



First Time Sex Stories

Two-Minute Drill



Fuzzie Tanner

I was a tiny little thing, weighing no more than 90 pounds. I had short blonde hair that was kind of thick and wavy, hazel eyes, a round face, and a button nose. I had a small mouth with pouty lips and did not yet wear make-up of any kind. My ears were pierced and I liked to wear tiny stud earrings with little stones in them whose colors matched my outfit. I was about 140 cm tall and my hips and buttocks were just beginning to fill out.

My pubic mound and vulva had begun to fill out as well. Although I did have a very fine layer of blonde peach fuzz over most of that area, not one single pubic hair had made an appearance. My nipples had just begun to bud and were about the size of poker chips, each sitting upon a slightly larger mound of puffy flesh. Imagine a light brown candy kiss magnified about 5 times and you'll have a pretty good idea of what each one looked like.

Max was my cousin so there was a slight resemblance. He had light brown hair that hung down around his shoulders, glossy and nicely trimmed. His nose had developed a little more than mine, but it was still small and soft. His face was slightly longer and he had full, rosy cheeks. He also had a cute little dimple in the center of his chin. His eyebrows and eyelashes were full and elegant. In fact, if someone had been asked to look at just our faces and guess which of us the boy was, it's very likely they would have picked me instead of him.

His dad was my mom's older brother. Neither of us had any siblings. Every summer, I would go on holiday with his family and he would go on holiday with mine. It worked out great because we each got to go on two nice vacations and our parents would get a break from us.

One summer, his parents took us by train to Lake Constance in the Bavarian Alps. We travelled very light, each of us with just a backpack and a bike. We actually got off the train in a little town called Frickingen (about 10 km from the lake) and were thrilled to discover that we'd be living in a big green train car for the next three weeks. Inside, there was a small living room, a bedroom with twin beds, a kitchen, and a WC. His parents got the bedroom and we slept in the living room where the sofa could be pulled apart to make two low beds.

We got into a routine of taking long bike rides to other towns or the lake, eating a light picnic lunch somewhere, then riding into Frickingen where his parents would hang out in cafes all afternoon while we went to the swimming pool. We would secretly giggle to ourselves at how his parents would swerve their bicycles all the way back to our railroad car. We'd all take a long, exhausted nap when we got back, have a late barbecue dinner, then socialize with other families long into the night. It was a very Bohemian, carefree atmosphere that I loved.

Each day at the pool, Max would hang out and swim with other boys his age. I made friends with three sisters from town. Tanja was 12 while her twin sisters (Laura and Lisa) were 10. They spent most of their time watching the boys, who all wore racing suits in those days. From the first day I met her, Tanja was very interested in Max. She asked

me all about him and said that he had a nice basket. I told her I didn't know what she meant and they all giggled. Then she explained it to me and asked what his thing looked like and if it had any hair on it yet. I was embarrassed to tell her that I didn't know. She gave me a mission to find out. They pointed out all the nicest butts and baskets, opening up a whole new world to me in just one afternoon. Our time at the pool became my favorite part of the day. Sometimes I didn't even go into the water.

Happily, my mission sort of took care of itself. The mosquitos were bad that year and we were covered with itchy mosquito bites after just a couple of days. The chlorine in the pool made them itch even worse, so his parents got us a big bottle of calamine lotion on our way home on the third day. Once there, they went into their room and closed the door. We knew they'd be conked out for a couple of hours while they slept off their afternoon at the pubs. We were tired, too, but also very itchy. I offered to put the lotion on him and his face lit up. He took one last look outside our door, closed it, and proceeded to strip completely naked right in front of me as if he'd been doing it all his life.

My heart hammered in my chest but I did my best not to react. We were family, after all. It was very difficult because his genitals were probably more beautiful than even Tanja must have imagined. His grape-sized testicles hung heavily, tilted slightly forward at the bottom their pink, low-hanging sack. His penis was about an inch thick and hung down about 3 inches. The tip of his perfect foreskin was exactly even with the base of his scrotum. I didn't see a hair anywhere as I watched it sway and bounce while he casually pulled his sleeping cushion off the sofa, placed a towel over it, and lay down on his tummy. His pale bottom looked firm and had a smooth, creamy texture.

"You can go FKK too if you want," he invited with a mischievous grin and a challenging tone. FKK was a German term for nudism. He wanted to make me think getting naked with him was an innocent thing, but he needn't have bothered. My panties were already wet and my vulva and clitoris were so swollen they ached. I knew that he was really hoping for some sex play and I was all for it.

I undressed as casually as I could while he watched from the corner of his eye.

"You look nice," he said when I was naked.

"Um, so do you," I said lamely.

I took the bottle of calamine lotion and straddled him. He gasped when I poured some of the cold fluid onto the middle of his back. My vagina was just inches over the swell of his bottom as I rubbed the lotion all over his back. All of a sudden, he gasped again. It puzzled me because I hadn't put any more lotion on him. Then I realized with horror that a large glob of my girl juice had dripped from my vagina and onto his bottom.

"Oops! Sorry about that," I said as casually as I could while I looked for something within reach to wipe it off with.

“It’s warm. Did it come out of your...?”

“Yeah, but don’t worry. It’s not pee,” I assured him.

“I know... Don’t wipe it off!” He yelped after I’d found my towel and was getting ready to do just that.

He didn’t have any mosquito bites on his bottom so I left it undisturbed with my honey dripping into his crack while I did his legs. He opened them a little to let my hands fit between them, and I got a nice view of his scrotum. It seemed rounder and thicker than before.

“Do you want to turn over now?” I asked hopefully after I’d finished his legs and moved aside.

“Yeah, but I’m in an embarrassing state,” he warned me.

I gulped. I’d heard about erections before but had never seen one. It was exciting to think that he’d gotten one from me.

“That’s OK,” I said. “You didn’t laugh at me so I won’t laugh at you.”

“Well, OK,” he said and turned over.

“Oh wow!” I heard myself whisper as I admired his erect penis. It was nearly 5 inches long and hovered over his tummy at a 45-degree angle, throbbing furiously. His scrotum was now a big round ball about 3 inches from one side to the other. I could barely make out the shapes of his testicles inside.

His face lit up with a huge smile. “You really like it?” he asked hopefully.

“I love it!” I said breathlessly.

“Come put some lotion on my chest,” he invited with a mischievous grin.

I smiled and straddled him, lowering my vagina to within inches of his throbbing penis. He grabbed my hips and pulled me gently downward before I could put any lotion on him. Pleasure shot through me like a jolt of electricity when my exposed clitoris touched the soft, warm skin of his penis. We both gasped and I set the bottle down on the floor with my last conscious thought. I settled onto him with his penis firmly lodged in the cleft of my vulva, then fell forward and began to mindlessly hump him. He began to move beneath me. It was awkward at first, but our bodies instinctively fell into the natural rhythm of sex. I hugged him tightly as my face fell into his hairless armpit. My nose inhaled an intoxicating scent of chlorine and what I can only describe as a gentle and wonderful maleness. I felt myself fall into a series of orgasms so intense that they made me whimper uncontrollably. I barely had enough awareness left to fasten my

mouth to the side of his chest so that my noises wouldn't wake his parents. His entire penis became coated with a copious flood of my slippery juices.

Max enjoyed the experience in silence, except for the sound of his heavy breathing, which got faster and faster until it suddenly stopped with a soft grunt. His movements became fast and erratic for a few seconds, then he suddenly relaxed with a gasp. I felt his penis thicken and begin to jerk rapidly. A small amount of thick warm fluid squirted between our tummies in gentle spurts. Then he went limp and his penis began to lose its firmness. I could have gone on humping him forever, but I could tell that he was finished and needed to breathe. I came to a reluctant halt and fell onto the floor next to him with my legs spread wide to cool off my overheated vulva. I rubbed my fingers through the pearlescent smear on my tummy and wondered at the stringy, gooey feel of it. I knew that it was sperm and felt a deep sense of satisfaction that I was sexy enough to bring it out of a boy, even if it was my own cousin. When it started to dry, I grabbed my towel and wiped us both clean. Taking care of Max and seeing him smile tiredly with thanks made me feel a warm maternal glow.

Still horny, I boldly put my hand on Max's penis. He jerked at first, but didn't object so I began to fondle it gently. I caressed his balls and gently moved his foreskin back and forth to watch the reddish-purple, helmet-shaped glans disappear and reappear. I remember thinking that it was remarkably similar to my clitoris, only much larger.

"Max?" I asked.

"Hmm?"

"Can you control if sperm comes out or not?"

"Hmm. Only if I stop before it happens... but who wants to do that?"

"It's only fun if you let it happen?"

"For me, it is."

"Oh." I continued to play with his penis while I thought. He was getting hard again.

"Max?"

"Hmm?"

"Have you ever put your penis inside a girl's vagina?"

"Hah! I wish... Has a boy ever... put his penis into your vagina?" He was trying to sound casual but I could tell that he was thinking what I was thinking – and getting excited.

I giggled nervously and said no. His penis was now rock-hard in my hand. My vagina was hot, tingly, and leaking like crazy.

“So... if you put your penis into a girl... you’d want to keep it there until your sperm comes out?” I asked a little breathlessly, trying to imagine what that would feel like.

“Absolutely,” he assured me.

“Wouldn’t she get pregnant?” I asked.

“It would depend on the time of the month... *and if she was old enough.*” He looked straight into my eyes when he said that last part.

“Am I old enough?” I asked, even though I was pretty sure I wasn’t.

“Hmm. Do you know what periods are?”

“Yes, but I haven’t had one yet.”

“Then you’re not old enough,” he assured me.

“Then... do you want to... put it in me?” I asked timidly.

“Now?”

I shrugged my shoulders. “Yeah, I guess.”

“Heck, yeah!”

“Do you promise to stop if it hurts?” I asked nervously.

“Of course. Can I be on top this time?” he asked excitedly.

“Mmm, OK.” I had wanted to be on top again to control the penetration, but he really seemed to want to be on top.

He got up and I took his place, spreading my legs wide for him. He knelt between them and gazed hungrily at my exposed crotch, which made me feel really good. His super-hard penis jerked and bounced in front of him as he bent over me and tried to aim it at my virgin entrance as he fell onto his arms above me. He poked and prodded for a while. Sometimes I would feel it in the right place, but it would slip out as soon as he pushed. It produced lots of embarrassed giggles from both of us, but little else. Then I got the bright idea to reach down and hold him against the entrance. I pressed him firmly against me and he pushed eagerly forward.

I felt him start to go inside me so I quickly let go of his penis and moved my arm down to my side. I felt a stretching sensation, then a little snap and slight sting. It was a pleasurable sort of sting, kind of like scratching the scab off an itchy mosquito bite. A

moment later, I felt his scrotum touch my bottom and I knew that he was all the way inside me. Just like that, we were no longer virgins.

We held ourselves tightly together for a few moments. I was jubilant that there hadn't been any pain to speak of, and now there were only good feelings. Then he started moving and I found out what pleasure really was. He didn't thrust at first. He just sort of twirled it around in there. In doing so, his hairless pubic mound ground deliciously against my clitoris. He began to moan softly. I knew that it wasn't going to last much longer. He was already breathing as hard as when he'd squirted his sperm the last time. I heard myself whimpering "Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes!" over and over again.

Max finally started to thrust, but only because he was ready to finish. He made three fast, wonderful lunges all the way in and out, then he thickened inside me and I heard him grunt softly. I remembered that sound from last time and knew that he was squirting his sperm. His thrusts became slow and deep for a while. I tried to feel the sperm coming out, but didn't really sense anything other than the throbbing and jerking of his penis as it moved slowly in and out of me.

Then he came to rest deep inside me where I could feel his penis pulsing rhythmically for a long time. I contentedly caressed his head, neck, back, and bottom the whole time. I felt a dreamy sense of satisfaction from having a boy's sperm pooling deep inside me, and also from the knowledge that my inexperienced vagina was capable of making a boy come so fast. It was a wonderful affirmation of my womanhood.

He just laid there on top of me until his penis shrunk and fell out. Then he groaned and rolled over onto his back. I sat up and inspected my vagina. There was a little bit of pink foam around the entrance and my hairless outer labia were smeared with clear, shiny juices. Then I noticed that Max's limp penis and balls were coated with pink foam and shiny juices, too. I quickly wiped both of us clean before Max could see it and think he hurt me.

Max was out of it so I covered him up, opened the windows to get rid of the smell, got dressed, lined my panties with tissues, secretly exchanged the bloody towel with one hanging from a neighbor's railing, and fell onto my bed in a deep sleep before I even realized that I was still itchy. Max and I screwed twice that night. It would have been more but my vagina got a little bit sore and I was totally exhausted. Max got better at it each time, though, so it was worth a little bit of soreness.

The next day, Tanja took one look at my face and knew something had happened. I tried to be a tough nut to crack, but she got it all out of me easily enough. She wasn't at all bothered that I was having sex with my own cousin. She laughed and said she was sure she would have done exactly the same thing in my situation, only a lot more of it. She did playfully demand that I share my candy with her. I had no problem with that since she had a more womanly figure and I knew Max would enjoy it. She brought a condom the next day and Max took her virginity in one of the dressing rooms. They had to do it standing up and very quietly, but it didn't seem to bother them in the least. He told me that he didn't really like using a condom and that her furry vagina wasn't as warm and

tight as mine. She couldn't get condoms every day, but the two of them disappeared faster than food from my dog's bowl when she did.

What Max learned from Tanja benefited both of us. We discovered that he could take me from behind with a minimum of undressing so we invented the Two Minute Drill. If one of us got horny while we were outside, we would just say "Two Minute Drill!" to the other. Then we'd race behind a tree or find some other bit of privacy where I could lean forward on something and Max would pull down my pants and drill me from behind. I would use my vagina to try and make him come quickly while he tried to last as long as possible without pulling out. It usually lasted between 30 and 45 seconds, but we liked to be optimistic. I just had to remember to keep plenty of tissues with me!

His parents must have eventually caught on. After all, we were busy making rabbits seem celibate by the final week. They didn't do or say anything, probably because they knew I couldn't get pregnant and that the genie was already out of the bottle, anyway (and was he ever!). However, my parents were firm about not letting us sleep alone in the same room when it was his turn to come on vacation with us.

Thank heaven for the Two Minute Drill!