

CONFESSIONS OF A BISEXUAL PEDOPHILE

10. Monique and Marc

(Keywords: M/b M/g pedo consensual)

WARNING: The following story contains graphic descriptions of sexual activity between a man and a young boy and girl. 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 first saw her while I was sunbathing on the beach. It was one of those wonderful sandy beaches in south west France near Biarritz which run on forever and which are bordered behind by pine trees. It was a glorious sunny day and I had arrived alone the previous afternoon for 3 week's holiday. I was renting a little cottage on the edge of a village which was about a half mile away. It had a sitting room, a reasonable sized kitchen, one bedroom and a shower room. Everything was on one floor. It was detached and had gardens on all 4 sides which were looked after by a gardener who visited once a week. It was very picturesque and owned by an English couple who used it themselves and let it out when they were not there. I had heard about it through a friend of a friend. I had flown to Bordeaux, rented a car there and driven down, intending to spend a few days touring the vineyards on the way back to the airport at the end of my holiday.

My name is Mark Foster and I was 29 at the time. I lived in England and worked as an engineer. I was good at my job and, after a number of moves, had found a Company who were prepared to take me on as a partner. The Company was successful and so I had become quite well off.

I now lived in a lovely cottage in the country, had a good car and was able to take at least 2 holidays abroad each year.

I lived alone. I had tried living with a girl but it had not worked out. It had been my fault and, as I had realised the same problems would probably occur again, I had avoided longterm relationships after that.

The trouble is that I am bisexual and also struggle with emotional relationships involving adult people whom I find rather shallow. As a result, my leanings are towards children and young teenagers.

She was skipping along the shoreline picking up the odd pebble and throwing it out into the sea. She was alone and, other than her, the nearest person to me was 75 yards away, also sunbathing.

When the girl reached about 10 yards away from me, she stopped but continued to pick up and throw stones into the sea. She was sideways on to me.

I was lying on my back on my towel in my swimming shorts reading a book and I stopped and looked up at her. She was about 4'9" and I guessed about 11, wearing a cotton dress which had shoulder straps and finished about 3" above her knee.

Her legs were lovely and she probably has a slightly chubby bum, I thought to myself.

I could tell from the lines of her dress that she had just started to develop little breasts.

She had an attractive face with high cheek bones and gorgeous brown eyes.

She was deeply tanned perhaps just by the sun but I wondered whether she might have some coloured ancestry, way back.

Her face was framed in slightly wavy dark brown hair which hung halfway down her back.

The things about her face which really caught my attention were her teeth and mouth.

She had large front teeth and in most people this would have spoilt the look of their face.

This girl was different. Firstly, her teeth were dazzlingly white and completely even. Secondly, she had a large mouth with full lips which were very sexy and her slightly buck teeth served to push her lips out and make them look even fuller.

I thought she looked great.

I was still gazing at her mouth when she suddenly turned to face me, saw me looking at her and smiled.

It was a mesmerising smile with just the right amount of teeth framed by her sexy wide mouth.

I smiled back. I had no choice. Her smiling at me like that demanded it.

The girl then walked up to me.

"Hallo" she said

"Hallo" I replied and smiled again.

She then went on to speak in french and asked me my name. I told her it was Mark. Afterwards, she told me her name was Monique and that she had a brother who was also called Marc.

She was very impressed when she realised that I spoke French and sat down beside me.

I told her I was from England and on holiday. I explained to her where I was staying and she knew the cottage. She said that she lived in the same village.

I was getting very hot and so decided to go into the sea for a swim to cool off.

When I had finished and walked back to my towel, Monique had gone.

After another hour, I returned to my cottage and sat in the garden with a glass of wine.

Later, I showered, dressed and drove to a village about 5 miles away where there was a restaurant the owner of my cottage had recommended. I had an enjoyable meal and then returned to my cottage and bed.

The next day, I went down to the beach again. I swam and sunbathed with my book as I had the previous day. After about an hour, Monique turned up and immediately sat down next to me and we started conversing in French again.

At one point, I asked her whether she always came down to the beach on her own. She replied that she sometimes came with her brother. What about your parents, I asked her and she replied that she didn't have a mother or a father.

I said I was sorry and Monique went on to tell me that her mother was dead. She didn't say where her father was and I didn't ask.

The conversation went on and Monique told me that she lived in an orphanage. It was in the same village where I was staying but at the other end.

It was about time for me to leave the beach and so I wandered back. Monique was returning to the village also and walked at my side.

When we reached the village, my cottage was the first property and so I turned to Monique, said goodbye, and walked through the garden gate and round to the back of the cottage where the front door was located.

Monique walked on.

I decided to sunbathe in the garden that afternoon and so lay on the sun bed in my swimming shorts. The back of the cottage was surrounded by a high stone wall and completely private.

Later, I went back to the same restaurant as the night before.

On my third day, I decided to stay and sunbathe in my garden.

At about 11, I suddenly saw someone walk around the corner of the cottage and there was Monique.

"Hallo" she said.

"Hallo" I replied and I kept looking at her thinking that she would probably give me an explanation as to why she had come into my garden.

"You weren't down on the beach this morning" she said.

"No. I'm sunbathing here today" I replied.

"I missed you" she said.

Poor little thing, I thought. It can't be any fun in an orphanage with no mother or father to fuss over you.

"Would you like a coke?" I asked her.

Her face lit up. "Yes please" she replied.

I climbed out of my sun bed and walked into the cottage.

Monique followed me and looked around.

She said it was a great little cottage. I agreed and said I loved it.

"May I have a look?"

"Sure" I said and I showed her the sitting room and then the bedroom.

Monique sat on the bed and bounced on it.

We then walked out into the garden again.

I poured myself a glass of wine and took that and the coke with me.

I pulled up a garden chair for Monique and gave her the coke before sitting back on the sun bed again.

We both sat, sipped our drinks and talked about where Monique went to school, how she got there and whether she went on outings with other children from the orphanage.

It transpired that she didn't get on very well with either the other children or the nuns who ran the place.

After a few more minutes, I decided to lie back on the sun bed again for a bit of sunbathing. As soon as I'd done so, Monique said "I want to sunbathe too" and, before I could say or do anything, she had slipped her dress straps off her shoulders, dropped her dress to her bare feet and clambered up to lie on top of me, face down.

Her face was buried in my chest and her arms hung down to the side, almost touching the ground.

It will be no surprise that I was shocked and did not immediately react.

There I had been having a quiet morning with the sun, my book and a drink when my life had been taken over by a young girl who had made me feel sorry for her.

She had had a drink, inspected my home and was now lying on top of me dressed only in her panties in a pose which, to say the least, was compromising.

Having said all that, it was not an unpleasant experience. I looked down at her. She did indeed have a chubby little bum. It was lovely.

She also had a sexy curve to her hips.

I could not see her breasts but could feel them as she moved around on top of me.

I put my arms under hers and drew her up my chest so that her head rested on my shoulder. I put my right arm around her shoulder and used my left hand to very gently turn her face towards me.

I looked into her eyes and said "I don't think we should be cuddling each other like this".

Monique just shrugged her shoulders as the French do.

"Can't we just lie here like this for a while?" she said.

I paused. It's back to the sympathy thing again, I thought. This poor kid never gets any cuddles. She needs loving so much.

Nothing else was said. Monique stayed where she was and I let her.

After a while, our cuddle became a little closer. It was bound to happen with her lying on top of me like that.

I could feel the warmth of her body against me and her little heart pounding.

I ran my right hand through her hair and my left hand massaged lightly down her back.

Monique started to moan softly.

My prick started to get excited.

Monique suddenly threw her arms around my neck and started giving me little kisses up and down it.

My prick became even more excited.

My left hand had nowhere to go except onto her bum and I held and rubbed it through her panties.

Monique was gasping now and she pushed herself away from my neck with her head looking up for air.

Her eyes were closed.

I used my right arm to pull her back towards me and I started giving her little kisses all over her face.

And then I met her luscious lips.

I have never had a kiss like it. It was strong from the start and my tongue was granted immediate entry because Monique's mouth was never fully closed.

I licked her teeth to the front and back, I rubbed tongues with her and I nibbled her top and bottom lips separately. I was not spending much time doing any single thing for long but quickly darting about from one bit of her mouth to another, such was our growing passion.

Finally, we went into a long kiss and it was immediately deep as well as strong.

We were both moaning now, quite loudly.

The kiss came to an end with both of us gasping deeply.

I managed to say "Oh Monique, that was wonderful." and then started giving her little passionate kisses again all over her face.

As I did so, I heard Monique whisper "Make love to me".

I didn't need to think twice about that idea, such were my feelings at the time.

I immediately stood up lifting Monique under her arms as I did and carried her into the cottage. We had to walk through the kitchen to the bedroom and, as I did, I stopped and continued cuddling and giving her little kisses on her face and neck.

Monique had her arms around my neck and, while I still held her with one arm, I ran my left hand down to the top of her panties and pushed them down and off.

I then rubbed Monique's bum as I continued with my little kisses and she went wild, gasping for air and lifting her face up again to find it.

I couldn't wait to get to the bedroom.

I lifted her up to sit on the end of a kitchen worktop and then lowered her down onto her back before lifting up her legs and dropping my mouth onto her cunt, massaging it with my pulsating lips.

Monique screamed but it was not a negative sound and it gradually died away into a pleasurable moan accompanied by short gasping breaths.

I put my hands under her bum cheeks, lifted them and then slid my tongue inside her beautiful little cunt.

I massaged the inside of her cunt lips and then explored deeper into her vaginal tunnel.

I could tell that Monique had already lost her virginity.

I was now tongue fucking her faster and faster and entering deeper and deeper.

She was moaning loudly and I knew she was going to cum at any time so I withdrew, lifted her up under her arms and knees and carried her through to the bedroom, laying her on the bed.

She was all floppy, her eyes were still closed and she was still quietly moaning to herself.

I then pushed off my swimming shorts, lifted up her legs again, higher this time than in the kitchen and positioned myself at her entry.

My prick was so large it was hurting me and I eased myself into her cunt quite quickly.

Thankfully, I found that there wasn't the tightness I had experienced with other young girls and I needed minimal pressure to ease myself in a good 6" before starting to gently fuck her.

Monique put her arms up above her head and wrapped her legs around my waist.

I then held and lifted her bum cheeks to give me maximum leverage and her maximum pleasure.

As I entered her, I tried desperately to keep my momentum as gentle as possible but was struggling.

Although Monique had quietened since the passion of the oral sex, I was still finding it difficult to control myself.

My lust for this little girl was such that I just wanted to fuck her into oblivion.

Thankfully, I controlled my base instincts but the end result was still pretty rough as I thrust deeper and deeper inside her.

It wasn't long until I felt myself on the edge and closed my eyes, then pumping even faster and deeper into her.

I started cumming and cried out "Ohhhhhh Monique!!" before giving her my first load deep inside her vaginal tunnel.

I was still not satisfied and lifted her bum cheeks up more still, then pulling her even more tightly onto my prick and thrusting inside deeper and deeper as I continued to cum again and again.

Monique's orgasm then started. She let out a high pitched scream and I felt her whole body tense and quiver. Her cunt was pulsing on my prick and driving me wild.

When I was sure that Monique had finished her orgasm, I held her round the bum and gently turned us both over ensuring that I stayed deep inside her.

I kept my left hand on her bum and gently rocked her up and down on my prick enjoying the ongoing sensation and our closeness for as long as possible.

Monique had her head on my chest and I started running my right hand through her hair.

I looked at her. Her eyes were still closed and her face looked lifeless except for her fabulous mouth which was slightly open and still taking in gasping breaths.

After a few minutes, I slipped out of her. I turned her gently onto her back and climbed off the bed.

I looked down at her. She was so beautiful.

I put my swimming shorts back on and left her, going next door into the kitchen. I then sat down and poured myself a glass of wine.

Half an hour later, Monique appeared in the doorway, still naked.

She walked over to me and put an arm around my shoulder. I put a hand on her bum and patted it. "Get dressed, little one" I said "and then you can have some lunch".

Monique was obviously hungry because she was dressed and back at the table within seconds.

I laid out the table with ham and cheeses and we both tucked into that with some salad and french bread, Monique giving the impression she had not eaten for days. She didn't speak while she was eating and I did not disturb her concentration.

The only thing she did do occasionally was look up at me and give me that gorgeous smile. Even with her mouth full, it still looked utterly divine.

She washed it all down with some more coke and, when she had finished, stood up and moved over to me, making it clear that she wanted to sit on my knee.

I moved my chair back a bit to accommodate her and she climbed onto my lap, facing away from me and resting her head on my shoulder.

I put my arms around her tummy and held her lightly. Monique sighed and then turned her head sufficiently to look at me.

"That was the best I have ever had" she said and smiled again.

"You were wonderful, too" I responded and I lowered my head and kissed her on the nose whilst tightening my hold around her waist.

Monique turned to the front again. She knew that I was going to ask her a few things and I think she preferred to avoid eye contact at that time.

The questions I needed to ask were answered very matter of factly and without a trace of embarrassment on her face.

She had lost her virginity 2 years before to a 16 year old in the orphanage who had received a kick in the balls for his trouble perhaps crippling him for life.

As a result, she had something of a reputation now and had not been abused in the orphanage since.

Since then, her sexual experiences had been occasional and only when she found and chose someone she fancied. She preferred men rather than boys and the people she chose were always holidaymakers like me who were there for a short time but who then left.

There had been one man who had returned a year later for another holiday. He had expected a repeat performance from her but she had flatly refused. She was dead against longterm attachments, probably because she had had her hopes dashed so badly throughout her life, I guessed.

The last thing she told me very forcefully was that she never took money or gifts from the men she had been with. She held her head up high with pride as she told me and I loved her for it, pulling her up towards my lips afterwards.

"Oh Monique" I said "You are truly remarkable" and I kissed her gently.

Soon after that, Monique said that she had to go back to the orphanage and left.

After she had gone, I moved out into the garden again with my book. However, I couldn't read because my mind kept going back to her.

She was remarkable as I had said to her, making the most of what must have been a miserable life but still managing to retain her integrity and pride.

I was envious. Not for the first time in my life, I had found a person who was much younger than me but at the same time much, much stronger emotionally.

The next day, I went into Biarritz and so it was the day after that before I saw Monique again.

I was down at my usual place on the beach and it was as empty as ever.

I had already been in the sea and was lying on my back with my eyes closed when I felt grains of sand falling onto my tummy.

"Monique" I murmured "I'm going to get you".

I then opened my eyes just in time to see Monique starting to run.

There was no way she was going to get away from me and, let's face it, she didn't really want to.

I caught up with her quite quickly, rugby tackling her to the ground before tickling her under the ribs and lightly pinching her bum.

Monique was screaming but stopped as soon as the tickling stopped. She was lying on her back with the bottom of her dress up around her waist somewhere.

I was on my knees and lowered myself onto my hands either side of her, then looking down into her eyes.

Monique would have seen the longing in them.

I had not had a good day out the day before and the sole reason for that was lying on the sand looking back at me.

I had not been able to get her out of my mind. Wherever I had looked, that mesmerising smile was looking at me.

We looked at each other for ages and I could see longing in Monique's eyes also.

Eventually, I said "Will you go in the sea with me, my darling?"

It was the first time I had called her that.

Monique's smile was back.

I stood and helped her up.

I watched her take off her dress and imagined that she would then go into the water in her panties.

Not my little star. She had other ideas.

She stripped off her panties and then came over to me and pulled my swimming shorts down as well. After that, seeing the shock on my face, she put her hands on her hips and roared with laughter.

We then both ran into the sea holding hands.

Monique was an experienced and gifted swimmer and kept up with me as we swam out about 200 yards before stopping. I could still just touch the bottom but Monique was treading water.

She then swam over to me and put her arms around my neck. I put my hands around her bum and rubbed it with my thumbs.

And there we stayed for some minutes just gazing into each other's eyes again.

It was Monique who broke the silence.

"Kiss me" she said.

I didn't need to do anything as Monique then drew my lips onto hers.

It was a light kiss initially as we kissed around the corners of each other's mouths.

Monique kept her eyes open and we still held each other's gaze.

Then, almost imperceptibly at first, the kiss grew in strength and our tongues came out to play. Monique immediately opened her mouth wider and I explored, licking every little corner to the back of her wonderful teeth before moving on to dance with her tongue.

Monique was opening her mouth wider and wider as she pulsed on my mouth. She was the most incredible kisser I had ever experienced.

Her eyes were closed now and she was moaning softly.

My fingers and thumbs were doing a great job down below, rubbing her cheeks and also exploring in between them.

I could feel Monique getting very excited. She was bucking her hips trying to push her bum harder into my probing thumb and fingers and, when she did this, her little breasts were rubbing on my chest at the same time.

I allowed it to go on for quite some time but eventually I pulled out of the kiss. I was worried about Monique. Her body needed to rest for a few moments.

She was gasping deeply and her arms around my neck had gone a bit limp. I lifted my left hand up to her shoulders to give her extra support.

Monique had her head resting on my shoulder.

It took quite a while for her to calm and her breathing to get back almost to normal.

She then pushed herself up out of my shoulder and looked me in the face.

"Oh Mark" she whispered. "You make me feel so good" and she then lightly kissed me on the lips.

I smiled at her.

"You make it so easy for me, my darling" I said "because you are such a beautiful person".

I continued to look into her eyes and mine would have told her that I loved her. The tragedy was that I couldn't say it because it would have broken her code.

After what seemed ages, I said "Cmon, let's swim back to the shore".

Monique then released me and I her and we slowly swam back towards the beach.

When we reached it, Monique made a beeline for my towel, throwing herself onto it ahead of me, face down.

I bent down and picked her up under her arms, facing away from me. I then wrapped my arms around her chest and held her.

"Oh no you don't" I cried. "That's my towel".

Monique started wriggling and kicking out with her legs, still holding one corner of the towel in her hand.

As she wriggled under my arms, her little breasts were rubbing against the palms of my hands, first one way and then the other and, as it continued, it became less of a struggle by Monique and more a deliberate plan she had to maintain this sensation on her little breasts. I wanted that too because, as she wriggled, her bum was rubbing against my prick. We were both in ecstasy.

It was I who had to stop it. My prick was getting so frustrated by Monique's bum dancing away from it, so near yet so far, that I feared for my sanity.

I lowered Monique to the ground on her feet, still facing away from me. I then bent down and whispered in her ear "I want to make love to you, my darling, but not here in the sand. Let's go home".

"Mmmmm" was all that Monique said in reply and she gave me one of her smiles again before walking over to her clothes and dressing.

I put on my swimming shorts and we then walked back the half mile to my cottage together.

After we arrived, I fetched us both a drink and we sat in the garden on separate chairs but side by side, holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes and smiling. Occasionally, we would reach out to the table and get our drinks before putting them back and returning to our more important business.

After a while, I moved out of the chair and got down on my knees in front of Monique. I took her hands in mine and kissed them very slowly.

I then moved my hands to the outside of her knees and rested them there before slowly massaging up the side of her legs.

I also lowered my lips to the front of Monique's legs just above the knee and gave her little kisses moving upwards and keeping pace with my massaging fingers.

When I reached the hem of her dress, my fingers ran under it and then up to her panties, pushing up the hem of her dress as I went.

Monique now opened her legs as wide as she could within the confines of the chair and, as my little kisses reached her panties too, her eyes started to glaze over.

I pushed my hands past the side of her legs, held her bum with a cheek in each hand and then slowly pulled her towards the front edge of her seat. Doing this also pulled her cunt towards my waiting mouth and, when the position was right, I slipped a finger under the corner of her panties, pulled it back and then lowered my tongue down onto her.

Monique moaned loudly and her head rose looking for air. My tongue played with the edges of her cunt lips, gently probing as it reached the bottom edge.

Monique was getting very worked up and, at this point, I stood and lifted her up under the arms and carried her through the kitchen into the bedroom.

I lowered her to stand on the floor. I then sat on the bed and lifted her dress over her head and off before gently putting my thumbs under the elastic of her panties and lowering them.

I lifted her onto the bed and lay her down.

I gazed at her again. There was a look of calm expectancy on her face. She smiled but it was only a little one and her eyes were barely open.

I pushed off my shorts and bent over her, lowering my mouth over her right breast.

I felt guilty because I had been ignoring this very important part of her body until now.

She had what I call "a show". She was not flat chested like a child but her development had only just begun and they were like little bumps on her chest with the nipples at the front.

Small they might have been but they were still highly sensitive and Monique started bucking her hips as soon as my lips tightened around one.

My tongue was involved too, licking the nipple and then I started lightly sucking as well.

Monique was in heaven.

I moved to her left breast and started giving it the same treatment while also running my left hand slowly down her tummy, massaging with my fingers and thumb as I went.

I paused over her tummy button and rubbed it inside very gently before moving on down to her cunt.

It was completely hairless and childlike and, despite the fact that I had entered her so easily 2 days before, her opening was in fact smaller than average.

As my fingers reached her cunt, Monique moaned again more loudly but I moved on. I wanted to give her a little massage in that very special area around her groin and the inside of her thighs at the top. The skin there is so soft and sexy and so tender to the touch.

I used only my index finger and ran it around in little sweeping motions.

Monique was quite still but the moaning continued.

I now gently eased her over onto her tummy and paused while I looked at her wonderful little chubby bum.

I lightly touched her on first one cheek and then the other and they twitched. I lowered my head to them and kissed each cheek softly.

I then continued my little kisses moving down in between her cheeks towards her arsehole using my left hand to help ease her cheeks apart.

I couldn't resist licking her arsehole when I arrived and she tensed and cried out "Ohhh! Mark" before settling down onto the bed again.

Monique would ask me later why I hadn't gone on to have anal intercourse with her. The truth is that I really love anal intercourse with boys and girls but am terrified of hurting them and so only practice it on those who are older with larger bums. Monique had looked a bit disappointed but it did not change my opinion or decision not to attempt it.

I eventually lifted myself off her, lay down on my back and pulled Monique towards me and then on top.

We lay there and cuddled and kissed, feeling and holding each other and whispering little nonsenses into each other's ears.

After a while, Monique lowered herself down my chest until her cunt was over my prick and I then guided it inside her.

She lay on me with her arms at her side and I held her bum and rocked her, gradually slipping in deeper and deeper.

It wasn't frantic like it had been 2 days before when we were both releasing so much passion but gentle and loving.

It obviously took longer this way but neither of us minded that and, when I did at last start to cum, there was no crying out. Maybe a light moan followed by a long sigh. I gripped her cheeks much more strongly as I came and pulled her more forcefully onto me and even deeper onto my prick.

She took most of my 7".

I felt Monique tense and also moan as her orgasm started and her cunt pulsed on my prick.

And then it was over.

Neither of us moved.

I just lay there gently rubbing her bum with my left hand and moved my right hand up to run through her hair.

After a while, I softened and then slipped out of her.

Monique didn't say anything and, from her breathing, I could tell that she had gone to sleep.

I didn't move. I wanted these moments to last for ever.

After about 20 minutes, she stirred, slowly lifted her head off my chest, realised where she was and then buried her head in me again.

I could not see her face but, once again from her breathing, I could tell that she was now awake just lying on top of me and savouring the moment like me.

I moved my hands to under her arms and raised her up so that her head was on my shoulder. I then wrapped my right arm around her and gently lifted her chin with my left hand and turned her face towards me.

I looked into her eyes and, as I did so, I ran the fingers of my right hand through her hair.

I didn't say anything because my eyes said it all and I then kissed her very gently on the lips.

With that, I eased her sideways onto the bed and then climbed off.

Monique followed my every move as I put my shorts back on and walked out into the kitchen.

Quite a bit later, she walked into the kitchen. She had been to the shower room and cleaned up, then dressing.

I had made some soup and we both sat and drank it out of mugs.

Monique was sitting opposite me at the table and we gazed at each other and held hands. Neither of us said anything because the only thing either of us wanted to say was taboo. I was starting to struggle emotionally. I could feel tears welling in my eyes and so told Monique that I had to go into a local town to do some shopping. She understood perfectly and prepared to leave. Before doing so, we both agreed that she should come here to the cottage for lunch the next day.

The next morning, I rose early and went down to the beach. It was another glorious day and I swam and sunbathed. At about 12, I went back to the cottage and, as I entered the garden, Monique came running down the path to greet me followed by a little boy of about 8. "Hello Mark" Monique cried and I returned the greeting. Monique then turned to the boy and said "This is my brother, Marc. I have to look after him today". My face fell. I had been so looking forward to another afternoon with Monique on our own. Monique saw my look and shrugged her shoulders as if to say "There was nothing I could do". "Hello Marc" I said looking at the boy more closely. He was about 4' tall and slightly stockier than average with a rounded bum and nice legs. He had very dark hair and the same tanned complexion as his sister. One could immediately tell that they were related because of his mouth. He had a rounded face with the same large full mouth although his teeth were more normal sized than Monique's. He was wearing shorts with a T shirt and was barefoot. His hair was untidy, his clothing looked dirty and, if like me you were close to him, he smelt a bit. We walked round to the back of the cottage and I sat down. The other 2 just stood there looking at me expectantly, knowing that I was still thinking about what was best to do. I turned to Monique and said "He smells. He can't go into the cottage like that". Monique didn't say anything. I paused for thought and then said "Get his clothes off so that I can wash them and then take him in for a shower". Monique smiled obviously thinking that this was a wonderful idea.

Marc wasn't so convinced but, when Monique told him it was the only way he would get any lunch, he agreed. He was soon naked and left his clothes where he had stood and went, hand in hand with Monique, into the cottage.

I looked at him as he went. It had been a long time since I had seen a boy as young as this naked and it rekindled a flame in me.

He had a chubby little bum like Monique but it was much smaller, of course.

He had slender but noticeable hips which gave him a bit of a waist and I found that very sexy. I marvelled at his tiny 2" penis which hung down in front of his tight little scrotal sac.

I picked up his clothing and carried it into the kitchen where I put everything in the washing machine.

I then returned with a glass of wine and lay back on the sun bed.

5 minutes later, Monique walked out of the cottage wearing only her panties followed by Marc who was still naked.

Monique explained that her dress had become very wet when she washed Marc in the shower. I told her to bring it outside so that it would dry in the sun and also to bring a dry towel to wrap Marc in.

5 minutes later, Monique and Marc were sitting at the garden table with a drink.

Marc had a towel wrapped around his waist and Monique was still in her panties.

What a sight I thought to myself. If someone had told me 6 days ago when I set off on my holiday that this is where I would be now, I would have laughed at them.

A few minutes later, I went into the kitchen and started to bring out the lunch. Monique wanted to help but I said I would do it.

I had splashed out a bit when shopping the day before and, despite the extra mouth to feed, there was plenty.

We tucked into pate, quiche and salad. There was strawberries and cream afterwards.

I brought out a jug of chilled orange juice for the kids and a bottle of wine for me.

Hardly a word was said as we ate but Monique and I would occasionally give each other smiles and longing looks.

When we had finished, the table was completely bare and Marc in particular had a very satisfied look on his face.

Monique reached under the table and found my hand. I hesitated but she said "It's all right. Marc knows". She then lifted my hand to her lips and kissed my fingers.

Marc didn't take much notice. I presumed he had seen this sort of thing between his sister and a man before. After a few moments, Monique said "Let's go into the bedroom and lie down together".

I nodded.

But what about the boy? I remembered seeing a colouring book and crayons in a drawer, presumably used by relatives of the owner when he was there and I fetched them, telling Marc to stay outside.

As I turned, I could see Monique smiling but I didn't know why and I had other more important things to think about.

We went through into the bedroom and lay on the bed.

I propped myself up on my right elbow and looked down at Monique who lay beside me.

I smiled and she smiled back. I then bent forward and lowered my lips towards hers.

"I can't get over how beautiful you are, my sweet" I said and then our lips met.

The kiss was long but gentle. We explored with our tongues but it was with a light touch and not passionate.

As I kissed her, I rested my left hand on her knee and slid it up and under the hem of her dress, then over her panties and so to her tummy where I stopped and massaged lightly.

Monique had had her arms at her side but now lifted them up over her head.

Her eyes were closed and she had started to moan softly.

I gradually moved up her tummy to her chest, easing up her dress as I did. Monique lifted her bum to allow me to draw it past her waist.

Soon, I reached her breasts and uncovered them with a further lift of her dress.

I paused and looked at them before lowering my left index finger over her right nipple and lightly teasing it.

Monique jumped and I saw her clench her fists before she settled again.

I then lowered my mouth down and took her breast into my mouth.

I didn't tighten my lips very much but used them and my tongue to run over and around her breast giving it a warm bath.

Monique continued to moan softly. She unclenched her fists and looked completely relaxed.

I then moved to her left breast and gave that one the same treatment whilst returning my hand to her tummy and running my fingers down to the top of her panties.

I slipped my fingers under and very slowly lowered them to the top of her cunt.

Monique started moaning more loudly now and she raised up her knees, opening her legs wide as she did.

I then massaged very lightly around the lips of her cunt using only my index finger.

Monique started bucking at this point, lifting her bum off the bed and twisting it first one way and then the other trying to get her opening closer onto my finger.

Finally, I satisfied her and slipped my finger inside and started gently fucking her.

It was at this point that I suddenly received the shock of my life.

There was something inside the leg of my swimming shorts and it was feeling for my prick!

As well as my finger fucking, I had still been massaging Monique's breast in my mouth when it happened and I quickly withdrew and looked up.

Marc had come into the room unnoticed and was standing beside the bed stark naked with his hand up my shorts and a huge grin on his face.

I withdrew my finger from Monique's cunt. She then opened her eyes, saw what I was doing and her brother and closed them again, saying nothing.

"Vamoose!" I cried out to Marc and waved him away at the same time.

I then lay back beside Monique intending to start my foreplay all over again.

Marc totally ignored me. Quite the opposite. He now slipped his hand under the support lining of my shorts and wrapped his hand around my prick.

It went wild. Absolutely rampant and was really hurting. There was just not enough room in my shorts and so I sat up and pushed them down together with Marc's hand to below my knees and used my feet to push them off altogether.

I then lay back again.

Marc had been forced to withdraw his hand but he immediately returned to my prick afterwards and gripped it again.

He then clambered up onto the bed on his knees between my legs and lowered his open mouth onto my huge weapon.

I had my eyes open as he did it and I couldn't believe what I saw.

This little boy was taking more and more of my prick into his mouth and, when he couldn't take any more, it only left about 2" he couldn't cope with.

Where he put it, I don't know but it must have been deep into his throat.

I was taking no part in what was happening but I knew what was going to happen next and I closed my eyes and waited.

As I did so, I could feel Monique moving and repositioning herself but it wasn't until I felt the soft skin of her inner thighs on the sides of my face that I opened my eyes again and saw that I was looking straight up into her cunt. Monique had stripped off her dress and panties and was kneeling right at the top of the bed facing down towards my feet with her head somewhere above my tummy and supporting herself with arms either side of me.

Marc now tightened his lips and lifted his mouth almost off my prick before plunging back and taking most of my 7" again. He continued this and both held and gently rubbed my balls as he did it. The speed was still quite slow. He was hesitating as though waiting for something.

My eyes were closed again and I was breathing very heavily. As I breathed out, my head would move forward slightly and my cheeks would rub against Monique's thighs.

It was so sexy.

I put my hands up in the air and wrapped them around Monique's body soon finding her bum. I then cupped her bum cheeks in my hands quite tightly and pulled her cunt down onto my mouth.

As soon as I did this, Marc speeded up his blow job on me and also sucked hard on my prick during the upward motion, sending me wild.

My tongue entered Monique and I started fucking her passionately, still holding her bum and pulling her harder and harder into my mouth. I had never entered anyone so deeply with my tongue before.

I could hear Monique gasping for air and moaning loudly. And then she came.

I felt her tense and then the pulsing on my tongue.

She was sighing continuously.

I was getting very close now as well and then started cumming.

I tensed and screamed "Oh Marrrrrrc!"

Marc kept on pumping away and, when it was finally over and he had withdrawn his mouth from my prick, he continued to gently rub my balls.

I could feel him gasping a bit as he swallowed my sperm.

I then felt a tongue licking around my prick and sucking up a bit of excess sperm. I thought the feel of the tongue was familiar and could see from her movements that it was my darling Monique cleaning up after her brother.

A few moments later I told them both to come up beside me and I held them, one either side of me, half on top and each supported around their bums by one of my hands.

We lay like that for perhaps an hour. Occasionally, I would rub the cheeks of one of them and sometimes I found their lips close to mine as I turned my head and I would then kiss them.

I was amazed at what a wonderful kisser little Marc was but then he had his sister's luscious lips as well, I remembered.

Finally, we started to feel a bit cold and I climbed off the bed.

I dressed in some jeans with a T shirt and went out into the garden to fetch Monique's and Marc's clothes which had been drying on the line since lunch.

Monique and Marc dressed, we said our goodbyes and they then left, Monique giving me a last lingering kiss before she went.

I went into the sitting room and sat down.

I was still in a bit of a daze from all that had happened. I had never been involved in a threesome before and it had been wonderful.

To have 2 different bodies around you and exciting you at the same time is completely different to one-to-one sex. You never know where the next caress is coming from. You can be touched by any one of 4 hands, 16 fingers or 4 thumbs in a huge number of combinations.

There are 2 sets of lips and they can be anywhere, moving from one part of your body to another within a split second or operating together.

In the case of mixed sex, two of you have the choice of both male and female organs.

The other thing about the sex I had just had was that I was totally out of control. Normally, I will always control the way I make love, whatever the sex of the other person, but in a threesome, control lies with the majority and very often not with the oldest or strongest.

Admittedly, in the sex session we had just had, I had been a complete novice but it wouldn't have made any difference if I had been experienced. Monique and Marc had operated as a team and would always have been in command.

I thought about their teamwork, the way that Marc had waited for a signal from Monique before getting into a strong rhythm over my prick, the way they had both cleaned me up. Even the little smile on Monique's face when I tried to get Marc occupied with a colouring book as we left for the bedroom. No wonder she had smiled. She knew exactly what Marc would be doing half an hour later and it wasn't colouring!

I determined in my mind that it would not be the last threesome I ever had.

Over the days which followed, Marc turned up with Monique all the time and I was delighted about that. On one occasion, he came alone as Monique had to go into town with one of the nuns.

I took Marc into the bedroom and undressed him. I stripped off myself and then lifted and carried him into the shower.

I stood under the shower holding him around the bum and rubbing his cheeks. He held me around the neck.

We kissed and cuddled and I licked inside his ears which drove him wild.

After a while, Marc pushed away from me and I lowered his feet to the floor. He then lowered himself still further onto one knee and took my prick in his right hand and then into his mouth.

As he started to run his mouth up and down on my prick, he used both his little hands to first cradle and then lightly rub my balls.

My prick raged and I rested my hands on the back of Marc's head then pulling him deeper and deeper onto my weapon and losing my whole 7" inside him.

It wasn't long before I started to cum and Marc immediately gagged. I withdrew a bit but Marc kept the momentum going until he was sure I was spent.

I then lifted Marc up to rest his head on my shoulder, supporting him under his bum with my right hand and then lifting his chin slightly so that I could look into his face.

I smiled at him and then licked around his mouth and chin where bits of my semen remained.

I kissed him on the nose, chin and lips. It wasn't a long kiss as I was reserving that for the bedroom.

I then stepped out of the shower carrying Marc and walked into the bedroom with 2 towels.

I lowered Marc to the floor and dried myself.

I then took Marc's towel and dried him too.

Marc didn't say anything. He rarely did.

When it was done, I lifted him and lay him down on the bed.

I then lay beside him and leant over his face, immediately going into a long lingering kiss and pushing through his lips to his teeth behind and so to his tongue.

We played with each other and I was looking straight into Marc's open eyes as I did. You could see him getting increasingly excited.

Eventually, I withdrew from the kiss and lowered my mouth down to his little nipples, first teasing them with my tongue before massaging them with my lips. As I did so, I found his tummy button and entered it slightly, further arousing him. When I finally arrived at his prick, it was standing smartly to attention and about 3" long. It looked magnificent and I told Marc so. He was thrilled. I pushed myself up onto my knees and positioned myself between Marc's legs. I lifted his knees up and back towards his chin, opening his legs quite wide as I did. I then lowered myself down to tease the tip of Marc's little prick with my tongue. Marc started moaning and closed his eyes. My hands were on the back of his knees, holding him in place and I now applied even more pressure, pushing his knees right back to touch either side of his chest. This movement forced apart Marc's bum cheeks and they were pointing up towards the ceiling. I now lowered my face down to his bum and kissed each cheek. I allowed my hands to slip from the back of his knees to his cheeks and then used my thumbs to ease them further apart. I kissed and licked my way down the inside of his cheeks to his arsehole which I tickled with my tongue then increasing the pressure to test his sphincter. Marc was wriggling his hips now as he moaned. How he loved it. After a while, I stopped and lowered Marc's legs a little but pushed them open wide. I noticed that his little prick had grown at least another ½" and it was onto this that I now lowered my mouth taking it all in and his little sac as well. I gave everything a warm bath and massaged with my tongue. Marc's little body was raging now. I pulled off him but lowered myself straight back onto just the tip of his prick then pushing the foreskin back as far as it would go with my lips. My mouth then moved slightly over the end of the foreskin and I started slowly drawing it up and down his little weapon. I paused for a moment and reached down beside the bed to retrieve the gel I had left there earlier with the top left off. I squeezed a good inch out of the top and smothered my left index finger in it.

I then sunk my finger between Marc's cheeks to his arsehole and gently pushed up against his entry. Marc was gasping for breath now and constantly moaning loudly.

I tightened my lips a little on his prick and now started to run up and down it moving faster and faster. However, I but did not suck.

I did not move my finger on his arsehole but, when my mouth was on the downward run over Marc's prick, his bum was pushed onto my finger slightly which then tested his sphincter.

Marc was also wriggling his bum as much as he could to try and get it impaled even deeper on my marauding finger.

I increased my speed on his prick a bit more still and then felt Marc start his orgasm.

As he did, I gently pushed my finger through his sphincter and slowly up to his colon without stopping.

Marc screamed.

There was no semen. Marc had not developed sufficiently but it had not stopped him enjoying the adult sensations in other ways.

My finger was still up Marc's bum and I started to slowly and very gently finger fuck him.

He was shouting "More, more!!!! But I didn't increase the speed or pressure. Marc had given me everything and I had returned the favour. There would be other days for Marc, hopefully much later, when he could enjoy the ecstasies of anal sex if he wanted to.

The days went by and they were hugely memorable. The only problem was that I found myself becoming increasingly exhausted physically. I started going out for days on my own, visiting beaches further down the coast so as to get away from my 2 lovers.

I just couldn't match them for energy or stamina. They were raving sex maniacs.

Finally the day of my departure loomed. It was very tearful.

When we had finished our goodbyes, standing in the garden, I told Marc that I wanted a few moments alone with Monique. Marc then left and returned to the orphanage.

I lifted her up in my arms and she put her arms around my neck. I then held her around her bum as I had so many times before.

I looked at her but couldn't see properly as there were tears streaming down my face.

Monique kissed them away.

When I had calmed a bit, I looked at her. I was going to tell her how much I loved and adored her. I couldn't hold it back any longer.

Monique saw what was coming, looked at me with a stern face before pushing herself away, dropping to the ground and running out of the garden.

When I arrived back in England, I wrote to the Mother Superior at the Orphanage.

I told her that I was a distant uncle of Monique and Mark and wanted to help them financially if I could.

I enclosed a letter which I did not seal, knowing that it would be opened, and addressed it to Monique.

I wrote as follows:-

Dearest Monique,

I hope that you and Marc are well and enjoying the wonderful part of France where you live.

I know the beach there well and have spent many happy days in the sun, laughing and playing with friends.

I hope you have friends and that they realise what a wonderful person you are.

I have come into a bit of money and would like you and Marc to be able to enjoy it as well. I know that you are very proud but I would ask that you think of Marc before refusing me. You will both need money at some stage in the future for education or travel.

My warmest love,

Uncle Mark xxx

I enclosed a money order for £1,000 which did not reveal the name of the sender and which could only be cashed by Monique or she and her appointed Trustee.

There was no address on my letter.

I never knew for sure whether Monique broke her rule about accepting gifts but I hoped she had and rather thought she would.

Note:

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

Others can be found by going to the ASSTR authors page and looking up "George".

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