

First Time Sex Stories

# Swedish Heat

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I was about 5'2" tall and weighed about 110 pounds. I was slender but not skinny. My breasts had grown from little buds to swells that might fill a teacup. My nipples had also grown quite a bit and had begun to darken. My hips and bottom were just beginning to flesh out a little. I had dishwater blonde hair that was straight and short, brushed sideways. My eyes were hazel and I had the classic Swedish long nose and wide mouth. My eyebrows and eyelashes were full and dark. I was cute enough but thought I needed blonder hair to really be beautiful.

Down there, my hips had developed into a much more feminine shape and my vulva had become significantly bigger and more defined. I even had a small fan of short, tawny hair spreading across my mons. The inner areas of my vulva were developing much faster than the outer lips could contain and were prominent even when I wasn't aroused. As it turned out, it would be another 10 months before I had my first period.

Adrian was very blond with strikingly dark eyebrows and eyelashes. His eyes were a deep, deep blue and he had the same long nose and wide mouth that I did. He was slender, just on the verge of being skinny. I had temporarily caught up to him in height that year and was maybe even a little taller. He wore his hair shaggy and a little longer than mine. To his annoyance, many people thought he was a girl at first glance.

It was the Winter of 1997. My cousin Adrian and I (Annika) had just arrived at our great-grandparents' farmhouse near Simrishamn, a beautiful town of red-tile roofs on the southeast coast of Sweden, right on the Baltic Sea. The two of us had spent part of our winter break there with our great-grandparents for the past several years. We were very close in age. That year, I was about 12-and-a-half and he had recently turned 13.

There was a courtyard out back that held farm equipment that the hired hands used at planting and harvesting time. It also held a nice sauna with a wood-burning furnace that Adrian and I loved.

That year, our great-grandparents had installed an electric sauna inside their house because slipping and falling had become a real concern for them. Since the indoor sauna was too small for the four of us, they let us have the outdoor one all to ourselves.

We immediately proceeded to make it kid-friendly by piling a bunch of old comforters on the floor and stocking it with our favorite games. We even took a battery-operated CD player with us. Heat wasn't a problem since we both preferred it very low if we were going to be out there for very long.

We quickly got into a routine of spending an hour or so out there early in the morning, then baking, decorating, and snuggling in front of the TV with our great-grandparents, then going back out for a couple more hours after supper if there wasn't anything good on TV.

It had been a little awkward when we stripped for the first time. Both of our bodies had changed quite a bit since the last time we'd seen each other naked. While he'd grown

noticeably down there the previous year, he'd grown a lot more this year. I was a little surprised that he didn't seem to have a speck of hair yet, though.

His erection wasted no time in presenting itself, and I noticed that it had grown from about 3 inches to nearly 5 inches and was now thick as a garden hose. The year before it had only been about as thick as my thumb. Seeing his boner was nothing new to me since we'd had the sauna to ourselves on plenty of occasions over the years and had used our privacy to fully explore each other with our eyes and hands.

Another thing noticeably different about his penis was that the foreskin now opened up to let the shiny mushroom shaped head peek out. Always before, it had stayed closed like a little nipple even when he was hard.

His scrotum was still smooth and hairless but it had grown quite a bit larger as well. The previous year it might have filled a half of a golf ball. This year, it could probably have filled half of a racquet ball. The balls themselves were also larger and now hung heavily inside his silky sack.

That first morning, we just sat across from each other and talked. It didn't take long for the awkwardness to wear off and we soon felt very comfortable with each other and with our nakedness.

By unspoken agreement, we each allowed the other to get a good view of our pubescent genitals as we relaxed and chatted about our friends, schools and families. His erection never softened like it had in previous years. It also excited me a lot more than it ever had before. It made my clitoris throb and caused a strange aching emptiness to form deep inside my belly. I wondered if he could see the nearly constant flow of juice dripping from my vagina onto the towel beneath me. Maybe that was what was keeping him so hard.

"We should probably go in soon," I said when our conversation finally hit a lull after an hour or so.

He grimaced and said "yeah", but then he bit his lower lip and looked down between his legs.

"Is it going to be OK?" I asked, nodding toward his throbbing erection.

"Yeah, the cold will probably make it go down but my nuts are going to ache for a while," he said as he shifted uncomfortably.

I'd noticed that his scrotum had been drawn up tightly beneath his penis for a long time. Whatever muscles were doing that must have been really cramping up at that point.

"Do they need to, um... e-jac-u-late?" I asked, carefully pronouncing the word I'd learned in school. "Maybe that will help them relax."

He flashed me his adorable impish grin. “That would be a *much* better solution,” he said with great conviction.

“I... I can help if you want,” I offered, trying not to sound too eager.

“Uh, sure! I mean, if you really want to,” he said. Then he bit his lip and looked down at his erection, suddenly shy. It was so adorable. He obviously had no idea what to do next because he didn’t know how I intended to help. I know what he was hoping for, but I wasn’t ready to go quite that far – yet.

“It’s like milking a cow, right? Like when we were playing around last year.” I offered.

“Oh! Yeah, that’s pretty much it,” he said. He got up and then sat down on the wooden bench right in front of me. His hard cock waved in front of my face the whole way.

I positioned myself on my knees in front of him and rubbed my palms on his soft, hairless thighs to warm them. That made his erection sway hypnotically before my eyes and my mouth watered at the sight. When I thought my hands were warm enough, I reached out and wrapped his penis in my fist. It filled it up nicely, with an inch or so sticking out of the top, including the reddish-purple mushroom that was poking from his foreskin.

He gasped and his whole body jerked as soon as he felt me touch it. I knew he wasn’t in pain so I wasted no time starting to jerk the loose skin up and down. It gave me an unexpected sense of contentment to massage his stiff penis, as if I had some sort of primitive need to satisfy an erection buried somewhere deep inside me.

He began to pant heavily. “Oh, that feels good,” he gasped.

“I like it too,” I admitted. My clitoris was buzzing like a bumble bee and my vagina was getting very wet.

He was pulsing and throbbing in my hand. His balls were churning in their sack. Up close, I noticed that he had a little bit of blond fuzz on his scrotum.

“Oh wow,” he grunted as he leaned back and grimaced. “I don’t think I can hold it.”

“Cum whenever you want,” I whispered, locking my eyes on the slimy red crown. I didn’t want to miss it when he started to squirt. I’d never seen an ejaculation before.

Then his scrotum pulled tightly up against the base of his penis. He leaned forward and grabbed the bench with both hands. Something told me to jerk him faster, so I did.

I heard him stop breathing for a few seconds as his whole body tensed up. Then his right hand flew over to cover mine and hold it still. He gasped as his body suddenly relaxed again. His penis swelled, then started to throb strongly in my fist. I squeezed gently and a spurt of thin white fluid spurted out of the tip. He was leaning forward so it hit him in

the chest. He throbbed again and sent another squirt to a spot just below where the first had struck. After that, the spurts got much smaller. They arced between us and fell onto the floor. After that, his semen just dribbled onto our hands.

It obviously felt good for him to get rid of that stuff because he continued to squeeze it out for a long time. Our hands were covered with the warm, sticky fluid by the time he finally stopped throbbing against my palm. I loved every moment of it and felt a warm glow of satisfaction when he finally started to get soft. I had a strange desire to lap up all of his semen but settled for tasting a drop from one of my fingers when he wasn't looking. Delicious!

"Whew, that was great! Thanks." He finally gasped, then got up to find a towel to clean himself with. I admired his fleshy round bottom as he walked away.

I was now hornier than I'd ever been in my life, but I had no way to take care of it. With a sigh, I just cleaned the juices off my vulva and bottom, then got dressed.

As if reading my thoughts, he promised to take care of me later.

It felt like the longest day of my life. From time to time, he would meet my eyes and silently communicate that he remembered his promise. My mind kept fantasizing about what he was going to do. It kept me in such a state that I had to put new tissues in my panties every half hour or so.

Evening finally arrived and we made our way back out to the sauna. I was shivering, but not from the cold. I could tell he was excited, too. I think we both somehow knew that we were going to go all the way.

I stripped while he built the fire, then lay down on the blankets and waited for him. Soon he was stripping, too. I was happy to see that he was already hard. I'd been laying on my side as I watched him, but rolled languidly onto my back with my thighs part-way open as he lay down next to me. It was my way letting him know that I was ready to let him do whatever he wanted.

He put his hand on my tummy and began to move it in a circle. It was warm and slightly calloused. The slightly rough texture felt wonderful against my soft skin. The circles gradually widened until they included my mons and my breasts. My pussy felt so hot that even the sauna air seemed cool against it. The rest of me, however, began to relax under his touch and my eyes drifted shut.

Eventually, his hand began to circle one breast, then squeeze it gently. I sighed softly, then felt his lips wrap around the nipple of my other breast and begin to suck it slowly. His soft lips and warm mouth on the sensitive bud almost made me cry out. Encouraged, he began to nibble and lick it for all he was worth. When he had me writhing in ecstasy, he moved his body on top of mine and placed his sucking mouth over the dry nipple while he raised his other arm to massage the wet one.

I felt his throbbing penis fall against my clitoris and the inner folds of my vulva. His cool round balls pressed against the entrance to my vagina and immediately became wet and slippery with my juices. He pressed himself close and began to thrust himself against me while he sucked my nipple. I pushed my hips upward to maximize his contact with my clitoris.

A few delicious scrapes against the velvety underside of his penis, and I was cumming hard. I went wild beneath him, tossing, turning, and humping him wildly. It was all I could do not to scream out in pleasure. My juices flowed out in waves, coating his silky ball sack with my nectar. Poor Adrian was barely 13. I'm sure he wanted to last much longer than he did.

He probably couldn't have imagined that I'd suddenly go wild beneath him with such a powerful orgasm. Our rutting genitals were now covered with my warm, slippery juices. His foreskin was pulled back and the crown was rubbing wetly between our undulating tummies. His young cock suddenly swelled between us.

With a surprised grunt, Adrian came. Warm fluid began to spurt from his hairless loins and spread between our tightly pressed bodies. I grabbed his sweaty bottom with both hands and pulled him tightly against me as I ground my spasming pussy against him. Distantly, I heard Adrian's high-pitched whimpers of pure ecstasy as he joyfully emptied his young balls between us.

Our bodies ground together with a gradually slowing motion. Adrian's cock finally stopped spurting and began to soften, but only a little. I let my hips drop back onto the blanket as I fought to breathe beneath his limp weight. He finally recovered enough to lift himself and kneel between my now widely spread legs. I saw his eyes widen at the sight and his lips tighten as he tried to hold back a smile.

"I guess we made a mess, huh?" I asked.

He met my eyes and nodded, finally breaking into giggles. I giggled back. I think we were both pretty giddy from the powerful pleasure we'd just experienced with each other.

Adrian grabbed a towel, then proceeded to clean us up as much as possible. I was still widely displayed in front of him. I'm sure that I was still red and damp down there, but he seemed to like what he was seeing. I was pleased to see that his penis was still sticking out proudly from its hairless base. He gave me a mischievous look, then bent down and placed his mouth over the swollen inner folds that were puffing out from between my bald outer lips. He took the cunt meat between his lips and began to suck at it with great enthusiasm. My clitoris was still in hiding, but his random ministrations felt wonderful, anyway. Especially when he lapped at the sensitive inner lips that had swollen open like a flower.

I soon began to leak again and he dutifully lapped up every drop, sticking his tongue up my vagina as far as he could get it to make sure he got every drop. He soon had me

twisting against his mouth and gasping with delight. He noticed my clitoris beginning to swell again and began to suck on it with such fervor that I finally had to push him gently away because it was too sensitive.

He looked up at me and I smiled, lifting my arms in invitation. He crawled forward with his eyes locked on mine. I grabbed his torso with both hands as I lifted my knees and spread them for him. His penis bounced beneath him, hard and throbbing. His balls were round and tight.

“Is it safe to cum inside you?” he whispered, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

I smiled and nodded.

He carefully lowered himself over me. I put a hand between us and grasped him, then guided him gently down and forward. As soon as he felt his exposed crown touch my warm, slimy entrance, he surged eagerly forward. We both gasped as we felt it go halfway in. I was surprised and pleased that there was no pain at all. I just felt very full and tight. He pushed again and I knew it was all the way in when his balls touched my bottom.

“Oh wow,” I heard him whisper in my ear. “It’s so warm.”

“You feel good, too,” I told him and gave him a quick squeeze with my vagina.

“Mmmmm,” he moaned, so I did it again. “That feels sooooo good.”

It felt so good to both of us that we just laid there for a while with him deeply inside me as I gave him occasional squeezes with my vagina.

“Can you move it around a little?” I finally asked.

“Yeah, but it’ll make me cum,” he said.

“That’s okay. I just want to feel it moving for a minute. Then you can cum all you want.”

I felt him pull slowly out about half way, then push it slowly back in. When he did, my clit scraped along the top of his wet cock and I gasped.

“Oh, that felt wonderful,” I whispered.

“Yeah,” he said, then did it again. This time, I gripped him tightly with my vagina while he pulled out and he groaned with pleasure.

I loosened my grip when he started to push forward and hissed softly when I felt my clit scrape deliciously against him once again.

“Wow, that’s good,” I whispered. “Can you do it faster?”

“I’ll try,” he murmured. He didn’t really thrust, he just used his feet to rock his pelvis upward against mine. It was nice because it gave us the sensation of moving while he remained deep inside me. His bald pubic area massaged my clitoris nicely as his movements gradually got faster and faster. I loved being so full of him and feeling like we were really fucking at the same time.

The actual fucking probably lasted about 10 seconds before his rhythm suddenly broke and his hips began to shake.

“Ungh! I cumming!” he gasped, then began to spray his young seed deep into my immature womb. He continued to thrust against me in a completely random pattern as hot little bullets of heat blossomed against my cervix. A few seconds later, he pushed himself as far inside me as he could and froze. I felt more heat flooding into me as his cool balls writhed against my bottom. I grabbed his round little butt with both hands and pulled him even closer, feeling a strange desire to help him get his sperm as far inside me as possible.

Finally, he began to quickly wiggle his bottom from side to side as his dick continued to throb inside me, instinctively trying to push the pool of sperm through my cervix as he dribbled his last drops into it.

Moments later, his penis softened very quickly and plopped out with a wet smack. He rolled off and wrapped me in a strong hug and we laid there together for as long as we dared, enjoying the warm tingles that our sex had given us.

Needless to say, we continued to fuck at every opportunity for the rest of our holiday. By the time it was over, we’d tried nearly everything and learned a lot about sex from each other. I told him to bring condoms the following year and he did. Unfortunately, sex wasn’t nearly as enjoyable that way. That didn’t stop us, though. The year after that, my great-grandparents sold their farm and moved into the city for health reasons. That was the end of our experimentation.