

Sins of the Flesh

Faye Valentine

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Shawn crept into Rachel's room – stepping on precise spots to prevent the boards from creaking, though he did not know why he bothered as experience told him once she was out, you could play the drums in her ear and not wake her. She could thank the bottle of sleeping pills she kept on the stand next to her bed. Ever since a near death accident eight months back, she had trouble sleeping and the pills were the only thing that allowed her to get some.

As he had nearly every night for the last three months, Shawn tiptoed to the bed and leaned down to Rachel's ear. "Hey, you awake?" he whispered while giving her shoulder a gentle shake. She did not stir. He shook her a little harder, grinning at the way her large breasts wobbled back and forth under the thin sheet. He could see her hard nipples poking up and wondered if she was having a pleasant dream.

When she did not stir after a third, slightly harder shake, he pulled the sheet back to reveal her nearly naked body – her only article of clothing a pair of lacy pink panties. He carefully climbed up onto the bed, pulled his dick out of his pants and started to masturbate. It never took him long to get hard, and looking at Rachel's naked form was more than enough stimulation. God, he wanted to ram his dick in her, but she was still a virgin and planned on remaining that way until she met the right man – or so she claimed.

Knowing the likelihood of her waking was about the same as him hitting the lottery while being struck by lightning, he leaned down and took one of her exposed nipples into his mouth and began to gently suck – swirling his tongue around it as he playfully nibbled it. His cock rubbed along her panties and for a moment he thought of pulling them down and doing the deed, but he did not want to ruin a good thing.

Shawn alternated between sucking Rachel's nipples for several minutes. He could feel the pressure rising and knew it was only a matter of strokes before he spilled his seed. Leaning back, he lifted Rachel's ass up off of the bed, slid her panties to the side, and pushed the head of his cock into her tight hole. As much as he wanted to shove all eight inches in, he kept his resolve and left it at the head. With her ass up off the bed, he gave his cock a few more strokes and then bit his tongue to keep from moaning out as he shot his seed into her – leaving his dick in place until it went limp. Only when he was satisfied nothing was going to leak out of her did he pull her panties back in place and lower her ass to the bed. Pulling the covers back up over her body, he gave her a soft kiss on the lips and tiptoed out of her room.

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Rachel was in a panic and did not know what to do. She chalked the first time up to her hectic and stressful college life, the second one had her worried, but three missed periods in a row meant something was wrong. As a student of biology – having heard an in-depth story of the birds and the bees from her doctor mother and studying the human body practically all of her life, the nineteen year old college freshman knew the most likely cause of her three missed period, but she ruled it out for the simple reason that she had never had sex in her life and still had the hymen to prove it.

Unable to concentrate on her studying, Rachel called up her mother's office to schedule an appointment. Thanks to an easy work load, she was able to get in that afternoon which was just fine for the increasingly panicked young woman. Her mother had been her Ob-Gyn for the last two years and was the only person she trusted to examine her *down there* without sticking something in her and tearing away the only evidence of her purity.

At 3:45, Rachel's name was called and she walked back to the small examination room with her mother in the lead. "What seems to be the problem?" Her mother asked. "Carol said you wouldn't tell her over the phone," she added referring to her receptionist of the last three years.

"Um, I'm not entirely sure how, but I think I might be pregnant."

"PREGNANT! I thought you were a virgin! You don't even have a boyfriend. Or was that all a lie?"

"Of course not! I've never lied to you about anything in my life, mom. And I'm still a virgin."

"Then you can't possibly be pregnant then, can you? So, what makes you think you're pregnant?"

"I'm three days late and this is the third month in a row. So, wither god planted his baby in me like a second Virgin Mary, or there's something more serious wrong with me."

"Go ahead and get undressed and into the gown and I'll check you out and give you a pregnancy test. We'll start with the home variety and I'll also do some bloodwork just to be on the safe side. Do you have to pee?"

"I've been holding it in for the last hour."

"Then I'll give you the home test to take now. Just follow the instruction and bring it out once you're in the gown," her mother said as she pulled a small box out of a cabinet. She handed it to her daughter and watched with concerned interest as she walked into the adjoining bathroom.

Rachel went into the bathroom and stripped out of her jeans and tee shirt and then pulled her panties off before sitting down on the toilet. Holding back long enough to read the instructions, she finally let loose and could swear she heard her bladder thanking her. When she was done, she washed her hands, put the flimsy gown on stared down at the indicator for a full fifteen seconds. It showed a blue plus sign indicating she was indeed pregnant. And although she was an atheist like the rest of her immediate family, the story of the Virgin Mary was starting to sound truer and truer.

Rachel walked out of the bathroom in a daze and handed the applicator to her mother. "I...I don't...I don't even know how..."

"Well, it is possible to get a false positive," her mother said. In truth, she was seriously doubting the validity of her daughter's claims to virginity. "Go ahead and get up in the chair." The truth was, she wanted to see if her daughter really did have her hymen intact. Under normal conditions, she honestly would not care if her daughter was pregnant, or having sex for that matter, but for the claims of chastity until the right man came along.

Rachel got up in the chair and placed her legs in the stirrups. She closed her eyes and pretended it wasn't her own mother rooting around down there, and thankfully it did not take her long to discover what she needed to see. "So, what did you find down there?" she asked when her mother finally stood up looking confused.

"Your hymen is still there."

"And yet."

"And yet," her mother said shaking her head. "Like I said, it is possible to get a false positive. Why don't I go ahead and draw some blood and give you a couple more pregnancy tests to take while we wait for the bloodwork to come back? If all three come are positive then most likely the bloodwork will show the same results, but no harm in being thorough, right?"

“I don’t know what I’m going to do, mom!” Rachel said on the verge of tears. She always imagined having kids one day, but not yet - not until she finished college and was settled into a career. “I’m not ready to have a baby! I’m only nineteen!”

“I know. Believe me, I know. I got pregnant with you when I was eighteen, remember? And let me tell you, I freaked out a whole hell of a lot more than you are right now. If you’re pregnant you still have options.”

“MOM!” Rachel gasped. “You can’t seriously think I’d ever...”

“I only meant that your father and I would help you raise it while you finish school. I would never ask you to get an abortion. But we’re getting ahead of ourselves. Let’s keep our heads about us and see if you are, in fact, pregnant. If you are, then we can talk about how in the hell it happened.”

“How long will it take for the bloodwork to come back?” It’s too late to get it to the lab today, so it’ll be two days. Which is why I suggested taking a couple more home tests. And I’d keep this from your father and brother until we know for sure. No need in causing a ruckus over nothing. Now, go home and try to get some rest. And the next couple times you’ve got to pee, take a test with you.”

“Alright,” Rachel sighed. She climbed down out of the chair and went back into the bathroom to get dressed. She bid her mother goodbye and then left the small clinic for home, all the while staring down at the three home pregnancy tests sitting on the passenger seat. All she could see was that blue plus sign everywhere she looked, and by the time she got home she felt sick to her stomach with worry. Having a momentary clarity of thought, she tucked the pregnancy tests into her purse before going into the house. Feeling ill, she went up to her bedroom and plopped down on the bed like a sack of potatoes and stared up at the ceiling until she drifted off to a fitful sleep.

When she woke up around eight, she had to pee, so she grabbed one of the pregnancy tests from her purse and headed for the door before coming to a screeching halt. Not wanting to be seen carrying the box with her to the bathroom, she removed the applicator from the box and shoved it into the front left pocket of her jeans. Once in the bathroom, she peed on the applicator and waited for it to decide her fate one way or another. When a line appeared down the center of the circular window she slumped her shoulders. Two tests and they both indicated she was pregnant. The chances of her not being pregnant looking slim, she wrapped the applicator in paper towels and shoved it back into her pocket before returning to her room where she buried it in the bottom of the trash can.

Remaining distant from the family for the rest of the night – claiming an upset stomach, Rachel stayed in her room and weighed her options. The prospect of being added to the statistic of un-wed teen mothers made her feel even sicker as she stared vacantly at the ceiling. It was one of the biggest reasons she was holding out for so long. She wanted nothing more than to feel what sex was like, but she knew all-to-well the consequences of a single fuck-up, and to her it simply was not worth it. She popped a couple of sleeping pills around midnight and was out like a light by a quarter after.

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Shawn waited until about three in the morning before creeping into Rachel’s room to perform his nightly duties. He pulled back the covers and climbed up onto the bed as he had always done. He leaned down and sucked her nipples until they were erect little erasers, and then her mouth fell open and he got the wickedest of ideas. Straddling her body, he inched his way up the bed and pushed his cock into Rachel’s open mouth. He did not know if she did it

instinctively, or out of habit, but her lips closed around his cock and it was almost more than his eighteen year old dick could take. Rocking his hips back and forth, he fed it to her a little at a time to prevent himself from choking her. He wanted to shove all eight inches down her throat and shoot his load directly into her belly, but he could not resist the temptation of shooting it into her virgin pussy. So, when he felt close, he worked his way backwards, kissing his way down her perfect body until he was in position.

Shawn lifted Rachel's ass up off the bed and pushed his cockhead into her just in time. Feeling overly excited, he accidentally thrust his hips forwards, sliding another inch into her. He felt his cockhead pressing dangerously against the thin sliver of skin protecting her maidenhood and managed to pull back before tearing it asunder. When the deed was done, and he was satisfied none was going to leak out of her, he put her panties back in place and left the room.