

Three for Two

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Hot shot High School football star, Dylan Linder, enjoys all the perks available to a big-time quarterback – namely popularity, a wide circle of friends and lots and lots of girls. Things get carried away one Saturday night while the team parties after defeating their arch-rivals the previous evening.

(mf unsafe impreg sports)

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"Ready, Kayla?" I asked as I stared down at my naked girlfriend sprawled in the back of my dad's Jeep Cherokee. We were parked a half mile back a woodland road on Rocky Ridge, a well-known local teen make-out spot.

"Play with my tits some more, Dylan," my girl begged. "We have hours before my curfew. There's no hurry."

I leaned down and suckled her left nipple. I could feel Kayla sliding her hands down my sides and squeezing my bare ass cheeks. My eight inch hard-on hung down between my legs, inches from Kayla's honey spot. I continued feeling up, kissing and suckling her titties as I thought about what was going to happen later that night.

I was in more of a hurry than Kayla knew. I knew this date wouldn't end well. I was dumping her before the night was over. Still, I wanted to enjoy one last fuck. Kayla was a sweet piece of ass and I was going to miss these fucks.

I wouldn't miss her nagging to spend more time with her. I wouldn't miss her insecurity if I spoke with or looked at another girl at school, after a game or at a party.

Still it had been a good five month run since we started going together last Easter vacation. I found out Kayla loved... LOVED sex after she let me take her virginity last May. Her parents didn't know we went all the way but they must have suspected the possibility of a boy sweet-talking her into sex. They had Kayla get a birth control implant last September when she started tenth grade.

Kayla was pretty, willing to put out often, gave surprisingly good head for a high school girl and best of all, didn't require me to wear a rubber when I screwed her. I was going to miss the sex but not the nagging and demands on my time that Kayla made.

Coach Howard insisted I make more time to prepare for our football season. I'm a junior and play quarterback for the Susquehannock Warriors. We went 7-3 last season and made the district playoffs,

thanks to my ability. When Penn State, Ohio State, Michigan, West Virginia, Maryland, Pitt, Syracuse and Rutgers are expressing interest in you, you've got it going as a football star.

"Mmmmm..." Kayla purred. "Keeping feeling me up like that, Dylan." I was massaging and kissing her soft titties. I dipped my hips lower, allowing my hard-on to rest in her sloppy slit. I humped my crotch to rub myself against her joy button. I must have been hitting the spot I was aiming for. Kayla cooed and purred as we rubbed bellies.

Kayla lubed my prick as we rubbed. My soon-to-be-former girlfriend was ready for me. I planted my hands on either side of her shoulders and pushed myself up.

"Give me your clit tickler," Kayla begged. I dipped my hips lower and slotted my prick-head against her juicy hole.

"Get ready to get hosed," I teased. I nudged and prodded my prick-head at her hole without penetrating.

"You got me so... soooo wet and steamed," Kayla declared. "Bury that boner now, Dylan!" She grasped my butt cheeks and pulled. I relented and thrust forward.

Eight inches of man-flesh disappeared into my eager, worked-up and lustful conquest. My rod slid smoothly into Kayla's well-lubricated, hot, little cunt.

"Fuck me hard," Kayla begged as I pumped in and out of her sweet body. I banged and thrust and humped away. Screwing Kayla's brains out was sweet. I was going to miss this - at least a little. I tried to put the bossy, too-controlling, nit-picking girlfriend out of my mind while I enjoyed the hot, tight embrace of her cunt muscles around my love-rod.

Normally I try to get my girl off while we screw, but tonight - fuck it! Tonight was purely for my enjoyment. I pounded and boffed her furiously. Normally I try to pace myself to make the fun last. Tonight... well, I didn't mind blowing a load at my own pace. I screwed Kayla for about five minutes before I felt the pressure build. I shifted my body into overdrive and pounded, literally pounded, into Kayla's hot cunt.

I speared her hard and froze, fully impaled in her body as my balls pulsed and spurted my seed into her womb. Kayla's eyes shot open as I spurted my semen into her belly.

"I feel you spurting," Kayla sighed. "You really got off tonight, sweetie."

"Oooohhh..." I moaned as I drained myself into her. I slumped down, completely spent from our coupling. Kayla rolled us to our sides and caressed and kissed me as I slowly recovered from my orgasm.

"You were so hot and excited, sweetie," Kayla purred into my ears between kisses. "I love when you take charge like that."

"Mmmph..." I grunted. We cuddled for a couple minutes, exchanging quick kisses and hugs.

"We need to talk about something," Kayla finally said when I was more responsive. She literally took the words out of my mouth. "I want to understand something, sweetie. Were you flirting with Amy DiFabio at lunch yesterday?"

"Why would you think something like that?" I asked defensively.

"Elena was right there at the table," Kayla said. "She told me how over-the-top you were." I tried to hide my surprise. I thought Elena and Kayla were still not speaking after their fight a couple weeks ago. I had been flirting with Amy at lunch. That was just for fun. I decided to "balls" it out with Kayla.

"God damn it!" I spat. "Don't you ever trust me? I am so FUCKING sick of your jealousy."

"Jealousy?" Kayla snapped. "You come-on to that slut and you have the NERVE to accuse me of jealousy?"

"I can't say two words to any girl at school without you accusing me of wanting to take her out and fuck her silly," I retorted. "I have had it!"

"If the shoe fits," Kayla answered. "You want to fuck just about every girl you see. I am sick of it. I don't know why I..."

"I'll make it easy for you," I snapped. "We're done! You can stop worrying about who I talk to, who I have lunch with or who I fuck."

I hopped out of out of the Jeep and pulled on my boxer-briefs. Kayla stared at me, dumbfounded. I picked up my socks and pants.

"You're dumping me?" Kayla finally asked. "Really?"

"It is best," I answered. "You don't trust me anymore. We need to see other people. I can't take any more of your jealousy."

Kayla dressed silently in the back of my Jeep as I finished dressing outside. I was surprised at how easy it was to get rid of Kayla. She walked right into my plan to dump her with her jealous accusation. I drove her home and dropped her off, no more than two words passing between us on the ride.

----oooOooo----

I enjoyed flirting with girls again, now that I was rid of Kayla Huntsinger. We went out to Biglerville the following Friday night and trounced the Cannons. Yeah... I know. Cannons is a really lame mascot for a

team. The Biglerville area is big on canning apples and other fruit in town. That doesn't matter. We won the game 37-17. Coach Howard was pleased.

I wasn't able to hook up with any honey on Saturday night. I spent the evening hanging with my football buds. We caught a fun, Ridley Scott flick in York.

My bachelorhood was for the best. Coach Howard wanted me to spend extra time studying for next Friday's game against Dallastown. Our team is Division II in the York-Adams League. Dallastown is Division I. Traditionally we played them every fall. Traditionally, we lost nearly every game against the larger school. I was determined that this year would be different.

I studied extra film. I knew Coach's game plan cold. I made sure the team practiced hard. I wasn't a team captain yet since I was a junior, but I did have the respect of my teammates. They listened when their quarterback talked. All of us were nervous when Friday arrived, but confident too. All day my classmates wished me good luck at the game.

Mike Young, our tight end, Tyler Hammond, our right guard, and I were eating together at the lunch period. We were surprised but pleased when Amy DiFabio, Shannon Terry and Lacy Wolf plopped their trays down out at our table and joined us. Amy and I spent lunch flirting, as we had done increasingly more outrageously since I dumped Kayla.

Mike was holding a party Saturday night at his home. His parents were going away for the weekend. I invited Amy to be my date. She accepted. I was delighted. 5'-8" and 115 pounds, she was stacked and very pretty. Better, I knew Amy wasn't one of those save-my-virginity-for-marriage type of girls. She screwed. I knew half a dozen guys who had gotten in her pants over the past couple years. She liked handsome guys. Check, I had that covered. All I needed to do was to treat her decently, show her a fun time and maybe get her a little drunk. I heard that helped lower her inhibitions too. Tomorrow night I might get myself a sweet piece of ass.

First I had to deal with the Dallastown Wildcats. We hosted the late September game at our field. The stands were filling with our red and white clad fans as my team came out to warm up before the game. A small section of the stands held the Wildcats' blue and white clad fans. We would have a big crowd to watch us take on our rivals.

Dallastown lost the coin toss, so my offense got the ball first. We quickly found out two things on the first drive. Dallastown's secondary wasn't as good as last year. Mike and the other receivers could beat their men one-on-one. The second thing, critical to my survival until the end of the game, was that Todd Miller, the 270 pound defensive tackle, wasn't Superman. Tyler, our left guard, could handle Todd on his own.

I found Mike in the end zone to conclude our first drive with a touchdown. Our defense could handle the Wildcats. We were surprised but pleased to take a 20-10 lead into the locker room at halftime. Dallastown rallied in the second half. A blown coverage by our secondary gave the Wildcats a touchdown leaving us a tenuous 27-26 lead by mid-fourth quarter.

I was pissed. “We are not going to let these bastards steal our win!” I growled as I huddled my guys. “Make your blocks,” I added as I scanned the faces of my offensive line. “Beat your man!” I insisted as I looked at my receiving corps. I called the play Coach had signaled in. We gained seven yards on an end-around.

I kept my troops fired up throughout the drive. You could see in the tired faces of the Dallastown defenders that we were bending their will to ours. Mike beat the middle linebacker trying to cover him on the ninth play of the drive. I lofted the ball to my buddy and he ran twenty-two yards to the end zone to score. Our less-than-reliable kicker, Craig Ward, missed the extra point. We had a 32-27 lead with eight and a half minutes left in the game.

Our defense was confident they could stop the Wildcats. They did, albeit after yielding them one first down. That was OK since Dallastown didn’t score. Anything that took time off the clock was good. Coach Howard circled the offense up on the sidelines before our next drive.

“It is decision time, men,” Coach exhorted. “Who wants the win most? Execute on this drive and we’re going home victors. Hands in! On three... execute!”

Everyone put their hands into the pile and chanted, “One... Two... Three... Execute!”

Coach ran more in this drive than we had all night. Guys held their blocks a little longer. They pushed their guys harder. We made yards. We kept the clock running. We also unveiled the option play we installed during the summer but hadn’t shown in a real game this season. Dallastown wasn’t prepared. The first time I ran it, the outside linebacker and my key, ignored the possibility that I would keep the ball. He drifted out to tackle Billy Totten, our tailback, on the assumption that I would pitch the ball out to Billy. I smiled, tucked the ball tight to my chest and dashed into the hole the linebacker left me. I made a dozen yards before a Wildcat defender put me on the ground.

We ran the exact same play again. This time the Sam, or outside linebacker, crashed down and tried to tackle me. I pitched the ball out to Billy, who dashed around the end of the line and picked up ten yards. We had them! They didn’t know how to defend the option.

Coach Howard did mix in a couple other plays as we gave Dallastown a crash course on how NOT to defend the option. The sweetest was the sixth play of the drive. Mike seemed to miss his block as Billy and I ran outside our tackle. The play looked like another option, except it was a designed roll-out. Mike hopped off the ground after “missing” his block and drifted behind the linebackers. I lofted the ball over the Sam’s head to Mike. My buddy rumbled downfield, picking up twenty-two yards before he was tackled.

The next play was another option play. The confused Sam over-played towards Billy to cover the pitch. I tucked the ball against my chest and dashed for the end zone, eighteen yards away. I dodged the Sam’s desperation swipe of a tackle, strong-armed a safety out of the way and ran for daylight. A cornerback

lunged at me at the goal line, catching the back of my jersey. The two of us tumbled into the end zone. I kept possession of the ball. I hopped up and held the ball aloft to the raucous cheers of our fans.

Craig, God bless his inaccurate heart, made the extra point. We led 39-27. Our defense took it from there. They forced Dallastown to burn off all but forty seconds of the remaining time in the game. My offense took the field for two kneel-downs to seal our victory.

Sara Stauffer, a cute sophomore cheerleader, gave me a hug as we celebrated our win on the field.

"You got any plans for tomorrow night?" she asked me shyly after we broke the hug. "I'm free."

"I'm going to Mike's party," I answered. "I'd offer to take you except I already have a date."

"Oh," she allowed, obviously crest-fallen.

"We'll get together sometime," I offered. "I would like that. Come to Mike's party anyway. I'm sure there will be plenty of guys to go around."

"I will," Sara agreed. "I'll see you tomorrow night."

I felt bad disappointing Sara. On a fuck-ability scale of 1 to 10, she was a 9.5. She was a little young but not too young. Her tits were on the small side but perky. Sara's sunny attitude toward life more than made up for her minor physical disabilities. I "do" her in a heartbeat, given a chance.

Our victory over Dallastown was the biggest victory in Warrior football in the past decade. We were all ready to celebrate and party, except for one fact. It was a quarter to eleven when our team finished dressing after the long game. Partying would have to wait until Mike's get-together tomorrow night.

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I helped Mike set up for the party Saturday afternoon. We had plenty of sodas and snacks. Tyler Hammonds' twenty-two-year-old brother really came through for us. He got us a couple of kegs of beer, some bottles of the hard stuff and six twenty-four packs of beer. This was going to be a well-lubricated victory bash.

I made a drive to Hanover before dinner. I picked up a twelve pack of rubbers at the CVS. I wasn't looking forward to using the damned things, but I knew I had to. I enjoyed stuffing my bare prick in Kayla's sweet vagina. That was one of the things I would miss about Kayla. Who knows? Maybe Amy was on the pill or something. Sex without a rubber was way sweeter than sex with one.

Dinner with my family was OK. My twenty-year-old sister Alyssa caught a ride home from Juniata College last night so she could watch our game. Alyssa and I had fought when we were little. Now we had more of a live-and-let-live outlook on each other. I even had hopes that in six months, when Alyssa turned twenty-one, that she would be willing to help me get booze.

My little brother Justin? At best I would describe him as a dweeb. We had been close when we were younger. Now, the gulf in outlooks between me, a sixteen-year-old man who was sexually active, and him, a barely thirteen-year-old boy who still thought girls were dumb, was unbridgeable. He was annoying, pesty and a complete nerd. His one saving grace, in my eyes, was his total hero-worship of me. I'm sure Justin bored my parents to tears over dinner recounting every one of my exploits the previous night.

I headed upstairs after dinner to shower, shave and dress for the party. I took my time to make sure I was looked good. I had a couple zits to hide. I shaved twice, to make sure my chin was baby-smooth. I knew girls weren't wild about kissing stubble.

Justin showed up as I was pulling on my pants. "What do you want?" I snapped. I had ten minutes until I needed to leave for Amy's house.

"I was wondering what it's like with a..." Justin responded before pausing to blush. "You know... to be WITH a girl. Have you done it?"

"You're asking me if I have sex?" I said. I stared hard at my little brother. "That's personal and none of your business."

I saw my baby brother wasn't so much of a little boy anymore. I could detect a faint trace of darker hair over his upper lip. Mom was complaining how Justin outgrew sneakers she bought him in June in three months. Puberty was on its way.

"No!" Justin protested. "Well... not exactly... It's just that I was wondering about girls and..."

"You're realizing they're not so dumb after all?" I asked.

"NO... they're dumb but..."

"But they confuse you, fascinate you and you can't stop thinking about them?" I asked.

"NO! I mean... yes... I mean..." Justin stammered.

"Girls confuse you," I stated. Justin smiled and nodded his agreement. "I'll let you know when I figure them out." I laughed. "I am getting to understand them better but I don't have them figured out yet."

"What is sex like?" Justin asked again. "A lot of guys in my class have done it. They talk about it all the time."

"What makes you think I know?" I asked. My little brother blushed a little before responding.

"I found a balloon thingy in your trash last winter," Justin answered. "My friend Ricky recognized it. He said it was a rubber and it meant you had sex with your girlfriend."

"Poking through my trash is wrong," I answered. "You know what Mom would say." Justin looked so confused and forlorn. I decided now was time for me to play big brother a little. God knows, I could have used someone to guide me through girls, sex and being a teenager.

"Sorry for invading your privacy," Justin responded.

"Sex is pretty sweet," I explained. "I need you to understand something. All those guys in your class who SAY they are having sex? That's all bullshit. Something like 5% of thirteen year-olds actually go all the way with a girl. They are flat-out lying to make themselves look big."

"Really?" a clearly shocked Justin asked.

"Total bullshit," I confirmed.

"How old were you when you got in a girl's pants?"

"That's private," I stated. Justin looked at me with pleading eyes.

"Please?"

"Fourteen," I answered.

"That like in a year for me," Justin stammered. My early loss of virginity shocked my baby brother.

"Don't obsess about..." I said before stopping and laughing. "OK, you WILL obsess about sex. That's normal for all teens. Don't obsess about when you lose your virginity. It will happen when it happens. Do you masturbate?"

"Uh... umm..." Justin stammered. His face turned crimson.

"You do," I stated. "Nearly all teens your age masturbate." Justin gave me a relieved smile. "Enjoy playing with yourself until you get to know some girls better. Playing with yourself will let you relieve some of the feelings you have now."

"OK," Justin said. "What about..." I glanced at the clock on my night stand. Holy shit! It was five minutes to eight.

"I'll talk with you about girls and sex whenever you want, Justin," I said. "Right now I have a hot date and I was supposed to be at her house five minutes ago. I've got to dash."

"Thanks for talking, Dylan," Justin said as I pulled on my shirt. "I hope your date lets you go all the way."

"I hope so too," I agreed as I dashed for the door. I turned and grabbed my overnight bag. I almost forgot it. I called out a quick good bye and I-love-you to my parents as I dashed out the front door. I called Amy and warned her I was running late before I hopped in my, well, my dad's Jeep. He let me use it most days.

Mike and I had been friends for over ten years. Overnights had been a regular part of our friendship. We sold his parents and my parents on making tonight an overnight at his house. Not for the same reason as when we were younger. Staying over at Mike's house after the party would allow me more chances to enjoy some beers tonight. I wouldn't have to worry about wrecking my Jeep or getting caught driving drunk or passing my parents inspection when I got home from the party.

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Amy met me out at the end of her driveway when I pulled up to her house. I could do a father's inquisition if I needed to but I didn't mind skipping it that night. Amy dressed casually. Mike didn't throw dress up parties. This would just be good friends hanging out, enjoying some booze and good music, and maybe a little extra-curricular fun in bed.

Amy and I arrived at Mike's house around 8:15 in the evening. We were early but that was expected. I wasn't a host, but was the next closest thing to one. I helped Mike set up the party in the afternoon. I was staying to help clean up tomorrow morning. I promised to help him keep things under control so his parents' place didn't get wrecked. Amy and I helped Mike and his girlfriend, Alexa Davis, get things together for our night.

It was the first Saturday in October, but we were blessed with great weather. Temperatures hit eighty mid-afternoon. It was still in the seventies and would continue to be until well after dark. We planned to use his big deck and pool area as the gathering place for the party. Amy helped me setup Mike's sound system.

Mike's place was just about perfect for an outdoor party. His house was at the end of a quarter mile long driveway off North Main Street in the north end of Glen Rock. His family's property was nearly surrounded by woods. Neighbors were so far away that we could crank up the sound as loud as we wanted without any neighbors caring.

The bar was setup in Mike's family room. Bottles of booze lined the kitchen island adjoining the family room. Coolers were filled with ice and beer, bottles and cans. A big wash tub outside was filled with ice and held the beer keg. Amy, Mike, Alexa and I scattered trash cans around outside, in the kitchen and in the family room, in hopes cleaning up wouldn't be so ugly tomorrow morning. We thought everything was ready around a quarter to nine.

Amy and I grabbed bottles of Bud and got a head start on the rest of the crowd. We settled down on the sofa in the family room to enjoy some alone time until the guests arrived. I had high hopes to get laid that night. Amy was more responsive than I expected as we made out for like, ten minutes before

any guests came. She placed my hand on her breast. She didn't wait for me to make a move. I caressed and stimulated her, outside her T-shirt. A couple minutes later Amy slipped a hand down to my crotch and felt up my hard boner through my jeans. It was all I could do not to explode. Thankfully she stopped when the first guests arrived. She slowed things down after that. I knew where this night was headed. I was SO getting laid. It was going to be a fucking awesome night!

Amy and I helped Mike and Alexa with the hosting duties. We showed people around so they knew where the music, bottled beer, keg, other booze, bathrooms and other amenities were. A couple guys asked about the bedrooms. Mike was cool with that. We were welcome to help ourselves if we needed more privacy for horizontal fun with our girls.

Amy insisted we have our second beers when the music started. I had planned to pace myself a little slower, but when in Rome... The Bud did go down nicely. We mingled with our friends and danced. Mike's mix had some fast music and some slow. Amy and I especially enjoyed the slow music. She pressed her body against mine and wrapped her arms around my back, resting her hands on my butt cheeks. No surprise – I popped a woody. Amy knew. She got off on rubbing herself against it. I was so, SOOOO getting laid tonight.

We mingled some more with friends between dances. We exchanged some kisses and hugs as we mingled – kisses with lots of tongue action. The boner I popped dancing wouldn't go down. I maneuvered us through the crowd using Amy as my shield to hide the bulge. Amy didn't mind. She stopped suddenly a few times, just so my lump would smash into her backside. She also plastered herself against me whenever we stopped to talk with someone and rubbed against my lump. I don't know how I managed not to cream myself.

We headed inside again. Three couples filled the sofa. All were engaged in various make-out acts. The easy chair was open. Amy and I took it. I sat down first and Amy plopped on my lap. She rubbed herself off on my wicked hard-on. We kissed and made out furiously. Amy insisted I feel her up. I started outside her shirt but she corrected me. She stuffed my hand under the hem of her shirt.

I felt her up through her lacy bra as we kissed and swapped tongues. Amy continued squirming and rubbing on my poor, trapped woody. I was about to suggest we head to a bedroom where we could explore each other further without the hindrance of friends or clothes.

Amy hopped up. "Save the chair, Dylan," she explained. "I'll get us some more beers."

"I'll pass."

"Nonsense," Amy retorted. She danced across the room and grabbed two more Buds from the cooler. At 6'-2" and 180 pounds, two beers was enough to give me a nice buzz. Amy was tall for a girl at 5'-8" but was skinny. I doubt she weighed more than 125 or 130 pounds. She had to be approaching drunk with just two beers. The third one worried me a little.

I had planned to get Amy a little drunk in my lust for sex tonight - drunk, not comatose. I liked my girls responsive while I screwed them, not passive. She returned with two beers. Amy insisted I finish mine. By now I was probably borderline drunk too.

Amy was definitely past drunk. She couldn't stop giggling. Her inebriation didn't dull her lust. She squirmed and rubbed against my hard-on as we made out and I felt her up. A few minutes were sufficient to get Amy hot for the next stage.

"Lesh find a room," Amy slurred. She rubbed herself on my hard-on. "I wanna feels more of thish big prick!"

"We can do..." I started. Amy hopped off my lap and nearly fell over. "...that." I caught her before she fell down. I helped her to her feet and we headed upstairs. I grabbed my overnight bag on the way up. At the top of the steps I found Mike's bedroom door ajar, with the overhead light in the room dark. Amy and I stepped inside and I flicked the light on.

To our total shock, we found Brady Langdon, my left tackle, screwing Jenna Cummings. His big, white, hairy ass humping his dick into little Jenna. Brady twisted as he continued pumping away.

""What the fuck?" he growled.

"Sorry Brady," I answered. "I thought the room was empty." Amy giggled as she stared at the sight.

"It ain't," Brady demanded. "Get the fuck out!"

"Sorry, Jenna," Amy called out as I shut off the light and we retreated to the hallway.

I found the next room, Mike's older brother John's room, was vacant. I pulled Amy inside and locked the door behind us. I had no interest in any one interrupting us the way we disturbed Brady and Jenna. Amy backed up to the bed, sitting down. She pulled me down with her. She lay on her back. I rolled partially over her so my chest was mashing into her breasts and we could continue our making out.

Amy tugged and pulled at my shirt tails after a minute or so of tongue swapping. I sat up and allowed her to remove my shirt. I started unbuttoning her blouse when I was bare chested. Amy helped me finish with the buttons and then shrugged her blouse aside. I reached behind her to unclasp her lacy bra.

"No, shilly," Amy giggled. She unclasped the front of her bra and shrugged that off too. Front clasp? Who knew? I stared down at her two tight, grapefruit sized orbs. Amy had a great set of knockers! She reached up and wrapped her hands behind my neck. "Kissh me," she demanded. I didn't resist as she pulled me back on top of her. I loved the feeling of those beautiful tits and hard nipples mashed against my bare chest.

Our bodies squirmed together as our tongues dueled. This only further heightened our passion for each other. I used my free hand to caress and feel up Amy's left titty. She moaned into our open mouths as I

excited her more. After a minute or so, I rubbed my free hand across her tummy. That drew giggles. I continued south until I reached the top of her jeans. Deliberately I slid my hand across the outside of her jeans until it covered her womanhood – clitoris to pussy. I squeezed it momentarily, very gently. Amy moaned in appreciation. I knew she was ready for more.

I kissed her cheek and did a line of kisses along her neck and down until I was in her wonderful cleavage. I brought my left hand back up and felt up her left breast while I kissed and licked around her right. Amy reacted by rubbing her hands in my hair and pressing my head against her titty, so I couldn't stop licking and kissing.

I showed my appreciation for Amy's chest for a couple minutes before escalating things again. I slipped my free hand down to her jeans again. This time I carefully unbuttoned the top button and worked at the zipper. Amy pressed my head against the titty I was suckling. Her other hand came down and brushed mine away. The sound of her zipper opening made me redouble my suckling.

"Shtop! It's time to get naa...ked" Amy stated. "I want to shee your great big tool."

Amy undid my belt as I sat up. She had my jeans unbuttoned before I climbed out of bed. I dropped my jeans and boxers on the floor as Amy wriggled out of her tight jeans. I helped her pull the jeans off. Amy's panties followed quickly.

Amy shaved. She had a tiny triangular patch of pubic hair just above her protruding clitoris. Otherwise she was as bare as a twelve year-old. Her pussy lips were pink, puffy and glistening in the bed side light he had for illumination. No question, Amy was ready for more.

"Come here," Amy demanded. "I wantsta see thish tool of yoursh." I stopped back to the bed. Amy wrapped one hand around my shaft and tugged gently on it. "Thish is nice. Good an' thick." She giggled. "It will feel so good to be stuffed with thish nice big dick."

"I'm ready when you are," I agreed.

"Put your rubber on an' letsh fuck!"

"You got it," I agreed. I reached into my overnight bag for the box of condoms I bought that afternoon. I found my change of clothes for tomorrow. My ear buds were there in case I wanted to listen to music on my phone. No box of condoms. "SHIT!" I growled.

"Dylan?" Amy asked. I searched again. Nothing. Suddenly I realized what had happened. My little brother Justin had been bugging me earlier in the night while I prepared for my date with Amy. The condoms were still in a bag in my top dresser drawer at home.

"FUCK!" I growled.

"That's what I wantsh," Amy slurred. "I need a good fuck. Put the damn rubber on and do me."

"I left them at home," I explained.

"Dylan!" Amy snapped. "How could you? You got me all hot and horny. I NEED a good fucking now."

"I want to," I said. "I don't have any protect..." I stopped suddenly when I remembered the emergency condom I kept in my wallet for times exactly like this. "I have a condom. Just wait a sec..."

I rifled through my pants until I found my wallet. I pulled the condom packet out of its hiding place. The writing on the package was worn off.

"Is that thing safe?" Amy asked suspiciously.

"I'm sure it's fine," I answered. The foil packet practically fell apart when I tore it open. I inspected the condom quickly and then unrolled it over my throbbing dick. I stroked my dick a couple times, inspecting the condom for holes or any signs of weakness. It seemed OK.

"You ready, Amy?" I asked. She scooted up to the middle of the bed and spread her legs wide for me. I climbed in between her legs and inched my hard prick forward until the head was pressing against Amy's opening. "Ready?"

"You're shh...ure the rubber ish OK?" Amy asked.

"It's fine," I answered as I pressed my dick into her. I was surprised at how tight Amy was. I knew she was no virgin. I knew three of four guys who had slept with Amy. I suspected she had been with more that I didn't know about. Still, her pussy was nearly as tight as the two virgins I had deflowered since losing my innocence a couple years ago.

I had to work my dick in an inch at a time. I needed half a minute to bottom out. "How does this feel?"

"Wonderful," Amy answered dreamily. "So full. Get to work. I need that good, hard fucking now."

"Yes, ma'am," I agreed. I pushed Amy's legs up until she was nearly folded in half and went to work. I pulled part way out and then pounded in again. To my surprise the tightness seemed to vanish as I drilled my lover. It had been months since I had needed a condom for sex. This felt just as nice as all the times I had done Kayla bare. I suppose my stimulation induced Amy to produce more juices to lube her up.

I made sure to keep my body low so my pubic area rubbed and mashed Amy's clitoris as we fucked. Amy might be drunk but she was an active and enthusiastic participant in our screwing. We probably lasted five minutes, maybe more. I could see Amy was getting increasingly turned on as we fucked.

"Harder!" she demanded. "Do me fashter!" I did my best to comply. I rammed my dick home, hard and deep, again and again. Amy moaned and squirmed, humping back in time to my thrusts. Amy slipped a

hand down between our bodies and diddled her clitoris while I pounded away. That was what she needed to reach her zenith.

I watched as Amy moaned, “Fffuuuuccckkkkkkkk... OOooohhhh...” Her eyes closed and I felt her orgasm. I pounded away as she shimmied and shook from her climax. Her pussy spasmed and clenched my dick. I was primed to blow. Seconds after Amy climaxed, I thrust hard one last time and pressed my dick in as deep as I could reach. My balls spewed my semen out as my dick spurted it into the condom.

Amy’s eyes flew open as soon as I started to spew. Things got sloppy inside her immediately. “I feel you coming!” Amy gasped. “The rubber!” I understood Amy’s alarm. This is how it felt when I came in Kayla... without protection. My heart raced as Amy and I looked at each other in panic. We tried to disentangle our limbs so I could pull out.

Both of us stared down at my dick when it came out. The rubber was in tatters. White slimy semen and sperm covered my shaft and head. A couple drops of the fluid dripped out of the tip when I got free of Amy’s pussy.

“Fuck!” I growled. “How bad is this?”

“Bad,” Amy answered. “Real bad.”

“How bad is really bad?”

“My period ended ten days ago,” Amy answered.

“And?”

“That means my next period starts in fourteen or fifteen days,” Amy explained.

“And?” Amy shook her head at my denseness.

“Jesus, didn’t you pay any attention in Health class?” Amy snapped. “It means I’m going to be fertile in the next day or two.”

“Fuck!” I growled.

“You’ve already done that,” Amy said.

“What do we do about this?” I asked. “How soon will we know if...”

“You knocked me up?” Amy said. “I’ll go out and get Plan B contraception tomorrow. We’ll know in three or four weeks – for better or worse.”

"Shit! I'm so sorry about this," I apologized.

"You said that damned rubber should be OK," Amy retorted. "How fucking old was that thing?"

"I'm not sure," I admitted.

"Too fucking old for our good," Amy said. Amy rolled out of bed, grabbing her clothes. "I'll get the Plan B and let you know how things come out."

"I'll be responsible for whatever..."

"Damned straight you will be," Amy growled as she dressed. "No need to see me out. I can manage on my own."

I started pulling my clothes on again as Amy finished dressing. I felt shitty about coming inside Amy but it had been an accident. I hadn't tried to do knock her up or anything. Amy gave me the silent treatment while she finished dressing.

"We WILL talk again, Dylan," Amy said before she left the room. I sat on the bed, shirtless, pondering this mess I was in.

Would a college team still want to recruit me if I had knocked up a girl or had an out-of-wedlock kid? I had a few FBS teams and about twenty FCS teams actively recruiting me for their programs. How badly had I fucked up my future? I pulled out my smart phone and Googled "sperm lifespan." The three sites I looked at reported sperm lasted from a day or two up to six or seven days. The most likely lifespan was three to five days. That was a shitty answer if Amy was going to produce a fertile egg in a day or two.

I pulled my shirt on without bothering to button it. I headed downstairs. More beer sounded like just thing to drown out the thoughts and fears buzzing around in my head. I grabbed a beer from the kitchen and downed it quickly. Mike bumped into me as I started another.

"What's up with Amy?" Mike asked. "She seemed pissed when she stormed out. Did she shut you down when you tried to tap her? I thought for sure you were going to get her."

"No, we did it," I replied. "She's pissed because the rubber broke and it's not a good time of the month."

"Shit!" Mike said. "Sorry about that, man."

"It is what it is," I replied. I gulped another swallow of beer and headed for the living room. Maybe some cute high school girls would take my mind off my troubles. I finished the beer in my hand and had another before selecting a dance partner. I danced with Megan Smith, an attractive looking sophomore. I had another beer and danced with Paige Kenney too. Paige was a looker but dumb as a post. Sara

Stauffer caught my eye. Sara was a junior like Mike and me. She wasn't a knock-out but she was personable. I asked her to dance with me.

To my surprise and delight, Sara slipped her hands inside my open shirt to hold my bare sides and as we slow danced. I could smell a sweet perfume that added to my attraction. I was pretty well hosed by now but my inebriation didn't dull my lust. I popped a woody, which Sara found almost immediately. She rubbed herself against as we pretended to slow dance. Her hands wandered up and down my back. Soon we were standing on the dance floor swaying as we kissed.

"Wanna go upstairs?" Sara slurred. Apparently she was a wasted as I was. "We could play a few fun games upstairs, if you want, Dylan." She rubbed her belly with my hard-on and pressed her 34-C titties against my bare chest. "Play doctor?" she asked as she stared up for my reaction. "Hide the salami? Maybe let me ride the pink pony?"

"We could," I admitted. Sara grabbed ahold of a shirt tail and pulled me towards the kitchen.

"Another beer would be good, don't you think?" Sara asked as we passed the kitchen. I grabbed two bottles as we headed upstairs. The third room we checked was empty. Sara and I locked the door behind us. Sara and I didn't need anyone else disturbing us the way Amy and I had disturbed Brady Langdon and Jenna Cummings earlier that evening. That is my last clear memory of the evening.

----oooOooo----

I was surprised the next morning to wake up and not be totally hung over. As a matter of fact, waking up turned out to be quite pleasant. I was naked in Mike's parents' bed. My right leg was entangled with a pair of female legs. I felt a very pleasant weight against my side and chest. I'd shared a night in bed with a girl for the first time in my life.

My stirring must have awakened Sara. She draped an arm across my chest and popped her head up to stare into my face. She stared into my eyes. "How'd you sleep?"

"Good," I answered. "This is a first for me." Sara arched eyebrows in mock shock. "The first time I've spent the whole night with a girl."

"You're my first that way too," Sara replied. "How are you feeling?"

"Better than I expected," I said. "You?"

"I had more to drink last night than I have ever had in my life," Sara answered. "Frankly, I suspect that I'm still a little buzzed from the alcohol. I'm feeling really good." Sara rolled on top of me. She trapped my cock between our bodies.

Was I hard? I'm a naked teenaged guy in bed with a naked girl. Of course I was hard. Hard enough to cut glass with my dick. "Up for more fun?" Sara asked.

"Last night is a little blurry in places," I commented. "I take it we had fun?"

"Twice," Sara confirmed. "My God! I came harder last night than I ever have in my life. We had a hell of a lot of fun." Sara glanced at the clock. I checked it too. It was 9:32 AM. "Are you up for a third time?"

"I could do that," I agreed readily. Sara smiled and hopped out of bed immediately.

"Let me get ready," she said. "Do you know where the bathroom is?"

I pointed to the door on the opposite wall. "That's the master bath," I explained. Sara grabbed her purse as she strolled naked across the room. She disappeared into the bathroom. I heard her use the toilet and then run water at the sink.

"Do you think Mike's parents will mind if I borrow a little toothpaste?" Sara called out.

"I'm sure they won't mind," I answered. Shit! Morning breath! I hopped out of bed and grabbed breath mint from the pocket of my pants, which I found laying in the middle of the floor. I crunched on it to relieve the worst of the staleness in my mouth.

"Ready for more fun?" Sara asked as she sauntered back into the bedroom.

"You bet," I agreed. Sara sprawled on top of me when she rejoined me in bed. We started making out. I had both hands free, so I used one for each of her ripe titties. I caressed and rubbed them, teasing her nipples. We continued our oral exploration for a few minutes. Sara started rubbing her sex against my boner. I could feel her getting sloppy down there.

"Dylan, roll us over," Sara asked during a pause in kissing. "I'm ready and I want you on top like the first time last night. That was so fucking amazing." Sara giggled as I rolled her over and straddled my body over hers.

"That fucking was so amazing," Sara added. "Do me now. Please?"

I notched my cock at her opening and thrust. I sank half my rod into her sloppy, hot pussy in one stroke.

"Wait!" Sara announced suddenly. "You forgot the rubber."

"Um... uh..." I temporized. I allowed my weight to force the rest of my prick into her hot pussy. "Well..."

"You've run out of rubbers?" Sara asked as she stared hard into my eyes.

"Not exactly," I said. "I had a brain fart yesterday afternoon. I left my supply at home when I came over to Mike's."

"So... we did it twice last night without any protection?" Sara accused.

"I guess, unless you brought something," I replied.

"I didn't," Sara stated. "What exactly did you mean when you said, 'We're fine,' when I asked about protection?"

"I don't know," I allowed. "I was really drunk and..."

"Horny," Sara added. She looked away momentarily. When she looked back, she said, "I was drunk too. We are both at fault." I took that as encouragement. I was still fully embedded in Sara's slippery sheath. I gently rutted my cock in and out to stimulate her.

Sara closed her eyes briefly and smiled as she enjoyed the mild stimulation I was giving her. Sara's eyes opened wide suddenly. "Wait!" she snapped. "Do you realize how dangerous this is?" I hunched my shoulders in confusion and shook my head no.

"I'm pretty regular," Sara said. "I expect my next period in about twelve days. Do you know what that means?" I shrugged. "That means I probably have a ripe egg in me right now. How much sperm did you shoot into me last night?"

"I shrugged again and answered, 'I don't know.'"

"Millions and millions," Sara answered. "It only takes one to knock me up."

"I was drunk and not thinking..." I replied quietly.

"No blame," Sara interjected. "I was drunk too and just as guilty of carelessness."

I wiggled my hips, trying to gently remind Sara that we were in the middle of fucking. "You might have a ripe egg now; out of our control today," I said. "You have millions of my sperm inside you. No longer a fact in our control."

I pulled my dick part way out of Sara and plunged it back in. I watched a smile form on her face. "That damage is done already," I asked. "Why should we give up a chance for some fun now?" I pulled part way out again and thrust slowly into Sara's body.

I watched as she fought the smile forming on her face. She attempted a stern face, unsuccessfully. "Stop!" I froze with my dick fully impaled in her body. "We shouldn't."

"You want this," I pleaded. I gave her a mini-thrust.

"I'm jail bait," Sara said. "I'm fifteen and can't consent to having sex. Do you want my dad to have you charged with statutory rape?"

"He can't," I answered as I thrust again. "I'm a kid too. When do you turn sixteen?" I knew most sophomores would be sixteen before the school year let out.

"Next month," Sara answered. I gave her another thrust.

"See?" I said. "We can have consensual sex. I turned seventeen last month. You're fourteen months younger than me. Two kids less than two years apart in age CAN consent to have sex."

"Consent won't mean much to my dad if you knock me up," Sara said. I gave Sara a good long thrust. I saw her resolution wavering.

"What was done last night is done," I tried. "We can't undo it. Maybe we screwed up and I got you preggers. Maybe not. Why should we skip fun this morning when any damage that can be done is already done? This morning fuck is like free money. It can't cause any more harm." I gave Sara more thrusts and rubbed my pubic bone against her clitoris.

"This is a bad idea," Sara pleaded.

"Do you want me to pull out?" I asked. I felt that way Sara had thrust back in time to my humping. Subconsciously, she didn't want to stop any more than I did. I gave her a couple more humps before she replied.

"No, don't stop," she said quietly. I may sweet-talk and manipulate a girl to get her into bed but I was no rapist. I wanted clear consent before we continued.

"You want me to keep fucking you?" I asked as I pulled most of the way out. I paused, waiting for her answer. She nodded yes. "Tell me what you want."

"Fuck me," Sara said. I could still see a little doubt in her eyes. I had a brilliant idea to clinch this coupling.

"Let's have our fun now," I suggested. "We can clean up and then I'll take us over to Hanover before I take you home. We can get..."

"You can't take me home," Sara said. "I told my 'rents that I was doing a sleep-over at my friend Rachel's house."

"OK, I can take you there," I answered. "We'll go to the CVS in Hanover first and get you the morning after pill. Problem solved. We can have our fun now and you can be safe from getting pregnant."

"OK," Sara said.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Fuck me," Sara replied. I plunged my big dick down into her love canal again. "Fuck me hard!"

I got to work boffing her brains out until they leaked out her ears. Sara enthusiastically fucked me back as I screwed her silly. In the years since I lost my virginity, I felt I had become an expert at pleasuring a girl during sex. I gave Sara my best. I brought her to orgasm before coming myself. We cuddled and kissed when the act was complete.

To our delight, Sara and I found Mike's parents had a large shower stall in the master bath, large enough for two horny teens. Did we fuck again? No, but I did eat Sara out after she gave me a blow job. We dried off and dressed before heading out.

"I'll be back in about an hour," I promised Mike as we left. "I have to run Sara to Hanover and then over to Rachel Jones' house. We have a lot of work to do to clean up this place."

"Yeah, we do," Mike answered. The downstairs of his place was nearly wrecked. We were going to spend most of the afternoon cleaning it up so it would meet his mom's approval when his parents returned from their trip.

We didn't have much trouble locating the morning after pill at the pharmacy in Hanover. Sara and I were pleased to see that the package predicted 75-95% success rate at preventing pregnancy. It seemed we'd dodged a big bullet. I took Sara over to Rachel Jones' place. We parted with a kiss and a hug.

---oooOooo---

The next month went great for me. My Warriors football team kept winning. Major colleges were sending me information and selling me on attending their program. I was featured as Sportsman of the Week in the York Record. I bugged my parents until they consented to do some unofficial visits to colleges that were interested in recruiting me for their team.

My parents are both Penn State grads. They were disappointed when their alma mater expressed little interest in having me visit. The University of Maryland, which is only 75 miles to the south, a good hour's drive closer than State College, PA. They were enthusiastic about having me visit their campus. Dad was mollified by Penn State's slight when the recruiting coordinator offered to have us visit on the weekend Maryland hosted Penn State, the last Saturday in October.

My team was 9-0 when my family visited Maryland's University Park outside D.C. Our last regular game of the season was against winless Kennard-Dale. The Warriors were a lock for the playoffs.

The campus visit was interesting. My parents and I got a tour of the Gossett Football Team House, the dorms and a few classrooms before the game. Our hosts were pleased when Maryland managed to

upset ranked Penn State. The Nittany Lions QB, Jon Stafford, did not have one of his better days. Coach Stewart, the QB Coach, took us out to dinner after the game. They offered me a full scholarship that weekend, but my parents weren't ready to let me commit yet. We would look further.

----oooOooo----

The Monday after my Maryland visit, Amy DiFabio caught me at my locker before class. "Dylan, we need to talk..." Amy said. She glanced furtively around to see if anyone saw us together. "Privately." I followed her down the hall to the cafeteria, which is usually deserted early in the mornings before class starts.

"What's up?" I asked when Amy assured herself that we were alone.

"I may be pregnant, Dylan," Amy announced.

"Pregnant?" I gasped. "Are you sure? Is it mine?" My great mood went to shit in a matter of seconds.

"I did a home pregnancy test," Amy answered. "It was positive both times I took it."

"Are you sure it's from me?" I asked.

"You are the only boy I have EVER had unprotected sex with. I missed my period two weeks ago. We had sex four weeks ago. It is certainly yours."

"Fuck!" I growled. "I don't believe this."

"Thanks for your concern about my welfare," Amy said.

"Shit! I'm sorry," I blurted out. "How are you doing?"

"Don't go there, Dylan," Amy warned. "I was a one night stand. I know that. False concern from you now is not going to help. I thought I should give you a heads up before I tell my parents tonight. All of this is too much for me to do alone. Your parents can expect a call from my parents later tonight to discuss arrangements."

"Arrangements?" I asked dumbly.

"You are responsible for 50% of the costs of whatever happens," Amy said. "I know my parents will expect you to be fully responsible for your share of everything."

"OK," I said. Amy turned and left me standing there alone and dumbfounded. Now what? I headed to home room. I was in a daze most of the morning, not paying much attention to the lectures. I knew I had to admit what happened to my parents at dinner tonight. I didn't want Mr. DiFabio to call

unexpectedly and announce that I'd impregnated his daughter. I needed to get a little credit for admitting what I had done before I got ratted out.

I hadn't seen a lot of Sara Stauffer since our night together a month earlier. I was surprised when she plopped down beside me at the lunch table that day. All through lunch it seemed like she wanted to say something but didn't. I talked with my friends around the table as we ate. About ten minutes before the end of our lunch period, Sara asked, "Could you help me with my tray, Dylan?" That got me a little teasing from my teammates.

"Sure, Sara," I agreed. The two of us took our lunch trays up to the front of the cafeteria.

"Can we go somewhere private, Dylan?" Sara asked after we deposited our trays on the conveyor belt. We stepped out into the entry hallway beside the cafeteria. It was nearly deserted.

"What's up?" I asked pleasantly. I wondered if Sara was interested in a replay of our hook-up from last month. I wouldn't mind that at all.

"I'm pregnant, Dylan," Sara said directly. "It is yours."

"Are you sure?" I asked. "You took the morning after pill. That is supposed to be 95% effective."

"I did a home pregnancy test last week," Sara said. "It was positive. My mom took me to an OB last Friday afternoon. She confirmed that I am pregnant."

"It couldn't be someone else's?" I asked.

I had sex with you four weeks ago, without protection," Sara answered. "I had sex with another guy and week and a half earlier. That was a couple days after my last period. It isn't his. You are the only guy I've slept with since him. It has to be yours."

"Shit!" I snapped. "Why didn't the morning after pill work?"

"The doctor explained," Sara said. "As I suspected then, I had already ovulated an egg before we had sex. She can't say if the drunken sex Saturday night fertilized the egg or the morning-after sex did it. It doesn't matter anyway. The morning after pill works in one of two ways. The first is by preventing ovulation. Since I already ovulated, the pill couldn't protect me from that. The second way is by making it harder for sperm to fertilize an egg. The doctor suspects that my egg may have been fertilized before I took the pill. So we become one of the one in four who the pill didn't protect."

"Not 95% effective?" I asked.

"Not with our bad timing," Sara said.

“Shit! Now what?” I asked. I remembered Amy reaction this morning. “How are you feeling? Are you OK?”

“I feel fine now,” Sara answered. “Thank you for asking. How are you doing?”

“Numb?” I said.

“Understandable,” Sara said. “It is quite a shock to learn you are going to be a parent too young.”

“You have no idea,” I responded. “I’m sorry all this happened. I didn’t mean...”

“Shhh!” Sara said. “No blame. You were drunk and horny. I was drunk and horny. We fucked and now I’m pregnant. No apologies or blame will change that. We need to move forward from here.”

“Agreed,” I said.

“Now, no blame doesn’t mean no responsibility,” Sara said.

“I am responsible for half the costs of everything,” I said.

“You bet you are,” Sara said.

“Why did you wait to tell me if you knew since Friday afternoon?” I asked. “Why haven’t your parents called mine yet?”

“I haven’t revealed your name yet,” Sara said. “My parents are pressing me to reveal who you are. I felt I owed you a heads up before telling them that you got me pregnant.”

“Thank you for that,” I said.

“Now that you know, your parents can expect a call from mine tonight,” Sara said. “We can work out arrangements between our families.”

“I will let them know to expect the call,” I said.

“I’ve got to get to my next class,” Sara said. “Sorry to dump all this on you like this.”

“No apologies needed,” I said. “I am sorry about how all this happened. I’ll help however I can.”

----oooOooo----

Monday, October 24th was a black, black day for me. I admitted what was happening after dinner that evening. My parents were profoundly disappointed in me and my behavior. Calls from the DiFabios and

the Stauffers came about a half hour apart. Dad agreed to foot my share of the bills for my irresponsibility until I was old enough to earn my own money.

I found myself grounded except for school and football practice. Dad was a huge fan and stopped Mom from shutting down football too. My car was sidelined, except when needed to get me to work for the job I would be getting after football season was over. Dad said, "I could damned well ride the bus to and from school."

My team blasted Kennard-Dale 32-6 in our final regular season game. The Warriors were ranked #3 in the PIAA AAA Playoffs. We took down #14 Milton Hershey School the following Friday night. We trashed them. Things got considerably more difficult the following week. #1 Paradise took on Muhlenburg. #2 Bishop McDevitt took on #10 Lancaster Catholic. We took on #6 Manheim Central Barons. Manheim Central, Paradise and Bishop McDevitt accounted for nearly all District III champions in the past three decades.

Most high schools are happy if they get any guys into the college football ranks. I could name more than half a dozen players these three high schools placed in the NFL in the past few years, to say nothing of kids in college football. They were the elite of District III. We thought our Warriors were ready to take our place beside these power schools.

We hosted the Barons at our field. I think half of Manheim showed up to cheer for their Barons. I played a good game and our team did well. The lead changed hands half a dozen times during the game. I led us on a big drive to capture the lead 29-27. I left 1:48 on the game clock. I watched helplessly on the sideline as their football machine drove relentlessly down the field. Our defense stopped them from getting a touchdown. The Barons made a 44 yard field goal to win 30-29.

I ended up getting a job working at KFC in York. My life was reduced to school work and my job. Things were awkward later that winter when I went to birthing classes with both Amy and Sara. We got some weird looks from the other parents when both girls introduced me as their partner.

Dad and I visited Virginia Tech, West Virginia, Temple and Penn State during the course of the winter. VT and Temple both offered me a scholarship. West Virginia and Penn State would admit me to the team as a preferred walk-on. Mom and Dad decided the money they saved for my college tuition would go to help pay for my kids. I was allowed to accept one of scholarship offers so I would be able to afford to attend college. I chose Maryland.

I got as belated "Christmas present" from Sara Stauffer. She called two days after Christmas, right after her monthly check-up. She reported she was pregnant with twins, not one child. The twins were identical. They shared one outer sack while each had their own inner sack and placenta. A month later, only days apart, Amy reported that she was carrying my daughter. Sara's twins were boys. The doctors calculated Amy's due date as June 17th. I don't know why but Sara's obstetrician calculated her due date as June 18th. How did that work? I obviously got them pregnant the same night.

My grounding and enforced work schedule did bring one benefit. KFC was limited in how much time I was allowed to put in. I had extra time for homework. My grades improved significantly. It also probably helped that I was no longer able to party on the weekend with my buds. I used some of my spare time to prepare for my final football season. Coach Winslow hooked me up with lots of video from last year. I studied hard. Hopefully it would be useful in the fall.

My status at school as the star quarterback on our football team kept my reputation intact. Sadly the kids weren't as kind to Amy or Sara. They both were teased and ostracized as their bellies swelled in the winter and spring. I felt bad for them but what could I do to help?

I had always been one of the tallest kids in my class as I grew up. To my shock, that ended that winter. I stopped growing while most of the kids in the class kept on. I ended up a smidge over 6'-0" tall. My height doesn't make me short, unless you compare me to successful Division IA college quarterbacks. My dream of playing the NFL? Who knows? I can console myself with the fact that Drew Brees is playing in the NFL. Maybe I can too.

Thankfully Coach Edsall, head coach at Maryland, kept faith in me and did not pull his scholarship offer. I hope it was for my skill and not for our shared heritage. Coach Edsall played quarterback in Glenrock decades before me for our high school.

The Stauffers had some second thoughts about raising twins. They called my family to discuss the possibility of putting them up for adoption. After some soul-searching, my family volunteered to raise the twins after they were born. Sara and her family would be welcome to visit and be as much a part of the twins' lives as they chose to be. Amy's family was going to raise our daughter.

Amy, Sara and I joked at one of the birthing classes about what would happen if both girls went into labor at the same time. Thankfully that didn't happen. I got the call that Amy went into labor around eight o'clock at night on June 15th.

I headed for the hospital to help Amy through the birth. Things proceeded slowly through the night. I was there, holding Amy's hand when she gave birth to our daughter at 2:12 AM on June 16th. Amy chose to call our daughter Grace Emma DiFabio. Amy and her parents felt it would be less confusing if Grace used the DiFabio name since they were raising her. I did not object.

I was pretty wiped out by morning. Amy and I were together with our brand new daughter while her parents went out for breakfast when my phone rang. It was Mr. Stauffer. Sara had started labor and they were heading for the hospital.

My parents arrived just as I was handing Grace off to Amy so I could go downstairs and meet Sara. Instead I gave Grace to Mom. "This is your granddaughter, Grace Emma."

"Aren't you a cutie?" Mom said as she accepted my daughter.

"I have to go meet Sara and her family," I announced. "It's going to be a long day. Sara is in labor."

"Call us with any news," Dad asked. I headed down to admissions. I beat the Stauffers to admissions. I sat and waited for them to arrive. I drew a few stares. I was still dressed in scrubs from Grace's birth. A nurse wheeled Sara inside in a wheel chair about fifteen minutes later.

Sara's labor turned out to be much slower than Amy's. Our first son, Jonathan Alexander Linder, was born at 10:02 PM. His brother, Michael David Linder, was born, nine minutes later. I marveled as I held these two amazing little beings. These boys were my sons! I'd be responsible for them for the rest of my life.

My parents and I brought the boys home two mornings later. The two boys changed our family's life instantly. I had time for three things: school work, working at KFC and taking care of the twins. I quickly realized I needed to grow up and damned quick.

----oooOooo----

I thought knocking up two girls with three babies in a single night was the worst day of my life, at the time it happened. Looking back from six years' distance, it was a pivotal day, though not a bad day. How could any day that gave me Grace, Jon and Mikey be a bad day? I was forced to grow up and assume responsibilities beyond my years. This fact changed my life.

My high school grades went up. I studied diligently for my final high school football season. My Warriors went undefeated. We ranked #1 in the District III playoffs. We blasted though Donegal, Red Land, and Northern Lanco to reach the finals. We faced the #2 seed and perennial powerhouse Paradise Wolverines from Lancaster County. The game was hard fought. My Warriors prevailed when I ran a naked bootleg from the Wolverines' five yard line to score the winning touchdown with less than a minute left in the game.

We lost in the state quarterfinals a week later to Thomas Jefferson High School from Pittsburgh. We thought they were coached by a clown. He was out in twenty degree weather in shorts! He might be crazy but he was a good football coach. We lost 34-10.

I wanted to start my college career at Maryland early, right after Christmas of my senior year. My parents wouldn't hear of it. I finished high school in June with the rest of my classmates. I left home and my boys days later to go to Maryland to prepare for college football and life in the Big Ten.

I red-shirted, or sat out, my first year in football at Maryland. I quarterbacked the scout team as our regular team prepared for games. I also followed the school's nutrition and workout guidelines to help develop my strength to that necessary to survive and win in the Big Ten.

I stepped up to third string quarterback for my second, or red-shirt freshman football season. I got to dress and stand on the sidelines during the games. I even got to play about five minutes late in the fourth quarter of our second game, against James Madison University. I never got to throw a pass. All I did was turn and hand the ball off to my roommate, our fourth string tailback.

The injury bug bit our team the next game. Our first string quarterback went down with a torn Achilles tendon and was gone for the season. I redoubled my studying to get ready. I was one injury away from starting in the Big Ten. Jim, our former #2 QB and now starter, took over reins of our offense. He split the next four games, winning two and losing two.

Our record was 4-2 when we traveled to Columbus, Ohio to face the Ohio State Buckeyes. The 105,000 insane Buckeye fans were in full throat. The place was a mad house. Midway through the second quarter, one of our linemen rolled up the back of our quarterback's leg, trying to prevent a sack. Jim's knee was shredded. I was next man up. Did I win? Of course not. We lost to Ohio State 49-24. I did manage to throw two touchdowns and no interceptions, not too bad a performance under the difficult circumstances.

The Terrapins were my team for the remainder of the season. I studied hard. We managed to beat Illinois, Indiana and Purdue while losing to Michigan State and Penn State. I had an interesting experience before the Penn State game. We played the Nittany Lions at their Beaver Stadium. A guy in Penn State gear hobbled over on crutches while I was warming up before the game.

"I got a bone to pick with you," the guy said, shaking his finger at me. "Two seasons ago you destroyed my Paradise Wolverines in the playoffs."

I recognized who was lecturing me. It was Matt Sauder, Penn State's red-shirt senior QB and Heisman hopeful last year who got hurt three weeks ago, the same weekend as Jim went down. "It wasn't personal," I explained. "It was just football."

Matt gave me a big grin. "I was just yanking your chain," he explained. "We south-central Pennsylvanians have got to stick together. I'm Matt Sauder."

"Dylan Linder," I replied as we shook hands.

"It's good to see you again, Dylan," Matt said.

"Again?"

"Don't you remember meeting when you did a recruiting visit to Penn State a few years ago?" Matt asked.

"I met so many people that weekend," I said. "I don't remember you."

"I remember all the QBs who visit," Matt said. "I've got watch out for the coming competition. You understand. Just like Aaron needed to watch out for you." Aaron Vollmer was our first string QB at the start of the season.

"I'm just trying to play my best," I said.

“Exactly what you should do,” Matt said. “I won’t wish you good luck but I wish you good health today. I think you will find Jared is going to put up quite a fight.” Jared Seibert took over for Matt three weeks ago when Matt was injured.

“It was good to meet you, Matt,” I said. “Good luck with your recovery.”

We lost to Penn State 27-24. I played well but Penn State had a stronger defense than ours.

Our 7-5 record for the season got my team invited to the Zaxby’s Heart of Dallas Bowl in Dallas, Texas. We beat Louisiana Tech 34-17.

I worked my ass off when the season was over to prepare myself for the coming football seasons. I kept my grades up in classes too. Coach Edsall had two guys to challenge me for the starter’s spot the next summer. I beat both of them. That ritual continued in my red-shirt junior and senior seasons. I beat out every challenger.

We made it as far as the Big Ten Championship Game my final season, but lost to Nebraska. I started forty-six games during my time with Maryland. I didn’t have the strongest arm. I wasn’t much of a running threat but I’d run if you left me room. I threw twice as many touchdowns as interceptions, so I had an excellent passer rating. The critics said the only thing I was good at was winning games. So what? That was the point of football – to win games.

I was considered a marginal NFL prospect at best. I didn’t get drafted. My agent and I decided that the local team, the Baltimore Ravens, was a good prospect for me. I signed with them as an undrafted rookie free agent. Mom and Dad brought Grace, Jon and Mikey down one June day during OTAs (Off season Training Activities) to watch their daddy practice. My kids had just turned six and finished kindergarten.

Some of the other, older and established players had school-aged kids visiting. I was the only rookie with any kids visiting. I didn’t care about the teasing from the other rookies. These three amazing kids had forced me to mature and grow up before my time, which made nearly all my football success possible. It was my turn now to see that these great kids grew up to be responsible and successful adults.

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The End

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