

Mission Trip

by Douglas Fox (c) 2015

Elyssa Walters, a fifteen year-old soon-to-be sophomore in high school, has dated her boyfriend Aaron McCurdy for over two months. They have slowly gotten more intimate. One summer afternoon they were alone at Elyssa's house and decided to take their relationship to the next level.

(mf, first, unsafe)

Chapter 1

"Mmmmmm... yeah..." I purred as my nearly naked boyfriend Aaron rubbed his UA boxer/briefs against my naked pussy. The hard lump that is his dick bulged the boxers out and stimulated my clitoris in a glorious way.

"You ready yet?" Aaron asked solicitously. "I want you to enjoy what we share today, Elyssa."

I was on my back in my bed with my boyfriend was sprawled on top of my body. He pistoned his body to continue our dry humping.

"I'm ready, loverboy," I declared. "Make me a woman today."

"Soon sweetie, soon..." Aaron promised. He continued sluicing his hard-on against my now over-stimulated clitoris.

"Get... naked..." I grunted between pants. My boyfriend had me close to climax. "Put your... ooohhh... [pant] dick... [pant] [pant] in me... [pant] NOW!"

Neither of us heard the door handle turn but we both heard the creak as my bedroom door swung open. Aaron froze, mid-hump, his hard-on pressed against clit. I dropped my head backwards off the bottom of the bed, only to stare at an upside down image of my mother at my door holding an armful of laundry. Her mouth was hanging open as she stared at the scene in my room. What the hell? She wasn't supposed to be home from work yet.

"Aaron, I think you better get dressed and go home," Mom finally said after a few seconds. "NOW!"

My boyfriend bolted from the bed, stumbling as he tried to get his clothes on as fast as possible. Mom stood at the doorway and stared at both of us as he dressed. I grabbed the bedspread, twisted around and sat up and covering my nakedness.

"Sorry Mrs. Walters," Aaron apologized repeatedly as he finished dressing. My boyfriend slithered out the door quick as he could.

"I can't believe you embarrassed me like this!" I declared after Aaron left.

"I... embarrassed... you?" Mom asked.

"It isn't what it looked like," I insisted.

"It looked like you are naked in bed with your nearly naked boyfriend getting ready too..." Mom replied.

"We weren't going all the way," I insisted.

Mom cleared her throat and pointed at the three rubbers sitting on the end of my night stand where Aaron had left them. "Put your dick in me, NOW! I can see where that phrase might be confusing to someone."

I was so busted. "I'm not a little kid anymore!" I insisted. "I can make my own decisions about what to do with my body."

"You aren't a little kid anymore," Mom agreed. "You are also not an adult yet. You are a big kid who gets some say in what happens with your body. You are also NOT an adult with full say. Mother Nature has endowed you with a body that looks almost adult. She also hasn't finished wiring your brain to make informed and safe choices on your own. That is why you have rules. 'Ask permission to have visitors,' 'No boys when I am not home,' and 'No closing your bedroom door when a boy visits.' Have I missed any?"

"No," I agreed. "I don't know why I need so many rules. I am almost sixteen. Anyway, as you pointed out, we were going to be safe, if we decided to have sex today."

"Put your dick in, NOW!" Mom quoted. "I didn't hear you say, 'Put the rubber on Aaron,' did I?"

"No," I admitted.

"In the heat of the moment would you two have remembered to be safe?" Mom asked. "You are growing up but you are much too young to be responsible for all the consequences of what you were going to do today."

"Like?"

"Pregnancy," Mom answered. "Are you ready to give up trips to the mall with your friends? Soccer? How about going to parties? Are you ready to give all that up for care for an infant who needs tending 24 hours a day, seven days a week forever?"

"Well..." I admitted. "I don't know."

"Do you remember how often you forgot to take care of Oscar?" Mom asked. Oscar was the guinea pig we used to have a few years ago. Oscar was my pet and feeding him was my chore but Mom did it more often than I remembered to do it. The mention of Oscar made me more frustrated and mad, mostly mad at myself.

"Sometimes I wish I lived with Dad," I insisted.

Mom set the laundry down on the corner of my bed. "Get dressed and clean up your room," Mom said. She turned to leave. I overheard her comment quietly, "There are times I wish you did live with your father."

I cleaned up my room. I got to thinking as I cleaned up. I had a month until school started again. Maybe I could talk Mom and Dad into allowing me to spend a week at Dad's in Miami. Dad's apartment was only a few blocks from the beaches. Who knows what fun I might have or what boys I might meet there? I called Dad after supper.

"Hi, sweetie, what's up?" Dad asked when he answered his cell.

"Mom and I had a fight," I explained.

"I am sorry to hear that," Dad said.

"Could I come down and spend the week with you?" I asked.

"You can't run away from your problems," Dad said. "You can't hide down here every time the two of you disagree."

"I'm not hiding," I said. "I just think we are getting on each other's nerves. Time apart would be good for us."

"Normally I'd say yes if your mother agrees," Dad replied. "Next week doesn't suit. I am going on a mission trip to Haiti with my church. We are building a block of homes through Habitat for Humanity."

"I could help," I offered.

"It's going to be primitive, sweetie," Dad explained. "We are sleeping in tents, using outhouses and showering in outdoor shower houses. I don't know if you'd like this."

"Dad, I was a Girl Scout for years," I countered. "I know how to camp. I enjoy camping. Anyway, you are always telling me that I need to do activities that will look good on a college application. How would 'Mission work in Haiti building homes' look on the application?"

"It would look good," Dad agreed. "Why don't you put your mother on the phone so we can talk about this idea further?"

I overheard parts of the conversation between Mom and Dad. The upshot? I was allowed to go. I think Mom was relieved at the idea of putting a large body of water between me and Aaron. She had stopped us from having sex today but what was to prevent the two of us from getting together tomorrow morning after Mom went to work and screwing our brains out? Very little, other than the fact that Aaron didn't get off work until 3:30 PM.

Mom and I rushed around the rest of the evening and the next day getting me packed and ready for the trip. Sunday morning Mom drove me to the airport in Charlotte and put me on a plane to Miami. Dad met me at my gate in the airport. He took me across the airport to the international terminal, where we joined up with his church group. A few hours later, we were passing customs in Port Au Prince, Haiti. The mission leaders had over one hundred people lined up to work that week. They boarded us on three buses and we headed up into the hills to our camp and work site.

----oooOooo----

Dad volunteered to help chaperone the teen workgroup I was assigned to. After dinner in our mess tent we got to meet our workgroup. We were joining youth groups from two churches. The larger group was from Saint Marks Lutheran Church Group in Fennimore, Wisconsin. The group was led by a husband and wife team, Jan and Elsa Strandberg. Mr. and Mrs. Strandberg were in their forties. Their daughter Olivia, 16 years old, sat beside a cute boy. They were holding hands. The boy announced his name was Braden Johnson. He was also sixteen and starting eleventh grade next month. The girl sitting on the opposite side of Olivia announced her name was Jenny Smith. Jenny was fourteen and would start ninth grade soon.

The next boy in the group immediately drew my eye. He had to be over six foot tall. The half shirt he wore displayed a well-muscled body. The ripples of his abs stood out, even with their covering of curly, soft, blond hairs that ran from his naval down into his shorts. He introduced himself as Jordan Mattson. Jordan sat with his legs spread wide. I could make out the bulge from his dick and balls. This gorgeous man was well endowed.

I barely paid attention as the last two boys from St. Marks were introduced. Both were fourteen and getting ready for ninth grade. Mike Severin was tall and skinny. His friend, Jon Isaakson, was short and skinny. Both looked more like boys than men.

Everyone one of the group from Wisconsin had blond hair. Olivia and Jenny wore theirs shoulder length. Jenny had her hair tied in a ponytail for now. Mike and Jon still wore their hair in bangs, straight across their foreheads. Braden and Jordan parted theirs, Jordan on the left side and Braden on the right. Jordan's hair was short and dirty blond.

Mr. Robert E. L. Scott led the youth group from the Chatham United Methodist Church from Chatham, Va. His son Christopher, fourteen years old and ready for ninth grade, accompanied his dad. Both

father and son had dark hair. Mr. Scott had a bald spot on the top of his head. Christopher wore his hair long and swept across his forehead to one side, Bieber style.

Joshua Fisher was the oldest of the boys from Chatham. He was fifteen and would start tenth grade next month. He was 5'-8" and had light brown hair worn short. Tyler Cox was also fourteen, same as his best friend Christopher. Tyler was tall and skinny for a soon-to-be ninth grader.

When it was my turn, I introduced myself. "I am Elyssa Walters from Charlotte, North Carolina. I will be sixteen in a few weeks."

My dad shot me a questioning look. All right, this was the fifteenth of August and I didn't turn sixteen until October 2nd. That was a few weeks as far as I was concerned.

"I will be starting tenth grade in South Mecklenberg High School in a couple weeks. My joining my dad on this mission was a last minute thing. I hope everyone will help me if I get a little lost with what we do."

"We'll take care of you, Elyssa," Jordan said with a great big smile.

"I'm just here to help out, however I can," I added after returning Jordan's big smile. I caught a twinkle in Jordan's green eyes as I returned his offer of help. Hmmm...

The Habitat for Humanity coordinator reviewed the work we would be doing after Dad finished introducing himself. Essentially we wouldn't be operating power tools, so we were the team demolition crew. We would spend the week wrecking things. Joshua, Tyler and Christopher's eyes lit up when the coordinator said we would be demolishing things.

I looked around the circle as the talk continued. Mom accused me of being boy crazy. So what? I had discovered last year that they could be a lot of fun. Why shouldn't I enjoy them?

Superficially, the ratio of seven guys to three girls seemed great to me. Unfortunately pickings were slimmer than that stat might indicate. Olivia had staked her claim to Braden. He was good looking and would be a nice catch, if he wasn't already caught. That left six guys for Jenny and me. The fourteen year-olds didn't enthuse me. Tyler was way too young. He wasn't even in high school yet. Christopher was pudgy and overweight. Jon as short. Mike as OK, though only OK for a fourteen year old kid.

Realistically my options were Joshua Fisher or Jordan Mattson. Joshua was tall and would be in the same grade as me this fall. He was good looking enough. The only thing that threw me was his Star Wars Jedi T-shirt. Was he a geek?

Jordan, on the other hand, was gorgeous. Michelangelo could have used him as his model when he carved the Statue of David. Jordan passed the looks test. Could someone so studly avoid the trap of self-absorption? I wasn't interested in dating a captain-of-the-team kind of guy.

I checked out Jordan numerous times as the coordinators talk moved on to safety and our daily schedule. I caught Jordan checking me out sometimes too as I looked him over. I gave him a big smile every time I caught him looking at me. Maybe my attraction to him would be returned?

----oooOooo-----

Every one stayed in Army tents. Olivia, Jenny and I shared a tent with Mrs. Strandberg. We had a couple other ladies who joined us later that evening. I found the shower facilities that night were just as primitive as Dad had promised. A black plastic wall surrounded the four head gang shower area. The shower area at least had a wooden floor. The shower facility reminded me of a high school gym shower room, except with no walls or roof. Olivia and I showered together. She seemed nice enough.

The Habitat coordinator had every one up at 6:30 the next morning. We had an hour and a half to clean up, dress and get breakfast before we went to work. The roughly one hundred volunteers walked the quarter mile down the road to the job site. Harold "Hal" Roush introduced himself to our demolition group. He was Habitat's demolition coordinator and the man who would keep us in the right place, demolishing the correct things to keep the project on schedule.

We picked up work gloves and then gathered around Hal for our first assignment. He scanned the group and handed sledge hammers to Braden and Jordan.

"I will need assistants for these two," Hal announced. Olivia's hand and my hand shot up before he could finish. "People who know how to use a bow saw like these." He waved the saws in front of his body. We continued waving for Hal's attention. "OK, girls," he conceded after a few seconds. Olivia and I each took the proffered bow saws.

"I'll work with Braden," Olivia whispered to me. "You get Jordan."

"Cool with me," I agreed.

Olivia moved over beside her boyfriend, who kissed her and commented, "Welcome aboard, sweetie." I stepped over to join Jordan. I noticed Jordan had a big smile when I volunteered to work with him.

I gave Jordan my sweetest smile, nudged him in the ribs and asked, "Don't I get a welcome kiss too?"

He gave a look over mock horror and asked, "You want a kiss? We haven't even had a first date yet." He pretended to blush at first and then leaned down and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"Welcome to my team, uh... Ellen?" Jordan said hesitantly.

"Elyssa," I corrected.

“Elyssa,” Jordan confirmed. He gave me a kiss on the other cheek. “Welcome to our team, Elyssa.”

“The rest of you will be carriers,” Hal explained. “You will bring the things these two teams knock down out the junk pile, where we will have a massive bonfire every night.”

Hal took us to the first house site at the end of the block. The remains on the previous building lay in ruins on the foundation, even though the earthquake had occurred five years ago. Braden and Olivia were put to work knocking and sawing down the back wall. Jordan and I went to work knock down the remainder of the interior framework. The rest of our group hauled rubble out as Braden, Jordan, Olivia and I got it loose.

It was warm when we began work, probably nearly eighty degrees. Jordan worked hard and was soon covered in sweat. “Do you mind if I take off my shirt?” Jordan asked during one of our breaks.

“No problem,” I agreed. “Be comfortable.” Of course I loved the idea of seeing this handsome boy without his shirt on. To my surprise, Jordan was well tanned under the T-shirt. I hadn’t expected that from a boy from Wisconsin. Jordan noticed as I looked over his muscular and well-tanned back.

“I work as a lifeguard in the summer,” Jordan explained.

“The tan works for you,” I replied. “It looks good on you.”

“You look pretty good too,” Jordan answered. “You look good enough to eat.” Jordan made exaggerated motions like he was eating me. We both laughed.

My dad disappeared more than once in the morning. He was a high school French teacher and his language skills were in high demand in French-speaking Haiti. Dad wasn’t back when we marched back to camp for lunch. I sat with Jordan and the Wisconsin group. Well, all except Jenny. She sat with Joshua from Virginia. Apparently I wasn’t the only one to have eyes for one of these boys.

Jordan and I flirted and talked as we worked in the afternoon. We found excuses to touch. Yeah, we acted like horny teenagers, but we got our work done too. Hal complimented us repeatedly on our prowess at demolition.

The temperature climbed close to one hundred degrees as we worked in the afternoon. “Aren’t you hot in that shirt?” Jordan asked during one of our many water breaks. “Why don’t you take it off?”

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Yeah... and so what?” Jordan asked.

“All I have under my shirt is a sport bra,” I said. “How would that look?”

“It would look less revealing than if you wore a bikini top.”

“Well... true,” I said. I considered things for a moment before saying, “What the hell?” I stripped off my shirt, revealing my tight fitting black and gray sport bra.

“You look... really... wow!” Jordan said as he eyed me.

“Let’s get back to work,” I responded. “Your eyes have had enough of a break.”

We finished demolition of the first house site midafternoon. Hal moved us down the street to the next house. This one still had some of the second floor. Braden, Olivia, Jordan and I had to use ladders to access the second floor. We took down the remains of the second floor walls before moving back downstairs to demolish the flooring.

Jordan and I flirted, goofed and joked as we worked. Hal called a halt to work about 5:30 that evening. Jordan and I had just knocked down a section of wall before the halt.

“I’ll take this down to the trash pile and catch up with you,” Jordan offered. “I’d like to get rid of this today instead of tomorrow morning.”

“I’ll help him,” I volunteered.

“Have at it,” Hal agreed. “We’ll see you back at the dining tent by 6:00 PM.”

“Thanks for all your work, today, Elyssa,” Jordan said as he picked up the wall section. I grabbed a corner to help.

“It’s been a lot of fun,” I said. “I didn’t think I’d enjoy this work so much.”

“It’s been the company that made it fun,” Jordan replied. We carried the debris back and tossed it on the pile. Jordan put his hands on my bare shoulders and turned to face me.

“I enjoyed this work so much, Elyssa,” Jordan said. He leaned his face closer to mine.

“I enjoyed working with you too,” I agreed. I let my face drift closer to his. Inches apart, we stared into each other’s eyes. Finally Jordan cocked his head and went in for the anticipated kiss. Our lips met and pressed together. I felt Jordan’s lips part before his tongue ran across my lips. I opened my lips just as he pressed his tongue in. It met my tongue pressing out.

Shit! This guy could kiss! He wrapped his arms around my back and pulled me into him, pressing my barely covered tits into his bare chest. God, making out with this young Adonis was great! I don’t know how long we made out – way too long or not nearly long enough. We broke apart when we heard Mike Severin and Jon Isaakson calling “Jordan. Get back to camp!” “Mr. Strandberg says to shake a leg!”

Jordan took my hand as we turned and started to walk back to camp. "I hope we can work together all week, Elyssa," Jordan commented. I enjoyed the feeling of his hand in mine.

"Me too," I agreed.

"I'll give the up wrecking equipment and carry shit, if it means we can work together," Jordan said.

I reached up and felt the muscle on his arm. "They need someone big and strong like you to swing that sledge hammer," I remarked. "I think it's yours for the week."

"I hope you keep working with me too."

"I plan to," I agreed. We walked quietly for a few minutes.

"I was thoughtless," Jordan commented. "I should have asked if you are free before I took advantage of you back there with that kiss. Do you have a boyfriend back home?"

"You didn't take advantage of me back there," I replied. "I wanted it just as much as you did. As for a boyfriend, not really anymore. My mom caught us naked in bed together just before we did the deed."

"Ouch!" Jordan commented. "Was it your first time?"

"First time? No!" I laughed. Why did I lie about my virginity? "Hardly my first time. My ex-boyfriend is now persona-non-grata at my house. The incident is actually how I ended up here. My mom sent me down here to spend a week with my dad. I guess she figures I'll forget about... what the hell was his name?" Both of us laughed.

"Do you have a girlfriend back home?" I asked.

"Not anymore," Jordan replied. "We broke up a month ago."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said.

"Liar, no you're not," Jordan teased. "You are secretly thrilled that I am available and free for you to pursue."

"Guilty as charged," I agreed. "And are you happy I am available too?"

"I'm fucking ecstatic that the prettiest girl in our group is available and seems to like me."

"Sweet words," I replied. "Are there actions to back up the feeling behind those words?"

"I'm all action, babe," Jordan promised. "All the action you want." Jordan emphasized the action part by letting go of my hand, wrapping his arm around my back and placing his hand firmly on my right ass

cheek. He pulled me tight to his body as we walked. I wormed my arm between us and placed my hand on Jordan's left ass cheek. We walked together that way for most of the quarter mile before our campsite.

"Maybe we better be a little less physical in front of the bible-thumpers," Jordan commented as he slipped his hand off my ass cheek.

I pulled my arm away too. Jordan held my hand again. "Bible-thumpers?" I asked. "You're here with a church group. Aren't you religious?"

"My parents are," Jordan answered. "I go to church with them but I don't buy into all their shit. I am part of the youth group because my friends are. I'm here doing mission work for the Haitians because someone needs to help these people. I'm here more from personal belief than because Jesus told me I should do this."

"I agree with you completely. Mom and I aren't regular church-goers. Dad has started going since he joined the twelve steps and stopped drinking."

"I guess if religion stopped him from drinking, it is a good thing," Jordan commented.

"It is," I agreed.

---oooOooo---

Jordan and I sat with his Wisconsin friends at dinner. I enjoyed the time with their group. The banter back and forth was fun. Braden, Olivia and Jenny figured out that Jordan and I had the hots for each other. The rest of the kids seemed clueless to the sexual undertones between us.

After dinner the organizer planned a prayer meeting and bible study session. Olivia, Braden, Jordan and I decided to disappear before we got roped into attending. Jenny joined us outside the dining tent too. It seems I read her correctly. She did want to attract Joshua Fisher's attention. Unfortunately, Joshua was world's most clueless fifteen year-old when it came to girls. The four of us gave Jenny advice on how to start the young teen's sexual motor. Jenny snuck back into the prayer meeting and dragged Joshua out. She announced they were going for a walk alone. Poor Joshua blushed until his face was bright red. He followed Jenny obediently.

"A walk alone," Jordan commented. "That sounds like a great plan."

We wrapped our arms around each other lower backs again, our hands resting on each other's ass cheeks. We walked that way for a few minutes. Jordan shifted his hand up onto my back momentarily before sliding it down onto my ass again, this time, insinuating his hand under my shorts and panties.

Now what? Should I object? This felt so... so... bad? So sexy? So... so wrong? No, it felt right. I didn't object to the liberty he took. After a minute I slipped my hand down the back of his pants and rested it

against Jordan's bare butt cheek. I felt the power as this big muscle contracted and expanded to propel this stud forward on our walk.

We walked this way for a few minutes, hands on ass cheeks. I felt totally sexy. I could see I was turning Jordan on. His dick was hard and stretching out the mesh material of his shorts obscenely. We found a trail that led into the woods. We decided to follow it. We were a couple minutes into the woods when Jordan stopped suddenly. He pulled his hand out of my shorts and placed both hands on my shoulders. I faced my big stud. We wrapped our arms around each other and began kissing. And kissing. Our tongues wrestled and dueled as we made out. I could feel that obscene bulge press into my belly repeatedly. I really wished it was pressing against me lower down but it couldn't. At 6'-2", Jordan was eight inches taller than me. Sex standing would be out, if we progressed to that point this week. I would look really silly skewered on his prick, dangling and bouncing up and down if we did the deed standing up.

Here I was making out furiously with this hot stud, dreaming of ways to have sex with him. Jordan stopped suddenly after about five minutes of tonsil hockey.

"Why don't we find a place where we can sit down and get more comfortable?" he asked. I knew he meant, 'lay down and fuck me.' If I wanted rid of my pesky virginity, I expected Jordan would oblige.

"Sounds good to me," I agreed. We walked down the trail hand in hand for a couple minutes before we broke out into a small meadow. The meadow overlooked the city and Port Au Prince Bay. It was a lovely spot.

"Let's sit here," Jordan offered. He sat down and held his hand up to me. "Sit on my lap, Elyssa." I started to sit down with my back to Jordan. "Now face me."

I turned around and faced this stud I lusted for. As I settled down he wrapped his arms around me and pulled me tight to his body. That wonderful bulge in his mesh shorts? It nestled exactly where it wanted to be, right against my clitoris. We made out as before. This time the tension/excitement was ratcheted up by the feelings Jordan gave me as he hunched his hips up and down, rubbing his cock against my clitoris.

After a couple minutes of tongue fucking and crotch rubbing, Jordan added a new element to his seduction of me. I felt a hand gently clasp my right titty. He squeezed and rubbed against my titty and nipple. I was experiencing the full court press. This studly, hot boy desperately wanted to fuck me. I made the decision to give up my virginity to Aaron a month ago. I knew I wouldn't deny Jordan anything tonight. This seducer was about to give me what he and I both wanted.

"Stop" I gasped between kisses. Jordan stared into my eyes, totally shocked. "It'll feel better for both of us if you take off my shirt and sports bra.

"Oh!" Jordan gasped. "I can do that." I helped him pull my shirt and bra off.

"Now, your turn," I said just as he tried to go back to kissing. "Take your shirt off, stud."

"Shirt off?" Jordan parroted. "OK." His shirt went flying into a bunch of weeds nearby. Both his hands grabbed my titties. He started feeling me up and then stopped, staring into my eyes.

"I'm not going too fast, am I?" Jordan asked. "It's not like I think you are the sort of girl who goes all the way on a first date. I just..."

I shushed him with a quick kiss. "I am quite capable of saying no if I need to," I declared. "As far as dates? By my count getting to know you this morning was like a first date. Lunch was our second. Working as a team this afternoon counts as our third date. Dinner was number four. Tonight is our fifth date. What took you so long to make your move, stud?"

"OK," he said as he smiled. He went back to caressing my titties and teasing my nipples while we made out. Jordan kind of forgot to rub his hard-on against my clitoris while he played with my titties. I reached down between our bodies as I grasped his hard-on. I gave it a couple squeezes. Jordan stopped kissing me and stared at me.

"Keep rubbing there, buster," I insisted.

"Yes. Ma'am," Jordan replied. He started hunching his hips up and down again while he felt me up and we went back to kissing. The two of us were approaching sensory overload. "Gotta... OOohhh... stop... soon" Jordan gasped. "Gonna blow."

"Almost ready to come too," I gasped as we stared into each other's eyes. "Finger me until I come. I'll give you a blow job in return."

"Oh... Kay..." Jordan agreed.

"Let's get naked," both of us said, almost in unison. That led to a fit of giggling before I climbed off my soon-to-be lover. Jordan lay back and raised his hips off the ground. He pulled his mesh shorts off revealing a finest looking dick I had ever seen.

It looked huge to me. The erotic websites that talked about seven and eight inch dicks? Maybe they were real. I wasn't sure how he'd ever fit that thing in me but I was game to try and take it. I settled down between Jordan's legs and bent down to start his blow job.

"Let's 69," Jordan suggested. I looked at him blankly. "You know. Like the numbers 6 and 9." I shrugged to him. "You put your head over my cock and your pussy over my head. You blow me while I eat you."

"Is that called sixty-nine?" I said. "I've seen pictures but never heard it called that." I scooted around so my ass-end was pointed at Jordan's eager mouth. I straddled him carefully. I slurped his enormous

cockhead into my mouth. It barely fit. I tried to take in some of his shaft too, getting little more than an additional inch into my mouth.

I considered myself an accomplished cocksucker. The skill had kept me a virgin through the last two boyfriends and six months. Neither Nick nor Aaron were remotely as big as Jordan. I wrapped my left hand around his shaft. The fingertips didn't quite close. I slurped my tongue around the head just as Jordan went to work on me.

Jordan's tongue hit my pussy lips just as I swirled my tongue around his cockhead inside my mouth. Jesus Fucking Christ! I nearly jumped when he tongued my sensitive pussy. He finished swirling it around my clitoris. He lapped up and down a couple times and then swirled it around my clitoris. He kept going... and going... and going. My brain rapidly unwired itself until it exploded in the most intense orgasm I'd ever experienced. Fortunately for Jordan, and me in a little while, I had let his dick plop out of my mouth as I climaxed. Stars flashed in my eyes as I moaned and panted. I collapsed on top of my big stud, completely wiped out by the ferociousness of my convulsions.

Jordan rolled me onto my back and switched around so he was lying beside me. "Was that fun?" he teased.

"Fucking unbelievable," I said. "Are you ready for your turn?"

"Rest a bit," Jordan said. "Let me show what my tongue can do for these lovely mammaries of yours." He kissed suckled and licked my titties gently as I recovered my wits. Finally I was coherent and ready for more action.

"OK, it's your turn," I commanded. "Lay down and I'll finish what I started." Jordan did as I requested. I scrambled around between my naked stud's legs and dove in. I slurped the big head into my mouth and bobbed up and down a couple times. I licked a ring around the head of his cock and then licked down the shaft to his balls.

"Easy, Elyssa," Jordan asked as I tried to suck one ball into my mouth. "Too much," he squeaked. Balls off limits. Got it. My former boyfriend Nick was like that too. Aaron on the other hand, loved me to suck on his balls. I licked my way up the long shaft and engulfed its head again in my mouth. I used both hands to stroke Jordan's shaft while I used my tongue and lips to tease his cockhead.

Jordan was moaning as I sucked and stroked him off. I noticed his neck and shoulders turn red. He had a tell when he approached climax, same as Aaron. Jordan placed both hands on my head and tried to force more cock into my mouth. I stopped stroking him and forced his hands away.

"You're too big for me to take more," I explained. "Allow me to set the pace. I WILL get you off."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jordan answered obediently. I went back to sucking and stroking. Twenty more seconds was all I needed. "OH! OH GOD! I'm..."

I felt the first pulse of sperm shoot up his cockshaft. "Cumming," Jordan squeaked, too late to warn me. I kept sucking as his dick plastered a big load of semen against my tonsils. I sucked and swallowed frantically, trying to swallow every drop this stud offered to me. Both Nick and Aaron had loved it when I swallowed. I sucked my stud dry as the pulses slowed to dribbles and then drops.

Ooohhh... sweet Jesus," Jordan moaned. "That was fucking amazing. Where did you learn to do that?"

"Previous boyfriends," I allowed. I sat up and watched as he recovered from his climax. Jordan's dick lost most of its hardness. It sprawled across his belly like a big worm, smearing a bit of semen on his hairy belly.

"What do we have to do to get you hard again?" I asked. "I suspect both of us want some more before we head back to camp tonight."

"Why, Elyssa, are you propositioning me?" Jordan asked, feigning innocence.

"Propositioning you?" I retorted. "I'm wet. I'm horny. I need to feel you fill me with big dick. Fuck me or I will beat you senseless. How is that for a proposition?"

"I think I will go with fucking you," Jordan replied, grinning from ear to ear. I straddled my soon-to-be lover, positioning my pussy over top of that slimy worm. I rubbed and rubbed. I could feel Jordan hardening again as I enjoyed the genital to genital contact.

"Keep doing that," Jordan said. "You will get what you want." I rubbed on his body for a couple minutes until his dick returned to steely hardness.

"You're on top," Jordan asked. "Do you want to do cow girl?"

"Uh?" I asked blankly.

"Cow girl," Jordan said. "You ride on top of me."

"Maybe you should be on top," I allowed. I didn't want to admit I was semi-clueless though very horny virgin at this point. I rolled on to my back and Jordan got between my outstretched legs. Every lesson I'd ever been taught as a little girl was to keep my legs closed. Tonight, I spread myself wide open for the big stud I desired.

Jordan scooted forward until his big dick rested between my pussy lips. I stared down between my tits and across my belly at that big, threatening dick. It looked immense from this vantage point. Was I really going to allow that big thing to get stuffed up into my poor little pussy? I ogled Jordan's rippled chest and large patch of torso and pubic hair. Yes, I did want to get fucked by that big thing if it belonged to my stud.

Jordan moved his hips, sluicing his dick up and down my well lubricated opening. Finally he grasped the shaft with one hand and lined it up with my hole.

"Stop!" I squawked. "Where 's your rubber?"

"Rubber?" Jordan repeated, dumb founded. "Rubber? I came on a church mission trip. Why would I bring rubbers?"

"So you can fuck the girl you seduce," I replied.

"You're not on the pill?" Jordan asked. "I assumed you were on the pill since you're experienced and everything."

"I am not on the pill," I declared.

"FUCK!" Jordan growled. He tried to smile again before he asked, "What did you do with your other boyfriends?"

"They provided rubbers," I answered. Jordan sat up. The shift in position forced his hips forward slightly, pressing his big cock harder against my vaginal opening

"You can't just force your way in," I insisted. "I can't get pregnant."

"I don't want to get you pregnant," Jordan said. "There has to be something..." His face brightened. "When was your last period?"

"A few days ago," I answered. His smile got bigger.

"Give me exact numbers," Jordan asked.

"A couple days ago," I said, meaning I hadn't counted and wasn't exactly certain.

"Two days ago," Jordan repeated. "How long are your periods usually? Three days?" I nodded my agreement. Jordan looked off into the distance at the sea while he seemed to calculate something.

"One to four percent," he said triumphantly. "That is the chance of you getting pregnant today if we have sex."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Sex Ed, of course," Jordan answered. "Don't they teach it at your school?"

"Yeah, right... Sex Ed," I answered. "I live in North Carolina. "Sex Ed is also called Abstinence Only. Our teachers talk about nothing but us abstaining from sex until we get married. Pretty pathetic, isn't it?"

"Thank God I live in Wisconsin," Jordan said. "Mr. Gerard was quite graphic and detailed about the chances of pregnancy and ways to prevent it if you decide to become sexually active."

"How do you know we would be safe now?" I asked.

"The chance of pregnancy chart is a bell shaped curve centered on fourteen days after your last period," Jordan explained. "There is a window of opportunity soon after your period when it is very safe to have sex without protection. There is zero percent chance of you getting pregnant during your period. The chance of pregnancy grows slowly to around 0.5% by the seventh day."

"0.5% chance?" I asked hopefully. "That doesn't sound too likely."

"It's not that simple," Jordan cautioned. "They say it takes two to make you pregnant. The chances are affected by the boy too. Sperm lasts three to five days inside a female. You need to sum the probabilities of pregnancy for the number of days a boy's sperm can last inside the woman. If she ovulates anytime while sperm is present, there is a chance of her getting pregnant."

"How did you get four percent as the answer?" I asked. "A stud like you, I guess you are figuring on your sperm lasting all five days."

"We should, just to be safe," Jordan agreed. "I got four percent this way: Today is day 5 in your cycle. The chance of pregnancy today is 0.3%. Tomorrow is also 0.3%. The day after is 0.5% followed by 1% and then 2%. Add it all up and you get 4.1% chance."

"In other words, not too likely today," I said.

"Right, it is pretty safe today," Jordan said. "As a matter of fact, using a condom is no safer than doing it without protection today. The failure rate for normal condom use is around 10%."

"You are sure about all this?" I asked. "You aren't feeding me a line like the guy who told me girls couldn't get pregnant the first time they had sex."

"Absolutely sure," Jordan said. "A girl can get pregnant very quickly, especially if she is dimwitted enough to have sex on Day 12 of the cycle. I think the chance of pregnancy is around 60% if the boy's sperm lasts all five days."

"Remind me not to have sex that day," I commented.

"I can't," Jordan replied. "We will both be back home by the time you hit that point in your cycle."

"So no protection today is safer than using a rubber," I said. "Show me what you can do with that big dick, my stud." I pulled my knees higher and let my legs fall open wider to invite this boy to take me. He obliged.

Jordan pressed his big cockhead against my opening. Nothing gave at first. "Shit! You're tight." Jordan scooted forward so his body hovered above mine while he rested his weight in his hands and toes. He lowered his body down, allowing his weight to help press his dick home. I felt the pressure but it didn't really hurt. Suddenly my tight ring gave way and Jordan's dick sank into me an inch or so. I watched as he wiggled his hips and stuffed another inch into my body.

I could feel the big invader stretch my pussy as it forced its way into me. Jordan gave a hard hip thrust and two more inches disappeared into my body. A series of rapid hip thrusts forced the rest of the big dick into my body.

"Damn girl, you are tight," Jordan commented as he grinned down at me. "How do you feel?"

"Stuffed to bursting," I said.

"No pain?" Jordan asked. I shook my head no. I did feel stretched more than I would have considered possible. However, I remembered that someday I would probably give birth and a baby had to come out that some hole. As big as Jordan was, he wasn't remotely as big as a baby. I would be able to take whatever he gave me.

"Let's kiss for a little while you get used to me inside you," Jordan suggested. I puckered my lips as Jordan lowered his head. We kissed and tongue wrestled for a couple minutes, still joined firmly at the crotch by our genitals. Slowly but surely my body relaxed around the big pole stuffed into my belly. It started to feel downright nice to have Jordan's dick stuffed where it was.

"Are you ready for action now, babe?" Jordan asked. I could see the concern in his eyes. This was a sweet boy who wouldn't do anything to hurt me.

"Go ahead," I agreed.

I felt Jordan pull his hips away from me. His dick followed as he withdrew. Suddenly Jordan switched direction and thrust the big pole into me again. I could feel that big head rub every fold of my pussy as it speared into me again. His crotch smashed against my clitoris as he bottomed out. His curly pubic hair tickled me as he withdrew again. Jordan established a slow, but steady rhythm as he fucked me.

Some friends who were sexually active had told me sex felt great when done right. They weren't right by half. Fucking was fucking awesome. I am going to be doing this as often as possible until the day I die.

Jordan continued humping and pumping his big dick in and out of my belly. After three or four minutes he increased his pace. He also started to give me a hip roll and wiggle as he bottomed out inside me. It forced his pubic bone to rub and stimulate my clitoris.

My girlfriends told me no boy ever got them off fucking their pussy. You would need to finger yourself or convince your boy toy to finger you if you wanted to climax too. I must have lucked out when I chose Jordan to take my cherry. This boy's banging and rubbing on my clitoris was making me tingle. This orgasm might be just as devastating as the one he gave me with his tongue.

I rubbed my hands up and down Jordan's side and his strong back as he fucked me. I slipped them down onto his hard ass cheeks. I could feel the power as he thrust forward each time, burying that dick where it belonged. I encouraged him to keep doing the wiggle and circle that grinded on my clitoris. The tingle was growing to a steady hum. My belly did backflips as I anticipated the climax to come.

I was moaning involuntarily as sweat poured off Jordan. He kept his concentration on giving me the ride of my life. He slowly picked up speed as he pulled out and thrust in again. He banged and teased my poor abused clitoris with every stroke.

Jordan's shoulders and neck were turning pink. I knew this was going to be a race to see who orgasmed first.

"Give it to me harder," I begged. "Harder."

"Yes..." he panted. "I'll do... my... best." He continued grinding and rubbing my clitoris on every stroke. I could feel the climax rise up from my depths. Almost there.

"Harder," I panted. "Do me... pllllllleeeeeeaseee..."

Jordan was almost red now. He gave a mighty thrust and banged into my clitoris again. His hips wiggled, dragging his pubic bone against my inflamed clitoris.

"FUCK!" I screamed. A staggering climax engulfed my being. Fireworks. Brain freeze. I dug my fingers into Jordan's sides as I orgasmed. My pussy clenched and pulled at the big pole as Jordan tried to pull it out.

"NO!" I screamed. Every muscle in my body clenched and spasmed.

"Fuck... fuck... FUCK!" Jordan growled before plunging his big pole back deep into my belly. I could feel the power as he forced his dick deep into my throbbing pussy. I was starting to come down from my high when Jordan froze over top of me and clenched his eyes shut.

"Oh!" he moaned. "Oooohhhh... oooohhhh... oooohhhh..."

I felt the big dick swell, twitch and pulse inside me. I knew I was getting fertilized by this gorgeous stud. Hopefully his calculations were correct and I would be safe tonight. Now I was truly a woman.

Jordan collapsed on top of me as his dick drained his life giving semen into my body. My stud was too heavy and I had trouble breathing. I rolled the two of us onto our sides while we collected our wits and recovered from our mutual orgasms.

I rubbed a hand up and down the side of my lover. I stared into his eyes. Finally Jordan gave me a grin and said, "Wow! That was fucking awesome, Elyssa."

"Yes it was, my stud," I agreed. Jordan leaned in and gave me a kiss. I felt Jordan's big dick made an audible plop as it shrank and fell out of my pussy. I felt a dribble of his semen and my lubricants run out of my poor stretched hole.

We kissed idly for a couple minutes before sitting up. Neither of us made a move to dress. We cuddled and stared down at the beautiful bay, overlooking the abject poverty between us and the pretty waters. It was starting to get dark when we finally dressed and walked back to camp.

"Can we do this again tomorrow night?" I asked. "How dangerous would it be tomorrow?"

"Um... seven percent," Jordan answered after consideration.

"Still safer than rubbers," I noted. "I am looking forward to more your wonderful dick."

"I'll be ready, babe," Jordan agreed.

No one noticed the passionate good night kiss I gave Jordan before we headed to our tents for the night.

Chapter 2

----oooOooo----

I slept the sleep of the well-fucked and satisfied. Mrs. Strandberg had to rouse me at 6:30 the next morning. I staggered off to the shower. Jordan's big pole had done a number on me last night. I was stiff and sore. A long soak would be nice but I had to settle for a quick, hot shower. Jenny and Olivia joined me. Jenny had managed to coax Joshua into some making out last night. She hoped he would get more interested in girls after his fun time.

"Did you have fun with Jordan?" Olivia asked.

"Damn near split me in half," I replied.

"You went all the way with that big boy?" Olivia asked. "I have some friends that tried him. He is immense."

"He's quite a stud," I responded. "I had a great time."

"I know Olivia fucked Braden," Jenny said. "That is a given just about any night. Did you really go all the way with Jordan?"

"I did," I confirmed. "It was wonderful."

"You are protected, right, girl?" Olivia asked.

"We were fine," I replied.

"I hope I can get Joshua's motor running better," Jenny said. "I don't know if he ever paid much attention to girls before last night." Jenny giggled. "A little titty fixed his attention."

"Are you corrupting a Star Wars fan?" I teased.

"I am teaching a tenth grader that there is more to life than action figures," Jenny replied.

"Good luck with that," Olivia said.

We dried off after our shower and dressed for the day. I wore a bikini top instead of my sport bra. I planned to be ready in case it was another hot day like yesterday.

Jordan greeted me with a hug and a quick kiss when I sat down beside him for breakfast. That drew a disapproving look from Mrs. Strandberg. Jordan and I ignored her disapproval.

Dad sat down beside us a couple minutes later.

"Did you sleep well, sweetie?" Dad asked.

"I slept great," I replied.

"I'm sorry I haven't been around as much as I wanted," Dad said. "The organizers desperately need someone fluent in French. I am getting called all over the job site to help translate."

"You speak French, sir?" Jordan asked.

"I am a high school French teacher," Dad replied.

"This is my friend, Jordan," I added. "He and I have been doing the heavy duty demolition work together."

"It's nice to meet you, Jordan," Dad said as he shook Jordan's hand.

"It is nice to meet you too, Mr. Walter," Jordan agreed. I made sure Dad knew Olivia, Braden, Jenny and Joshua. We joked and ate. The group headed up the road to the job site after breakfast. The demolition crew picked up where we left off in House #2.

At lunch break, Jordan and I sat away from the rest of our group, in order to have a little privacy to talk. After we finished eating, the two of us laid back in the grass, holding hands and talked quietly about our hopes and dreams.

"JORDAN! ELYSSA!" WE both looked up to see Mrs. Standserg standing over us. "This is a church group. The two of you NEED to stay with the rest of the youth group."

"Yes, ma'am," Jordan agreed readily. "Sorry, Mrs. Strandsberg."

"Hand holding is inappropriate too." She added. Jordan let go of my hand immediately. We got up and rejoined the rest of our team. I noticed that Olivia, Mrs. Strandsberg's daughter, was holding hands with her boyfriend, Braden. I pointed that out to Jordan. He shrugged his shoulders and gave me a rueful smile.

We went back to work a few minutes later. Our demolition team had finished up the second house in the morning and was well on the way to clearing the third house site. Jordan's shirt came off early in the afternoon. I enjoyed the view of his well-muscled and tanned back worked that sledge hammer to tear down the ruins of the house. My shirt came off a few minutes later. Jordan openly ogled me in my bikini top. I caught most of the other boys in our team checking out my assets too. Joshua Fisher was the lone exception. Jenny had succeeded in attracting the attention on her and her budding assets.

Our team managed to clear the third house site by quitting time late that afternoon. Hal Roush, our team coordinator, was delighted. He had expected us to clear more than one house per day.

Jenny and Josh and Jordan and I almost fought over who would take the last of the debris to the trash heap. Jordan gave me a wink. We allowed Jenny and Josh to haul the last of the junk up the road to the trash pile.

"Hey, Mike, tell Mr. Strandsberg that I will be a minute," Jordan called out as the group departed. "I have to take a leak."

"Will do, Jordan," Mike Severin called back, from the rear end of the throng of people heading back to camp. Jordan pulled me away with him. We walked the opposite direction from the group and also away from where Jenny and Josh had gone. We found some brush. Jordan pulled me behind it, so we were out of sight.

"God, you make me so horny, Elyssa," Jordan declared as he wrapped his arms around me. "I think I spent half the afternoon hiding my boner." We locked lips together and began to make out. Jordan's wandering hands soon had my bikini top pushed up around my neck while he felt me up. His boner pressed into my belly as we continued to tongue wrestle.

"I'd fuck right now, right here, if we had time," Jordan said during a pause between kisses. "You've got me so hard."

"I doubt we have time for everything we want right now," I replied. "How about I give you a blow job to last until after dinner?"

"You'd do that for me?" Jordan asked.

"Of course," I answered. I dropped down to my knees and pulled down on his shorts. His enormous dick sprang up and down as I pulled Jordan's shorts down to his feet. He stepped out of them. I grasped his shaft with both hands and tried to swallow his whole cockhead in a gulp.

I licked and sucked frantically. I knew my dad and that eagle-eyed Mrs. Strandsberg would be looking for Jordan and me soon if we spent too much time here. I stroked my stud's rod and swirled my tongue around the head in my mouth. I glanced upward, seeing my big boy's shoulders turn pink. I licked sucked and suctioned that cockhead desperately as I stroked his shaft. Jordan ran his hands through my hair as he moaned and panted.

"Elyss..." Jordan gasped. "Ooohh... God!" I'mmmmm..."

I suctioned his cock, knowing that final word he couldn't choke out. I was rewarded by powerful blasts of semen, spurted all over my mouth and down my throat. I swallowed and sucked and sucked more until I had slurped up nearly every drop of his cum.

Jordan lifted me to my feet. We hugged. He licked a bit of semen off my lips before we kissed. Jordan's tongue found a pocket of semen. He tongued and sucked it into his mouth and then swallowed. We parted and he gave me a grin.

"I see why you swallow," Jordan teased. "My sperm doesn't taste bad. I kind of like the flavor."

"We should probably get dressed and head back before someone misses us," I suggested.

"You're right," Jordan agreed. He gave me a wink. "My tongue... your pussy... they have a date after dinner. I owe you a good orgasm."

"That sounds wonderful," I agreed. "Your dick... my pussy... they have a date too." I pulled my bikini top back into place and put on my shirt. Jordan pulled his shorts back on. We walked back to camp, clinging to each other, hand to ass cheek. Josh and Jenny were just ahead of us on the road. Poor Josh was red faced and desperately trying to hide his erection. I do believe Jenny was convincing Josh that there were bigger things in the world than Star Wars.

Jordan and I switched back to holding hands before we turned the corner and walked into our campsite. We separated and cleaned up for dinner. I ran into Dad before I found Jordan again.

"How was your day, sweetie?" Dad asked pleasantly.

"It was fun," I responded. "We got the third house site cleared this afternoon. What did you do today?"

"I spent the day arguing with various inspectors and planners," Dad answered. "Haiti sure has a lot of bureaucracy for a country as in-need-of-help as Haiti is. Do you want to sit with me for the prayer meeting tonight?"

"Some of my friends and I were planning to hang out after dinner tonight. Maybe play some cards, talk a little and relax."

"Oh... OK," Dad agreed. "I hoped we could spend more time together this week."

"We will Dad," I said. "I promise."

Dad and I headed into the dining tent. I followed him through the serving line. Dad headed off in the opposite direction from where the St. Marks Lutheran kids were sitting. I gave my new friends a little shrug and followed Dad. I did need to spend a little time with him this week. To my surprise, Jordan ditched his friends and joined Dad and me when he came through the serving line.

Dad talked pleasantly with Jordan, no wiser about what we did last night or our plans for tonight. Dad was clueless that Jordan and I planned to boff each other's brains out in an hour or two. Dad gave us a hearty, "Have a fun night, you two," when we finished dinner. Jordan and I went back outside, looking for younger company.

We found Mike and Jon from St. Marks with Chris and Tyler from Chatham UMC debating whether there would be another Fast and Furious movie soon. Olivia, Braden, Jenny and Josh strolled by. Chris called out, "Hey, Josh. What do you think about another Fast and Furious?"

"Whatever," Josh called back as he sauntered away holding Jenny's hand. "I'm busy with my girl. We'll talk later."

Chris and Tyler looked on in amazement as their best friend blew them off for a girl. For a girl of all things! The two would understand eventually when they matured a little more.

Braden, Olivia, Josh, Jenny, Jordan and I found a quiet place to relax after dinner. We sat and talked for a while, waiting for most everyone to head to the prayer meeting. We had to make a strategic retreat when Olivia saw her parents come by. We were out of the way enough that they didn't notice us. None of us planned to attend the prayer service.

All three couples strolled away separately, heading south and away from camp and the work site. Each of us was seeking privacy for more fun. Jordan and I walked arms around each other's backs, with our hands inside the shorts and firmly planted on each other's ass cheeks. Jordan and I found our trail from last night easily. We walked back it until we reached our little clearing.

Jordan brought a towel along tonight, so we wouldn't be lying in the dry grass. I stripped down and sat on the towel naked. Jordan did the same, sitting facing me. We started making out. It didn't take long before Jordan was feeling up my tits. We kissed his way across my neck down my chest and then made love to my tits with his tongue and lips. It felt delightful when he tried to suckle at my breast. My pussy gushed as he did it.

Jordan kissed his way across my belly and then gave me the licking he promised before dinner. His tongue explored my hole, drenched my slot as he licked upward. He swirled it around my clitoris. I went fucking bat-shit crazy when he started nipping my clit with his lips. I screamed in ecstasy he licked and sucked my clitoris while he used two fingers to fuck my pussy.

"AAAAEEeeeiiiiiiiii!" I yelped as Jordan pushed me over the edge into climax. He continued gently finger fucking me as he otherwise allowed me to enjoy this orgasmic surge. I thrashed and writhed until the volcanic energy of my climax was gone.

"I've got a screamer," Jordan commented as he leaned over my body and kissed me. "I like a girl who is emotional."

"I like a guy with a big dick and a talented tongue," I replied. "I hit the double. You are both."

"I aim to please," Jordan said.

"Are you ready for the main event?" I asked. I glanced down at his crotch. Jordan's hard-on was erect, a deep color of purple and dribbling clear liquid down its head. "You are definitely ready for action." I splayed my legs open for my lover. He climbed between them and notched his big dick against my vaginal hole.

"Seven percent chance of knocking me up?" I asked.

"Safer than condoms," Jordan replied. He thrust his hips forward as he said it. He forced almost three inches of dick into me in one motion. He wiggled and thrust a couple more times until his huge dick was buried in my belly.

"Mmmm... just what I needed all day," I commented. I rubbed my hands down his sides as I got used to his pole stuffing me full again.

"How does it feel?" Jordan asked.

"Good... and full," I purred.

"Are you ready?" Jordan asked.

"Fuck to your heart's content," I replied. Jordan worked into a fine rhythm, humping and pumping as he fucked me senseless. He did the wiggle and pubic grind with each stroke. Within a minute my clitoris was tingling, on top of the extreme stimulation provided by his big pole reaming my belly again and again and again.

I could feel his balls bounce against my ass as he bottomed out after each power stroke. My being, my essence, was now concentrated into my pussy and clitoris and the way he stretched and pulled at it. I don't know how long Jordan screwed me, but I enjoyed every millisecond of our mating.

Jordan leaned in occasionally so we could exchange kisses and even duel our tongues as he fucked on.

"Are you close, Jordan?" I whispered.

"Not really," he answered.

"Do me hard and fast," I demanded. "I'm almost ready for cum and I need it bad." My lover granted my wish. He slammed in hard enough to knock the breath out of me. He withdrew almost all the way out before plunging in again. Jordan continued grinding his pubic bone against my clitoris with every vigorous stroke.

I let out a muffled scream, mid-kiss. My climax exploded, filling me with euphoria and bliss. I was barely aware of surroundings or of anything except that big pole stuffed in my twat. I think Jordan continued fucking me through my orgasm but I couldn't say for sure. When I recovered from my stupefaction,

Jordan was on top of me, drilling away, ramming that big pole home, pulling out and ramming it home again.

I put my hands on his hips and felt the motion as he continued screwing me. His pubic area still smashed into my clitoris. It started to tingle again after a minute or so. I could feel another orgasm build as he fucked away. It wasn't as intense when it hit as the first one. It was in some ways better because it didn't stop so quickly as the first.

Jordan kept banging away. My orgasm continued at a low level, but definitely filling my brain with an endorphin induced high. Finally Jordan's face contorted and his shoulders and neck turned red. He began humping in and out frantically. It took him a minute to reach his climax. He gave me one last mighty thrust, spearing deep into my body. My studly lover froze overtop of me. I felt his big tool swell and then pulse as it delivered its load of egg-seeking sperm into my enraptured body. My stud came and came inside me. Finally, totally drained, he collapsed to the ground beside me.

I rolled over as he went down, desperate to keep his dick in my body as long as possible. My low level orgasm finally gave out as Jordan's big dick dribbled the last of his sperm into my body. My pussy clenching and twitching kept Jordan hard longer than the night before.

My stud stayed semi-hard and impaled in my belly as we recovered. We exchanged kisses and caressed each other while we regained our wits.

"Seven percent," I commented. "Am I more likely to get pregnant if we do it a second time tonight?"

"Again?" Jordan said hopefully. "I don't remember my teacher saying." Jordan stared down into my eyes while he pondered the question. "I don't suppose a second time could hurt. After all, the chance of me getting you pregnant is as low as seven percent because it's unlikely that you could have an egg now. I don't see where you carrying more of my sperm would increase our chances of trouble."

I was pleased when Jordan included himself in the equation. "Increase OUR chances of getting in trouble," as opposed to dumping it all on me, as in "Your chances of getting knocked up." I could easily fall in love with this generous and cute stud.

"Let's do it again," I said. "I want to feel you drill me deep. I love that feeling when you are all the way inside me."

"Do you want to try another position?" Jordan asked. "You could ride on top. Or maybe doggie style?"

"What way makes you go deep?" I asked.

"There is a way," Jordan said. He rolled me over on my back, still keeping his dick planted inside me. "Lift your legs over my arms." I did as instructed. Jordan pulled my ankles up onto his shoulders. I felt my butt lift off the towel as he rose up a little. My weight rested entirely on my upper back, shoulders and head now. I felt like I was being scrunched into a ball.

Jordan started giving me short thrusts. I could feel his dick wasn't entirely hard yet. It swelled and grew as he humped into me. Soon I could feel it stretching deep in my belly, much deeper than the missionary position we used earlier.

"The one bad thing..." Jordan commented as he screwed in and out of me. "I can't hit your love button in this position."

"It's OK," I said. "I never had more than one orgasm in a day before today. I've had three already tonight. Keep doing what you are doing. I love it."

This position put my pussy and Jordan's crotch clearly in my line of sight. Jordan only pulled out an inch or so before plunging into my belly again. My cum-soaked pussy squelched and slurped as he drilled me. I never imagined sex could be so wet and sloppy.

Jordan's thrusts increased in length as his big dick reached steely hardness. Soon he was pulling four or five inches out of me, leaving an aching void and then spearing me again with his big missile. I stared in fascination as I learned about human mating. Jordan picked up the pace of his thrusts. I felt his balls slap my backside as he boffed away.

To my surprise, my clitoris started to tingle, even though it was untouched. Could this boy-toy of mine bring me to orgasm another time? That would be sweet. I stared as that big dick pulled out of my belly and plunged in again. Was it rubbing... OOohhh... something in me?

I concentrated on the feelings as the big dick skewered me, withdrew and speared me again. The boy was pulling five or six inches of dick out of me each stroke before he plunged it back into my belly. How long was he? He had to be close to eight inches long since I never caught sight of his cockhead.

I felt the tingle inside me as he impaled me on that big dick. No doubt this wonderful stud was driving me toward yet another climax. "Faster," I grunted. His body smacked mine hard with every plunge, knocking the air out me. "Faster," I pleaded "Faster."

Jordan obeyed my petition. He pulled away and slammed into me. Our bottoms smacked together. His balls slapped me with each stroke. My body hummed as my big stud frantically boffed me as I begged for him to go faster and harder. Sweat poured off my lover as he tried to give me what I begged for. His shoulders, neck and then his face flushed red as he pounded and slammed into me.

My climax was close. "More..." I begged. "Give me... [oof] mmOOORRRree..."

"Oh... [pant] kay..." Jordan promised breathlessly. He pounded into me again, withdrew until I could see the discolored skin where he had been circumcised. His powerful legs slammed his big pole into me again.

"Mmmmmoorree..." I implored. I felt Jordan's dick swell in me. My lover slumped over me instead of banging me again the way I needed. I felt his dick twitch and pulse as it flooded my insides with another load of his sticky white semen and sperm.

Jordan had me scrunched into a tight ball. My legs helped bear his weight, so I could breathe even though he was draped on top of me. I allowed my spent lover time to recover. His dick squirted the last of his spend into me and softened.

After a minute Jordan climbed off me. I eyed the source of my joy as he stood up. His big dick hung down, still semi-erect and slimy from his cum and my lube. I lowered my butt onto the towel and laid my legs down on the ground.

"Wow, you are a great lover, Elyssa," Jordan commented. He squatted down on his haunches beside me. "So much better than anyone else I ever been with."

I sat up as Jordan sat down in front of me. We scooted together and cuddled face-to-face, exchanging quick kisses. The sun was setting behind Jordan, painting the clouds pretty shades of yellow, pink and red.

"You were amazing, Jordan," I gushed. "Thank you for teaching me what sex is really all about."

"It was my pleasure, babe," Jordan replied. "Absolutely all my pleasure."

"Have you ever measured yourself?" I asked.

Jordan gave me a funny look and answered. "Six foot, two inches."

"No, how big is this?" I said as I grasped his slippery manhood. Jordan blushed. I laughed. "We've fucked three times and we are sitting her stark naked and you are blushing. Why would you be embarrassed by your big dick? I think it is wonderful."

"I don't want you to think I'm an egotist only interested in myself."

"Have you measured it?" I asked again.

"One of my old girlfriends did," Jordan admitted.

"How big?"

"Seven and three-quarters inches long," Jordan stated. "I'm two and a quarter inches wide at the head and two and a half inches at the base."

"That's impressive," I said. "You have by far the biggest dick I have ever had."

"It is a mixed blessing," Jordan said. "The first girl I was with was so tight that I never got more than about half of my cock in her. The second girl I did made me stop before we finished, because I hurt her so much. I've learned to be careful when I am with a girl."

"How many girls have you slept with?" I asked. "You don't need to tell me if you don't want to."

"You are my sixth," Jordan said. "How about you?"

"You are my third," I claimed. Why did I keep telling this stud little white lies? Well... I gave Nick Oral sex and Aaron too. Like the crazy lady from Abstinence Now claimed, sex is sex – oral, vaginal, anal and even masturbation.

"You are my sixth but you are also my best girl," Jordan said as he stared into my eyes. "My cock scares some girls. You can handle everything I have and seem to enjoy how big I am. I really love that about you."

"Your size did scare me a little last night," I admitted. "Now that I've enjoyed your big dick, I am growing to love the feeling of being filled this way. I am so glad I came on this mission trip."

"I am glad too," Jordan agreed. "Let's watch the sun set, babe." I turned around and sat facing the show in the sky to the west. Jordan cuddled against my back, wrapping his arms around me as we watched the sun set.

The two of us walked back to camp at dusk. We had our hands around each other, hands resting on each other's ass cheeks. In the afterglow of our orgasms, neither of us remembered to let go of each other as we entered camp. Mrs. Strandsberg spotted Jordan.

"This is a church trip, you two," Mrs. Strandsberg snapped. "You can't be physically demonstrative in this open and lewd way." We dropped our hands from each other. Mrs. Strandsberg waved her finger at Jordan, signaling him to follow her.

"Sorry about this, babe," Jordan whispered before following Mrs. Strandsberg. I could almost make out the scolding she was giving my big stud. I decided to get to bed and fall asleep before Mrs. Strandsberg returned.

I was in bed and playing possum, pretending to sleep when she returned. Mrs. Strandsberg shook my shoulder gently until I had to admit I was still awake. "Did that boy take advantage of you Elyssa?"

"No, he was a perfect gentleman," I replied.

"Disappearing alone with a boy is a quick way to get a bad reputation, Elyssa," Mrs. Strandsberg lectured. "What would you do if he started spreading rumors that he took liberties with you? You need to keep yourself safe. Don't wander away alone with a boy. Is that clear?"

"I understand," I said. That seemed to satisfy Mrs. Strandsberg. She allowed me to go to sleep.

I wasn't as sore tonight as I had been last night. To my surprise, my pussy wasn't leaking Jordan's sperm and my lubrication nearly as much as last night. That was strange. Jordan had dosed me with twice as much semen tonight as last night. It finally hit me a few minutes later where all our juices and his sperm went. The last position we used for sex had my bottom practically turned upside down while he screwed me. The juices and sperm drained through my cervix into my uterus. Jordan's calculations had better be correct or I was in a world of trouble.

----oooOooo----

6:30 AM came much too early. I stumbled off the showers with Olivia and Jenny to clean up and get ready for another day of work. Dad and I sat with Jordan and his crew from Wisconsin for breakfast. Every one headed off to the work site after breakfast.

Mrs. Strandsberg had an announcement when we reached the fourth house in the row, our current demolition target. "Olivia and Elyssa have been working so hard trying to keep up with Braden and Jordan's sledgehammers. We are going to switch off and have Mike and Joshua take the bow saws and do the main demo work."

Jordan and I just looked at each other and rolled our eyes. I suspected she was trying to put more distance between me and Jordan to prevent... well, exactly what we had been doing last night. Mrs. Strandsberg's change in responsibilities took some of the fun out of the day. I worked hard anyway. This project was for a great cause. The house site we cleared Monday and Tuesday morning had already sprouted two house frames. The first was under roof. The roof of the second was going on today. Another crew was fixing up the foundation of the house beside us. I expected to see a floor and walls before the day was over.

Jordan and I did get to spend lunch together. We went back to work separately in the afternoon. Mrs. Strandsberg, not missing a trick, lingered at the cleanup site when the day was done, making sure everyone headed back to camp promptly without diversions like Jordan and I created the other days.

Dad and I ate dinner with Jordan and his crew again. The two of us tried to head off for a walk after dinner. Eagle-eyed Mrs. Strandsberg caught us.

"Jordan Mattson, get your backside into that prayer meeting," Mrs. Strandsberg demanded. "You are here with our church group and you WILL conduct yourself accordingly."

"Yes, ma'am," Jordan replied obediently. He headed for the dining tent and the prayer meeting. He gave me a look of disappointment and shrugged his shoulders as he went inside.

"You are welcome to join us in worship, Elyssa," Mrs. Strandsberg said. "I don't recommend taking a walk outside of camp. We are in a foreign country and may not be safe for a young girl to walk around unaccompanied."

"I will pass on the prayer meeting," I replied, trying to keep my temper. "Jesus did not tell me I needed to do this. My family isn't that religious. I'm here to work on the mission because I think it is a good cause."

"I want you to be safe," Mrs. Strandsberg said.

"I'll go back to our tent and read," I stated.

"That is fine, dear," Mrs. Strandsberg replied.

I did manage to sneak a passionate good night kiss from Jordan before we went to bed. I was horny and frustrated and pissed off at the interference from Mrs. Strandsberg. Dad and I had only two more days with Habitat. Realistically, tomorrow night was my last opportunity to be with Jordan. Friday night would be consumed by packing for the trip home. We had an early morning flight back to the States. Somehow, Jordan and I needed to find a way to out-fox that lady.

----ooooOooo----

I staggered off to the showers with Olivia and Jenny on Thursday morning. Jenny shared my pissy mood. "I can't believe the nerve of your mom, Olivia. Joshua and I had plans last night. Instead she drags me off to the boring bible study. She didn't make you go."

"Mom can be a wet blanket at times," Olivia agreed. "I don't know why Mom and Dad trust Braden and me the way they do. I know they suspect Josh is taking 'liberties' with you, Jenn. They suspect Jordan may be doing the same with you, Elyssa. And yet they are clueless that Braden and I have boffing each other's brains out for the last six months. As far as Mom and Dad are concerned, Braden and I are a couple sweet, innocent kids who are happy with holding hands."

"Is there any way to get your mom out of my and Josh's hair?" I asked.

"Not that I have found," Olivia answered.

"She better not get in my way," Jenny said. "Joshie and I planned to take each other's cherries last night. Tonight we will!"

"I want to spend a final night enjoying Jordan and his wonderful dick too," I added.

"How do you ever manage to take that big thing?" Olivia asked. "I am friends with a few of the girls he's slept with. Every one of the agreed he is huge. One of the girls made him stop before they'd finished because he hurt her so bad."

"His size scared me at first," I admitted. "It was a bitch getting all of it in my pussy the first night. Once it was in though, it felt great. It's almost like my pussy is a glove fitted exactly to his dimensions. I can take his whole rod and it feels so wonderful."

"Lucky you," Olivia said.

"Does the first time really hurt?" Jenny asked.

"Mine did, but not too bad," Olivia said. "I bled a little."

"How about you, Elyssa?" Jenny asked.

"I may not be the right person to ask," I said. "I split my hymen in a bike riding accident when I was twelve. I bled like a stuck pig and it hurt like a bitch. Now, as for my first time, I felt stretched but I never hurt. The boy had a hard time forcing all his dick in me. We waited a couple minutes after he hit bottom so I could get used to the fullness. After that, fucking was pure pleasure."

"Does Josh have protection?" Olivia asked. "Will you be safe if you can get together with him tonight?"

"My doctor put me on the pill six months ago to settle my period down," Jenny said. "I am perfectly safe."

"STDs?" Olivia asked.

"Josh and I are both virgins," Jenny said.

"Are you sure he is?" Olivia asked.

"I am sure he is," Jenny replied, laughing. "I pulled his brain out of Star Wars and into girls. I am sure our kiss was his first. His hands on my boobs were his first too. His blow job yesterday afternoon was a first too. He had to be cherry, he came so quick."

"Give him another blow job before you let him stick his dick in," Olivia suggested. "It will take the edge off for him and allow him to last longer."

I was pleased when I heard Olivia say that. Jordan and I did things in the right order Monday night. At least one or two more blow jobs were in Jordan's immediate future.

Older ladies walked into the changing room while we showered. We switched topics to something that wouldn't shock this church crowd.

The camp had breakfast and headed off to work. Mrs. Strandsberg's new assignments continued today. Josh worked with Jordan. Mike worked with Braden. Olivia, Jenny and I teamed up to help the others

haul junk to the trash pile. It was hard work but rewarding. Our demolition crew started the sixth and last house on the block after lunch. It was half demolished when we hit quitting time that afternoon.

Jordan and I walked back holding hands. Mrs. Strandsberg kept us in sight but didn't complain about the hand holding.

"I want to fuck you so bad," Jordan whispered as we walked.

"I need you too," I agreed quietly. "I want to feel every bit of that seven and three-quarters inches of dick stuffed up my belly. Tonight might be our last chance. We can't let that lady stop us."

"What if I disappear early from dinner on the excuse of needing to go to the bathroom?" Jordan suggested. "I can make myself scarce until after bible study starts. You can join me when the coast is clear."

"That could work," I agreed. I think both of us felt better now that we had a plan to outfox the old lady and to get together under the evening sky and enjoy each other's bodies one more time.

Dad and I sat with Jordan and the St. Marks contingent at dinner. I feigned disinterest when Jordan excused himself just before dessert to use the latrine. Mrs. Strandsberg noted Jordan's absence as dinner finished. She went out searching for her missing charge. I hung out outside the dining tent, just watching the people and time go by. Nearly every one gathered again half an hour later for the evening prayer service. Mrs. Strandsberg headed inside. I wasn't sure where I'd find Jordan. I checked his tent. No one was there. I checked by the latrines and showers. No one. I finally headed back to my tent.

"Surprise!" Jordan announced as I opened the door. He had hid in my tent while Mrs. Strandsberg searched for him. We laughed about her fruitless search.

"MR. MATTSON!" Both of us jumped at the loud announcement, twirled around and found Mrs. Strandsberg standing inside the door of the tent. "GET YOUR BACKSIDE OVER TO THE DINING HALL WHERE IT BELONGS YOUNG MAN! NOW!"

"Yes, ma'am," Jordan agreed. He took off like he was being chased by a hoard of angry bees.

"Young lady," Mrs. Strandsberg stated, glaring at me. "I understand you are unchurched and not familiar with our ways. It is totally inappropriate for a young man and a young woman to disappear alone. Sharing pleasures of the flesh is completely unacceptable. I am the chaperone for this youth group and am responsible to Jordan's parents to see that nothing bad happens to him while he is under our charge. I will not allow that nice young boy's life to be ruined by a loose woman willing to chance getting pregnant with the boy's child. IT WILL NOT HAPPEN! AM I PERFECTLY CLEAR?"

"Yes," I agreed. I seethed at her description of me as a loose woman. Jordan was the one experienced at seducing girls. I had been a virgin before I met him.

Mrs. Strandsberg disappeared. I lay down on my bed, stewing and grumbling at the unfairness of life. I needed my big stud again and this holier-than-thou lady thwarted our every attempt. We needed to keep trying. I had to ride that big dick at least one more time.

I read my book until the prayer meeting ended. Olivia and Jenny returned. I decided to go out for a short walk. Hopefully I could find Jordan for a good night kiss, if nothing else. I found him after a couple minutes searching.

"Now what?" Jordan asked as we hugged. "Do you want to go for our walk now and have fun?"

"That witch will see I'm not in my bunk and send a search party out for us," I said.

"What if we wait until she's asleep?"

"Like when?" I asked.

"Say 1:00 AM," Jordan suggested. "We could meet at the shower house. That has a little light and is pretty far away from every one's tents."

"That sounds like a plan," I agreed. We sealed our deal with a long, passionate kiss. I wanted the kiss to linger but I knew we couldn't. If I didn't get back soon, Mrs. Strandsberg would come looking for us again.

I saw Jenny and Joshua embracing and talking as I headed back to the tent. I wondered what plans they were making to sneak in their tryst past the chaperones' noses. I headed back to my tent and went to bed.

----oooOooo----

I set my watch to vibrate at 12:55 AM. I looked around the tent before I got out of bed. Everyone was silent except the lady in the back who snored. She was busy sawing wood at her bunk. I slipped on my sandals and snuck out of our tent. I made a beeline for the men's shower, where I was to meet Jordan. I stepped into the dressing area.

"Line it up there." I could make out Jenny laying on her back on a bench, totally naked. "Press in when you're ready." Joshua, straddling the bench and equally naked, had positioned his dick against Jenny's hole with her assistance.

"Oops, sorry," I apologized. Both kids stared at me in terror, like deer caught in the headlights. "Carry on. Don't let me stop you." I retreated out of the men's showers quickly.

"She knows," Josh whispered, loud enough that I could still hear him.

"She doesn't care," Jenny replied. "She's here looking for Jordan so they can do the same thing as us. Press forward. I want you to fill me with that cock of yours."

I retreated out of hearing. Hopefully Jordan was at the woman's shower. Thankfully I found him inside the woman's dressing area, waiting for me.

"What took so long?" Jordan asked.

"I thought we were meeting at the men's showers," I explained.

"No, I said at your showers," Jordan explained.

"My bad," I replied. "You won't believe who I found in the men's showers. Josh and Jenny, in the middle of their mutual deflowering."

"Really?" Jordan marveled. "Good for Joshie." He laughed. "And good for Jenny too."

"Where do you want to start?" I asked.

"Blow job or I eat your pussy?"

"How about making out a little and then 69?" I countered.

We sat down on one of the benches and locked lips. Soon our tongues were tangling and we were nibbling at each other. My pajama top came off, followed Jordan's T-shirt. His hands went immediately to my titties. He caressed them and teased my nipples. After a couple minutes he moved his head down between my titties and began licking and sucking. Jordan could do amazing things with his talented lips and tongue.

"Do you want to do 69 now?" I asked.

"Sure, sounds great," Jordan replied. I pulled off my pajama bottoms. Jordan pulled off his shorts. I lay down on the bench on my back. Jordan straddled my head and then bent over. I got a face full of big dick as he reached my pussy. I licked and sucked on his shaft, using both hands to stroke him while he ate my pussy. I tongued and licked at his cockhead while he lapped up and down my rapidly moistening slot.

Jordan inserted two fingers up inside me, fucking me with it as he licked and sucked at my slot and clitoris. He hooked his fingers and probed along the outer wall of my pussy directly under where his tongue was licking my outer pussy lips. Suddenly I felt the same tingle as Tuesday night. Jordan had found this sensitive spot inside my pussy I hadn't realized I had.

I squeaked as he hit it again. Jordan redoubled his efforts at this spot and began licking around my clitoris too. I tried to concentrate on giving him a proper blow job but how could I? My poor,

discombobulated brain was barely functioning. I tried to keep suctioning his cockhead as he drove me insane with his fingers and tongue.

I gave up blowing him shortly before he drove me to a glorious climax. I shuddered and writhed in ecstasy as the good feelings washed over my being. Jordan hopped off me and watched as I enjoyed my climax.

"You ready for me to finish?" I asked when recovered. I had Jordan lay down on the bench. I sat behind Jordan down, straddling the bench. I leaned down and slurped his big cockhead into my mouth and began sucking. I used one hand to stroke Jordan's shaft. I was saving the other for a surprise I read about on the internet one time.

Jordan was slightly pink when I began phase 2 of my plan. I continued sucking and licking at the head of his cock and stroking his shaft with one hand. I used my free hand to spread my guy's ass cheeks open. I carefully felt around until I found the pucker of his anus.

Jordan's head popped off the bench and stared at me in surprise. I had previously dipped my middle finger into my honeypot and got the finger nice and wet. I pressed against Jordan's pucker until it yielded. My finger sunk in up to two joints.

Jordan's eyes popped open and he groaned an, "Oooooohhh..." I finger fucked his asshole gently as I sucked and stroked my boyfriend's dick.

"How did..." he stuttered. "Oh... wow! No one's ever..."

"Enjoy," I said before sucking his entire cockhead into my mouth again. The stimulation I was giving was too much.

"Oooooohh..." he groaned. I felt his dick swell in my hand. I suctioned, ready for my creamy white treat. Jordan's dick didn't disappoint. It spurted hard shots of cum down my throat and then all over my mouth. I sucked and sucked, trying to suck it all in. I swallowed most but kept one more surprise for my guy.

"What you did with your finger, Elyssa... wow," Jordan gushed. I thought it would make me squiggly to have someone play with my butthole but it felt great."

"I'm glad you liked it," I said. "Give me a kiss, lover." Jordan opened his mouth as he pressed his lips to mine. I offered a big pile of his semen on my tongue. His tongue quickly dipped into it. I passed the load onto his tongue. He sucked his cum into his mouth and gave me a wink. Pretty soon I was offered a big lugie of saliva, sperm and semen. We passed the liquid back and forth half a dozen times. We found why they called this snow-balling. The mouthful of liquid just kept growing and growing with each pass.

Jordan tried to swallow it after about the sixth pass. He coughed mid-swallow, splattering sperm, semen and saliva over both our faces. All either of us could do was laugh. I licked his cum off his face as he used his tongue to clean mine.

"Are you ready for the main event?" Jordan asked.

"I've been ready for the last two nights," I responded. "Give it to me." I started to lay down on the bench again so Jordan could take me missionary style like before.

"Let's try something different," Jordan suggested. I gave him a questioning look. "Doggie style."

"What do I do?"

Get on the floor on your hands and knees, facing away from me," Jordan explained. I did as Jordan requested.

"Now what?" I asked as I looked behind me. Jordan was on his knees straddling my legs. His big cock was pointed at my backside.

"That goes in my pussy and not my asshole?" I asked.

"In your pussy," Jordan confirmed, "Unless you want it in your asshole."

"You're big enough," I replied. "My pussy can handle you but I doubt my asshole would."

"Here goes," Jordan commented. I felt his fingers pull apart my butt cheeks as he nestled his big cockhead against my hole. He pressed in, sinking an inch or two of dick into my pussy. I couldn't see from where I was, so I'm guessing. He put his hands on my hips and pressed again, sinking deeper. Another couple thrusts buried his whole dick inside my belly.

This position felt different. First off, his dick was upside down compared to other times we screwed. He pulled out a little and banged into me again. Unlike missionary style, I was free to move too. Jordan worked into a nice rhythm. I could push my butt backwards and increase the pace and friction as our bodies clapped together.

Jordan did me for two or three minutes this way. "Jordan, can we try another position?"

"Does this hurt you?" Jordan asked.

"No, it doesn't," I responded. "I like watching you screw me. I can't see much in this position." Jordan's dick made a slurping sound as he pulled out of me and then a pop when it came free.

"How do you want to do this?" Jordan asked.

"I don't know," I responded.

"How about if we try cow girl?"

"OK, what do I do?" I asked.

Jordan stood up and lay down on the bench, his feet flat on the floor, one on each side of the bench. He held his dick straight up. "Climb aboard."

"Um...?" I gulped.

"Straddle the bench and walk forward until you are over top of my cock," Jordan explained. "When you are ready just put it against your hole and sink down on it. You are in complete control."

"OK," I agreed. I followed Jordan's directions. It took me a little work to get my short legs past his long legs, but eventually I was in position. I grabbed the head of his cock and positioned it at my hole. I let my weight do the rest of the work. My weight smoothly impaled his big dick straight up into my belly. "Now what?"

"Move up and down, wiggle around, rock back and forth, whatever you want to do," Jordan said. "You are in total control."

I pushed up with my legs, pulling off his dick. I felt it plop out.

"Shit!" I growled.

"Not so high," Jordan cautioned. I repositioned his cockhead against my hole and impaled myself on his rod. Jordan put his hands on my hips to help me get used to this. I rose up less high the next time and settled down on his shaft again. Up and down. Cow girl was pretty good.

"There are side benefits for me with cowgirl," Jordan instructed. "I can play with your things. He rubbed his finger on my clitoris and then grabbed my titties with both hands. He could easily play with them while I fucked myself on his big pole. I worked myself up and down on him for a few minutes.

Jordan reached up and pulled my torso down until we could kiss as we fucked. Once my body was bent down, Jordan began hunching his hips up and down, further fucking me with his big dick. Cow girl was a nice position.

We went on for what might have been ten minutes. Jordan reached up and began playing with my clitoris. The tingling and then the good feelings came quickly. I increased my pace. I could feel Jordan lift his hips up as I rose, trying to fuck me to while I impaled myself on him. My lover's shoulders, neck and cheek flushed from pink to red. It was a race to orgasm.

I jumped up and slid down his pole repeatedly as fast as I could go. Jordan teased and tweaked my clitoris. I won the race. My orgasm burst forth. I shimmied and shook as my body went into ecstasy. My pussy clenched and sucked at my lover's big, totally primed sperm shooter, begging for him to fill me up.

My convulsions and movements proved too much for Jordan. He hunched his hips upward, driving his dick deeper into me and then shooting off the semen and sperm that filled his balls. We collapsed on top of each other. I was still impaled on his big but shrinking dick.

Cow girl was much sloppier than the positions we used Tuesday night. Jordan's sperm, semen and my juices drenched my bottom and his belly.

"I know this is a dumb time to ask, but what are the chances that this time will get me pregnant?" Jordan pondered for a moment.

"22%, I think," Jordan said.

"22%" I gasped. "That's three times more likely than Tuesday night. Why such an increase?"

"It is a bell shaped curve," Jordan explained. "It rises slowly at first and then chances increase rapidly. We are on the rapidly rising part of the curve."

"22%," I remarked. "That chance is starting to feel real. I didn't worry much about the 4% or 7% chance. I was certain I'd be safe. Now I don't feel as safe."

"Remember that is assuming my sperm are virile enough to last five days inside you," Jordan said. "I'm only sixteen and still growing. More likely my sperm is young and not fully mature either. It might not last three days inside you."

"What are the chances of pregnancy if your sperm only last three days?" I asked.

After a short pause, Jordan answered, "Six percent."

"Six percent isn't too bad," I said. "You're right. You are still growing, aren't you?"

"If we find time tomorrow night to hook up, maybe we better plan on me pulling out before I cum rather than blasting you full of my sperm," Jordan suggested. "Chances are up to 34% if my sperm can last five days. That is getting pretty real and pretty dangerous."

"Yeah, you're right," I agreed. I climbed off Jordan and swung my leg over him. His cock had deflated and lay in a messy pool of sperm, semen and my juices.

"Hop off the bench, lover," I directed. "It's my turn to lay down this time."

“You want to go again?” Jordan asked.

“We already took our twenty-two percent chance,” I said. “If I am taking the chance I want as much of the fun that goes with taking the chance as I can get. Get hard and do me again.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jordan replied obediently. We each took thirty second showers to clean up messes off of our bodies. I gave Jordan a quick blow job to get him hard again, without bringing him to climax.

I lay down on the bench in the dressing room and put my legs up on Jordan’s shoulders. I liked this position Tuesday night and I wanted to do it again. Jordan spent nearly twenty minutes screwing me. He finally came. I didn’t. My lover insisted on eating me out until I had a final orgasm. We traded snowballs again until I finally decided to choke the big thing down my throat. Jordan and I shared leisurely showers before we headed back to our respective tents. I glanced at my watch when I climbed in bed. It was nearly 3:00 AM.

Chapter 3

----oooOooo----

Oooohhh... it was way... way... too early when Mrs. Strandsberg woke me Friday morning. I felt wiped out. In spite of my 3:00 AM shower, I felt all sticky and messy between my legs. I must have been leaking Jordan's sperm since I went to bed. I dragged my tired ass off to the showers with Jenny and Olivia. Jenny looked almost as wiped out as I felt.

"How much sleep did you get last night?" I asked quietly.

"About three and half hours," Jenny replied. "You?"

"Two and a half," I said.

"You two are something else," Olivia commented.

"Said by the girl who is taking her boyfriend home with her on Saturday," I teased. "I've got to take what opportunities I can while I can."

"Was Josh good for you, Jenn?" Olivia asked.

"He was," Jenny agreed.

"Sorry about interrupting you," I added.

"You scared the shit out of us at first but we managed to get back to what we came to do," Jenny replied.

"So, dish," Olivia said. "Did Josh make last night special for you? Was it mind blowing?"

"Mind blowing? Not totally," Jenny allowed. "Josh shot off pretty quick the first time, just like you warned me he would. I kept him in me and he got hard pretty quickly. Our second time lasted longer and felt better."

"How do you feel about losing your..." Olivia asked. She shut up as soon as we heard another woman heading into the showers. "...towel?" Jenny gave Olivia a perplexed look. Olivia nodded towards the entrance as the lady joined us.

"Good morning, girls," the lady said in greeting. "I hope you slept well last night."

"Last night was great," I responded. Jenny and Olivia agreed. We headed into the shower room and cleaned up. Time for girl talk was over.

I sat with Jordan at breakfast. Dad joined us as usual. He seemed to like Jordan. They both talked about fishing, a common interest they shared. The group marched off to the work site. Mrs. Strandsberg kept Jordan and me apart as well as Jenny and Josh. We were over half done demolishing the sixth and last house. We were done before lunch.

Hal Roach split our team up and had us help other teams in the afternoon. To Jenny's disgust, Hal assigned Josh to work with me. We went down to the first house in the row and helped carry spools of wire and other equipment for a couple electricians. I enjoyed seeing how they wired up a house.

Work stopped around 3:30 that afternoon. The Habitat organizers called every team together. Hal assembled his demolition team and thanked each of us for our hard work this week. He asked for volunteers to take two wheel barrow loads of tools and equipment back to camp for the weekend. I noticed Mrs. Strandsberg wasn't here right now. My hand shot up simultaneously with Jordan's. We barely beat out Jenny and Josh.

"One... two... three... four," Hal counted off, pointing at each of us in turn. "The four of you can take turns on the wheel barrows. Take these tools to the shed over near the showers and turn them in. We don't like to leave tools on site if we aren't going to be working for a couple days. Don't bother coming back here when you're done. The boss man is giving a speech to conclude this week's work. It usually takes him half an hour to say thank you for helping. I will tell the four of you, 'Thank you for helping. You were great work crew.' Now head off. You can grab a shower ahead of most of the group."

"Thanks, Hal," we called out as we set off for the camp.

"We will need a shower tonight, but not before we get sweatier," Jordan commented when we were out of ear shot of the work crew.

"That sounds like a really good plan," Josh agreed. "I need to give my girl a proper good bye to remember me by."

"That's sweet," Jenny said.

"A proper good bye?" I teased. "To me that means a good screwing by my big stud."

"Damned straight it does," Jenny agreed.

"No objections from me," Jordan grinned.

"Or me," Josh agreed.

We turned the tools and wheel barrows in at the camp's equipment shed. Jordan and I both grabbed towels to take along for our afternoon tryst. We headed back to the little meadow where Jordan took my cherry Monday evening. There was no way Mrs. Strandsberg could find us there, in case she noticed we were missing from the group.

Jordan and I spread our towels on the dry grass and sat down. We spent a few minutes making out before started undressing. Soon Jordan and I were topless. His head was buried between my titties as he showed me how much he loved them.

I felt so alive as Jordan felt me up and caressed me. We were being so... so... naughty. It was broad daylight and possibly someone could see us out in this meadow. We both knew the chances of getting caught were high when we went back to camp and hour or two later than everyone else, looking like we had run a marathon and smelling like we ran it inside a brothel. It would take a minor miracle for us to hide the fact that we'd screwed each other silly this afternoon from our chaperones.

Add in one more risk. Jordan said the chances he could knock me up today were 33%. I dismissed the 4% chance on Monday as inconsequential. Tuesday's 7% chance? No big deal. Yesterday's 22%. That was real and a little scary. 33% today? We were playing with fire now. Jordan HAD to pull out instead of cumming in me today – something we'd never accomplished before.

I reached down and squeezed Jordan's big dick through his shorts as he suckled and caressed my tits. I tried to pull Jordan's shorts down but only managed to expose his cock and balls. I hooked the elastic under his balls and started stroking the big monster. It was drooling pre-cum, getting my lover ready to fuck me properly.

"Let me give you a blow job," I suggested, pulling Jordan's head up from my tits.

"Sure," Jordan readily agreed. He stepped up and I pulled his shorts down to his feet. He stepped out of them and sat down again, totally naked. I scooted between his outstretched legs and went to work. I licked, sucked and stroked as I worked his cock. A few minutes was sufficient to bring him to climax. I sucked and swallowed enthusiastically, not spilling a bit of my lover's semen.

We kissed after I finished with him. "You didn't save me any!" Jordan complained after we finished the kiss. "I thought is kind of nasty and very sexy when you and swapped my sperm back and forth last night."

"Sorry, Jordan," I replied. "I swallowed it all and forgot to save you some. You can dump your load in my mouth when we finish fucking and we can play then. Remember? 33% chance today. You have to pull out."

"I do," Jordan agreed. "It's going to be hard to do but I have to."

"Our goal this week is lots of fun and no pregnancies," I said.

"I totally agree," Jordan responded. "Are ready to have your pussy eaten? It's been hours since lunch and I am starving."

I lay on my back and spread my legs for my lover. "Enjoy your mid-afternoon snatch... or snack or whatever."

My big stud dove in to work. He used his tongue and fingers to excite me and then drive my lust and desire higher. I could feel Jordan was going to give me a great orgasm. A melancholy thought popped into my head as Jordan ate my pussy and finger fucked me.

This was likely to be the last time this wonderful stud would bring me to orgasm. What was I going to do next week when I needed the release Jordan gave me? Could I tolerate any other boy now that I had been with Jordan?

Ignorant of my concerns, Jordan continued to show why he was such a special lover. That sensitive place inside my pussy that he discovered last night? He found it again. He rubbed it with the two fingers inside me while he licked and sucked on my clitoris. My rising feelings told me this was going to be a good, if not great orgasm when it came.

Jordan didn't need more than a couple minutes to bring me to climax. I could feel it coming like a sneeze that just won't arrive. Suddenly my body exploded and I felt like I was falling... falling and totally weightless as euphoria washed over me. I shook and gasped as this wonderful thing wracked my body. Finally I felt like I was bouncing on a trampoline at the end of the fall. My brain calmed. I could see Jordan sitting between my legs with a self-satisfied grin on his face.

"You ready for fuck me, lover?" I asked.

"Ready when you are." Jordan scooted forward and notched his dick against my hole. He needed about three hard thrusts to bury his massive pole into my belly. I was surprised. With practice it was getting easier to take that big thing.

Jordan stared down into my eyes. "You OK?"

"Fucking great," I answered. He lover began slice his big dick in and out of my body immediately. I hunched my body back against Jordan's thrusts to increase our stimulation. I concentrated on the excellent feelings as he dragged his dick out of my body and speared it into me again. I tried clenching, to delay Jordan's withdrawal from my pussy.

His eyes flew open the second time I clenched. "What are you doing? That feels awesome."

"I don't want to let your dick go," I responded. I kept clenching. Jordan hammered away, pistoning his dick in and out vigorously. His pubic area smacked my clitoris on each stroke and then he gave me a hip wiggle to further stimulate my clitoris.

"You aren't close to cumming, are you, Jordan?" I asked.

"Not close at all," he responded.

"Remember you have to pull out today before you cum."

"I will, Elyssa," Jordan swore. "I promise I will."

Jordan continued withdrawing his dick and then plunging it into my willing and receptive body. I rubbed his sides and back while my lover screwed me silly. I felt the flutter in my clitoris as he banged and rubbed it. Jordan's shoulders were turning a light pink. He was approaching orgasm too but wasn't quite there.

"Pull out before you cum," I commented.

"I will, I promise," Jordan confirmed, balling away at my body as he swore his oath. I pulled his head down to mine and kissed my lover. His hip wiggle was bringing my climax closer as he humped away. Both of us moaned our delight as we shared our bodies.

My impending climax inched closer as he fucked me. I hunched back frantically every time he wiggled and rubbed against my clitoris, desperate to increase the stimulation. I felt like had a sneeze building in my body but it just wouldn't come. Please God, give me this one last orgasm before I lose Jordan to Wisconsin.

"Should I pull... [gasp] out now?" Jordan asked. "I'm getting closer." I saw his face was a shade of light red.

"Not yet," I begged. "Keep going... [pant] faster... please..." Jordan obeyed my request and increased his pace of fucking. I wrapped my arms around his back. Our bodies slapped together loudly with each thrust. The tingle in my clitoris was a buzz. Almost there. I clenched my bottom, desperate for more stimulation.

"I gotta... gotta..." Jordan said. I wrapped my legs around Jordan's butt and locked my ankles together.

"You... coming now?" I demanded.

"Close..." Jordan wheezed. "Not quite... [pant] [pant] yet."

"Do me... harder..." I begged. Release was nearly here. I saw my lover's face and shoulders were dark red. I didn't care. "Make... me... cum!"

Jordan jackhammered into my body, smacking against my clitoris. He rubbed hard before pulling away again. "Gotta..."

"NO!" I shrieked. "Keep... going!"

Jordan hammered me again. The long delayed climax washed over my body. I was floating down, weightless. My orgasm robbed me of all recognition of anything except my throbbing and clenching pussy.

Jordan's eyes shot open in surprise. "FUCK!" he growled. He pushed his torso up above me and tried to pull out. My interlocked legs prevented his exit from my writhing body.

"Let me pull off!" Jordan begged. My orgasm was abating. I finally realized why my lover was so frantic. I felt his dick pulse and spurt semen and sperm into me.

"SHIT!" I gasped as I realized I had pushed too far in my desperate attempt to orgasm. I unlocked my legs and splayed them open. Jordan pulled out and hopped off me immediately. I expected to see Jordan's dick still spitting big loads of semen as it fired off. A little semen dribbled out of his dick. He had drained nearly everything in his balls into me.

"Shit!" Jordan growled. "This isn't good."

"I'm sorry," I responded. "I needed to cum and shouldn't have stopped you from pulling out. This is my fault."

"No, this is on both of us," Jordan replied. "I'm 6'-1" and 185 pounds. You're probably not more than 110 pounds. I could have pulled out if I really wanted to. You could not have stopped me. It's just that... my brain knew this was wrong but subconsciously, I wanted to do exactly what I did. Borrow in as deep as I could go and fill you up with sperm and get you pregnant."

"You want me to get pregnant?" I exclaimed.

"No, not consciously," Jordan said. "Subconsciously, we are operating like any other animal in the world. We have needs and drives. One of our needs is to reproduce. Subconsciously I need to find a pretty girl like you and fill her with my sperm and get her pregnant. Your subconscious' animal instinct is to find a strong and handsome male and get knocked up by him and bear his children. We lost our gamble with millions of years of genetic programming today."

"This still scares me," I said. "I can't get pregnant."

"You can but I certainly hope you don't," Jordan corrected. "Odds are still in our favor that you won't catch. Two out of three chances we're safe."

"And I'm worried anyway," I said.

"That's because the stakes are high," Jordan said. "You wouldn't think twice betting me \$5 when the odds 67% in your favor."

"Now I am betting my life on this," I said. "67% doesn't seem like odds are skewed in my favor very much."

"We are betting our lives on this," Jordan said. "I am equally responsible for whatever happens after today."

"Well, this certainly put a damper on our last time to make love," I said. "I'm sorry I was so greedy to have one more orgasm."

"I wanted it just as bad as you," Jordan replied. "We better get cleaned up and head back to camp before we are missed. There will be hell to pay if Mrs. Strandsberg finds out what we've been doing."

"What's the worst that can happen?" I asked. "She sends us home? We're leaving tomorrow morning."

"I live in the same town and go to the same church," Jordan cautioned. "She can make things difficult for me."

"Let's get going then," I agreed. "I don't want to make things hard for you."

Chapter 4

-----oooOooo-----

Jordan and I dressed quickly after our tryst. Jordan had us sneak in the back end of camp when we returned. We went straight to the showers and cleaned up for dinner. I headed back to my tent wrapped in a towel. I turned a corner and nearly bumped into Mrs. Strandsberg.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

"Hal asked Jordan and me to help take the tools back from the job site," I explained.

"After that," she snapped.

"We grabbed some Gatorade at the dining tent so we could rehydrate and then we went out back to relax and talk a bit. Jordan and I decided to get showers before dinner.

"Harumph..." Mrs. Strandsberg sniffed. "At least you were safe. That Fisher boy from Virginia sweet talked Jennifer into going out into the brush with him and allowing him to... to..."

"Have sex with her?" I interjected. I couldn't help myself.

"What ever will I tell Jennifer's mother?" Mrs. Strandsberg asked. "What if that lecherous boy got her in the family way? That would be terrible?"

"I'm sure Jenn will be fine," I said.

"Well, I am relieved to see you are safe," Mrs. Strandsberg said. "Jordan Mattson is a good boy, for the most part. It's just that he's almost seventeen and even good boys get carried away when you flood their bodies with hormones. I am glad you don't have to worry about any of that."

"I'll see you at dinner, Mrs. Strandsberg," I said. "I've got to go get dressed now."

I felt bad for Jenny and Joshua. Caught doing the deed. Dad met me after I changed. We headed over to the dining tent and found seats by my friends from St. Marks. I sat next to Jordan. We flirted and talked superficially like every other night. Inside, I was slowly dying. I wasn't going to get to ride Jordan's big rod anymore.

"Make sure you I don't hang out with your friends too long tonight, sweetie," Dad cautioned after dinner. You have to get packed up and ready for that 5:00 AM bus to the airport tomorrow morning.

"I won't be too long," I promised. Jordan and I held hands as we walked through camp. We found a quiet bench over near the tool shed and had seats.

"What have you heard about Josh and Jenny?" I asked.

"Mrs. Strandsberg is to accompany Jenny everywhere until the trip is over. Mr. & Mrs. Strandsberg had a big fight with Mr. Scott from Chatham UMC about Josh's actions. They claimed Josh was a horny teen on the prowl for innocent girls. Mr. Scott claimed Josh would never do what the Strandsbergs accused him of. He was a sweet and innocent boy that would never engage in sex with Jenny.

"It seems like we are heading home just in time," I said. "I enjoyed how all these people from around the country worked together so well this week."

"I feel bad for Josh, accused of leading Jenny astray," Jordan commented. "We both know Jenny instigated their relationship and drove it forward." Jordan laughed and added, "Just like you wicked, wanton woman led poor little me astray."

"Poor little you?" I laughed. "Even Mrs. Strandsberg thinks poor innocent you can be led astray by the overdose of hormones in your body. I think she'd blame you for any trouble if she ever finds out what we've been doing."

"I'm hurt," Jordan said. "Sweet innocent me?"

"You have provided me with the most intense sexual experiences of my life," I replied. "You are sweet but you are not innocent. How am I going to be satisfied with any of the boys back home after you showed me what sex can really be like?"

"I admit I have more experience than you," Jordan responded. "Still, you are the most responsive most exhilarating lover I've ever been with. I will miss you more than you can imagine. Friend me on Facebook. We need to stay in touch."

"We do," I agreed.

"I know odds are what we did this week was safe but text or post me as soon as you get your period," Jordan said. "I'll be worrying a little if I knocked you up until I hear from you. By the way, be careful what you say to me on Facebook. My mom tracks what gets posted. Text me or we can talk on Skype if we have sensitive things to talk about."

"I can do that," I agreed.

"Jordan, there you are." Both of us looked up to see Jon Isaakson jogging towards us. "We have to get our shit packed. The Strandsbergs want you back at our tent."

"I'll be along in a minute," Jordan called back. Facing me he said, "I guess this is it."

We hugged and kissed, way longer than we should in such a public place.

"I can't believe I'm not going to see you anymore," I said.

"We keep in touch with Facebook and Skype," Jordan replied. "If the spark we have now is still there in a couple years, maybe we can pick the same college and hook up again. Are you planning on college?"

"My mom is," I replied. "Maybe fate will be kind and allow us to get together again. I'll never forget this week, for the rest of my life."

"I won't either," Jordan agreed. We punctuated our feelings with another long kiss. Jordan and I held hands as we walked silently back towards our tents. We exchanged one more kiss, a properly chaste one, before parting.

----oooOooo----

Dad and I didn't see Jordan's group again after we boarded our early morning bus back to the airport in Port Au Prince. Our plane landed in Miami. Dad walked me over my next gate and waited with me until my plane to Charlotte boarded. He gave me a good bye kiss as I headed for my plane.

Mom met me at baggage claim in Charlotte. We dragged my bags out to the car and headed for home.

"I wanted to apologize for one thing, Elyssa," Mom said as we pulled onto the interstate. "I was out of line when I sent Aaron home that afternoon I caught you. You are correct that you are growing up and can make your own decisions about your body and who you share it with."

"Seriously, Mom?" I asked, stunned at her change in heart.

"I mean it," Mom said. "Sort of. I want to scream 'My little girl is too young for such things,' but I won't do that. You won't understand until you have a child of your own but I do mean what I am saying."

"I could call Aaron when I get home and ask him to come over and have sex with me?" I asked. Mom swallowed hard.

"I would prefer if you used a little discretion when you want to entertain," Mom replied. "I really don't want to know details."

"You're serious about this?" I asked.

"Totally," Mom said. "I made an OB/GYN appointment for you in two and a half weeks. I did a little research. I would like to suggest you have an IUD implanted to keep you safe from pregnancy. You won't have the same hormone swings from an IUD as you would have with the pill, birth control shots or patches."

"Wow, Mom. I am stunned," I said. "I didn't expect you to ever approve of me having sex."

"I don't approve," Mom said. "I agree with you that it is your body and your decision. I would much rather you would wait until you are older and better prepared to deal with possible consequences of being sexually active."

"But you won't stop me if I invite a boy over and have sex," I asked.

"I won't," Mom agreed.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked. "You freaked when you found Aaron and me in bed a week ago."

"I remembered my own history," Mom explained.

"How old were you when you had sex the first time?" I asked.

"A month past my fifteenth birthday," Mom said.

"Almost a year younger than me?"

"Yes," Mom agreed. "My first time wasn't great. We fumbled around without a clue about what we were doing. We didn't use protection." Mom laughed a bit. "I'm damned lucky you don't have a twenty-four year-old brother or sister. I was dumb and lucky. I want you to be safe and better prepared when you have your first time."

I almost spilled my guts about what Jordan and I had been doing last week but I managed to hold my tongue. Mom wouldn't approve of us doing it without any protection. I kept my secret.

"Thank you for being such a thoughtful mom," I said.

"Be safe and use your best judgement," Mom said. "I trust you to do the right thing."

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

----oooOooo----

I friended Jordan on Facebook and he friended me. We exchanged a few innocent messages, nothing like I wanted to send. 'I want you to stuff your big dick up in me.' Jordan reminded me every time he was MOS – mom over shoulder.

I called Aaron and let him know he wasn't persona non grata anymore. We even went to a movie together a week after I got back from Haiti. I didn't reveal my secret that Mom was going to get me

birth control and that we could go all the way when we pleased, as soon as I was safe. He could find out the news after the IUD was in place.

I spent some time on Saturday updating my diary. I had let it go too long. I especially wanted to record my thoughts and feelings about my week with Jordan before I forgot the details. I made a horrifying discovery as I worked on my diary. The day Mom caught Aaron and I in bed together was two days after my period ended. I was three days further along my cycle than Jordan had figured.

I knew that meant the chances of Jordan having knocked me up increased. I tried to Google the info but couldn't find anything like the day by day chart Jordan had memorized. I would know if I was preggers in a week or so. My period would come and everything was cool or it wouldn't and I was screwed.

School started up the following Monday. I enjoyed getting to see my friends again. Aaron and I had three classes together and the same lunch period, so we got to see more of each other than over the summer. I still had the nagging concern but I used school work and my friends to bury that concern.

I took a note into my homeroom on Thursday morning, reporting that I would be absent half a day Friday morning so Mom could take me to the OB/GYN. Mom took half a day off from work on Friday. We headed into the city for my 9:00 AM appointment.

Dr. William Douglass, a thirty-something year old, very cute doctor saw me. Mom sat in with me as he did an initial health history and helped answer some of the questions. Dr. Douglass asked Mom to step out after about twenty questions.

"This next part of the questionnaire is critical but a little embarrassing to fill out with a mom in the room," Dr. Douglass said. "The information is vital to proper use of an IUD. Everything you tell me will be kept in strictest confidence, even from your mother."

"OK," I agreed.

"Are you sexually active?"

"Yes," I answered.

"How many partners have you had?" Dr. Douglass asked.

"One."

"When was the last time you had sex?"

"Two Fridays ago, August 20th," I stated.

"Did you and the boy use protection?" the doctor asked.

"No."

"You told me earlier that your most recent period started on August 9th," Dr. Douglass stated. "Do you understand the risk of having unprotected sex twelve days after the start of your last period?"

"I know it isn't a good time," I answered. "Jordan was going to pull out before he... uh, you know, shot off, but it was..."

"It was feeling really good and he forgot to pull out," Dr. Douglass said. "It's an old story... a very old story. We routinely test patients for pregnancy before implanting an IUD. You can give my nurse a urine sample and we will know your situation in about ten minutes."

"Thank you, doctor," I said. His nurse took me down the hall where I gave her a container of urine. I headed out to the waiting area and joined mom.

"You're not done already, are you?" Mom asked as I sat down beside her.

"No, they routinely test for pregnancy before putting in an IUD," I explained. "We have to wait ten minutes or so for them to finish the test."

Mom chuckled. "At least that isn't a concern. I caught you and Aaron before things got that far, didn't I?"

"You did stop Aaron and me before anything happened," I agreed. I knew this was the perfect opening to prepare Mom for what may come. I chickened out. If somehow Jordan and I slipped this noose around our figurative necks, I didn't plan to tell her anything about what went on in Haiti.

The nurse came out about fifteen minutes later and called for Mom and me. My heart sank. They would have called for me alone if they were going to insert an IUD. Mom didn't need to be there for that. The two of us followed the nurse back to Dr. Douglass' office. She had us sit down. Dr. Douglass arrived a couple minutes later.

"There is no way to sugar coat this news," Dr. Douglass began. "Elyssa is pregnant."

"Pregnant!?!?" Mom exclaimed. "That isn't possible." She turned to look over at me. I slumped down in the chair. "You said you and Aaron hadn't gotten that far. Were you lying?"

"No, it isn't Aaron's baby," I replied.

"Who?"

"Jordan Mattson, a boy I met in Haiti," I replied.

"You got pregnant on a church mission trip?" Mom exclaimed. "That certainly was a well chaperoned trip. Where was your father when all this was going on?"

"The Habitat people kept Dad busy all the time," I explained. "He was really useful translating things into French for the locals."

"This is a discussion better conducted at home," Dr. Douglass commented. "Right now I want to give Elyssa and you the information you need to make an informed decision about this pregnancy."

"You are correct doctor," Mom admitted.

Dr. Douglass proceeded to review our options – have an abortion, keep the baby or have the baby and put it up for adoption. He told us we would have to see a state counselors if we chose abortion. The counselor's job was to sell us on how bad an idea it would be for us to abort the embryo. I hated the idea that the crazy, conservative wingnuts thought the government should have a say in my decision.

Mom and I talked on the way home from the doctor's office. I believe Mom expected I would take the easy way out of my fix and choose to abort the embryo I was carrying. I may disagree with the wingnuts who want to tell me what I should do, but I lean towards their feelings for the embryo itself. The little cluster of cells embedded in my womb represented a potential human being – the child Jordan and I created.

Mom called Dad later that evening to give him the news. She read the riot act to him for not spending enough time with me to prevent this "disaster," as she termed it. I disagreed with her. I could just as easily have lost my virginity at home with Aaron if Mom hadn't come home from work early that Friday afternoon. I felt I bore most responsibility for the mess I had gotten myself into. Neither parent would stop a teen determined to find private time alone with her boyfriend.

I texted Jordan later that evening, to ask him to Skype at 9:00 PM that evening. I reminded him it was important that he not have MOS [mother over shoulder].

Jordan's face popped up into the middle of the screen when I hit the call button. "It's great to see you Elyssa," Jordan said with a big smile.

"It's great to see you too," I agreed.

"I didn't expect to hear from you so soon," Jordan said. "I thought your period wasn't due for another couple days. Did it come already?"

"It didn't," I said. "My dear mom decided to bolt the fence after the horse got out. She sent me to an OB/GYN today to get an IUD inserted in me to make sure I don't get pregnant."

"OK?" Jordan said. "And?"

"And the doctor routinely does a pregnancy test before inserting the IUD," I explained.

"Oh, shit!" Jordan snapped. His smile disappeared. "I got you pregnant! I'm sorry. I am so sorry."

"It's not entirely your fault, Jordan," I replied. "In fact I am more at fault than you. I miscounted when I figured which day I was in in my cycle. I was actually three days further along than I told you."

"Shit! No wonder," Jordan said.

"I am sorry," I confessed. "I screwed everything up. It's all my fault."

"No, it is not all your fault," Jordan replied. "I know how a girl gets pregnant. A boy sticks his cock in her pussy, ruts around and blows a load of sperm into her. I was there. I knew the possible consequences of what we were doing. I am equally guilty as you, regardless of how you counted the days or what the chances were. Suppose you counted right and we only did it the first day. I think I said the chances were only 4% for me getting you pregnant. Would I have been less guilty of getting you pregnant just because the odds of it happening were so low?"

"You are amazing, Jordan," I replied. "Most boys I know would be running for the hills, pretending to not even know me if I told them I was pregnant."

"They're idiots," Jordan said. "A paternity test will expose their lies. I suppose my parents should expect a call from yours soon."

"I would expect so," I agreed. "I doubt it will be tonight."

Jordan and I talked about school for a few minutes before logging out of Skype.

----oooOooo----

After a few days of talking and soul searching, my parents and I agreed that they would help me raise the baby. They spoke with Jordan's parents and Jordan a few days after the decision was made. The Mattsons were relieved that we didn't choose abortion. They disliked that option as much as we did. They agreed to pay one half of the expenses to raise the baby. Eventually we worked out a visitation schedule for Jordan and his parents. I had no desire for our child to grow up not knowing a father or the grandparents. Jordan Daniel Mattson, Junior was born eight months later.

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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.