

CONFESSIONS OF A BISEXUAL PEDOPHILE

1. Jon

(Keywords: m/b pedo consensual)

WARNING: The following story contains graphic descriptions of sexual activity between a young adult male and a boy. If you are under the age of 18 or are offended by material of this nature, please read no further.

DISCLAIMER: This story is complete fiction and the subject of my imagination. If the detail reveals a lack of research on my part, this is because there was none.

Any similarity to any other story or to real life is pure coincidence. Enough of all that. Here's the story.

I lost my virginity at 15.

My name is Mark Foster and I had been sent to an all boy's boarding school in England at 13 which I enjoyed.

I was a well adjusted boy albeit reserved and had a good group of friends who had been sent away from home at the same time.

I had never experienced sex or bothered with the tittle tattle or jokes which boys can enjoy as they approach puberty. I did not even know what masturbation was.

My school had three dormitories for the different age groups with about 20 boys in each and at age 15 I was in the middle dorm.

It came out of the blue. A boy in the same year as me whom I knew well but who was not in my group of friends invited me over to his bed after lights out. "Bring a towel with you" he said.

I had seen boys occasionally going into other boys' beds and was intrigued so I went.

He wanked me off.

The feeling when I had that first orgasm was unbelievable and I clutched the other boy in my arms and kissed him passionately on the lips. I was pushed away violently and heard him groan, "Ughhhhhh!!"

So it was that I left his bed feeling a mixture of elation but total rejection.

Looking back on it now I have analysed what is probably the right picture. The sex act to me had been a loving thing and an act of mutual respect but not to the other boy.

To him it was a power thing; an accomplishment to perhaps brag about to other boys.

Whatever the truth, I had been initiated.

From that time on, I masturbated as I had been shown on most days and my spare time thoughts would often include fantasies of good looking boys. I had other occasional experiences when I would get into bed with other boys and wank them off but I never kissed them and they never returned the favour so they won the power

game again.

Another year went by and I had reached 16. Nothing had changed. There was occasional after lights out sex and masturbation most days. I was now into a group who would frequently talk about sex. Magazines were often produced where we would look at pictures of all the different methods.

We would also fantasise over the sexy looking boys in the school from the more junior years. We never mixed or even spoke to them but we did drool over them when we all showered together after sport.

There weren't many but two of them were spectacularly beautiful and stood out. They were our favourites. They knew it too and would giggle and give us knowing looks. Not that they really knew what we were thinking as they were both from the lower dormitory where new boys go.

Boys in there were innocent and never had sexual experiences except maybe for a bit of tickling.

They were 14.

The school had a bathroom for each dormitory with a bath either end of the room each of which stood on a slightly raised platform. Presumably the pipework ran under the platforms. They stuck out from the bottom of the bath about 18" and so one stepped up first onto the platform and then into the bath.

There was a rota so that each person in a dormitory had a bath once a week together with another boy from the same dorm.

On the night of "the happening" it was my night for a bath. The other boy on the rota had gone home because of a family bereavement and so I was on my own.

I had gone to the dorm, undressed and put on my dressing gown. I then carried my pyjamas and towel out of the dorm for the short walk to the middle dorm bathroom.

Just as I left the dorm, I saw a boy coming down the corridor towards me also in his dressing gown.

It was one of the two favourite 14 year olds I have spoken of. His name was Jon.

I was puzzled but carried on into the bathroom.

Jon followed me into the same bathroom.

"What are you doing down here?" I asked. The lower dorm and their bathroom were upstairs.

Jon just shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you been sent down here?" I went on.

"Yes" Jon replied.

By this time, we had both run our baths and Jon slipped off his dressing gown ready to get into the water. He was standing on the platform step.

He was the most beautiful boy I had ever seen. About 5'4" tall with

fair hair and blue eyes, he had a lovely slightly stubby nose and a well balanced face and ears. His skin was smooth and unblemished. He was slightly heavier than average but in no way fat and this build gave him slightly wider hips and in turn a larger bum. His bum was to die for and my prick immediately rose to attention.

In this split second I decided that I must do something.

Jon bent down to test the water and kept his bum facing me probably because he was embarrassed about me seeing his developing genitalia.

I slipped off my dressing gown, moved towards him and gave him a gentle slap on the bum. He stopped what he was doing and stood up but did not turn round.

"Cmon" I said "what's the real reason you have come down to this bathroom?"

He turned his head to the left and with a slight grin mixed with nervousness said "I don't know".

What I said next needs a bit of explaining. The schoolmaster in charge nicknamed Pubic was single with a reputation which may or may not have been true. This was that he liked to pair off a few boys for a bit of sexual fun. He probably knew about the sex pranks in middle dorm but turned a blind eye. My first thought was that this boy had been "delivered" to me.

I moved a step closer to Jon but my feet were still on the bathroom floor and not the raised platform. This meant that our head heights were at the same level because I was about 6" taller.

I took care that my lower regions did not touch him and rested my right hand on his right shoulder.

I said "I know what it is. Pubic has sent you down for the middle dorm initiation. You move down here next term don't you?"

"Yes" replied Jon.

"Do you know what the middle dorm initiation is?" I asked him.

"No" Jon replied.

"Do you want me to show you?" I went on speaking gently.

Jon did not reply so I repeated it quietly "Do you?".

This time Jon just shrugged his shoulders.

He had not moved from where he stood. In fact, he had hardly moved at all and my right hand still rested on his right shoulder from where I could tell that he was tense.

I gently leant my head forward to his left ear and whispered "Don't worry. You will enjoy it. I wont hurt you." I then blew gently in his left ear.

This provided an immediate reaction as Jon bent forward to escape what might be another tingle in his ear and the bending forward motion pushed his bum backwards straight into my prick.

As this happened, I felt him tense up again and stand erect where he had been before. Otherwise he stayed as he was.

I kept my right hand on his right shoulder and raised my left hand up onto his left shoulder then using all my fingers and thumbs to

massage his shoulders on both sides. I gradually moved along to his neck where I stayed for a few moments until I could feel him start to relax again.

Then I moved my left hand down under his chin and tickled him there. He gave a short giggle as I did this.

My left hand then slid on down from his chin past his neck and I started gently rubbing his chest around the nipples. I could feel that he had become more relaxed.

Next I took his right nipple between my left index finger and thumb and gently squeezed it. The reaction was as before. He gasped and bent forward and his bum came straight back into my prick.

However, this time it was different as I moved straight on to his left nipple and gave it the same treatment while at the same time stepping forward slightly with my prick up against the middle of his bum. He still reacted by bending forward but his bum had nowhere to go this time except to push back harder against my prick. This in turn sent me wild and my prick grew in size till it hurt.

Still keeping my left hand on his chest and massaging around his nipples, I dropped my right hand from his right shoulder and ran my fingers down his right arm gently caressing the so smooth skin as I went. When I reached his elbow, I moved my hand and tickled the right cheek of his bum and again blew gently into his left ear. He bucked forward again and raised his now free right arm. At the same time, he turned his head to the left and said "That tickles". Having raised his free right arm, I moved my hand under it and rested it on his chest then pulling him gently back towards me. My left hand was still massaging his chest and at the same time I lowered my head down to his left ear and whispered "Oh Jon, you are so beautiful".

He smiled.

He had made no attempt to move his head back to the front and was completely relaxed.

My left hand then gradually slid down further, massaging all the way, until I reached his tummy where I slowed until I found his tummy button. I started to rub the inside with my index finger and Jon's reaction was immediate. He gasped and his head fell back slightly until it rested on my right shoulder.

I stopped after this reaction but then started again, gently pressing my finger in even more deeply and wiggling it.

Jon gasped again and let out a little moan but he made no attempt to struggle.

With his head resting on my right shoulder and still pointing slightly to the left, I could look down into both his eyes. He was looking straight back into mine although they were slightly glazed. The look on his face showed that he was relaxed in my arms.

I smiled at him and gave him a quick peck on the nose.

"I could fall in love with you so easily" I said.

He smiled again.

My left hand then slid down past his tummy button until running into his pubic hair. It was so soft to touch; it drove me wild again and I pushed my prick forward between his cheeks. The muscles in his bum tightened as I pushed but that just served to keep my prick straight and not bend as I exerted more and more pressure.

I gently scratched his pubic hair and he started to wriggle and take deeper breaths. My right hand pressed slightly harder into his chest to hold him in place.

It was then that I touched his prick as it brushed the back of my left hand.

I stretched sideways and managed to get a slight view.

It was totally erect and about 4" long. He had not been circumcised. "Oh Jon" I said "That is magnificent" and I kissed him on his right eyelid.

My left hand now slid down without touching his prick until I found his balls. I touched the sac and he jumped and gasped. I then put out the flattened palm of my left hand just below his balls and slowly lifted it up until his balls first rested on it and then were lifted slightly.

Jon moaned and I kissed his chin.

I lowered his balls very gently and then raised my hand to the tip of his prick and held it lightly between my index finger and thumb.

Jon gasped again and as I very slowly slid up his prick pushing back the foreskin as I went, he groaned deeply and I could feel the pulse in his prick pounding. It grew even larger.

He closed his eyes and opened his mouth slightly to make it easier to breath.

I then reversed the motion and drew the foreskin down the length of his now raging prick.

I was still holding his prick quite gently and moved quite slowly taking a full 3 seconds down it's length.

I then repeated the process twice more in the same slow way.

Jon's chest was now heaving and he was moaning constantly.

At this point, he opened his eyes slightly and looked into mine. The look was unforgettable.

Yes, there was lust and desire but it was not that power or control thing I had witnessed before in the middle dorm. It was soft and loving and was saying "Carry on, I'm all yours".

My movements up and down his prick now increased in speed and the middle finger of my left hand joined the index finger and thumb to take a slightly firmer grip on his foreskin.

After 10 more movements or so, the speed I had reached was about 1 second for each run.

Jon now started to moan more loudly and I could feel his body start to twitch. He started bucking forward in time with my movements trying to fuck my gripping hand.

This motion meant that his bum was darting backwards and forwards against my prick also in time with my movement.

I was going wild as well and pushing my prick forward as hard as I could in the same tempo. I was up against his arse hole and could feel myself pressing against his sphincter. I could feel it twitch invitingly.

I used my right hand to hold him a bit more tightly against me and increased the speed of my hand movement still more. This went on for only about 10 more times when I felt Jon stiffen and cry out.

I knew his climax was now close.

Oh, how I wanted to slow it down and make that moment last for ever.

Oh, how I wanted to plunge my aching prick deep inside his gorgeous bum.

My hand movement now increased to top speed and Jon's bucking became such that I could hardly hold onto him.

And then he started to cum.

The first burst shot forward into his waiting bath.

I continued my fast movement but loosened my grip slightly and several more bursts came in quick succession spraying his body and all around him.

And then it was over and Jon's whole body relaxed so much that I thought he was going to pass out and slip through my arms onto the floor.

His prick softened and I released it. My prick softened a bit because it knew the moment was over.

Jon had kept his head on my shoulder and still had his face turned towards me.

After a while, he opened his eyes and looked into mine.

"Kiss me" he said.

I leant forward and gently kissed him on the lips.

His lips met mine. They were sweet and it was long and lingering. When our lips finally parted, I turned to him and asked softly "Was that your first time?"

"Yes" Jon replied and our lips met again even more passionately.

It was time to go. I was already late for my lights out.

We quickly washed and put on our pyjamas and dressing gowns.

Whilst dressing, I asked Jon "Are you going to tell me now how you ended up down here?"

Jon replied "It was a bet with a few of my friends. We all know that there are things which go on in middle dorm but didn't know what. As we are all coming down to middle dorm next term, we wanted to find out in advance. We knew that you had a bath on your own at the moment and they bet me I wouldn't sneak out of lower dorm and come down to join you.

I laughed but said nothing else.

I gave him a last quick kiss on the lips and helped him get down the corridor outside the bathroom undetected. He reached the bottom of the stairs leading up to the lower dorm, turned and blew me another quick kiss and then was gone.

As I lay in bed that night I was very happy.

I had had sex with the boy of my dreams.

It had not been dirty which was the feeling I had always had after sex with other boys but gentle, loving and caring. It had been sealed with a kiss.

I was confident that Jon would use this experience to show others in his dorm what a wonderful thing sex can be and that this would lead to a changed and much improved regime in middle dorm after lights out from the start of the following term.

I had achieved something and it had also restored my faith in relationships after the cold calculating experiences previously.

Note:

This is the first of many stories about Mark Foster and his bisexual relationships.

I will post more over the coming weeks.

I would welcome all positive comment for or against the story and can be contacted at **georgecollins_8@hotmail.com**