered.

“I’ll get the eggs, you get the toast,” Mom replied.

“How did you sleep, honey?” Mom asked after I got bread in the toaster and she had two eggs cracked in the frying pan.

“Not great,” I answered. “I kept thinking about everything we talked about last night. Between what happened yesterday afternoon and what you told me last night about what you and Dad believe, I have had a lot to think about.”

“True,” Mom replied. “You are old enough to know that things are not black and white. You need to learn to sort through the contradictions and complications that make us human.”

“I guess,” I agreed. “Can I ask one more question?” Mom nodded yes as she scrambled my eggs at the stove. “I would have expected you to blow a gasket when you found out Colin and I had sex. Why were you so calm about all this?”

“That is an easy question. I don’t want to be a hypocrite,” Mom answered. “You will turn fifteen in a couple months. Your father and I were both younger than you the first time we had sex. How could I condemn you for doing the same thing your father and I did?”

“How much younger than me?” I asked.

"That's private," Mom countered. "It is sufficient to say we were younger. I was fortunate to have your father make love to me the first time. We got lucky because odds of marrying the first person you date are slim. We were friends for years before we started dating. Our love developed as we became more intimate."

"Is the Dad the only man you've ever been with?" I asked.

"He is," Mom answered. "I don't know if you and Colin will go down the same road as your father and me. Don't feel bad if the two of you don't end up marrying. I know you've spent a life believing what you did yesterday was a sin. Don't beat yourself up over this. No one achieves perfection except our Lord and Savior. You are fighting millions of years of evolution. Not many centuries ago you would have been married by fifteen and bearing your husband's children. Today we wait another decade or more to marry but our genetic imperative is still in place."

"I am beginning to see that," I replied. "I knew in my head that Colin and I were going too far yesterday. Everything felt so wonderful that we just couldn't stop."

"Exactly my point," Mom answered. "Your genes were in control yesterday not your rational mind. Did Colin make it good for you? Did Colin last long enough?"

"Um... good?" I blushed. "Yeah... yeah it felt good. Colin made me come before we did it. I guess that was part of why I allowed him to put his... his penis in me. I think he did last long enough to make it feel really, really good."

"Do you think there is a possibility that this may happen again?" Mom asked.

"I doubt I will wait another ten years or so until I marry before doing this again," I answered.

"I thought so," Mom said. "What are you and Colin going to do to make sure you are safe when you have sex in the future?"

"Colin and I are going to have to talk about that," I answered.

"How about confession this afternoon?" Mom asked. "Are you going?"

"Don't I have to if I want to take Holy Communion tomorrow?" I asked.

"It is your call, honey," Mom said. "You can skip confession and Holy Communion if you aren't certain about what you did."

"I should go," I said.

-----oooOooo-----

I waited my turn for the confessional. When I stepped inside and kneeled, I made the Sign of the Cross.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned."

"It has been one week since my last confession and these are my sins:"

"I have had impure thoughts in my heart four times."

"I have committed fornication with a boy one time."

"I have taken the Lord's name in vain three times."

"I gossiped with friends about my old boyfriend one time."

"These are all I can remember, Father, and I am very sorry for all the sins of my life," I said

"Fornication? This is a grave sin," Father Kelly said. "Did you and the boy use any form of contraception when you committed fornication?"

"No, Father, we did not," I answered. My heart fluttered. Technically I did not use the contraception while Colin and I had sex. I used it afterward.

"Is this all your sins?" Father asked. "Straight from impure thoughts to committing fornication?"

"I never confessed to fornication before," I replied. "Am I supposed to confess to all the things leading up to the act? I placed myself in a bad situation by being home alone with my boyfriend. We dressed immodestly. We kissed passionately. I allowed the boy to touch me improperly. I thought all of those were covered when I confessed to fornication."

"Did the other sins occur more than once this week or just the one time?" Father asked.

"Just the one time, Father," I answered.

"My child, you must be more diligent about placing yourself in safe and proper circumstances," Father said. "Do not allow your soul to be endangered by this boy's impure thoughts and lusts."

"I will do my best Father," I promised.

"Do five Our Fathers and three Holy Marys for penance, my child," Father said.

"Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti," Father Kelly repeated as I said the Act of Contrition. *[I absolve you from your sins in the Name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.]*

"May the passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the merits of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of all the saints, and also whatever good you have done or evil you have endured be cause for the remission of your sins, the increase of grace, and the reward of everlasting life."

I left the confessional and waited in the back until Mom finished her turn. We headed outside. To my surprise, I found Colin, Tony Russo and the rest of Tony's family climbing the steps to the sanctuary. Colin stopped halfway up the steps and allowed Tony and his family to go ahead. Mom looked at the two of us when I stopped on the same step as Colin.

"Why don't I bring the car around?" Mom suggested. "I suspect the two of you have things you want to talk about."

"That would be good," I agreed.

“Does your Mom suspect?” Colin asked as soon as Mom was out of earshot. “Worse, does you Dad know?”

“She figured out what we did,” I replied. “I suppose she told Dad.”

“Oh, God!” Colin exclaimed. “I am going to be beaten to death by a former Pro Bowl linebacker.”

“No, that won’t happen,” I countered. “My Mom was really cool about the whole thing. I think she is a little relieved I waited as long as I did to lose my virginity. She and Dad were younger than us their first time.”

“Younger than us?” Colin marveled. “Really?” I nodded yes. “Just as important, did you confess to Father Kelly?”

“I did, of course,” I answered.

“Oh, God, now he is going to know I was the one who had sex with you,” Colin said. “I don’t know if I can go through with this.”

“I feel better having confessed and receiving absolution,” I said. “Confess to the Father. You know it is the right thing to do.”

“I suppose,” Colin admitted.

“Anyway, maybe Father has a whole string of teens coming and confessing to fornication every week,” I added.

“I suppose. At least my friends claim they are doing it all the time,” Colin said before taking a deep breath. “Say a prayer for me. I am going to do this.”

“Good for you,” I responded. Mom pulled to the curb in front of the church. “I’ll see you at Mass tomorrow.”

“I’ll see you,” Colin agreed. I hopped in the car with Mom.

“Did you and Colin clear anything up?” Mom asked.

“We just talked about you knowing,” I said. “I assume you talked about this with Dad. Colin was worried about getting beaten up by an angry father.”

“You boyfriend is safe,” Mom said. “That might not have been his initial reaction but we talked things through. He doesn’t hold a grudge against Colin.”

“That is a relief,” I said.

-----oooOooo-----

Colin and I sharing our virginities with each other seemed to deepen our relationship. Many of our fellow ninth graders going steady broke up in a matter of weeks or a month or two. Somehow Colin and I managed to stay together through the whole school year.

Colin and I had quite a few serious discussions about whether we were sinning and how we should protect ourselves. We continued having sex whenever we got the opportunity. My parents were amazingly understanding. At least once a week when Colin was over “studying,” Mom and Dad would announce they were going out and wouldn’t be back for an hour.

Of course they knew we were having sex while they were gone. They allowed us to express our sexual needs. Colin and I avoided birth control for the first three months after our first time. We tried very hard to only have sex during my safe days. Our first mistake was the day after Thanksgiving. Colin promised to pull out before he came. He just about did it right. I took a spurt or two before he pulled out and drenched my vulva with semen and sperm.

We messed up again the day after Christmas when we had an empty house all day. Mom taught me how to check my cervical mucus. That day the mucus was clear, watery and stringy like egg whites. All definite signs I was fertile. We did it within a day of my expected ovulation day. Colin meant to pull out before he came the first time. He didn’t make it. We compounded the error by having sex two more times that day. I had three loads of sperm and most likely had a fertile egg waiting to be inseminated. Mom got me the morning after pill. I have no idea how we dodged me getting pregnant from that mistake.

Colin and I got caught in the heat of the moment again on Martin Luther King Day when we were off from school but Mom and Dad had to work. Things weren’t quite as bad as the previous month but we still had sex twice that day in the unsafe time of month.

Colin and I talked and promised each other to do better. We messed up bad on Valentine’s Day. My loving boyfriend took me out to dinner and gave me roses. My parents gave us privacy that evening when they went out. It was not good time for sex but we couldn’t resist. I was about three days before ovulation. Colin promised to pull out before he came to keep us safe.

I was spread eagle on my back in my bed with my now 5’-6” lover on top of me. Both Colin and I loved the missionary position. My lover was in his growth spurt now. He added two inches and a dozen pounds to his frame since our first time together. He had a big bush of pubic hair and his wonderful penis was longer and thicker than three months ago. He even had a thin trail of hair from his bush up to his navel. I was growing some too. I was an inch taller and six pounds heavier than last fall.

Colin was grunting and puffing as he plunged his dick into my pussy and pulled out again. We had been going at it for three or four minutes. He was banging against my clitoris with every stroke. Colin already gave me one orgasm with his tongue and fingers. I could feel the next one welling up inside me.

“Keep going, loverboy,” I begged breathlessly. “Keeping banging me. I am almost ready to come.”

“Need to stop...” Colin gasped in his new, manly baritone voice. His face was flushed red and the color was seeping down to his shoulders and chest. “Almost... [pant] ready to...”

“Don’t stop,” I begged. I wrapped my legs around my lover’s legs.

“Gonna.... Ooohhh... [pant.. grunt...] come...” my lover gasped.

He slammed into my body once... twice... My clitoris buzzed and my climax engulfed me. I thrashed, moaned and came hard.

“No...” Colin squealed. “Gotta pull...” He grunted and froze with his lovely dick deep in my spasming pussy. I was senseless to what was going on. I felt heat and wetness filling my pussy as I recovered my wits. Colin was spent and sprawled over me, his dick still plugging my hole.

“You wouldn’t let me pull out,” Colin finally said as he pulled his head up and looked into my eyes.

“I am sorry,” I responded. “I was so close to climax. I had to come.”

“How bad is today?” Colin asked.

“Um... your sperm lasts five days in my womb,” I answered. “I drop a fertile egg in two or three days.”

“So I might get you pregnant with this tonight,” Colin sighed. “We can’t go on this way. We promise each other we will only screw during safe times of the month. Every month we mess up and do it when it is unsafe. We cannot keep doing this. We are going to end up a teen pregnancy statistic.”

“I am beginning to understand why my parents do not call birth control a sin,” I replied.

“We’ve had this discussion ten times,” Colin said. “The church teachings are clear.”

“Do you think Jesus intends me to get pregnant this year?” I asked.

“No, of course not,” Colin agreed.

“So, are we going to stop having sex?”

“I certainly hope not,” Colin said.

“Cleanup, loverboy,” I replied. “We need to do some research into birth control and pregnancy chances.”

Five minutes later, dressed in boxers or panties and a bra, we sat down at the computer in the family room. We still had an hour and a half until my parents were due home from their Valentine’s Day celebration.

I drooled a bit of come into my panties as we researched pregnancy chances and various birth control methods. The first thing we found was the chances of a women getting pregnant using natural family planning. The first website reported the success rate with perfect use was 95% with perfect use and 76% for typical use.

“Do we qualify for typical use?” Colin asked. “We have screwed five times in the past three months when it was unsafe.”

“You knew our first time was unsafe?” I asked, more than a little surprised.

“I can count,” Colin replied. “It was a month before we messed up at Thanksgiving. I would argue we are nowhere near typical use.”

I clicked on the withdrawal tab and we read through it. “73% with typical use,” I said.

“It also says that younger people like us has less success with this method,” Colin countered. “I have never been able to pull out without getting some sperm in you.”

“Oh, God! Look at this,” I added. I pointed to the bottom of the screen. “That clear liquid you drool out of your dick when we get ready for sex? It has sperm in it too.”

“It doesn’t have much sperm in it,” Colin replied.

“It only takes one sperm to inseminate my egg,” I replied. “How bad is it if we do nothing?” I clicked on the link. Colin and I stared in horror at this page. It said 85-90% of teens who do not use birth control end up pregnant within a year.

“You are likely to get me pregnant, probably before this school year is done,” I gasped.

“Shit!” Colin growled. My boyfriend rarely swore. It was fine this time. This was horrible, horrible news.

“I think my parents are right about our Church,” I said. “The old celibate men running it have no idea about what it is like to be a teen. We had the best intentions to wait until marriage to have sex. We couldn’t.”

“Amen,” Colin agreed.

“We try to limit sex to the safe times of the month,” I continued. “We can’t.”

“I promise to pull out before I come when we get tempted to have sex when it is unsafe,” Colin added. “I can’t do it in spite of my best intentions.”

“We need to start using birth control immediately,” I said, “unless you want to wreck your life and mine by having a child together.”

“Neither of us need that,” Colin replied. He sighed. “What method do you want to use?”

“Why don’t you get a supply of rubbers for now,” I suggested. “I will talk with my Mom and see about getting something more permanent.”

“I have a couple friends who use them,” Colin said. “They say it doesn’t feel nearly as good.”

“How do you feel about being a daddy within the year?”

“I will get the rubbers,” Colin agreed. “What do we do about tonight’s screw-up?”

“I will have Mom get me the morning after pill,” I said.

“I might go along with using birth control,” Colin said. “I cannot accept you murdering a baby if we are unfortunate enough to create one. Murder is clearly a mortal sin.”

I clicked on the link to the morning after pill page. “The morning after pill is simply a high dose of female hormones, same as the birth control pill has. It prevents me from dropping a ripe egg. It fails if the egg was already released. Your sperm will inseminate that egg and the pill will do nothing for us.

That is where the 10% failure rate comes from. It does not cause an abortion. No potential life gets killed.”

“OK, I see,” Colin agreed. “What are we going to say when we go to confession?”

“I am using my God given reason to decide birth control isn’t really a sin,” I answered. “I never tell Father about it during confession.”

“I guess,” Colin agreed. “Father Kelly is keeping the seal of the confessional and hasn’t told my parents or anyone else about what we are doing. Still he is giving me a lot of grief every week for the way I am endangering your soul and health with my continued lust and sinning. He insists I must stop having sex with you.”

“I am not giving him anymore confessions about sex,” I replied. “Our Church is generally good but their teachings on sex are completely unreal.”

“I will pray on what you are saying,” Colin said. “I don’t know what I am going to do next Saturday.”

-----oooOooo-----

Mom got me an IUD a few weeks later. Colin’s friends were right. Sex with rubbers wasn’t nearly as good as it was without barriers. Colin finally agreed with my reasoning and stopped reporting our lovemaking to Father Kelly. Other than not accepting the Church’s teachings on sex and protection, I still consider Colin and me to be committed Catholics.

Colin and I beat the odds against long-lasting teen relationships. Colin said those three special words the first time we had sex after I got the IUD and he experienced protected, though skin on skin sex again. “I love you.” I confirmed to my boyfriend that I loved him too.

Colin and I made it through ninth grade as a couple, more importantly as a childless couple. Would our relationship last through three more years of high school and four years of college? Would Colin and I marry after college like my parents did? I have no idea.

Black or white? Thanks to my relationship with Colin, I now saw the various shades of gray that made life more complicated and interesting for older teens and for grownups. I was a strong young woman with a God given ability to reason. Now I was learning to use those abilities.

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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