

Tyler does Debbie

By Douglas Fox © 2013

Mix beer, teens, hormones and privacy at a post prom party and you get... The oldest story in the world. How do Debbie Moore and Tyler Johnson handles the aftermath of their night of passions?

(mf teens impreg)

I stared across my bare chest, down across my abdomen to the tight six pack abs of my boyfriend Tyler Johnson, framed between my 34C breasts. The shaft of my beau's hard dick reappeared as he withdrew from my dripping, over stimulated pussy. He plunged it in again as I watched the glistening shaft of flesh disappear into my belly. Tyler's wonderful bare cock rippled across the folds inside me, causing a shudder to run down my spine.

"It's so nice without a rubber," Tyler grunted as his thighs slapped against mine and his pubic bone mashed into my clittie. Tyler wiggled his hips, eliciting a groan from me as he rubbed my love button again. "God, I love you, Deb."

"Mmmm..." I groaned. "I love you too, Ty." I wrapped my arms around Ty's smooth, well-tanned back as he hovered over me. He stared down into my eyes as he continued to piston his hard dick in and out of my belly. He leaned down and gave me a quick kiss. Ty's face, neck, upper chest and shoulders were slowly turning crimson as he got excited. He would be bright red by the time his big dick exploded inside me.

My eyes followed the trail of peach fuzz down his chest until it ended in a bush of dirty blond and very curly hair that crowned his cock. I watched his dick pull away and plunge into me again... and again. God! It felt so good stretching my pussy.

Tyler was panting and letting out short moans. I bore down, willing the muscles in my pussy to grip and hold that wonderful dick of his inside me.

"Oooohhh... Ooohhh God!" Tyler moaned. "So sweet... Oooohhh... sooooo sweet..."

My lover was nearing climax. His metronomic thrusts were losing their rhythm. "That's it, baby," I coached. "Keep fucking me... It feels so wonderful." Tyler thrust hard into my body, slamming his crotch into mine. My clittie tingled.

"Oooooohhh..." Ty whined.

"Go ahead, baby," I urged. I felt Ty's dick swell as he planted it deep in my body. "Come in me, baby. I know you love it."

“Unhhh... Unhhh... unhhh...” Tyler grunted as he tried to burrow his cock deeper into me. I felt him pulse repeatedly in my belly as he tried to hammer his dick in deeper. I felt his hot liquid flooding me. “Oooohhh...” Ty moaned before collapsing on my chest.

I let my lover rest on me for a few seconds until I needed another breath. “Too heavy, sweetie,” I explained as I rolled us on our sides. Tyler slid off and rolled against my side, still stunned by his violent climax. I rolled back onto my back and stared down again. My bump was clearly visible, if you knew to look for it.

Yes, Tyler had knocked me up. I am four months pregnant. At my last appointment, the OB confirmed that I am carrying our son. Tyler draped an arm across my enlarged belly and panted as he recovered his senses. I thought back to that fateful night four months ago.

----oooOooo----

Junior Prom Night. High school girls dream about how special that night will be. I was no different. Tyler and I had been dating a couple months before the prom, since our school’s March dance. Tyler had danced with me half the night. I hoped he would ask me out. It took him most of the night to work up the courage to ask me for a date. We went out for pizza and a movie the following evening.

Tyler and I dated for a month, quickly getting to know each other well. He asked me to go steady with him over Easter vacation. I accepted immediately. What sophomore wouldn’t want to be exclusive with a junior who was a star player on our high school soccer team? Tyler was kind, considerate and treated me like a queen. Most important – he didn’t pressure me into anything. Over the first month we learned the fine art of making out. I let him play with my breasts – and found out how wonderful that can feel. It was so unlike my first steady boyfriend, that jerk, Jesse Taylor.

We reached another relationship milestone during our Easter vacation. We had three days off from school when my parents had to work. We took full advantage of my empty house to move our physical relationship along. We got completely naked as we made out on Wednesday, the first day of vacation. I let Tyler finger me on Thursday as we explored. Our experimenting culminated the following Monday, the day after Easter and our last day of vacation. Tyler and I gave each other our virginities.

The big event was awkward and too quick. I bled all over my sheets. Even so, I had no regrets. Tyler was considerate of my pain and very careful as he ripped my hymen. He wanted to stop when I cried out after he tore it. I wouldn’t let him.

I insisted that Ty keep going as his dick invaded my too tight pussy. He pushed and pushed. Slowly he stretched my pussy until it could accommodate all six inches of his big tool. We clasped our naked bodies tightly together as I grew accustomed to the feeling of truly being a woman.

Tyler began pumping in and out slowly when I was adjusted to his girth. I wish I could say Tyler brought me off the first time. He didn't. My poor, inexperienced boyfriend lasted through about thirty seconds of thrusting before he blasted a load of come into his rubber.

I didn't mind. My best friend, Ashley Horner, had warned me that Ty wouldn't be great his first time. She had gone all the way with her boyfriend, Josh Fuller, six months earlier. Tyler and I got cleaned up afterward. We washed the sheets so my parents would not find out what we had been doing. After lunch the two of us tried again. Our second time fucking was much better than the first. Ty lasted longer. I was really beginning to enjoy it when Ty blasted his load into the rubber. My dutiful boyfriend used his fingers to give me a climax before we were finished for the afternoon.

Ty and I were hooked after that. We took every opportunity we could to screw. Practice did improve performance too. Ty lasted longer. We ALWAYS were careful. Tyler used a fresh condom every single time we made love. I was finishing tenth grade and Tyler was finishing eleventh. We didn't need the complications of a baby.

We celebrated May Day with my first vaginal orgasm. In my mind, Tyler was more than a boyfriend now. He was my lover. Tyler formally asked me to attend his junior prom with him in the afterglow of that wonderful orgasm.

My mom helped me shop for the perfect dress for my first prom. I was on pins and needles as I waited the Saturday of the prom for the night to arrive. Tyler arrived at few minutes before five o'clock that evening. Mom and Dad insisted on taking a million pictures before we were allowed to go.

"Take good care of Debbie," Dad commanded as Tyler helped me into his car.

"I always do, Mr. Moore," Tyler replied.

"Have fun, kids," Mom called as we pulled away.

We had to return to Tyler's house for more pictures. Ty's mom and dad absolutely insisted. We posed for more pictures in the Johnson's front lawn. Ty's younger sister, Megan, and brother, Ryan, came outside to watch too.

"Tyler and Debbie, sitting in a tree," Ryan sang. "K... I... S... S... I... N... G..., first came love, then came marriage, then came the BABY CARRIAGE!"

"Knock it off, brat!" Tyler growled to his thirteen year old brother.

"I'm just saying Debbie is hot," the kid replied defensively. Quieter, so his parents couldn't hear, he added, "I'd do her. That's for sure."

"Beat it, asshole!" Tyler snarled.

“Tyler, language!” Mrs. Johnson insisted. “Don’t pick on your brother.”

“I... I...” Tyler began before throwing his hands up in disgust.

“I think you look very pretty, Deb,” Megan said. “You look almost grown-up.”

“Thank you,” I replied. Megan was a grade behind me in school and had become almost like a sister in the two months since I started dating Tyler. Ryan... well, he was Ty’s pervy little thirteen year old brother who spied on us, tattled and was a pain in the ass.

Tyler drove us to the hotel outside Allentown where our prom was held. We met his best friend, Chris Fitzgerald, and Chris’ girlfriend, Hailey Carlson, outside in the parking lot. The four of us headed inside. My best friend, Ashley Horner, and her boyfriend, Josh Fuller, were at our table with Andrew Roberts and Shannon Good. Andrew’s parents were hosting our post-prom party. We got settled with Chris, Hailey, Ashley, Josh, Andrew and Shannon. Peter Simpson and Anna Griffin joined us a few minutes later, completing our table of good friends.

Everyone had a grand time, eating, dancing and enjoying the company of our friends. It was a great evening. We had fun but all my friends and I were ready to split when the prom shut down at 10:30 that evening.

We got to the Roberts’ house a little before eleven o’clock. Andrew’s parents had all kinds of snack food to satisfy our cravings – nachos, chips and dip, homemade cookies and more. We headed down to the big finished basement for our post-prom party. Our parents had conditioned our attending the party on it being properly chaperoned. I was slightly surprised when Andrew’s parents checked on us at eleven thirty, collected everyone’s car keys, told us to have fun and headed to bed.

“All right!” Andrew crowed when his parents left. “Now it’s time for the real party.” He recruited Tyler to help him bring a cooler down from the garage. They returned with a huge cooler.

“Dustin Featherman came through for me,” Andrew boasted. “He got me a couple cases of Miller.” This met with general approval of my friends and my boyfriend. None of us are goody two shoes, but forty-eight cans of beer split among ten people is almost five cans each. Holy Shit!

All of us had beer at parties before but the fact that we would be inspected by our parents at the end of the evening when we got home forced us to moderate our drinking. Tonight our post prom party was a sleep over. We did not have that concern to force us to restrict our drinking.

Five beers each – that is a lot. My other friends didn’t seem concerned. Tyler and I each took a nice cold can and downed it. My friends and I talked about the prom, talked about our classes and gossiped about our classmates.

Hailey shared the latest poop on Bailey Weaver. Bailey had a well established reputation as the class slut. She was willing to do virtually any guy who showed an interest in her. Go all the way on the first date? Oh yeah. Hailey told us that Bailey's best friend confirmed that Bailey was knocked up. The most scandalous part was that there were five guys who could be the father – Mike Jeffords, Mike Henderson, Robbie Kellog, Tyler Wilson and even class brain, Dustin Williams. We speculated that Bailey put out for Dustin because he tutored her in math and science.

We had more beers. Sex was the focus of our conversation as we enjoyed our brews. Chris suggested we play some truth or dare. We did. We kept the game fairly tame – no nudity or crazy dares. We had more truths than dares. Who was your first kiss with? When was your first time? Where is the craziest place you've ever done it?

The discussion got everyone horny. Everyone knew each other well. We weren't self-conscious when the couples started making out. Ty and I were embracing and swapping tongues when things got too intense for Andrew and Shannon. The couple headed to the other end of the big basement to use mats left over from when Andrew and his big brother Bill were younger. They used to play, wrestle and practice gymnastics on them.

Andrew and Shannon weren't bashful. They quickly got naked and started fucking. Peter and Anna didn't waste time either. They unrolled their two sleeping bags a little ways from the rest of the group and got down to it. Soon Peter was drilling Anna vigorously.

Ty and I downed our fifth beers while we continued making out. Chris had his hand down Hailey's pants, fingering her and rapidly bringing her to climax. I had quite a buzz going on from the beers. Well, maybe I was drunk by then. I don't know. I do know I was feeling great. Ty had his hand up my T-shirt and was feeling up my boobs. When he started rubbing my nipple with his thumb I lost all control.

"Get the sleeping bags, Ty!" I demanded. "I need you to fuck me now!"

"I can do that, Pumpkin," Ty agreed readily. He tweaked my nipple a couple times before withdrawing his hand from my shirt. We grabbed our sleeping bags and headed away to get a little privacy for our love making.

We spread the bags out on top of each other to provide more padding. I straddled Ty's lap, facing my lover. He helped me shed my T-shirt and bra. Both of Ty's hand went on my boobs, feeling me up and driving me crazy. Our tongues dueled as we kissed and nibbled each other's mouths. Ty's hard boner stuck into my belly. I rubbed my pussy against the hard lump, increasing my horniness.

Ty and I needed more stimulation within a couple minutes. I helped Ty strip off his shirt and pants. He took down my pants and panties. I lay back, spreading my legs, expecting Ty to mount me. Ty surprised me when he scooted closer and began fingering my pussy. He knew how to totally turn me on.

Ty finger fucked me for a couple minutes before concentrating his efforts on my clittie. He scooted closer and sawed his boxer clad boner up and down my slot while he teased and rubbed my clit. I was panting and moaning, nearly climactic as he worked me.

“Get me off, Ty,” I begged as he stimulated. “Just fuck me! I need to come... pleeeeeeaseeee!”

Mercifully, Ty got me off seconds later. I had an earth shattering orgasm. It heightened rather than quenched my need. I pawed and yanked at Ty’s boxers when I came down from my high. “God, fuck me now!” I demanded. Ty shucked his boxers but continued teasing me. He rubbed his bare boner up and down my thoroughly wet and juicy slot.

He teased me a minute before asking, “Are you ready, Pumpkin?”

“God damn! Fuck me now,” I barked. “Get a rubber and fuck me now!” Ty reached into his pants pocket. He felt around. He switched pockets. “Shit!” my boyfriend muttered to himself.

“What?” I asked.

“I know I brought rubbers,” Ty said. “I can’t find them. They must be in my overnight bag.” He rifled through the bag as I watched, desperately unsatisfied and hornier than hell. He turned back to me, frowning. “I’m sorry, honey. I was sure I had them.”

“Ask the other guys,” I asked. “I need to feel you in me... now!”

“Hey, guys... anybody got extra rubbers?” Ty called to the other couples. It was a fruitless request. All my girlfriends were on the pill. Their guys didn’t need to deal with rubbers. My parents refused to allow me to go on the pill. They believed that me being on the pill was explicit permission from them for me to have sex. Talk about muddled thinking.

“I’m so sorry, Pumpkin,” Ty said as he lay down between my legs. “I was sure I packed rubbers for tonight. I guess we’ll just have to make out some more.”

“Fuck!” I growled. “I need you to fill me.”

Ty attempted to satisfy my needs by feeling me up and with deep kissing. I wasn’t feeling it. I humped my pussy up and rubbed against my lover’s naked boner. My desires were getting to my boyfriend. Ty began sawing his boner up and down my slot. I responded enthusiastically to the stimulation. We thrust and ground our genitals together vigorously.

Ty’s boner dipped low one time and his head caught against my sloppy hole. He stared into my eyes with his bare boner stuck into me a fraction of an inch. I stared back at him. “Do it!” I demanded as I pushed against his pole. He sank deeper. Ty hesitated as I tried to embed more of his steely rod into my belly. “Please...”

“What if...” Ty asked. My foggy brain tried to remember when I finished my period. I remember I had guitar lessons that day so it was... Tuesday??? Wasn’t it? God... I wanted

more of my lover's delicious boner in me... We should be safe if it was only five days ago. I reached around my lover, grabbed his ass cheeks and pulled.

"Just do it," I demanded as I pushed my bottom down, impaling myself deeper onto his hard cock. Ty hesitated momentarily before acceding to my demand. He thrust hard, burying his six inches deep into my belly. "Mmmm... that's what I need," I purred. Ty didn't need more coaxing. He got into our customary rhythm, fucking me vigorously.

A minute or so into our coupling, Ty asked, "Is this a safe time of month, Pumpkin?"

I was half way to orgasm when he asked. "Yeah... yeah..." I chanted. "Keep going, honey. I need this."

Now I know the beer was clouding my thinking. Then... all I was thinking was how nice it felt to have my lover's hard cock drilling me. My conscious brain wasn't in charge. My primitive instincts were in control. I had a gorgeous hunk of a man fucking me. He was exactly what my body demanded now. My period ended five days ago, so I knew there was little chance of Ty's sperm catching on an egg. It would be almost a week before I was fertile.

Ty thrust and pounded his lovely, hard cock into my belly. He was finally meeting my needs. His boner stretched and rubbed my pussy perfectly. Ty's thrusting banged his crotch against my clittie, producing wonderful feelings. Ty was panting and his thrusts were becoming ragged. His face, neck and upper chest were flushed a bright shade of red. I should have known what that meant.

All I knew at that moment was his dick was filling me and giving me the greatest feelings. I didn't want him to ever stop. My climax was... oh so close.

"Pumpkin?" Ty gasped. "Oooh... oohh... I'm almost... ready to cum."

"Mmmmm..." I groaned as he drilled me. "More..."

"I need... Ooh... To pull out," Ty gasped.

"Don't you dare!" I snapped. My climax was seconds away. I wrapped my legs around Ty's ass to make sure he didn't stop.

"Oooohhh..." my lover moaned as he banged his dick hard into my body and froze. His last thrust smashed his pubic bone into my clitoris, setting me off.

"Yeahhh!" I shrieked as my body flooded with endorphins, filling me with euphoria. Ty grunted and ground his body against mine, furthering the intensity of my climax. I felt Ty's heart beat through his dick and then felt it swell and pulse. He flooded my body with wet warmth. I wrapped my arms around Ty. This was the greatest fuck we'd ever had.

Ty and I cuddled and kissed after we came down from our highs. Letting our naked bodies rub together while we made out had the expected effect on Ty. Soon his hard boner was prodding against my tummy. We could hear Ashley and Josh nearby, fucking away happily. Anna squealed as Peter drove her to climax.

“Do me again,” I demanded.

“You’re sure we’re safe?” Ty asked.

“Just fuck me,” I repeated. “It’s too soon after my period. You can’t knock me up.”

“If you say so,” Ty said. “It does feel really good to screw without those damn rubbers. Everything feels so much more intense.”

I rolled on my back and spread my legs. Ty climbed over me and quickly impaled me on his wonderful thick prick. I felt my cream and Ty’s spunk dribble down my bottom as he sunk in to his root. This was going to be sloppy but very, very good. Ty got to work boffing my brains out. The way his prick prodded and poked my pussy was stupendous.

The times in the past when we had time for a second screw, Ty always lasted longer. This night was no exception. My sweetie must have humped and drilled for... for something like... ten minutes, maybe more. We never experienced bareback sex before that night. It was delicious. Ty’s bare cockskin pulled and caressed my insides far better than a cold piece of latex ever could. My lover gave me another vaginal orgasm as we fucked. That was unusual and extremely satisfying for both of us.

It was after two AM when the five couples started to settle down to sleep for a few hours. Ty and I cuddled in the afterglow of our climaxes from our second session of lovemaking. Surprisingly, neither of us was all that tired. We started kissing, caressing and then making out. Ty nibbled on my ears and neck, kissed his way down my chest and then settled in, expressing his admiration for my titties. God, the boy could make me horny.

I reached between us and stroked my guy’s tool. It was sticky from our fun twenty minutes earlier. It was also hard as stone and poking out from his belly, ready for more action.

“Do you want to do me one more time?” I suggested. “Maybe it’ll burn off some of this energy we have.”

“Again, Pumpkin,” Ty answered as he looked up from between my breasts. “I think I can do that, if you insist.”

“Definitely, I insist,” I replied. I spread my legs as my sweetie rolled over top of me and scrambled between them into position.

“Ready?” Ty asked as he notched his dick against my hole. I nodded yes. Ty buried his hard pole inside my belly smoothly in a single, slow stroke.

“Show me how much you love me, Ty,” I begged. He did. My lover stroked in and out while I enjoyed feeling every ripple, bump and inch of his delightful cockskin. The third time was the best of the night, by far. My nearly satisfied lover kept humping, stroking and pumping in and out of my belly. It seemed like he would never stop. He pushed me over the top once, twice and then a third time before he finally came.

I felt the big bulbous end of his cock start to swell as Ty panted and groaned. “Arrggh!” my lover growled as he tried to push his pole into my belly, up and out my ear. I felt it squirm and pulse as it flooded my insides with his essence. I could feel the warmth of his juices as my overwrought pussy spasmed and sucked on his tool. My cervix throbbed and sucked in all my lover’s sperm it could get as I saw stars and my mind went blank.

I became short of breath some seconds later. Ty had collapsed on me in a stupor. “Honey, roll off,” I wheezed. He was out. I rolled the two of us onto our sides, dumping him to our mats. His cock stayed embedded in me. I wrapped my arms around Ty as we panted and recovered ourselves.

“God, I love you, Deb,” Ty finally managed to gasp after thirty seconds of panting.

“I love you too, Tyler Robert Johnson,” I moaned before kissing my guy. He barely returned the kiss before slumping over and falling asleep. I cuddled to him, never letting his dick fall out. I was asleep in seconds.

----oooOooo----

Tyler and I had a few opportunities to screw during the couple weeks after the prom. We made sure Tyler sheathed his dick in latex each time. All of our times together were too hurried. We finally got a break a couple weeks later. Dad had gone deep sea fishing with buddies from work. Mom was taking my twelve year old brother, Austin, to the mall to shop for some things he needed before going to Boy Scout camp in a couple weeks. Our house would be empty for most of the afternoon.

I texted Ty “MT HOUSE CUM QUIK” as Mom and Austin were leaving. My wonderful boyfriend texted back “ON WAY TY.” He pulled his car up in front of my house a few minutes later. I met Ty at the front door. We hurried upstairs to my room.

Our clothes ended up in piles on my floor as we hurried to get naked. I lay on my side on my bed and beckoned Tyler to join me. He laid his tall, slim six foot body along side of mine. We hugged our bare bodies together as we kissed and stimulated each other. A few minutes of Tyler trying to give me a tonsillectomy with his tongue had me totally hot.

Ty was excited too. His wonderful steely dick was rubbing my belly as we made out. He fondled one breast as he continued swapping spit with me. I was soooo, soooo horny now. I wiggled, trying to rub against my guy’s dick. Ty understood my intent.

He slipped his body a little lower and rubbed that hard shaft up and down the lips of my beaver. I moaned into his mouth when the tip of his dick rubbed my clittie. God, I was just gushing juice down there, lubing me up for balling.

I scrambled up a little and tried to slot his dick against my vaginal hole. "Do me!" I commanded. "Do me now, Ty."

Tyler tried to get up but I had my arms snaked under his armpits and was holding the back of his shoulders and didn't let him up.

"I need to get the rubber," Ty protested.

"No, I want you bare," I purred, "...just like two weeks ago. That was wonderful."

Ty stopped pulling away and stared into my eyes. "I don't want to get you in trouble, Deb," Ty said quietly. "That would soooo... totally screw things up for us."

"My period is in a day or two," I replied. "I want to feel ALL of you, not some rubber inside of me. Just do me now. We're safe. I promise."

"You're sure?" Ty asked hesitantly.

"I'm sure," I confirmed. Ty reached down and repositioned his dick against my hole and thrust up. I was so lubricated that he slid every one of his six wonderful inches into my pussy in one smooth stroke. "God, I love you, Ty!" I gasped when he was balls deep in me.

Ty went to work boffing me properly, pumping that glorious dick of his in and out of my body. God! Nothing felt better than a bare dick prodding and poking you. I praised my lover as he fucked away.

Tyler had been screwing me almost five minutes. My guy was bright red, with sweat pouring down his face and smooth chest. I humped enthusiastically back against his thrusts, desperate to reach my own orgasm before Ty spewed.

Ty peaked before I did. I saw his eyes glaze over as he panted. He gave me one more good hard thrust before he planted his cock hard into my cunt and stiffened. I felt Ty's pulse through his cock as he let out a low moan. My lover's dick swelled and then throbbed inside me. I felt each spurt of sperm jet out and flood my pussy. I counted six spurts before the throbbing subsided. I felt drenched inside from all the hot sperm that filled my pussy. I thought, 'Thank God it is the wrong time of the month. I'd be knocked up for sure after the way he flooded me with baby makers.'

I cuddled with Tyler and rolled my stupefied boyfriend off me. I gave him a whole series of small kisses as he recovered his senses. He clung to me, smiling.

"I love you, Ty," I murmured between kisses. Ty finally shook off his stupor.

“I love you too, Deb,” Ty proclaimed. He shook his head to clear his brain. “I love you so much.” He gave me a hard kiss on the lips. “God, it feels so much better without the rubber. I wish we didn’t need to use them so often.”

“I like it without too,” I agreed, “but I don’t want to have your child... yet. Maybe someday, after we’ve grown up.”

“Did I get you off, Deb?” Tyler asked. My sweetie was also so solicitous.

“No,” I answered simply.

“I can fix that,” Ty replied. He got up on his knees, slid over and squatted between my legs as I opened them for him. I expected him to finger me until I exploded. Instead my lovely boyfriend leaned down and licked – right on the slippery lips of my pussy.

“Ty... what are...” I began. My question was replaced by a squeal as he burrowed his tongue in my hole and then licked up until his tongue hit my clitoris. I shuddered at the intense stimulation. Ty continued licking gently, quickly unwiring my brain. I lay there helpless as he drove my already over stimulated body to the most intense orgasm of my life.

A white hot throb exploded out of my loins and engulfed my being. I quivered and shook as the most intense orgasm of my fifteen year life surged through my body. I lay there on the bed when I was finished, completely unhinged. Ty tried to continue licking. It took two uncoordinated swats from my hand to convey to him that I needed respite.

Tyler climbed from between my legs, scooted up and lay down on the bed beside me, his body leaning against my side. He gave my cheeks, neck and shoulders petite kisses while he waited from me to return to coherence.

“You really didn’t need to do that, Ty,” I gasped while he nibbled on my ear lobe. Ty stopped nibbling and pushed his head and shoulders up so he was able to stare into my eyes.

“I know I didn’t NEED to do that,” Ty said. “I also knew you would enjoy it. I always come when we screw. You don’t. I wanted to do something for you so you have as much fun as I do when we’re together.”

“Where did you learn how?” I asked.

“Google,” Ty answered. “You can find out all kinds of cool things on-line. Dating Allison Smith last fall, too. She wouldn’t go all the way, but would give me blow jobs. I learned how nice they feel. I thought you would enjoy oral as much as I did.”

“I never expected you to go down on me,” I replied. “Thank you so much. It was wonderful.”

“I enjoyed it as much as you,” Tyler replied. He leaned in and gave me a passionate kiss. We hugged and went back to making out. We did it for awhile, I don’t know how long. Not unexpectedly, our passions rose again.

Tyler licked and fondled my breasts for a bit before we decided we needed to screw again. He mounted me easily. I was so wet from my juices and his come that we actually squelched as he pistoned his hard dick in and out. I could feel the combined female juices and slippery semen ooze out of my hole as he pumped his hard dick in and out of me.

Ty always had more stamina the second time around. He continued thrusting in and out as I humped back at him. I caressed the sides of my stud as he screwed me silly. He passed five minutes, still going strong. Minutes ran together as Ty continued boffing me. My lover rubbed my clitoris each time his pubes crushed into me. I could feel another wonderful orgasm building.

Ty was close too. His face was bright crimson again. I was oh so close now. “Harder, baby...” I begged. “Do meeee... HARDER!”

My beau obeyed. He pounded that lovely hard cock of his into my pussy, slamming our pubic areas together. The friction he was creating was... indescribable. “Yeah... oooohh... yeah!” I chanted as he continued pounding. “Almost... there... pleeee... easeee...”

Another bang against my clitoris did it. Stars burst in my eyes and my entire body tingled. I was in rapture. I moaned out my pleasure as my vaginal muscles throbbed and begged for their reward. Tyler gave me a couple more hard thrusts before planting his hot pole deep in me and freezing. We both panted and gasped as our mutual orgasms overwhelmed all other senses. I could feel his dick pulse and spew more sticky white sperm into my saturated belly.

“Hey Debbie, Mom wants you to...” a high pitched voice bellowed, penetrating the fog in my brain. It took me a second to process the sounds before I realized who...

“OH FUCK!” Austin snapped. My little brother stared for a second and trilled, “MoooOOOOoom!”

Tyler froze like a statue above me, his eyes wide from terror. It was the same look a gazelle had the instant before a lion pounced for the kill. I hadn’t expected Mom to come home so quickly after taking Austin shopping. We heard two voices argue briefly outside my door.

Tyler bounded out of bed, scooping up his boxers. I whipped the sheet over my naked body. Mom appeared at my door with Austin standing behind her, craning his neck to get a view of the scene. Tyler tried to pull on his boxers, falling over as he caught his toe on them. He landed on his back in a heap on my floor, his hard dick sticking up and glistening with my juices and dribbles of his sperm. Mom stared at the scene briefly.

“Tyler, I think you better get dressed and leave,” Mom commanded. “IMMEDIATELY.”

Mom stayed and supervised, though I'm not sure why. In her eyes, how could anything worse happen than discovering me having unprotected sex with my boyfriend? She banished Austin to the basement while Tyler dressed. My boyfriend fled as soon as he could for the relative safety of his own home. He had to know a phone call from my parents would follow.

"Sit up, dear. We need to have a very serious talk," Mom said as she sat down on the corner of my bed. "How long have you and Tyler been having unprotected sex?"

"This is only the second time," I answered defensively. "It's safe, Mom. My period is due any day. There's no way I can get pregnant from today."

"And the last time?" Mom asked.

"It was safe too," I replied reassuringly. "It was like... ten or eleven days after I finished my last period. I'm safe." Mom didn't look reassured. "I pop an egg fourteen days after the end of my period, right?" Mom frowned.

"You... pop an egg, or ovulate, fourteen days before your NEXT period," Mom explained. "If I remember correctly, your next period was expected... yesterday?"

"It didn't come yet," I answered smugly. "That's..." I paused as the math made itself clear. Fourteen days before yesterday was... Oh God! Tyler and I screwed three times that post-prom night without protection almost exactly when I was fertile! I was well and truly fucked. I felt the color drain from my face.

"Honey, we'll get through this," Mom exclaimed as she hugged me. I clung tightly to Mom, seeking reassurance. She held me for a minute so I had time to compose myself.

"How long have you and Tyler been having sex?" Mom asked when I was ready.

"Since right after Easter," I replied.

"How many other times than the two times without protection?" Mom asked.

"Ummm..." I stuttered. Mom held her open hand up and stopped me.

"It doesn't matter," Mom said. "Tyler always used protection the other times?" I nodded yes.

"Well, you're right. Today probably is safe... or way past caring. The time two weeks ago... we'll have to see if you got pregnant from that time."

"How likely is that I'm knocked up?" I asked.

"Possible, but not definite," Mom answered. "I will get a home pregnancy test tonight and we will take things from there."

"Am I grounded?" I asked.

“Your father and I will need to confer,” Mom said. “Don’t plan on going out tonight. You, your father and I will need to have a long talk.”

“OK, Mom,” I agreed.

----oooOooo----

Dinner was quiet that evening. Austin was sent over to his friend Mike Harris’ house for the evening. The talk with my parents didn’t go exactly the way I expected. They didn’t yell. In some ways, it might have been less intimidating if they had yelled. The looks on Mom’s and Dad’s faces told my how profoundly disappointed they were in me.

They talked to me about boys, sex, responsibility and the facts of life. They were much more open and graphic about intercourse, procreation, lust and love than I ever would have believed. I would not be allowed to be alone with Tyler until we figured out whether I was pregnant or not. I had expected to be grounded and chewed out royally. It didn’t happen.

Mom went out and picked up a home pregnancy test after we finished the talk. She went straight to my room when she got back.

“We won’t know for a few more days, honey,” Mom explained. “I wasn’t familiar with these new test kits. Every one of them says we should wait at least a week after your period is due to get an accurate test result. All we can do right now is cross our fingers and hope your period comes before we need this thing.”

“OK, Mom,” I agreed. She left me alone to ponder the predicament I got myself in.

Half an hour later I got a text from Tyler. “WASSUP? TY”

“CALL ME D” I texted back to my boyfriend. My phone rang about ninety seconds later.

“What is going on, Deb?” Tyler demanded. “I keep expecting your parents to call and rat me out to my ‘rents.”

“I don’t think they are going to,” I replied. “They’re waiting until they find out if I’m...” I paused and took a deep breath. “...pregnant.” There was a long pause.

“Pregnant?” Tyler managed. After another pause he added, “You told me you were safe.”

“We were... today,” I explained. “Two weeks ago, at the post prom party... not so safe. I’m sorry. I misunderstood how to calculate when I ovulate.”

“When did you actually ovulate?” Ty demanded.

“Ummm... actually that Sunday, the day after the post prom,” I admitted.

“And we screwed three times early that Sunday morning,” Ty accused.

“I know,” I agreed.

“Oh... we’re fucked,” Ty said. “We’re so fucked.”

“Maybe,” I responded. “I did some research on-line tonight. The odds of you getting me pregnant depend on when I ovulate. If we did it five days before ovulation, the chances of you getting me pregnant are only 10%.”

“And when we fuck on your ovulation day?” Ty retorted.

“33%” I answered. “Two chances in three we’re safe, odds are in our favor.”

“Yeah... like Russian roulette,” Ty countered.

“I’m sorry I screwed everything up for us,” I responded. “I should have known better. I’m sorry.”

“I was there too,” Ty said. “I know unprotected sex can get a girl pregnant. I was a little drunk that night and not thinking straight. I’m just as culpable as you are.”

“We’ll get through this,” I offered.

“Are you grounded?” Ty asked.

“No, my parents surprised me,” I replied. “We can continue to see each other, as long as we aren’t alone. Solo dates are out until things get sorted out with my future.”

“Our future, Deb,” Ty added. “Whatever happens, we’re in this together.”

----oooOooo----

The next week of school was unnerving. Tyler and I hung out between classes like always but there was awkwardness between us. We held hands, kissed and did the other things like a couple. My parents wouldn’t allow him to come over after school, but he could visit in the evening to work on homework together. Tyler chose to stay clear of my parents that week. He didn’t expect they would give him a friendly reception.

My period never came during the week of waiting. Ty and I grew progressively more worried as we waited. Mom decided I should take the test Friday evening. I gave urine into a clean glass jar Mom gave me. We had to wait for it to cool to room temperature before doing the test. Mom used the dropper in the kit to put four drops of urine on the tester. She laid it flat on the bathroom counter and we waited five minutes for the results.

My breath caught when I looked. Mom sighed. The control strip was solid red. A second, slightly reddish-pink strip was beside the first. Damn! I was preggers!

“Mom, I need to go see Tyler, now!” I insisted.

“No, we need to talk and plan for what is going to happen,” Mom countered. “Talking with Tyler can wait.”

“No!” I declared, shaking my head vigorously. “The baby isn’t coming for over eight months.”

Some families might consider abortion to be an option for dealing with my “situation,” but not my family. My parents and our church are fundamentally opposed to murdering fetuses. My choices were: 1) have the baby and put it up for adoption or 2) keep the baby and raise it with my family’s help.

“Deborah,” Mom insisted. “There are serious things we need to talk about.”

“Mom, it’s not that urgent. I know you and Daddy will never allow me to get an abortion,” I countered. “I don’t disagree. Whether I planned this or not, I am carrying Tyler’s and my child. I can’t kill it. The only discussion is between adoption and you and Daddy helping me raise the baby. How is that an urgent question? We have plenty of time to figure that out.”

But...” Mom replied. “We...”

“NO, Tyler is going to be a father in eight months and he doesn’t know,” I insisted. “He needs to know today. I owe him that.”

“Call him on the phone,” Mom suggested.

“This is not something you discuss over the phone, Mother,” I insisted. “Give the two of us an hour or two tonight to come to terms with this. We’ll come back here and talk with you, Daddy, his parents and anyone else you think we need to talk with.”

“I don’t know, Deb,” Mom said.

“Are you afraid Ty and I will sneak out, have sex and he’ll get me pregnant?” I asked pointedly. “Oh... wait... we’ve already done that. Nothing bad is going to happen to us. I need to talk with the father of my child. Tonight! I owe him that.”

Mom frowned. “I suppose you are right. “Can the two of you be back here by 8:30?”

“Agreed,” I declared.

“Give Tyler a call,” Mom said. I started for my phone when Mom added, “Don’t do something stupid like run away or... I don’t know.”

“You’re not planning on throwing me out of the house since I’m pregnant, are you?” I asked.

“No, of course not,” Mom said. “Your father and I will do whatever we need to do to help you through this. We love you.”

“I know that, Mom,” I answered. “Give me some time with my boyfriend, then we’ll be back to talk.”

I headed up to my bedroom and grabbed my cell phone. My boyfriend picked up almost immediately.

“What’s up, Pumpkin?” Ty asked.

“Can you come over and pick me up?” I asked. “We need to go for a drive and talk.”

“A talk?” Ty asked suspiciously. “What about?”

“Come over and we’ll talk about it on the drive.”

“Whatever you want, sweetie,” Ty agreed. He arrived five minutes later. I hopped in the passenger’s front seat.

“So, what’s the verdict?” Ty asked as he looked at me expectantly. “I knocked you up, didn’t I?”

I cocked my head and gave him a half smile. “Preggers. You’re going to be a daddy.”

Ty sucked in a breath sharply and let it out. “OK,” is all he said before pulling away and driving down the street.

“So, I guess abortion is out of the question,” Ty commented as he turned onto the next street. “I know your feelings on that.”

“We didn’t plan this and it isn’t what we need right now at our age,” I answered. “I love you and I’m carrying your child. I couldn’t kill it.”

“I expected that,” Ty said. He gave me a tight smile. “I love you and I’ll be there for you, Deb. Whatever you will need, I’ll be there.”

“I know that,” I answered. “Why do you think I was willing to have sex with you to begin with? I knew you’d take care of me if something bad happened.”

“I will,” Ty promised.

“You’re really calm about all this,” I commented. “I thought you might be more upset.”

“I know your period was supposed to start last Saturday,” Ty answered. “Every day you told me it didn’t come yet. By Wednesday I knew. I knew you’d be pregnant. I’ve had a couple days to steel myself for this. I even talked to my parents already. They’ll help us if...” Ty chuckled. “They’ll help us now that we know you’re pregnant.”

“Maybe you better stop the car and call them.” Ty did.

“Hey Mom,” he said after placing the call. “The test we were expecting? Positive. You and Dad are going to be grandparents in...”

“Eight months,” I said.

“Eight months,” Ty repeated to his mother. He listened for a bit.

“We can come over, I guess,” Ty said finally. He turned to me. “My parents want us to come over tonight to talk about all this. Is that OK?”

“I’ve already promised that you and I would see my parents at 8:30 tonight,” I explained. “Why don’t you ask your parents to come over and join us? I suspect we’ll all have to get together anyway.”

“Good plan,” Ty agreed. He relayed the info to his mother. The meeting was arranged. Ty glanced at the time as he clicked to end the call. “We’ve got an hour and fifteen minutes until we have to be back at your house. Do you want to drive around and talk or...”

“You have a horny girlfriend who hasn’t gotten laid in almost two weeks,” I replied. “I can think of better things for us to do than drive around the countryside.”

“I didn’t bring any rub...” Ty answered. He stopped before he finished the sentence and laughed.

“My getting preggers is going to be a royal pain in the ass,” I said. “It will have one good feature. No more rubbers. No more worries. You can screw me silly - morning, noon and night. The welcome mat is out 24/7. Pregnant is pregnant. Nothing else bad can happen.”

“Doing it won’t harm the baby?” Ty asked.

“It’s a few dozen cells clinging to my womb,” I answered. “I’m sure a little fun together won’t harm it. As a matter of fact, I’m counting on you to give me a lot of loving after I get fat and ugly from carrying our baby. I’m going to really need you then.”

“I can do that,” Ty promised.

“Are you sure?” I asked, doubtfully. “When I’m big and fat?”

“I have an admission,” Ty answered. “You know there are websites with pictures of naked pregnant ladies?”

“OK.”

“I like to look at them sometimes,” Ty revealed. “I get off on the pictures of the guys fucking the ladies with the big bellies.”

“Oh... Kay,” I answered. I gave my lover a grin.

“Now I’ve got my own pregnant lady,” Ty said, giving me a fake leer. “The woods?”

“The woods,” I confirmed. Tyler drove us over to a patch of woods with a dirt road running through the middle of it. It was a popular parking spot for older teens to make out... and more.

Tyler and I made sweet love the evening we found out about our coming child. We went back to my house, sexually satisfied and feeling as close as ever. We could face this together.

----oooOooo----

The meeting with our parents went better than either of us expected. Both families agreed that they didn’t want their first grandchild put up for adoption. The two families would work together to raise the baby until Ty and I finished our education and could get married and support ourselves and our child.

Our son, Jacob Michael Johnson, was born eight months later. Ty graduated from high school three months later. He is commuting to college at Lafayette College. He is studying for a degree in communications. I managed to keep up with my school work while I was carrying Jonathan to term. I have one more year of high school.

The plan is for me to commute to Muhlenberg and get an associate’s degree in accounting. I’ll finish a year ahead of Ty. Hopefully I can get a job and save up some money for the two of us so we’re ready to get married when he graduates in four years.

Now that I have held sweet little Jake, I would not do anything differently that night. Our night of carelessness has made our lives more difficult, but we will get through it together.

The End

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