



First Time Sex Stories

Before New York



Fuzzie Tanner

My hair was blond, but it was just starting to darken so that it looked blond on top and light brown underneath. It was also feathered and a little long so that it covered my ears and went down to the base of my neck. I remember spending a lot of time with a blow dryer in those days. My eyes were brownish-green and my face still had fairly small, childish features. I guess I was about 4'10" tall and weighed about 90 pounds. Having been in ballet for as long as I can remember, I was lithe and slender with legs, thighs and buttocks that were very well-developed for my age.

I lived with just my mother and grandmother and spent most of my free time at my mom's ballet studio. It'll probably come as no surprise that I was very effeminate. I'm bisexual and was already having frequent fantasies about men and women. The boys at school wanted nothing to do with me so I hung out with girls all the time. They assumed that I was gay and were very open about their bodies and sexuality around me. I loved it and did nothing to discourage it. I was still nearly two years from sprouting my first pubic hair, but my genitals had begun to grow noticeably. I'd say that my erection was about 3 inches long and three-quarters of an inch thick at the time. My testicles had dropped and were about the size of almonds. They usually hung about an inch-and-a-half below my penis.

Bianca was very fair and slender, with medium brown hair that she wore pinned up when in the studio. She had a very pleasant face and wore her make-up sparingly but to good effect. You could hardly tell she was wearing any. Although her nipples looked fairly mature through her leotard, her breasts were very petite and usually got pressed fairly flat by the garment. I could probably have covered one of them completely with my small hand. She was as limber as any girl I'd ever seen and had very strong, shapely legs.

I would go straight to my mom's ballet studio after school. I usually got there about 13:30 and ate the lunch my mom had left out for me. I'd watch her adult classes until 15:00. The women probably thought I was gay, too, and didn't think twice about changing clothes in plain sight of me. I usually sat at my mom's desk so that I could do my homework and answer the phone for her. It also allowed me to secretly play with myself while I watched them change.

At 15:00, my mom would have a 1-hour break before the girls' classes started. She would usually leave the studio to visit with a friend who worked at a clothing shop down the block. By the time she left, I'd have a good half-hour with the studio all to myself before the girls started coming in. I usually spent the entire time striking poses and admiring myself in the mirrored wall. I spent a lot of time on my hair and my overall appearance, but was especially proud of my dancer's body.

It was during one of those moments of unbridled narcissism that I glanced to the side and saw the reflection of a figure near the entrance, watching me intently. I was very startled and fell out of my pose, backing up against the bar with my heart pounding in my chest. She was a very pretty teenager and I realized with horror that I'd been indulging in a long series of female steps and poses that I loved but never got to do.

She smiled and winked in a way that let me know my secret was safe with her.

“I’m sorry to have startled you, but I was looking for the teacher. Is she in?” She asked politely.

“No, but I’m her son. I can give you a card if you’d like to sign up,” I said, scampering over to the desk.

“Please. I understand there’s a class that starts at 16:00?” She asked as she boldly looked me over.

I felt myself blushing under her gaze as I nodded and handed her the card. “The intermediate and advanced class meets today and Thursday. Beginners meet Monday and Wednesday.”

“I guess today’s my day, then,” she said, giving me another long look as she sat down to fill out the card.

Her name was Bianca and she turned out to be the best student in any of my mom’s classes. She asked if she could come in early for extra practice on class days. My mom was so thrilled to have her as a student that she told her I wouldn’t mind the company at all. She never even glanced in my direction before making that statement. Bianca just winked at me as I sat there with my mouth hanging open.

Two days later, she was there as soon as my mom left. I wasn’t happy about losing my primping and posing time, but I did my best to be nice to her. I even did my best to pretend not to look when she changed into her leotards and tutu a few meters away from me.

She stretched for a few minutes and said, “Would you like to practice some moves with me?”

That was the beginning. We practiced our techniques for half an hour twice a week, growing ever more intimate as time went on. My summer holidays began three months later. By that time, there was not a single part of each other’s bodies that we hadn’t found a way to hold or caress during our sessions. I’d also fallen completely in love with her. Once school was out, we spent many more hours in the studio together.

One day she casually mentioned that she was getting ready to leave for New York so that she could participate in some summer dance programs.

I was devastated. She told me that she would be back in eight weeks, but I still cried very hard. She was my only friend now that school was out and I’d really been looking forward to dancing away the summer with her.

The day before Bianca left, she asked my mother if she could take me for a stroll down Ceinturrbaan and then to Sarphatipark for the afternoon. We lived in the Pijp so these places weren't far away.

We spent the morning strolling hand in hand, window shopping and people-watching. Conversation came easily and she never let me feel that I was anything but her equal. We bought some sausage and fries for lunch, then went to eat them in the park. It was crowded, but we found a nice spot near the big fountain. We sat and chatted, holding hands and looking deeply into each other's eyes. I wanted to kiss her, but didn't dare because of our age difference and all the people around. After an hour or so, I began to feel a deep melancholy, dreading the end of our wonderful day together.

Then she looked into my eyes and asked me very seriously if I'd like to spend some time alone with her. My heart leapt into my throat as I realized what she really meant. I didn't hesitate to tell her that I would.

She said that her parents had gone down to Amstelveen for the day and that there wouldn't be anybody home except her little brother.

She took me to a nice building on the far side of the park from my mother's studio. We entered her flat and she led me by the hand into her family room. A slender blonde boy about my age was sitting in front of an easel, drawing with chalk. His hands and cheeks were covered with a rainbow of chalk dust. He was wearing nothing but very tight, brief yellow shorts. He was, without a doubt, the most beautiful boy I'd ever seen in my life. My heart nearly stopped when his big baby-blue eyes met mine. I saw a similar reaction in him and his perfect lips twitched upward in only the slightest of smiles. I knew instantly that he was gay and that I was madly in love with him.

She introduced him as Tristan. He waved a chalky hand at me and said hello in a soft soprano voice that sounded like church bells on a bright spring morning. All I could do was stand there and stare at him.

Then Bianca took a firm grip on my hand and tugged me down a back hallway to her bedroom, closing the door firmly behind us.

"I think he likes you," she said with a big grin as she went to her radio and turned on some music. "Perhaps you won't be so lonely while I'm gone."

She sat down on her bed and patted the spot next to her. I went eagerly and cuddled up next to her. We chatted softly for a few minutes while she ran a hand up and down my chest and tummy. I must have asked one too many questions about Tristan because she gave me a gentle tickle on the ribs that made me giggle, then placed her soft and warm lips against mine. I got an immediate erection and all thoughts of Tristan flew from my mind.

Not another word was spoken as she taught me how to French kiss and where girls liked to be touched. Our clothes gradually came off and I learned how to massage and pinch

one breast while sucking and nibbling gently on the other. She showed me that my tiny nipples could give me pleasure, too, when she did the same things to them.

As I was enthusiastically sucking on one of her nipples, she guided my hand off her breast, down her chest and tummy, and then into her panties. Her mound was soft and plush, covered with long dark hair. The twin lips below were firm and puffy, but seemed far less hairy. She sighed happily as I ran a finger along the moist mysterious folds of flesh in the center. Then I felt her hand touch my thigh, drift upward over the bulge of my scrotum and erection, then back down and under the waistband of my underwear to touch my bare skin.

We continued to kiss deeply while we explored each other. She alternated between gently fondling my testicles and moving my foreskin up and down my erect penis. In the meantime, I had instinctively found her vaginal opening with my curious fingers and was dipping them inside to feel the invitingly warm and wet interior. At one point, she rolled her panties down her muscular thighs and kicked them off. Then she helped me remove my own underwear. Naked except for our socks, we went back to our passionate kissing and petting.

My first orgasm with her was in her hand. She had been moving my foreskin slowly back and forth. I had begun thrusting my hips in my growing passion. She took my cue and kept her hand still while she held my virgin penis snugly in her fist. As we continued to kiss, a wonderful warmth began to fill my erection. Without even realizing it, I moved my pelvis faster and faster as the pleasure grew. Her fist would open slightly with every forward thrust, then grip me snugly as I pulled back for the next one. My fingers were buried in the tight wetness of her vagina as I tried to imagine what my penis would feel like in there. I held on for as long as I could, but it wasn't very long at all. I broke our kiss, rolled partly onto my back, and came unashamedly into her gently milking fist. The pulses were strong and rapid, bringing forth great pleasure but little semen. The clear fluid coated my glans but failed to escape my foreskin.

She told me to roll over onto my tummy, then straddled me and leaned forward to gently kiss the back of my neck. From there, she spent many minutes kissing every inch of me. When she finally got down to my little toes, she sucked on each one as if it were a tiny penis. When she told me to roll over, I proudly displayed my new erection. She smiled at it, but otherwise ignored it as she moved up to cover my forehead with kisses. I felt her pubic hair tickling my penis and bucked my hips to try and feel more, but she coyly raised herself out of reach with a playful "mmm-mmm-mmm" against my cheek.

Bianca gave me an especially long kiss on the lips, then continued her way down my body. Her breasts dragged along my sensitive skin. Her nipples were so hard that they might have left scratches. By the time she got to my hairless pubic area, my erection was waving helplessly in the air as I writhed beneath her. I was desperate for any kind of stimulation, but she carefully avoided giving it to me and pretended like she was going to kiss me all the way down my legs again. I whined and begged and pleaded with her, telling her I couldn't take it anymore. She just chuckled softly, and then I let out a sigh of relief as she began to kiss and lick my tight little scrotum.

I instinctively spread my legs out wide as my hands flew to the back of her head, gently but insistently encouraging her to move up to my penis. By the time she was half way up my scrotum, I was whimpering softly from pleasure and frustration. Then she either took pity on me or lost her own patience. Her tongue made a long, quick swipe along my urethra and then I felt the warm wetness of her mouth engulf me. Unfortunately, I'd been in such a state of prolonged arousal that I came immediately.

I let out a warning yelp that was a mixture of bliss, relief and disappointment; then I frantically pulled her head against me while I bucked my hips upward. Fully engulfed, I felt her mouth tighten and begin to suck just as the first spasm went through my penis. It felt so intense that my entire body jerked as if hit by lightning. They came strong and fast after that. I kept my hands wrapped around her head as I frantically pushed myself into her sucking mouth. She kept my foreskin peeled back the entire time as her tongue flicked rapidly around the pulsing glans. It was so intense that the upper part of my body lifted off the bed and curled over her. I felt myself grimacing as the excruciating ecstasy made me whimper and moan uncontrollably.

Finally spent, I fell limply back onto the bed. She lay down beside me and hugged me tight. I hugged her back just as hard, pressing my body firmly against hers. I moved my thigh so that it pressed tightly against her crotch and held it there, enjoying the moist heat of her vulva.

We went back to our kissing and caressing. She concentrated on my penis and scrotum, stroking them softly until I got hard again. As soon as I did, she rolled over onto her back and pulled me on top of her.

My instincts were screaming for me to plunge my penis into her vagina but I was afraid of making her pregnant. I settled for putting it between the warm, furry lips of her vulva and humping her gently. That turned out to be very enjoyable for both of us and we did it for a long time, our bodies unconsciously moving to the beat of the pop hits on the radio.

It happened between one thrust between the moist lips of her vulva and the next. She shifted her pelvis very slightly underneath me as I pulled back, and then I plunged smoothly inside her on the next thrust. There was no resistance at all. Her vagina engulfed me in an instant. I felt her hot wetness all around me. She was snug but not tight.

I heard her whimper softly when she felt me fill her for the first time. I gasped softly, too, but kept thrusting to the snappy beat of Waterloo by Abba. I glided easily in and out of her as if I'd been inside her all along. It took only about 20 thrusts before my scrotum tightened and a delicious tingle began to fill my penis. Her vagina squeezed and caressed me as I moved ever more rapidly through it. The tingling in my penis became more intense with every thrust. After about 20 more thrusts, it had become more of a burning sensation than a tingle. My breathing was harsh and ragged. I was thrusting so

hard and fast that she grunted every time I went deep and banged my pelvis into hers. My penis swelled as I tried to hold back my climax.

I'd been telling myself from the moment I went inside her vagina that I'd pull out and finish in the cleft of her vulva. Now I desperately wanted to come inside her. It was all I could think about. When I became certain that I could hold back no longer, I froze with my penis half way inside her. My entire body vibrated, tight as a bowstring.

"Bianca..." I whined.

She didn't reply. I just felt her knees fall away from my body to lie flat on the bed. Then she put her soft hands onto my sweaty, trembling bottom and pulled me firmly against her.

I was coming before I even got the rest of the way inside her. I heard a loud wail of pleasure leave my throat as the first racking spasm went through my penis. I pushed myself as far inside her as I could get and felt her pull herself hard against me. Something hard, hot and wet touched the tip. I let out another loud sound of pleasure and relief as I felt the second spasm go through it. After that, I just held on tight and grunted against her shoulder as I continued to come deeply inside her. Every now and then our bodies would move in a way that let me penetrate far enough to feel a jolt of pleasure when the tip of my penis touched her cervix.

I must have spasmed more than 10 times before any semen left my body. I felt a familiar little tickle flow through my penis and knew that a droplet of clear, watery fluid was finally making its way into her vagina. I thought about pulling out, but her hands were still firmly gripping my bottom. Instead, I just pushed myself deep and let it get squeezed out of me by her milking vagina and my own spasms.

We stayed locked together for a long time. My penis finally softened and fell out of her. I didn't look, but I could feel that the lower part of her vulva and my entire genital area was smeared with a thin but sticky fluid.

Bianca's family took her to the airport the next day. I went over to visit Tristan the day after that.

Two months is almost an eternity at that age. By the time Bianca got back, I had turned 12. Tristan had signed up for ballet and was teaching me how to draw and paint. We were also deeply in love. She seemed happy that Tristan and I were together and never came to see me before class. She would always give me a smile and a wink when she came in the door, though. Sometimes we'd give each other a friendly hug.

Two years later, she moved to New York. Now she sends postcards to my mom from all over the world.