



Gretchen

(MF, 1st, prost)

by AB-2008

Back in the late 80's before the Berlin wall came tumbling down I was stationed in a large Bavarian city called Nuremberg. I was 19 and full of hormones and a complete virgin. And I was more than willing to give my virginity to any young lass willing to take it.

Shipping overseas to Germany was a real exciting experience for me. I'd never been out of my Northern California environment before and the freedom I felt was breath taking. So after approximately six months when a group of us guys had a long weekend off it was no surprise that we spent it testing our new expanded boundaries.

We stayed in a camplotz where people from all over the world came when traveling on a budget. All my buddies headed right for the sex districts of the city but for some reason I stayed behind. Back then I was deathly afraid of women and although I'd come along with my friends I couldn't actually imagine myself propositioning a female for sex. I just knew that if I did, I'd make a fool of myself.

But as it turned out I was the one who had the best time. Keep in mind that I was 19 and had just come through basic training in the Army. So I was pretty fit and as I look back on it I probably looked inviting to any older woman in the right mood.

Anyway, I was about to douse the fire and call it a night when this woman walked into our campsite. I guess I was surprised and jumped up from my camp chair. She looked at me with a look of appraisal and seemed to make up her mind about something.

The next thing I knew she was sitting in my chair all bare legs and breasts pushing out against tight garments and telling me how much it would cost me to have sex with her.

I stood there looking at her not knowing what to say. She was definitely German, although she spoke English fluently, her name was Gretchen, and I put her age at thirty-something. She seemed interested in me, but what really stopped me in my tracks was her body, I mean she was built. I don't mean big breasted like a playgirl, although she had big ones. What she was, was muscular, built like a Greek athlete with female curves.

She was wearing a tight fitting summer dress of some thin print material that showed every contour of her body almost like a second skin. Every time she moved or made a gesture I could see her muscles ripple. The woman's strong healthy body fascinated me; there was a smell of sweat and something else -- she was so "earthy" to me; an uptight American virgin boy with no experience.

She kept saying things like, "Let's go in your tent and fuck, what do you say, yes?" or "Looks like you've got a big one in there, want me to touch it?" She kept looking into my eyes almost willing me to do as she said. Despite my nervous fears I was becoming aroused and it looked like if I wanted to I could have this German Amazon. That thought made me painfully hard.

Then Gretchen stood up in front of me and took my crotch in her hands and began to massage me, saying, "Well, G.I. what do you think, do you want some loving?" That's all it took -- I was hers to do anything she wanted. (But only after I paid her 40 marks. Worth 10-times the money as I look back on it.)

She said, "40-marks G.I and I'll fuck your brains out." I had the money out and in her hands so fast that she smiled at my unsophisticated teenage foolishness. But I was so aroused at that point all I could think about was what lay between her legs. I no longer cared if I was making a fool of myself.

Gretchen took my hand to let me to the tent, she stopped me just outside the door flap and we kissed passionately rubbing our bodies together. I wanted to climb down her throat, my hands were all over her body and I thrust my hips, pushing my crotch against her thigh. (I can still remember the wild passion of that moment, I was on a panicle that I'd never experienced before, or since for that matter.)

When Gretchen pulled away from me I felt disappointed, almost betrayed, but that feeling didn't last long. As I stood there Gretchen knelt down in front of me and unzipped my fly reaching in to fondle my dick. There I was standing out in the open with this hot German chick playing with my dick for anyone who passed to see. I was in heaven, like no heaven I'd ever imagined before. The feeling of being out in the open and her fingers pumping my dick was indescribable.

Then I felt Gretchen's fingers tighten around my shaft and she was pulling me down unto my knees and then leading me into the tent like some kind of pet. We talked for a few minutes while she undressed. I sat cross-legged taking in every nuance of her beautiful body; it was just so perfect, so powerful. More powerful than mine, which gave me a twinge, but only for a moment because I was horny enough not to care about anything except the "prize" - if you know what I mean.

When she'd pulled the last piece of clothing off her wonderful body she leaned back and said, "Okay G.I., now let me see you undress." Well, she didn't have to wait nearly as long as I had, I was stripped in less that 20-seconds. Then she lay back on the sleeping bag and held her arms out to me.

I was on her in a flash, so fast in fact that I kneed her making her gasp in surprise and giggle at me. I can still remember vividly her softly moaned, "Come baby, fuck me now." I thought I'd faint with lust.

I positioned myself over her and she guided me in and it was like magic, something so natural yet so strange. I can still remember the feeling of sinking into her warm wet cunt. The feeling of her adjusting her hard body underneath me, the squeezing on my dick by her cunt muscles, it was just too much for me and I came in gushes shuddering in pure pleasure as I filled her with my come.

Looking back I still don't know why we didn't use a rubber, I had some but hadn't even given it a thought. We fucked again twice more that night to the tune of 80 more marks, and she ended up staying with me until morning.

You can't imagine what kind of surprise my buddies had in the morning when we

emerged from my tent. Gretchen played like she was my girlfriend and we eat breakfast with all the guys standing around and staring at her sparsely clad body. She was great, she even deep kissed me and squeezed my crotch when she said goodbye after breakfast.

I had a new reputation after Gretchen and a new found confidence that she'd planted into my subconscious. I never saw her again but I will always be grateful to her for bringing me painlessly across the threshold of manhood in such a wonderful way. END





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