

## Ikke Laengere Jomfru

I was fourteen years old, and full-to-overflowing with hormones and desire. It seemed that I walked around with a permanent hard-on, and nothing to do with it - at least, nothing that didn't involve my own hand.

I had a younger brother, Steven, age seven and as annoying as he could be. Fortunately, each of us had our own room, and there was enough age difference between us that we didn't have to spend much time together; otherwise, I might have been the only boy in the family.

I also had an older sister, Patty. At seventeen, she was pretty damn good looking - and I took every opportunity I had to look. Her bedroom was on the other side of mine, away from the bathroom us kids shared; more than once I had the chance to look her over as she went to or from it in just a bra and panties. She was a couple inches taller than my 5 feet, 2 inches, dark hair to the middle of her back, and weighed a little under a hundred pounds. She wasn't fat, not by a long shot - she had a medium frame like most of the girls at her school; the difference was that she had tits that would make an Amazon Princess proud, forcing her to wear a C-cup bra. With the lacy bras and panties she wore, I had plenty of chances to look her over - her huge tits were capped with dark, half-dollar sized areolas, and her nipples must have been a half-inch across. Between her legs, she had this surprisingly small tuft of black hair that looked really short and dense.

Being her brother, and three years younger than she was, she pretty much considered me to be a toad - but because I didn't do or say anything to outright bother her, she mostly left me alone. Steven was beneath noticing, unless he did something to get on her nerves.

School had just started after the Christmas break when Mom and Dad told us at supper one night that we'd be hosting a foreign exchange student. Patty had pushed them really hard on the idea, and was absolutely delighted; Steven and I not so much. At least, I wasn't as delighted until we heard that she was from Denmark, and would be coming to stay with us for the last couple of months of the school year, plus the month after. We were also told that she would be one of several exchange students that semester - the others would be from other parts of the world. In return, one student from each of the schools in our town would be going to the countries of the other.

Mom and Dad went on to tell us everything they knew about her: her name was Sigrid Jorgensen, she had two brothers and two sisters, she was 17, and could read, write, and speak English - as well as German and Dutch. They passed around a photo of her, and I immediately noticed that she bore an uncanny resemblance to a girl that was in American Graffiti 2 - the one that was supposedly from Iceland, or Greenland, or wherever the hell it was. Silver-blond hair cut short and incredibly blue eyes. The photo didn't show much of the rest of her, but my active imagination easily took care of *that*.

That night, as I lay in bed, I started remembering all the stuff that I'd heard about Denmark - how so much of the best porn magazines came from there, how 'easy' Scandinavian girls were supposed to be, and all the rest of it. I got so worked up at the idea of someone - a girl! - from there coming to stay in the same house as me that I had to jerk off twice before I could get to sleep.

The time between Mom and Dad's announcement, and when she actually arrived, seemed to take forever. But all of us were waiting for her at the airport, watching for her as the airplane unloaded on a Friday night; it had been decided that that would give her a couple of days to get over any jet lag and get to know us before she had to face the rest of the school. There was no doubt when she appeared - among all the other people that had been on the plane, she stood out like a spotlight on a dark night. She had a photo in her hand, and kept referring to it as she scanned the crowd around the passenger gate - and finally saw us waving at her, and recognized us.

As she came over to where we were standing, I could see that my imagination of what the rest of her body looked like hadn't been so far off. Her tits weren't as large as Patty's, but they were still larger than most of the girls at school. I wasn't entirely sure, but the way her chest jiggled slightly as she walked made me think that she wasn't wearing a bra. She had a trim waist and slender hips; I couldn't tell much about her legs because of the slacks she was wearing. Her hair was bit longer than in her picture - shoulder-length and curled under at the ends, her bangs only served to highlight the incredible blue of her eyes. She stood just an inch or so taller than I did, and even through the winter clothes she was wearing, it was easy to see that she was trim and fit - and *very* nicely curved.

When she got close enough, she asked "You are the Wilsons, yes?"

Her voice was like music in my ears, and her accent caused an immediate growth between my legs - fortunately hidden by the loose jeans I was wearing.

Mom spoke up first, saying "Yes, we're the Wilsons. And you must be Sigrid. Welcome to the United States."

She gave us a beautiful smile before saying "Det glæder mig at møde dem - I am very glad to meet you."

The bulge in my pants only got larger, listening to her delightful accent.

The next couple of minutes were spent getting all of us introduced - Sigrid was obviously looking forward to spending time with Patty, but she was still polite enough to make pleasant noises at the rest of us. When she got to me, it seemed like she paused just a moment to look me over.

By the time the introductions and such were done, the flow of people off the plane had slowed to a trickle; Dad suggested that we head on down to collect her baggage so we could get home so Sigrid could try to rest from the trip. She smiled at him and said "Yes,

I think that would be good - but I am so excited to be here that I think I will have trouble falling asleep."

"Why don't you just wait and see how you feel, then?" Mom asked, adding "If you're as anxious to be here as we are to have you, then you can stay up with us until you're ready to go to bed."

"I think I would like that", Sigrid agreed.

With that out of the way, the six of us trooped down to the baggage claim area; Dad got Sigrid's luggage tickets and watched for her stuff while Patty started telling Sigrid about school. I was a Freshman at the same school where Patty was a Senior; the difference in our ages meant that we really didn't see each other much at school, and the few times we DID see each other, both of us pretended the other didn't exist.

While Patty and Sigrid were huddled together, I took the opportunity to see what Mom and Steven thought of her. Mom looked pleased that Patty and Sigrid seemed to be getting along so well so soon; Steven just looked like he was pretty much bored with the whole deal - like having another girl in the house, even one from Denmark, was just another complication in his life.

After a few minutes, Dad managed to get Sigrid's bags; after that, it was just a question of loading up the van and heading home. Inside the house, Patty and Sigrid each took one of her suitcases to Patty's room after Mom told Sigrid that she was welcome to take a nap or freshen up if she wanted. Sigrid sounded a bit relieved when she said that she would like that.

It was maybe a half hour later when Sigrid and Patty came into the family room where the rest of us were waiting. The next couple of hours, Sigrid told us about her family and a little bit about Denmark - she'd even brought along some Danish money to show us. There finally came the time that the weariness of the trip overcame the excitement of the new situation, and Sigrid couldn't help yawning a few times, apologizing. Mom and Dad both told her that they understood, and said that none of us would be offended if she wanted to go to bed. She smiled her thanks, and she and Patty headed back toward Patty's room. A bit later, Patty came back and we all stayed up a while longer, talking about Sigrid and what she'd told us about Denmark before we decided that we were ready for bed, too.

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Sigrid slept late the next morning - understandable after all she'd undoubtedly been through. The day went by quietly enough; the novelty of having her there had worn off for Steven and he didn't hesitate to make himself scarce. Me, I was just sitting back, listening and watching as Patty and Sigrid talked, finding different subjects that both of them were interested in: mostly music, clothes, and guys from what I heard.

The rest of the weekend was spent with Sigrid and all of us getting to know each other. She was a little bit nervous with us at first, but when we didn't engage in any human sacrifice or demon worship, she seemed to calm down pretty quickly. Mom and Dad had bought her some school supplies, which she tried to pay for - without success.

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At school Monday, Sigrid was THE center of attention for all of Patty's friends - and damn near the whole school. The guys I hung out with seemed pretty much split into two groups of thought: one figured that I was **seriously** lucky to have a babe like Sigrid in the house to watch; the other that I was just as seriously unlucky because they figured all I could do *was* watch.

For the first week or so, my buddies couldn't stop asking me about her, but as time went by, they pretty much got used to her. Not that they didn't stop drooling at her whenever she was in sight; they just stopped asking about her as much. It helped that I didn't tell them the stuff that I heard Patty and Sigrid talking about; whenever one of the guys asked, I just claimed that Sigrid and Patty hung out together, and that I hardly saw her. And you can bet I damn sure didn't tell anyone about the few times that Sigrid and I were alone, or the small conversations we had that were usually followed by my jacking off in my bedroom as I remembered the look of her and the sound of her voice.

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Over the course of the next couple of weeks, Sigrid got more and more accustomed to us - even to the point where she was willing to make her way to the bathroom wearing as much or little as Patty did. The first time I came out of my room and saw her walking toward the bathroom wearing only her panties and bra, I nearly came in my pants right on the spot!

The view I had was of a pair smooth, trim legs that flowed *ever* so gracefully into what had to be one of the finest asses on the planet: nicely rounded without being fat, and clearly firm - her ass cheeks didn't jiggle in the slightest, rather they clenched as she walked. Above them was a small waist that topped a couple of incredibly cute/sexy dimples just above and to either side of her tailbone. I could see them because the panties she had on were amazingly small, incredibly sheer - I could easily make out the cleft of her ass - and deliciously tight, since I could see how they molded to the bulge of her mound between her thighs. Looking higher, I saw that her skin was a VERY pale pink, and smooth as porcelain; there wasn't a blemish to be found anywhere on THAT side of her! Her soft, graceful shoulders supported a slender neck, partially hidden by the fine, white-blonde hair that she had drawn over one shoulder.

As she turned to go into the bathroom, I caught a brief glimpse of the front of her - and was surprised and amazed at how little there appeared to be of her bra, and how sheer it had seemed.

I'd been on my way to the kitchen to get a snack; that plan was quickly set aside in favor of moving to stand outside the now-closed bathroom door - as though I needed to use it, too, and was simply waiting my turn as was common with us kids - so I could look at her again. A couple of minutes later, the door opened, and I found myself face-to-face with the object of my desires and fantasies: a barely-clad Sigrid.

My presence there seemed to surprise her, and she uttered a soft "Oh!" as she took a step back - a move that left me with an even better view of her. As I'd thought - no, **hoped** - the cups of her bra were barely large enough to cover the lower half of her breasts and her nipples; but the material was sheer enough that I could easily discern the darker pink of her areolas and the nubbins of her nipples. Looking down past her smooth, flat belly, I saw that the fronts of her panties weren't any darker than the backs; again, I could easily make out the blonde smudge of her pubic fleece.

When my gaze got back to her face, I could see that she was watching me, smiling. I quickly realized that she knew where I'd been looking and what I'd been looking AT, and began to blush furiously.

Her smile got even wider, and I could hear the amusement in her voice as she said "It is okay, Eric. I know boys like to look at girls - and I know that when you think no one is watching, you like to look at me. So I thought that I would let you see what you obviously want to look at - but properly, yes?"

I felt myself blushing even more, and managed to mutter "Uh, well, um, yeah, I guess."

I watched as she let her eyes travel up and down my body, and saw as she blushed faintly - and realized too late that my erect cock was tenting the front of the pants I was wearing.

She looked back into my eyes, and asked "I think you like what you see, yes?"

Before my brain could gain control, I hear myself exclaim "Oh, yeah!"

Sigrid smiled again, and said "Such enthusiasm! Surely, you have seen more than this? Do you not have - what do you call it? The girlie magazines? - here in America? Do they not show girls wearing much less than I have on?"

Again, my mouth went to work before my brain took charge, and I answered "Yeah, they do - but those are just pictures, and you're... you're... **real!**" - the enthusiasm clear in my voice.

She laughed softly - music to my ears, even as they burned that much harder - and answered "Yes, I am real. But so is your sister, and you see her like this, too, yes?"

My brain was still overloaded with the sight before me, and I hear myself answer "Yeah, but she's my *sister*! And you're **not!**"

Another soft laugh, and she said "Yes, that is true. But I think maybe a boy likes to look at any girl, she is his sister or not."

I felt myself blushing again, and Sigrid smiled and said "Do not be... embarrassed? Ashamed? I know that my own brothers look at me and my sister, too - but not the same way they look at other girls, I think, so it is okay. Besides, I think that you are already experienced in such things."

It took me a second to realize that she thought I was already getting laid with the girls I infrequently got to go out with, and I felt myself blushing *again* with embarrassment - not only that it wasn't true, but that she could so easily make such an assumption, and talk about it so plainly.

She looked surprised at my sudden blush, then slightly confused, before she asked "No? You are not... close with the girls you go out with?" My obvious discomfort answered her question, and she hastened to tell me "No, Eric, you do not have to be embarrassed. The time is different for everyone to lose their virginity. I forgot that things are not the same here as back in my country. America is still a little bit... conservative about such things; at home, we are much more relaxed and understanding. Myself, I was only 15 when I gave myself to my boyfriend, who was 17. Other of my friends did it sooner, others, later."

My mouth was still working without direct supervision, and I said "Yeah - I just wish it was sooner!"

Sigrid smiled at my fervor, and answered "I am sure... boys are not so patient about such things as a girl."

A moment later, she mischievously told me "Still, I must get dressed so that I can go out with Patty. But there is not so much hurry that I can't wait so you can look at me again!"

With not only an invitation like that, but her explicit permission, I did just as she suggested: looking her over carefully as she did a slow pirouette in front of me, letting me memorize every inch of her that I could lay eyes on. When she was facing me again, she waited patiently until I looked into her eyes, then smiled at me and said "I am glad that you like what you see, Eric. A girl always likes to know that boys find her pretty!"

By that time, my brain was working again - despite the fact that all my blood seemed to be elsewhere - and I managed to tell her "You are not just pretty - you're *beautiful*", making her smile even wider. She stepped forward and tilted her head to give me a kiss on the cheek before saying "Thank you, Eric", and stepping around me so she could head down the hall to Patty's room. I watched her all the way down the hall, and before she opened the door, she turned to me, smiled, and pursed her lips, giving me a 'kiss'.

Inside the bathroom, the memory of the sight and sound of her had me jerking off twice before my dick softened - and even then, it was still barely possible to bend it enough to get it back inside my pants.

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As the next few weeks went by, it gradually sank in for me that Sigrid was *deliberately* setting herself up so that I could look at her - from leaning over in front of me to give me a quick peep down her blouse, to pausing to ask me innocuous questions as she went to/from the bathroom dressed only in her bra and panties, to even asking me to bring her a towel after she showered - and giving me a nice view of her naked ass and the side of one bare breast in the mirror when she reached out the bathroom door for it.

She never did anything while anyone was around - it was as though she not only wanted to make sure no one had any reason to suspect anything, but as if she wanted to keep it a private thing for just the two of us. After each of these little 'events', I invariably had to relieve myself at least once, sometimes more.

Some of the guys at school would still sometimes ask if I ever got to see her anything less than fully dressed - usually after some guy made some claim about one of the other exchange students; I always told them that I didn't. I was coming to realize that even though there wasn't a chance in hell of anything happening between us, I was still falling in love with Sigrid. At 14, I really didn't know what 'love' was, of course - but that didn't stop me from wanting to do anything I could to avoid hurting her, whether she continued giving me her little 'shows', or not.

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It finally got to the end of the school year, and I know that all of us kids were more than ready for it. Steven, much to his joy, was to go off to summer camp for 3 weeks shortly after school ended. He would be doing all the regular summer camps stuff: swimming, canoeing, archery, crafts, horses, camping, and so on. I think Patty and I were BOTH looking forward to his absence - he had a talent for getting on our nerves with his whining when he didn't get his way. He was scheduled to get home a few days before Sigrid was to fly back to Denmark, ensuring that all of us would be there to see her off, just as we'd been there to welcome her.

During school, Mom and Dad had taken every opportunity to show Sigrid as much of American as they could. From taking all of us to the zoo to the area's largest shopping mall, to amusement parks, to anything else to try and 'show off' America, Mom and Dad were all for it - that Patty, Steven, and I were along for all of it was incidental.

Still, there were things that we simply *couldn't* do, either because of weather, timing, or whatever - which meant that there were still opportunities for us when school let out. Sigrid was used to riding a bicycle around her home town in Denmark, and asked if it would be possible for her to ride around to some of the parks and other places she wanted

to visit here. Patty didn't care for riding around on bicycles, much preferring the car Dad had gotten her; Sigrid's question was kind of left floating until she said that if Patty or no one else wanted to go with her, she wouldn't mind if *I* went along, if Mom and Dad thought she needed company. I was mildly agreeable to it, without revealing any of the enthusiasm I was actually feeling - I couldn't say 'yes' too fast for fear of letting everyone know how I felt about Sigrid, but I didn't dare 'fight' it enough to make Mom or Dad think I was being anything less than polite and helpful.

Apparently, I got it right: Mom and Dad looked mildly pleased, and Patty looked relieved. For her part, Sigrid gave me a smile that let me know she understood the balancing act I was trying to pull off. That look was confirmed a few hours later when she found me alone, and came up to give me a kiss on the cheek and say "Thank you, Eric. I think it will not be too much trouble for you to keep me company."

I smiled and admitted that I really didn't mind; she responded by giving me another kiss on the cheek before laying her hand on it and saying "Still, I must think of something to show you that I am grateful", with a mysterious smile on her face.

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The first couple of times that Sigrid wanted to go someplace on a bicycle, Patty willingly went along - then it became abundantly clear that she was less than enthusiastic about doing it much more. Patty was polite about it, and Sigrid understood, after a fashion - but I think she was still a little baffled why someone would want to ride in a car when the weather was so nice, and bicycling was such pleasant exercise.

So it wasn't long before I was 'drafted' into accompanying her, among other places, to the library - a destination Patty didn't understand *at all*, her main interests in life being boys, clothes, and makeup, in that order. Me, I **liked** reading, so the library wasn't any big deal.

It was on one of these mini-tours that Sigrid suggested we get something to eat from a fast-food place (her favorite was Taco Bell - Mexican food being all but unheard of in Denmark) and eating in the park. We did just that, and as we were sitting at a small picnic table under a tree, Sigrid surprised the hell out of me by saying "Eric, I want to thank you for the way you have behaved while I have been here."

Puzzled, I asked "What?"

"I mean that at school, you were polite about not telling people things about me - even though it would have made you seem like a very important person to your friends."

"Huh?" I asked.

She gave me a patient smile, and answered "I heard the things that boys said about some of the other girls from other countries - particularly the boys that were in the families hosting those girls. Many of those boys told their friends things that either were not true,



or should not have been said; things like how they saw the girls without all their clothing, or claiming to have done or seen things that did not happen. What those boys talked about, and the things they said, it hurt those girls very much. But you did not talk and act like that. I heard several times when your friends would ask you about me, you would tell them only that you did not have any stories to tell like those bad boys - even when you could have said such things. It means very much to me that you would think enough about me that you would not talk about me like that."

Still surprised, I blurted out "But Sigrid... I **like** you! Even if you didn't let me, uh, *look* at you, I wouldn't talk about you that way!"

She leaned over to give me a kiss before saying "I think maybe what you feel is more than 'like', Eric. I know that what I feel for you is more."

Everything around me faded away as I thought *that* one over.

Sigrid smiled again, and told me "Eric, you should not be surprised. You are a nice boy - gentle and polite and thoughtful. You are the kind of boy that *any* nice girl would like to have for a boyfriend. Even after all the times that you have seen me, you have not said anything improper, or tried to do anything with me that I did not want you to do. You have not tried to... see more than I was ready to show you. I know that, sometimes, what I showed to you was a lot - enough that you had to find a way to relieve your... desires."

Being all but told that she knew I'd jerked off after looking at her stunned me. I could only stammer "What... How..."

She took my hand and said "Do not be embarrassed, Eric. Such feelings happen to everyone; and if you do not have another way to relieve them, well, then, there are things you can do to help yourself, yes?"

I felt myself blushing, and Sigrid patted my hand as she told me "No, Eric. There is no shame for that, and I am not hurt or offended." She laughed softly, and said "I was surprised when I realized that it was me that you were thinking about when you did that - but I was also pleased that you find me desirable that way. Do not be so surprised, Eric - remember that I told you that people in Denmark think about such things differently than you Americans."

My brain finally quit just going around in circles, and I asked "Why are you telling me all this, then?"

"Because I want you to know that I care for you the way that you care for me. I have to go back to my home before very long, and I want to show you the care that you have shown for me. There is something special that I want to do for you."

"What?"

She gave me a mysterious smile, and only said "It is something special, and I want it to be a surprise. The next time that your parents and sister want to go someplace, find an excuse to stay home."

"Okay, but..." was as far as I got before she put a finger over my lips to silence me. Looking into my eyes, she told me "Do not worry, Eric. And do not trouble yourself to try and figure out what it is - being who you are, you will never think of it."

I nodded my understanding, and she removed her finger from my lips - the surprising me yet again by replacing it with her lips, giving me a soft, gentle kiss.

I could only sit there and look at her in amazement as she went about collecting the wrappers and empty drink cups from our meal, then walking the few feet to the trash bin to dispose of them - and making me feel ashamed when I saw how many of my fellow American's *couldn't* be bothered, and had simply left their garbage laying on the ground. The pictures she'd shown us of Denmark and her home town invariably showed neat, clean parks and streets - not a sign of litter *anywhere*. She'd explained it by saying "How can all of us have a pretty place to go to if we leave our trash there, instead of putting it in the dustbin where it belongs?"

When she returned, she smiled again, and said "I think we are ready to go home now, yes?"

I nodded, and the two of us got on our bikes and rode home - Sigrid obviously enjoying the pleasant weather and act of riding the bike, while I was deep in thought over the things she'd so recently told me.

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It was over a week later - just a few days before Steven was to get home, in fact - when Mom and Dad suggested a trip to the mall. Sigrid immediately caught my eye and gave me a discrete shake of her head, reminding me - as if I needed it - to pass. I begged off, claiming that there was some stuff I needed to do at home. Patty chimed in that she wanted to go - surprising nobody. When it came Sigrid's turn, she put her arms across her abdomen and said that she wasn't feeling well - letting Mom, Dad, and even Patty jump to the conclusion that she was having 'female troubles' as Dad called them. As Mom, Dad, and Patty discussed whether they should go ahead or not, Sigrid got my eye again, and gestured with her eyes that I should leave to take care of my imaginary tasks. I did, but as I was leaving, I heard her start telling them that she would be fine, and that they shouldn't stay back because of her.

I was in my bedroom, just generally re-arranging things, when Sigrid appeared in the door about twenty minutes later. I looked at her, and she smiled at me, saying "They have all gone to the mall; they said they would get something to eat there, and would probably be gone for a couple of hours - maybe more."

Having said that, she came into my room and moved to stand in front of me. I didn't know what else to do, and just stood there, looking back at her, my hands at my sides. We stood there like that for several seconds before Sigrid said "This is what I wanted - time for us to be alone, you and me, so that I could show you how special you have been to me, Eric."

I was still puzzled about just what in the hell she had in mind - right up to the point that she reached up to the blouse she was wearing, and began undoing the buttons on it. Even then, I only thought that she was going to give me another 'free look'. But when she had all the buttons undone, she opened it up to let me see that she wasn't wearing a bra underneath - she was standing there in front of me, giving me a full, unimpeded look at her beautiful bare breasts. I could only stand there, admiring the view she was presenting me with: her pale pink breasts were about the size of softballs, smooth and creamy, their tips proudly sporting areolas that were about two shades of pink darker than her skin and about the size of a quarter in diameter. And even as I watched, her nipples stood up, getting longer and visibly harder under my gaze.

When I was finally able to drag my eyes away to look into her face again, I could see that she was quietly amused at my reaction. She gave me a grin, and asked "Do you like what you see, Eric?"

I could only nod, making her laugh softly before she reached forward to take my hands in hers - then lift them up and place one on each of the glorious mounds that I'd just been admiring. At the first contact with those warm, firm delights, my breath caught in my throat, and I could only close my eyes as I tried to permanently record the feeling of her body under my hands.

My eyes opened again when I heard her say "Eric, my gift to you is that I will be the one you make love with the first time - if you will have me" - that last with a note of amusement in her voice; clearly knowing that this was an opportunity I wouldn't - *couldn't* - turn down.

I could only stand there, my hands on her tits, looking at her as she grinned at the expression on my face. Then she spoke again, telling me "Eric, this is something you should understand: what I want to teach you is how to make LOVE - not just have sex. Sex is something that anyone can do; love is something special between two people - people like you and me. Do you understand?"

I thought about it for a few moments, turning it over in my mind, thinking about what she'd just said, and what she was offering me - and remembering the reasons she'd said that she cared for me when we were having lunch in the park. And I remembered my reasons for not telling any of my friends about the special times she and I had had - and I **did** understand what she was saying.

I looked her in the eyes, and nodded as I said "Yes, Sigrid - I *do* understand."

She looked back into my eyes, examining what she saw in them, then nodded, saying "Yes, Eric, I think you do."

A moment later, she put her hands on mine again - I was terrified that she was going to pull them away from her breasts - and said "Eric, we do not have so much time as I would like. But it is more than enough, although we must be careful. I want you to undress me, then I will put my clothes in the bathroom. That way, if they come home early, we will hear them, and I can just go to the bathroom, which they think they will understand."

I nodded, then something occurred to me, and I asked "Um, Sigrid?"

"Yes, Eric?"

"Do we, uh, need anything? I mean, you said that we would be making love, and, um, well, I, uh, don't want you to, you know, get pregnant or anything."

She gave me a positively radiant smile, and said "Thank you, Eric, for being concerned. But we do not need anything like that. After I had sex the first time, my mother took me to the clinic, and I have an IUD for birth control. But it was kind of you to ask - even if it did embarrass you!" - the last part teasing me. With that, she squeezed my hands, encouraging me to explore those most obvious symbols of her femininity.

And I did. Under Sigrid's patient guidance, I learned what they felt like - their weight, their texture, their size, how her nipples stiffened when I ran my thumbs across them, how sucking on her breasts would leave her areolas erect and puckered, and all the rest. Her only comment to me was early on, when she said "Eric, you do not have to be afraid to touch me. If you do something that is uncomfortable or hurts, I will tell you, so that you will learn - but I will not make you stop."

Several minutes went by as I tried to memorize everything my hands and fingers told me about her breasts; finally, she took my hands in hers again, and said "That feels very good, Eric. But there is still more. I want you to undress me, now."

"Uh, what should I do?" I asked.

She smiled, and said "Take my clothes off of me. If there is part of me you want to do something with, then do it."

I couldn't believe that I was getting such an open-ended offer from such a beautiful girl. Woman. Whatever.

I still hesitated, though, as I reached for the edges of the blouse she was wearing - but when I had them in hand, and she only nodded in encouragement, I gently and carefully slid it off her shoulders and down her arms, laying it across the foot of my bed. Then I did something that I only then realized I'd wanted to do since the first time I saw her: I

took her into my arms and hugged her close. Even as I was putting my arms around her, she was doing the same to me, hugging me in return as I let my hands caress her smooth back while her breasts pressed into my chest. She waited until my hands stopped their explorations to rest on her hips before she gently eased herself away from me, saying "I am not yet nude, Eric."

This time, there was no delay or hesitation as I reached around to find the fastening on the skirt she was wearing - discovering the zipper in the back, and sliding it down before undoing the button at her waist. When I released the material, it pooled at her feet - revealing that she didn't have panties on underneath it: she was standing there in front of me, naked as the day she'd been born, only MUCH better looking.

I questioned her with my eyes, and her smile was the approval I sought. Dropping to my knees, I got my first real look at the pale forest between her thighs. Looking carefully, I saw that it was a dense thicket of fine, blonde hair - almost white, like that on her head. Straight and short, it wasn't much larger than her mons, and concealed the treasures that I knew lay beneath.

Still on my knees, I raised my eyes to trace the curves of her hips and waist - and became entranced by the dimple that was her navel. The center, as it was, of her belly, it stood alone in the smooth expanse of her abdomen like a jewel in a particularly fine setting. I couldn't help myself, and leaned forward to place a soft kiss on it - and got a small gasp of pleasure as a reward. My next considered action was to place my hands on her hips and trace the way they flowed so gently into her waist - then around and down, softly caressing the firm curves of her ass cheeks before cupping them in my hands, holding them. A few moments later, I gave each a soft squeeze, delighting in how firm they were even as I was marveling at how smooth and soft to the touch.

Above me, I heard Sigrid's voice quietly ask "Do you want to look?"

I looked up to see her watching me, and nodded, not trusting myself to speak. She gave me a small smile, then turned around to give me a view that I've never seen equaled: the round, firm globes of her ass. I couldn't keep my hands away from them, cupping each cheek in my hand, softly squeezing them between bouts of letting my fingers wander their surfaces. After a bit, I found my eyes drawn to the dimples at the small of her back, and couldn't resist leaning forward to kiss each of them - then, a moment later, the top of the cleft of her ass. When I did, I heard her gasp again, softly, and knew that what I was doing was *right*.

I was starting to detect a musky, yet pleasant, aroma when I heard her say "That feels very nice, Eric - but there is still more, yes?"

Reluctantly, I stood up - only to be surprised when Sigrid took me into her arms, pressing herself against me as she kissed me firmly on the lips. I put my arms around her, and kissed back of course - only slightly distracted by the feel of her hard nipples pressing into my chest, and the way her thighs pressed against mine.

After our kiss broke, we held each other for a few more moments before she stepped back, saying "I must put my things in the bathroom, now. Perhaps you should take your clothes off while I am gone? All but your underpants, though."

I nodded, but didn't move to comply until she'd picked her blouse up from the foot of my bend, and bent over (the view!) to collect her skirt, as well.

By the time she got back, I was down to just my underwear, as she'd instructed. I was also feeling a bit shy, and had my hands in front of my groin.

Sigrid came in and moved to kiss me on the lips again, then took a step back. She saw how I was standing, and simply raised an eyebrow in question.

Feeling embarrassed, I said "I, uh, I don't want to, uh, disappoint you or anything, but I'm not as, um, big as some of the guys at school."

Her look immediately changed to one of concern and understanding, and she cupped my face in her hands as she told me "Eric, do not be afraid that you will disappoint me. For making love, it is not the size of the penis that matters - it is the size of the *heart*. And I promise you: you have more than enough heart to please me!"

Somewhat reassured, I didn't resist when she slid her hands down my body to take my hands in hers again, guiding them to my sides. That done, she slowly dropped to her knees in front of me before taking the waistband of my jockeys and pulling it down - revealing my erection. When my shorts were around my ankles, she took my hard penis in her hand, using the other to cup my balls. She examined me briefly before looking up to tell me "Eric, you do not have to worry. There is easily enough here to please any girl." I don't know if she was saying it just to reassure me, or what - but it worked, and I never worried about it again. I immediately relaxed - well, except for my dick, which was getting even longer and harder in her hand - and watched as she checked me out even more carefully.

When she was done looking at me, she raised her head to look at me as she said "I know that you are young, and this will be your first time. There is something I can do that will make things better for both of us when we make love the first time. It will not hurt" - that with humor in her voice - "and I think that you will probably like it. Do not worry about what happens this time - it will be normal, okay?"

I could only nod in reply - and was then flabbergasted when she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around the head of my penis. I'd heard and read about girls that did that - but never in my life thought that I would actually meet one, never mind having it done to me.

But the feeling of her warm, wet mouth taking more and more of my erect penis inside was more than enough to convince me that it really was happening - assuming, of course, that I hadn't died and gone to heaven, or that this wasn't some wild dream I was having.

She hadn't slid my length back and forth between her lips more than a half-dozen times before I felt my balls tighten up, and I knew that it wasn't going to be much longer before what felt like a half-gallon of my jizz filled her mouth. I tried to warn her, saying "Sigrid! I'm getting close!"

She just nodded, and kept going - and a couple strokes more, it happened: I felt my penis tighten up, too, just before the first jet of my cum fired out the end of my dick and into her hot mouth. To my infinite surprise, she not only didn't pull back in disgust, but she actually took MORE of me inside, and sucked on me even harder, making my second shot of semen last nearly as long as the first! And STILL she didn't stop; keeping me in her mouth as she continued to suck and lick me between the fiery hot eruptions as I unloaded my balls between her lips - her only response was to pause a couple of times, amazing me as she swallowed my hot fluids.

Finally, there wasn't anything left for me to shoot out the end of my dick - except maybe my balls. As I slowly softened, Sigrid changed over from sucking and licking me to simply licking me, cleaning my penis of the mixture of her saliva and my cum before letting me fall from between her lips.

With a twinkle in her eyes, she stood up as she told me "I thought you would like that - now it will take longer before you can shoot again."

"Like maybe forever!" I exclaimed, making her laugh before she answered "No, it will not take so long. You are young, and I think you will be surprised how soon you are ready again."

I looked at her doubtfully, and she just laughed before telling me "I promise you, Eric, that that was not the end - only the beginning. Now it is time for you to learn to do something for the girls."

I had heard about 'eating pussy', and suspected that was what she was talking about - and wasn't all that sure it was something I wanted to learn; after all, wasn't that putting my mouth where my dick was supposed to go? But shortly on the heels of that thought was the realization that Sigrid had just put HER mouth where her PUSSY was supposed to go... and it had felt pretty damn good to ME!

Figuring "what the hell...", I let her lead me over to my bed, then guide me onto it. She laid down next to me, and looked into my face as she told me "I think you have probably heard about what I want you to learn now. Perhaps it is something that you do not think that you would like to do - but I would *ask* you to at least try it. Perhaps you will surprise yourself and find out that you like it."

I replied by telling her "That's what I was just thinking about. But I decided that if you could do it to me, then I can do it to you, too. I... love you, Sigrid. If there is something that I can do that will make you feel as good as you just made me feel, then I am willing to TRY."

She smiled at me, obviously delighted, and replied "That is all that I can ask, Eric. The taste is not unpleasant, and if you will let me help you, you will learn how to make a girl feel VERY good." It wasn't until weeks later that I caught the full implications of that second sentence - and started wondering if Sigrid had been teaching Patty a few things, too.

Anyway, Sigrid grinned and said "I think that you will want to look at me a little bit first, so I will tell you that I don't mind. In fact, it makes me feel a little bit excited to know that I will be the first girl that you will ever get to see this way!"

I took my cue from that, and rose up in preparation for what Sigrid had in mind for me. She looked up at me, and said "To start, I think it would be better if you just sat on the floor, so that you are comfortable. You can look, and even touch, until you are ready to try it by either kissing or licking me. When you do that, I will tell you what feels good for me."

I nodded my understanding, and scooted down onto the floor, facing her, positioning myself near the edge of the bed. Without hesitation, she turned herself around so that she was 'facing' me, then scooted herself closer to the edge of the bed, then separating her legs by putting a foot on each side of me and spreading her thighs.

That left me facing her exposed pelvis - giving me a clear view of her, from stem to stern. The most fascinating thing to me, though, was the sight of her slightly parted vaginal lips, and the way her opening was visible amid the pale cloud of her pubic hair. I didn't delay to lean forward for a closer look at the sight she was presenting to me - and as I did, I realized what the source was of the musky scent that I'd detected earlier. It took me only a moment to decide that if she tasted anything like the way she *smelled*, then I wasn't going to have any problems at all about 'eating pussy'!

But my first order of business was to become familiar with the structure of the female genitalia - that is, I checked out my very first live snatch!

When I was close enough, I could see that there were actually two sets of 'lips' - the larger, thicker set that made up the outside of her sex, and a smaller, thinner set that actually bracketed her opening. The first thing I did was to examine her using only my eyes - from different directions and varying distances. Even as I was looking at her, I could see her 'inner' vaginal lips parting even more, and getting a bit longer while the area between them got visibly wetter. From the bottom, they flowed up and around the opening of her vagina, then continued upward until they disappeared under a small hood of flesh near the top of her mound. Finally, my eyes could tell me no more, and I gingerly reached forward with my hand to begin a tactile exam. My first touch was on that small hood - and I heard Sigrid moan softly at the contact. I immediately pulled my hand back, only to hear her say "No, Eric, you did nothing wrong. It felt *good* when you touched me!"



Thus reassured, I reached up to touch her again - getting another soft moan - and gently pulled the hood back, revealing a small nub of flesh underneath. Even as I was looking at it, Sigrid was telling me "That is my clitoris that you are looking at. It is **very** sensitive, so be gentle with it, yes?"

I could only nod my head - I'd heard about the clitoris, but had no idea what it looked like or where it was until that moment; and damned if I was going to do anything that would cause me to lose it now!

From her clitoris and its hood, my hand continued touching and testing the rest of her pelvis as she told what each of the parts were. I'd heard the words, of course, but had no real grasp (pardon the pun) of the geography, if you will. The only response from Sigrid was a number of soft moans, and a quiet "at beføle artig - feels good!"

Even as I was looking and touching, the heady aroma of Sigrid's arousal (I knew what it was by that time) continued to grow. I finally decided that it was time to find out if the taste of her would be as pleasant to my tongue as the scent of her was to my nose - with only the briefest of hesitations, I stuck my tongue out and ran it from the bottom of her opening to the top - earning myself another moan, louder that time - as the accumulation of the female oils between her vaginal lips was transferred to my taste buds; the flavor of Sigrid was something that I became addicted to in about zero seconds flat: she was *delicious*!!

I didn't delay in dipping my tongue into her honey-pot again, and left it there trying to soak up as much of her nectar as I could while she moaned her pleasure. When I'd gotten all I could by keeping my tongue buried in her, I moved on to trying to collect more of her juices from anyplace I thought they might be hiding. As I continued licking her pelvis, I was rewarded with a number of comments from Sigrid: "av, ja - oh, yes", "ja, på den made - yes, like that!", and "lave at igen - do that again". Between the verbal encouragement, and the increasing tempo of her moans and panting, I knew that what I was doing was bringing her the kind of pleasure she'd already given me. It was after my confidence had increased and I was starting to focus on her clitoris that I heard "der , ja netop - there, that's it!" - and that was all I needed to know. Keeping most of my attention on her clitoris - but still branching out to include her lips and opening - I tried a number of different things to see what made her feel best: gently sucking on her clitoris, fluttering my tongue across it, simply licking at it as though it were a tiny ice cream cone, and so on. It was only a few minutes until I began to feel her tensing, her legs rhythmically pressing against my ears as her moans became louder, and her panting almost non-stop. Finally, with a loud "det er ske - it's happening!", her thighs clamped firmly over my ears as her hips lifted her clear of the bed while her vaginal opening clenched around my mouth and tongue, forcing her precious nectar onto my tongue and into my mouth. When that happened, I knew that I'd brought her the pleasure, the ecstasy she'd given me - and felt both proud and happy that I'd been able to do it.

As I was sitting there congratulating myself, I felt her lift herself up, then her hands on my upper arms. She tugged on me, and I let myself be dragged back up onto the bed to

lay over her, my elbows on either side of her head to support my torso while my hips and legs rested between her silky thighs - and my again-erect penis pressing into her mons.

She looked up at me with a mixture of pleasure, happiness, and desire as she told me "That felt *very* good, Eric. I think we can say that you like to do that, yes?" with a mischievous smile.

"I think we can say that, yes!" I agreed - making her laugh before she said "You learn very quickly how to please a girl."

"I had a very good teacher" I explained - earning myself a smile - "and it was a **very** good lesson to learn. You are delicious!", the last part earning me another laugh before she pulled me down for a kiss. Our tongues were in each others mouths before I realized that not only was she likely tasting herself, but that I was probably getting a little bit of my own cum returned to me - and promptly decided that it really didn't matter, in favor of returning Sigrid's kisses with as much enthusiasm as she was giving them to me.

Finally, though, we both had to come up for air - even though we continued to give each other small kisses all over each other's faces. As we laid there like that, I was surprised when I realized that my penis was softening again - and even more surprised when I realized that I wasn't worried about it. A moment's introspection told me why: Sigrid wasn't concerned, so I figured that there wasn't any reason for ME to - that I loved and trusted her more than I'd realized before then. She was confident that I would be able to 'rise' to the occasion, and that gave ME confidence, as well.

Still, I realized that having so much of my weight on her probably wasn't the most comfortable sensation for her, and moved to lie next to her on my side after pausing to give her a kiss on the forehead along the way. Once next to her, I reached over to put my hand on her breast, cupping it as I used my thumb to softly 'tease' her nipple. She turned her head to look at me and smiled before saying "You are doing the right thing, Eric - after you give a girl pleasure, she will like for you to stay with her and hold and comfort her. You kissed me, and now you hold me - and it feels very nice, and makes me care for you even more."

She'd told me before that she cared for me, but until that last sentence from her, I wasn't entirely sure whether or not I should believe it. Not that I thought she was actually *lying* to me, you understand, merely that she might be stretching things a bit. But after all that had happened in the last - I checked the clock on the nightstand behind her - half hour (!), I couldn't help BUT believe that she was telling me what she really felt, without exaggeration. And the knowledge that my affection (love?) was returned in kind only made my heart go out to her even more.

We lay there for a little while as we took the opportunity to really **talk** to each other. Not just the being polite kind of stuff that had gone on between us before, but actually telling each other about ourselves - what we wanted to do, what we thought about, and so on. Even as we were talking, my hand continued to caress her body - first just her breasts,

then on to the rest of her body, as far as I could conveniently reach. In return, Sigrid let her fingertips trace their way along my body; caressing my face, my chest, my shoulders, my sides, my hips, and - finally - my penis. At first she simply traced her fingertips through my pubic hair (as I was doing to her at the time - hers was fine, soft, and dense, and fascinated me), then on to take me into her hand. With her soft, warm hand on my dick, I could feel myself starting to respond; but when all she did was hold it, squeezing softly as though to see if it was 'done', I got no farther than half-hard.

It was when I finally let my fingers dip between her thighs to begin exploring her opening again that Sigrid's grip on my penis changed from 'merely' holding, to actually stroking me, slowly bringing me to fuller erectness. In response, I didn't hesitate to reciprocate: letting my finger caress the opening to her vagina, and dip inside it slightly. When her only response was to close her eyes and lift her hips slightly to encourage me, I began sliding my finger farther and farther inside her, marveling at how hot and wet and tight she was inside. I had my entire finger inside her, and had figured out that the hard lump I could feel was what they called the 'cervix' when she finally spoke again, saying "beføle artig..... It feels good, what you're doing, Eric."

Encouraged (and reassured, truth be told) that what I was doing was 'right', I kept doing it - and even dared to try sliding another finger in to join the first; I was rewarded with a throaty "Det er dog for galt... yes, I like that!" as her hand changed from simply stroking my erect penis to slowly masturbating me.

A couple more minutes went by, and both of us were softly panting; Sigrid was continuously lifting her hips up in welcome to my slowly thrusting fingers, and my pelvis was rocking back and forth in time with her hand. I could feel myself getting even harder - I hadn't thought it was possible - when she suddenly opened her eyes and looked up at me to say "Eric, I think that we should stop, now."

My face must have told her what I thought and felt about *that* idea, and she laughed briefly before telling me "No, I don't mean we have to **stop**; only that if we keep doing like this, there won't be time for the important part!"

Relieved, I reluctantly pulled my fingers free of her vaginal clasp. I started to bring them up to smell, and lick clean, before I realized that it might bother or embarrass her. She saw my hand start to move toward my face, and understood what I'd been about to do. With a smile on her face, she nodded and said "Go ahead, Eric - smell and taste, if you want. I am not ashamed about that." Blushing slightly, I went ahead and finished up what I'd started to do - letting the heady aroma that was Sigrid waft into my nose as my tongue re-acquainted itself with her taste. As I was doing that, she told me "What you were doing felt very good to me, and it is only normal for a girl to get wet like that. For me, it makes me feel good to know that you like the smell of me, and the way I taste."

My fingers regrettably clean of her oils, I nodded my understanding, and she went on to say "Now is the time for us to make love, Eric. I know that this will be your first time, so

there are some things that I want to tell you, so that it will be better for you, and for me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I think so. If I can make it good for you, too, then that's what I want to do."

She smiled, and said "I am glad to hear that. What I want to tell you is that what we do is make *love*. It would be an easy thing for you to find your own pleasure quickly - but to make love, you should find your pleasure *slowly*. When you feel yourself getting too close, do not be afraid to slow down, or even stop so that you can - how you say? Pull back from the edge?" I nodded, and she went on "If you can do that, then you will be able to enjoy making love for even longer - and your pleasure will be even more. You understand?"

I nodded my understanding again, and she continued by saying "While you are doing that, you will also be bringing pleasure to the girl, yes? So if you are able to make love longer, then she will feel more pleasure - and that will make HER happy about making love with you, so she will want to do it again. And that is what you want, yes?" - and giving me a big smile when I replied "That is what I want, yes."

She went on to tell me "There are different way that a boy and girl can make love; I think that you have maybe seen some of them in the magazines that boys like. The different ways to make love feel different; sometimes one way is better for the boy, other times for the girl. Other ways make both of them feel good. For your first time, what way would you like?"

It wasn't a question I'd ever really considered - I'd figured that ANY way to lose my virginity was a good one; but it didn't take me any time at all to decide before I told her "I think I would like what we call the 'missionary' position."

She nodded, and said "That is good for both the boy and the girl - but you will be the one to do all the work."

I grinned, and said "I don't think that I could really call it 'work'. Besides, what I want is to be able to look at you - your face - while... during..."

She saved me from getting my foot any farther into my mouth by giving me a delighted smile and saying "I am flattered that you want to look at *me* while we make love."

"What, uh, do I do? I mean, I know that my, uh, penis goes inside you, but, um, I don't know..."

Again, Sigrid's gentle patience and understanding rescued me. She told me "First, you must be between my legs, yes?" I hastened (!) to do as she said, then she said "Next, you must put the end of your penis against me - I think you know where! Until you have made love more, do not be afraid to use your hand, or look where you want to go."

With that said, she raised her thighs, and spread them even more, opening herself up to me - and giving me a clear view of my 'target': her vaginal lips were parted, making it easy to see the opening to her vagina. I took my erection in my hand, and quickly realized that I was going to have to lean forward to get myself anywhere near being able to put it inside her. I moved my other arm to put my hand next to her side, and that got me in the position I figured I needed to be in - but left the parentheses of her vaginal opening hidden behind the mound of her sex. Without my having to say a word, she lifted her hips, making it possible for me to make out her opening again.

Angling my penis down (I hadn't known I could GET that hard and stiff!), I managed to get the head of it against her opening - and promptly gasped at how incredibly hot and wet and **good** her opening felt.

Even as I started to press myself against her, she spoke up, saying "Gently, Eric, and slowly. I am wet on the inside, but you are still dry on the outside. Do not be afraid to move up or down, so that you go into me more easy - it will be easier for you, and more comfortable for the girl."

The LAST thing I wanted to do was hurt her, so I did as she said: pressing myself into her slowly and carefully. It took me only a moment to realize that the angle was wrong, and I quickly moved 'up', remembering the angle that my fingers had slid into her. Another tentative push, and I knew that I'd gotten it right; pressing my hips forward would slide my penis straight into her.

Knowing that everything was ready, I made another try at sliding myself into her, and felt her opening give way slightly in response. Another push, and I could feel the head of my dick start to slide into her, then suddenly slip past the tight ring of her opening, causing me to gasp again at the feel of her hot, wet vagina wrapped so tightly around it. I was torn between pausing to savor the sensation of being inside - even a little bit - of a girl's pussy, and wanting to bury myself in her so I'd know how it feel to have ALL of my dick feeling like that.

But it was the realization that it was Sigrid beneath me, and my feelings for her, that won out: with another push, I felt maybe another inch of myself slide into her before there was too much 'drag'. I stopped, and Sigrid told me "That is right, Eric - slowly and gently. If you will move back and forth a little bit, you will see that my wetness will make it easier for you to go in more."

I looked up at her face, and saw that she was both clearly pleased by having me inside her, and waiting patiently for me to continue. The look of affection in her eyes went straight to my heart, leaving me torn between wanting to watch her face, and watching my dick, while I finished entering her. I compromised by watching her face as I did as she'd suggested, sliding myself out of her a little ways before pressing in again. Just as she'd told me, it took only a couple cycles of that before I could feel her wetness making it possible for me to slide into her further. As I was wetting myself with her oils, I could clearly see her pleasure at having me inside her on her face - and it only made me all the

more determined to make my first experience as good for her as I knew it would be for me.

With that thought in mind, I looked down to where my erect penis was penetrating her, and slid myself out a little bit. I watched as her vaginal lips tried to stay with my erection, drawing out from her body as far as they could go before sliding back; then disappearing when I reversed direction to press myself into her again, burying another couple of inches of myself in her hot tunnel. I paused a moment, then watched our union as I again wetted myself with her ample supply of fluids, then lifted my head to look at her face as I pushed my way even farther inside her - and saw her look of joy as I did, her eyes widening at the sensations I knew I was creating in her. By this time, over half of my hard dick was inside her, and I heard her softly mutter "altså hyggelig - feels so nice..." with her eyes closed.

Far from being the disaster I'd been afraid would happen the first time I tried to fuck, the response I was getting from Sigrid assured me that I was getting it right - and for that, I knew that she would *always* have my heart; no matter how many other girls and women that I might meet, I would always remember her with love and gratitude. And it was only then that I fully understood the **real** gift she was giving me. It wasn't the use of her body, as unbelievably generous as that was; or even the patient tutelage she offered. Rather, it was the confidence that I would always carry with me, knowing that I **was** able to bring pleasure to my partner. Through her kindness, generosity, patience, and yes, love, Sigrid was sparing me the fears, doubts, and insecurities that I knew I would have suffered without her.

Even as all that was going through my mind, Sigrid's eyes opened, and she looked up at me with an expression that stayed with me for the rest of my life: a mixture of gratitude (?!), pleasure, desire, and love.

Our eyes locked, and we watched each other as I once again spread her female lubricants along my manhood, making it possible for me to slide into her the rest of the way: with a single push, I found that I'd buried myself inside her. I could feel the spongy mass of her pubic thatch pressing against mine, the tight ring of her entrance clasped securely around the base of my rock-hard erection.

She gave me a beatific smile, and softly said "So, Eric - ikke laengere jomfru. No more virgin!" before lifting her hips and pressing herself against me, to emphasize that I was fully and completely inside her - as if I wasn't all too aware of the situation already.

It was an experience I've never had repeated: I was experiencing two completely different, intensely personal, things at the same. Even as my eyes and mind and all the rest of me was focused on Sigrid, I was incredibly aware of how she felt to my penis - the amazing heat of her, how tight she felt around me, the way her juices were starting to soak into my pubic hair, the little clenchings of her vagina in response to her slightest movement, and all the rest of it.

I could feel myself becoming more and more aroused by the experience of being inside her, and as that arousal increased, I felt myself getting closer and closer to unloading myself into her.

She must have known what I was going through, because she suddenly put her hands on my face, and said "Eric! **Eric!** Look at me! Listen to me!"

I managed to pull myself away from the overload of sensations emanating from my dick, and gave her my attention - and listened as she told me "I know that it is a powerful thing, to make love the first time - but do not let it become too much. If you feel yourself getting too close to the climax, then stop and think about something else. I know the feelings are very strong, but you should not listen to them yet. You understand?"

I managed to nod, and said "It was... I could... The feeling, it was... very strong", a bit ashamed at what had nearly happened - and WOULD have happened, if she hadn't gotten my attention.

She smiled at me, and replied "It is all right, now. I think for boys, it is just the opposite for what it is for girls the first time. For us, until we are used to having a boy inside us, it is very uncomfortable at first, and we do not feel good."

"How... How did you know?" I couldn't help asking.

"I could see it in your eyes, and on your face. And I could feel it a little bit, here" - the last with a deliberate tightening of her vagina around me. She went on to say "But it is all right now, yes? You do not feel so... intense?"

"Yes, its okay now", I admitted, before saying "I'm sorry, Sigrid. I almost ruined everything..."

She heard the shame and pain in my voice, and said "No, Eric, do not feel bad about it. This is your first time. Like I say, it is different for boys and girls, their first time. That is why I wanted to do this special thing for you - so that I could make it easier for you, and help you learn how to make a girl happy about making love. It is over now, and you did not finish too quickly. Even now, I will wager that you know it will not happen ever again."

I considered what she'd just said, and realized that she was right - I *was* there to learn from her; and I DID know that it was an experience that would never happen to me again.

I smiled down to her, and said "Yes, you are right."

She smiled back, and answered "Good. You are a happy young man again - and now we can make *love*, yes?"

I grinned, and said "Now we can make love, yes" before lowering my head to kiss her softly on the lips before saying "Thank you, Sigrid. I think that I understand what a special thing it is you are giving me."

She got a delighted and pleased look on her face, and rose up to kiss me back before saying "You are welcome, Eric. I am glad that you know what it is we are doing. I will only ask you to remember it when the time comes that you will be the one to introduce a girl to making love."

"I will never forget, Sigrid - you, or what you have taught me."

"Good. Now, make love with me, Eric", she commanded - then laughed when I answered "I would be happy to!"

We looked deep into each other's eyes as I slowly withdrew my penis from her tight sheath, stopping only when just the head of it was inside her. I paused briefly, then pressed myself back in again - savoring every moment of the sensation of filling her again. Even as I felt our pubic hair begin to merge, I knew that I would never again be tempted to experience my own release without bringing my partner a full and equal measure of pleasure.

Over the next few minutes, I gradually increased the speed of my thrusts into her as we shared kiss after kiss, our tongues dancing in each other's mouths as her delightful breasts began to sway on her body, dragging her nipples across my hairless chest - making them (and me!) harder.

After a bit, I fell into a rhythm that just felt 'right': fast enough to keep me hard, but slow enough that my arousal grew only a little. Judging from the sounds that Sigrid began to make, she found it satisfactory, too - her repeated soft moans, sighs, gasps, and murmured encouragements let me know that I was pleasing her, too.

As I continued to piston in and out of her, I lowered my head again to begin kissing her - face, shoulders, ears, throat, neck and anything else that I could lay my lips on. She responded by spreading her legs even more, and putting her arms around me to pull me even closer.

So it was that I wasn't all that surprised when I felt her suddenly tighten around my penis as she cried out "Oh! Oh! Mig God! I feel it!" before her eyes closed and her head snapped back; she released a deep groan as her body froze under mine. I knew what was happening to her, and tried to time my thrusts into her with the series of spasms of her vagina as it clenched around me. The sensation of her orgasm around my penis stimulated me tremendously, but I was able to remember her advice, and found a way to 'pull back' from the edge, to put off my own approaching release. It was made easier as her climax first slowed, then gradually tapered off.



When most of it had passed for her, she opened her eyes again and lifted her head to look up at me. I could see that her face was flushed as she looked at me passionately, and then kissed me fiercely before saying "Oh, Eric, that was so good!" - something that did wonders for my tender 14-year-old ego.

A moment later, she realized that I was still hard, and looked up at me with a mixture of pleasure and pride to ask "Eric - you did not...?"

"No, I did not. It was not easy, but I remembered what you told me about making it last longer" I answered.

She looked pleased, and said "Good - then you can make both of us feel good some more, yes?" - the lust clear in her voice.

My only reply was to slide about half of my penis out of her slowly, then press back in again - making her close her eyes and tilt her head back again as she groaned her pleasure.

During her orgasm, she had gotten even wetter inside; I could feel the overflow of her juices wetting our pubic hair even more - and noticed that the scent of her arousal had gotten even stronger in the air. The smell of it ran little fingers into my nostrils, adding fuel to my desire. It took me only a few moments to get into another rhythm of sliding in and out of her; this time doing so more quickly, and with a little more force. She surprised me slightly by lifting her pelvis in welcome to the increase in my enthusiasm, encouraging me to continue making love to her that way.

I did that very thing: maintaining a steady pace of sheathing my stiff member in her hot, wet scabbard, delighting in the feeling of her slender legs wrapped around my waist; the sensation of her breasts as their pressure shifted around on my chest in response to my thrusts; the liquid sounds we produced with every penetration of my penis into her claspings vagina; the scent of her; the sounds of her voice as she muttered what must have been words and phrases of satisfaction and encouragement - they were all in Danish, which I didn't understand, but the tone and meaning of them was clear enough.

A few more minutes, and I could feel Sigrid tensing up as she approached yet another orgasm; I could feel myself starting down the path as well, and decided not to put it off any longer. Instead, I simply continued to piston in and out of her as she cried out her release; the tightening of her vagina making it difficult to enter her, the added lubrication she produced made it possible.

As her climax progressed, the sensations she was creating around my penis increased my pleasure tremendously; I was well on the way to my own climax when hers ended. From the way she began 'talking' to me again at the end of her orgasm, I could only conclude that she was well along toward a third climax even as she was recovering from the first: she began hunching her hips up toward me as her heels pressed against my ass, as though to try and force even more of my erect member into her channel. Her efforts only caused

her vagina to tighten around me with each of her exertions, and that increased my own pleasure, bringing me even closer.

It wasn't but a couple more minutes, and I could feel myself begin to tighten up as I prepared to unload my aching balls into her. I managed to gasp out "Sigrid! I'm close! It's going to happen - soon!" - and only received a "Yes, Eric, yes! Do it!" in reply.

A few strokes later, and it happened: with a groan, I tried to push my penis as far into her as I could just as the first jet of my hot, thick semen erupted from me. Sigrid's eyes flew open, and with a cry of "Av God, jeg er nær forestående!", she literally lifted herself off the bed as she pulled me close, pressing her pelvis against me to get the last fraction of an inch of my dick inside her as she tripped over into her own orgasm.

The first spurt of my cum into her felt like it lasted forever, though I know it couldn't have been more than a couple of seconds; her vagina had started clenching around me in a way that made my second shot as strong as the first: from the base of my penis to the ridge of my glans, her vaginal muscles were 'milking' me, with the deepest part of her seeming to generate some kind of 'suction' on the head that felt like it was *pulling* my semen out of me.

As I supported our combined weight on my arms and legs, I could feel my balls tighten even more, and wasn't surprised when yet another seemingly endless jet of cum erupted from the end of my dick.

Seconds ticked by as both of us felt wave after wave of pleasure and release wash through us, until, finally, it was done.

I heard Sigrid groan, and felt her grip on me begin to loosen; rather than let her fall the short distance back onto the bed, I managed to lower myself so that she was resting on it while I held myself over her. Supporting most of my weight with my elbows, I looked down at her and saw that her face, neck, and shoulders all had a dark blush that I was later to learn was a sure sign of arousal. Her face and body had a faint sheen of perspiration and I realized that mine did, as well.

Even as I was looking down at her, I could feel a couple of small aftershocks go through her vagina before she opened her eyes to look up at me. I could see that the intensity of what she'd just experienced had left her a bit disoriented, and simply waited until she was able to focus on my face. It took a few seconds before she brightened and smiled up at me before saying "Thank you, Eric. That made me feel *very* good!", then lifted her head to kiss me.

I grinned down at her and said "It made me feel pretty good, too!" - making her laugh before she answered "Yes, I could tell."

Surprised, I asked "You could feel it?"

"Of course. I knew when you squirted inside me it - it felt very warm, and I could feel that I was getting even wetter there. And I could feel it as your penis moved inside me while you did that. And it was very kind of you to help me lay down again - and I am grateful that you hold yourself over me like this. I feel very tired from all the happy exercise and feelings you have given me, and it is nice to have a warm human blanket", with a mischievous grin on her face.

I couldn't keep myself from telling her "I would be happy to be your blanket any time, Sigrid."

She laughed, and said "I think that you would - and I would like it, too, Eric. You make such a *nice* blanket for me!"

"You like this?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"Of course, Eric. Did I not tell you that a girl likes for her boy to comfort her after? What could be more caring and thoughtful than for him to keep her warm and hold her close as you are doing now? Particularly when he is still hard enough to stay inside her?"

With that last sentence, I realized that I *was* still fairly hard, and inside her. And right on the heels of that, I realized that what was keeping me hard was the way her vagina was clenching at me every so often - as though she enjoyed still having me there.

Surprised, I asked her "You are doing that to me? On purpose?"

She grinned, and answered "Yes, Eric - it is me doing it deliberately. I like the way you feel to me, so I want to keep you there for as long as I can. Do you not like it?", the last with a teasing tone.

"Oh, I like it very much!" I assured her before saying "I am just surprised that you can do that."

"It is not so difficult; a girl can learn to control that part of her, just as she can learn to control the rest. All she has to do is take the time to learn, and practice." She tilted and turned her head to look at the clock; I looked, too, and saw that over an hour and quarter had already passed.

She looked back up at me in disappointment - I felt it, too - and said "I would like to stay with you like this, but your family will be home before too long. I think we must make ourselves presentable before they arrive."

I sighed and nodded, but perked up when she told me "It will save some time if we clean up together. Would you like to take a shower with me?" with a tone that clearly told me she already knew what the answer would be.

I agreed enthusiastically, and she laughed before saying "Now, if you will hand me the towel, we will not make a mess on your bed." I did as she asked, and she reached down between us with it before telling me "If you will slide out of me, I can catch what will escape from me" - then, grinning, she added "If you want to watch, I do not mind."

After all that we'd been through in the last hour plus, I knew that I didn't have to worry in the slightest about embarrassing her - or myself, for that matter. I admitted to myself that I really **did** want to see the aftermath of my first experience with love-making, and managed to rise up so that I was sitting more or less on my heels. From that position, I was able to back up enough to pull my shrinking penis free - and unabashedly watched as our combined fluids began to flow out of her. I could see that I had opened her up, and almost instinctively understood that her internal muscles would shrink back down again, closing her up before too long. With an amused expression on her face, she waited several seconds so that I could get a good look - not only at what was happening, but how she looked between her legs, now that the physical part of it was over. Then she carefully made sure that she blotted up all the excess fluids that had leaked out before holding the towel against her opening to catch the rest of it.

She sat up, then moved to the edge of the bed before standing, still holding the towel between her thighs. Somehow, I found the sight incredibly erotic, and wanted more than anything else to pull her back down onto the bed and add to the juices that were even then draining out of her. Instead, I simply sat there, watching her with a mixture of lust and love. With a happy smile, she told me "If you want to, you can come with me to watch what I do next" - I figured she was going to do something to get all of my semen out of her - "or you can give me a few moments before you join me in the bathroom."

I could see that she would be perfectly willing to accept my decision, but figured that she might like a little privacy for what she was about to do, and said "I will join you in a couple of minutes; I think that I should straighten up my room a little bit while I have the chance."

She seemed to understand what I *wasn't* saying, and her smile grew JUST a little before she answered "That would be a good thing, too. I will see you in a little bit, yes?"

"Oh, yes!" I assured her, making her laugh.

She went out the door and turned toward the bathroom; I waited until I heard it close before getting off the bed myself and having a look around to see what needed to be done to eliminate any 'evidence' that anything had happened there. It took me only a couple of minutes to straighten things out before I got my clothes together and carried them down to the bathroom. The door was slightly open, but I still knocked and asked "Sigrid?"

Inside, I heard her say "It is okay, Eric - you can come in." I did, and saw that she was getting ready to start the shower. She turned around to look at me, and saw that I had my clothes in my hands. She grinned, and said "Yes, that was maybe a good idea, Eric. Now, would you like to clean up with me?" as she started the water running.

I smiled, and looked around to see that she'd already hung her things up on the hook on the back of the door - that left me the top of the laundry hamper, where I laid my stuff. A moment later, and I was next to her not hesitating in the slightest before putting my arm around her as we both checked the water temperature. Satisfied, she got in first, then I did. She turned to face the showerhead, and I moved up behind her, putting my arms around her and cupping her breasts in my hands. She turned her head to look at me, and said "I like that, Eric - but we must clean up before your parents get home, yes? So please try to behave yourself. We can have a little fun while we wash - but not too much."

I sighed my agreement, then kissed the nape of her neck - and was surprised to feel her shudder in my arms before she told me "If you do that again, I think that we will not be ready in time. Remember, you must behave yourself."

Surprised at her reaction, I mentally filed away the thought that kissing a girl there was something that I'd have to try in the future. While I continued to cup her breasts, Sigrid reached out for the bottle of liquid soap and squirted a generous dollop into her hands. She quickly worked up a lather, then turned around in my arms to say "First I will wash you, then you may wash me" - and laughing when I enthusiastically nodded.

The next several minutes became another miniature film that I knew would stay with me for the rest of my life: Sigrid unhesitatingly and unashamedly using her hands to make sure that **every** part of my body was squeaky clean - paying special attention to more parts than others. When she was done, she simply handed me the soap. I knew what to do, and she clearly knew what I was *going* to do: use the opportunity to become as familiar with her body as she had mine - if not more so. The feel of her bare skin had been wonderful; the feeling of her body with the added lubrication of the soap made it an incredibly sensual and erotic event. By the time I was done, my penis had hardened again, standing proud and tall in the water dripping off our bodies.

Sigrid saw it, and laughed, saying "So, you are ready again! Such enthusiasm! Still, I do not think that I should let you leave the shower like that, and we do not have time to make love again. So..." - so she went to her knees, and promptly took me into her mouth again. She began sucking and licking me, bringing me closer and closer, until I filled her mouth with my spunk as she swallowed every drop of it. When she was done, she stood up and said "There, I think that you are ready to dry and get dressed again, yes?" with a broad smile on her face.

I couldn't help myself, and took her into my arms, giving her a deep, passionate kiss - not worrying in the slightest about what she'd just done, or that I might get some of my own cum in my mouth.

As it turned out, I did - just a couple of seconds into our kiss, we were again dueling tongues in each others mouths, and I could taste some of my cum. But it was Sigrid I was kissing, and after all she'd done with and to and for me, I wasn't about to concern myself with it.

After a bit, our lips parted and I told her "Thank you, Sigrid."

She smiled at me, and answered "I think you enjoyed it more than the first time, yes? Good - you are learning what it means to take the time to enjoy the pleasure, and I was happy to do it. Still, we must finish here, yes?"

With that, she pulled free of my embrace and turned to shut the water off. While she did that, I stepped out and got a towel, holding it open so she could wrap herself in it. She thanked me, gave me a kiss on the cheek, and started to dry herself, patently unconcerned about my presence, or whether I would watch her - which, of course, I did while drying myself off with another towel.

Finally, both of us were ready, and Sigrid playfully asked if I would like to help her get dressed - knowing full well that I would. I took her skirt and held it at her feet so she could step into it, and buried my nose in her pubic hair before sticking my tongue out to lick at her cleft, making her laugh. Next was her blouse, which I 'mis-buttoned' a couple of times so that I could have more chances to play with her delightful breasts; her only response was a playful, soft slap on the arm as she told me "Eric, we do not have the *time* for this!" - but not moving my hands away and doing it herself.

When it came time for me to dress, she 'insisted' on helping ME - and I knew that I was in for the same treatment. I got it, too: a soft kiss on my testicles and a brief lick of my penis before she pulled my underpants up, followed by a not-so-brief grope of me with the explanation "to make sure they fit correctly". By the time she was done and I was fully dressed, I was half-hard again.

With both of us clothed again, I looked around for the hand towel she'd used, and spotted it draped across the edge of the sink. Looking closer, I could see that she'd obviously rinsed it out, removing any trace of what she'd used it for. I picked it up and dropped it in the laundry hamper, followed by the towels we'd dried off with.

Hand in hand, we left the bathroom and started toward my room. When we got close, both of us realized that there was a distinct aroma of aroused female emanating from it. To my surprise, Sigrid blushed slightly before saying "I will spray some of my scent" - we'd learned that she said 'scent' instead of 'perfume' - "for the smell."

I couldn't resist the temptation, and told her "But Sigrid, that's already the problem - your scent!"

It took her a couple of seconds, but she got the bawdy joke I'd just told, and started laughing before she told me "Eric! That is a *terrible* thing to say!" - but her voice told me that she was amused, not upset.

"I think your *scent*" - I emphasized the word to freshen the joke; she laughed - "would only make for questions. There is something I can do that would be better, I think." Being around her, all of us had started picking up some of her speech patterns.

She looked at me in curiosity, and I just said "I think you need to put on the rest of your clothes, yes?" She nodded, and I went on "Just give me a kiss, and I will take care of it."

She turned to face me, and we put our arms around each other for a long, loving - not passionate - kiss. When it was over, she looked into my eyes and said "Eric, I came to you to show you my gratitude for the way you have treated me. I thought that I would be doing something special by helping you through your first time to make love. But you have been a *very* special pupil, and I think that maybe I have gotten as much **from** you as I tried to give TO you. You are a very special, very sweet, very good boy; and the girls that you meet after I am gone will be very lucky to have you as their boyfriend."

The mention of her imminent departure saddened me, but I told her "And for you, Sigrid. Even if you had not done all the things that you have for me, I would still be a better person because of your presence in my life. Even without this special time between us, I would always remember you as someone I cared for."

I could see her eyes start to tear up as she told me "Thank you, Eric" before she pulled away from me and headed into Patty's room. A moment later, I saw and heard the door close, and somehow knew that she was inside crying - as sad to be leaving us as I would be to see her go.

Still, I managed to blink away the tears that I was starting to feel, and went down the hall to get the vacuum cleaner. Each of us kids was responsible for *thoroughly* cleaning our rooms, and I'd gotten the hint from Mom that she thought it was time I cleaned mine - that was what I'd been doing when Sigrid appeared in my door. I knew that if I spread around some of the carpet cleaning powder Mom bought, and ran the vacuum, it would easily take care of the unique aroma that was an aroused Sigrid.

I'd finished the vacuuming and was generally cleaning up the rest of my room when I heard Patty's door open. A bit later, I went into the kitchen to get some paper towels, and saw that Sigrid was curled up in a chair with a book in the family room - but apparently not reading it; her eyes were a thousand miles away. I went about the rest of my cleanup without disturbing her.

I'd been laying on my bed listening to the radio for maybe half an hour when I heard Mom, Dad, and Patty get home. I got up and went into the family room to join them. Sigrid gave no indication that anything was even slightly out of the ordinary - to all appearances, she'd been sitting there reading when they got home. I knew better, of course.

Mom and Dad had decided to surprise all of us by bringing home a container of fast-food fried chicken, something that Sigrid enjoyed. All of us headed into the dining room for supper. Only once did Sigrid and I share a Look letting each other know that what we felt for each other really was something special.

As expected, Steven got home before Sigrid's departure. He was, by turns, whiny about having to come back so soon, and annoying with his insistence on telling all of us - in *infinite* detail - about everything he'd done and all the people he'd met. I think he even tried Sigrid's nearly limitless patience, judging from the look I saw her give him once.

At the appointed time, we were all gathered around Sigrid at the gate at the airport. Mom, Patty, and Sigrid were all teary-eyed at her departure; I felt no small twinge, myself, and I could have sworn that even Dad was on the verge of shedding a tear. Steven just wanted to go home so he could try to show off his summer camp stuff to his friends again.

At one point, Sigrid made a point of telling all of us "Tusind tak jeres gæstfrihed - that is Danish for 'thank you for having me'." Mom told her "It was our pleasure, Sigrid. I'm SO happy that we were lucky enough to get such a nice girl like you!"

Finally, they announced the boarding of Sigrid's flight. She quickly gave Mom and Dad a hug, telling them "I am so glad that I got to meet you, and stay in your home!". Patty was next, getting a not-so-brief whispered comment in her ear. Steven tolerated a brief hug, then it was my turn. Both of us kept our hands and arms 'polite', but what Sigrid whispered to me was "Think of me, Eric, when you are with the other girls; and remember what you learned."

My reply was to tell her "I will, Sigrid, I will. I love you", and getting a whispered "I love you, too, Eric!" before she pulled away.

Mom, Patty, and Sigrid were all openly crying as she picked up the small carry-on bag she had and headed for the walkway to the plane. At the door, she turned to smile and wave at all of us - and pursing her lips as though kissing us goodbye before disappearing.

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Later that summer, I got the chance to meet a couple of different girls. The confidence and sureness in myself that Sigrid had given me stood me in good stead; I was able to go out on 'dates' (not much of a date when your parents have to drive you anyplace) with them several times. When school started, it didn't take me long to find a regular girlfriend - and not much longer to start becoming intimate with her. I remembered what Sigrid had taught me, and didn't 'push' her; choosing instead to let her know that I cared for her and wanted to be close to her, then giving her the time and 'space' to decide for herself how quickly things progressed between us. By the end of the school year, we were regularly making love with each other; an activity that left her feeling as happy and satisfied as I did. By the start of the next school year, we had kind of fallen apart - no bad feelings or anything like that; it just kind of dissolved. But she still thought enough of me to tell the next girlfriend I had what a nice guy I was - and that I was an even better lover.

From that point on, I never really lacked for female companionship. Oh, I wasn't any kind of Don Juan or anything like that; instead, I found that I much preferred to have a single, *quality* relationship with just ONE girl, rather than making notches on the headboard of



my bed. Thinking back on it, I realized that I'd learned a lot more from Sigrid, and my time with her, than I think either one of us fully realized - and knew that she would be happy with the kind of boyfriend I'd turned out to be, and that made me feel proud.

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All of that happened a lot of years ago - but to this day, I can still 'see' Sigrid as though she were standing right there in front of me. And surprisingly, I don't see her naked, either. Instead, I always see her as she was the day we met her at the airport. And I have never forgotten those precious lessons she gave me - as I think my wife of the last twenty-plus years would testify.