

CONFESSIONS OF A BISEXUAL PEDOPHILE

3. Marcel

(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 was sipping my beer when 2 young boys came round the corner into the bar and sat at a table.

One was dark skinned with jet black hair and a narrow face. He was about 10. From his looks, I guessed he might be the son of the barman.

The other boy was completely different. He was fair skinned with shortish fair hair which was slightly wavy and had a parting on the right.

He had a small nose and ears and lovely steely blue eyes.

He had chubby cheeks and a perfect little chin.

He was slightly older than the first boy. About 11, I thought, maybe 12.

I was immediately attracted to him.

When the bar had emptied a bit, the boys jumped up and went over to sit on bar stools.

The dark haired one was about 4'6" tall and the other a good 3" taller.

What excited me was the bum on the fair haired one.

He has chubby cheeks down there as well, I thought.

They were beautifully rounded and his legs which I could see from the bottom of his red shorts downwards were perfectly proportioned.

Both boys had T shirts on and were barefoot.

I briefly fantasised about holding this beautiful little fair haired boy in my arms and then it was lunchtime. I got up and went to the bar to pay my bill. As I did, the boys climbed off their stools and ran away to play on the beach.

I was left with a memory of that gorgeous chubby bum as he left.

My name is Mark Foster and I was 17. I lived in England, had left boarding school a month before and decided on a holiday abroad before starting my first job.

I couldn't afford very much and chose a cheap package to Spain where I was to stay in a hostel which was by the beach on the Costa Brava.

I travelled with a bunch of other teenagers of both sexes and we had a team leader to watch over us during the journey.

It was my first trip to Spain. I had previously been to northern France but never any further south. I chose Spain for the sun which is almost guaranteed even in May. Another first was the fact that it was the first time I had been on holiday on my own. Previously, I had always gone with my mother and sister.

I had travelled with a group of 12 other teenagers from England by train and then coach which took us to a small isolated little village by the sea.

There were only about a dozen little houses which were all white painted and located at one end was a larger building. It wasn't tall but spread out. The road finished at this point.

Our hostel comprised a reception and dining room seating about 60 people. This room was adapted for entertainment in the evenings.

You had to walk back outside and around the side of the main building to get to the bedroom block.

It was separated into girls upstairs and boys on the ground floor.

The boys floor had small dormitories, each taking 8 people in bunk beds. There were lockers for our things and each room had its own bathroom across a central hallway.

The others in my travelling group were pleasant enough. There were 8 boys and 4 girls.

The 2 prettiest girls had come together and rarely spoke to anyone else but each other. One of the others was already paired off when we left the UK and the other was very much on her own. She looked alright but not my type.

Not that I really knew what my type was. Living in a boys only boarding school since I was 13 and having only just left, I had no experience of girls and they frightened me a bit.

I had had a loving relationship with a young girl of 9 the previous summer but it had been a one day fling while I was on holiday.

I had also had sexual experiences with boys at my school and one in particular which I will always remember. However, I was not attracted to boys who had reached full puberty.

And that was it.

All I knew at that time was that I was drawn towards youngish boys and girls.

The beach was only a short walk from our hostel accessed by a stone path. It was huge being about 2 miles long and bordered for part of its length by steepish cliffs. Where it bordered our little village the cliffs ran down to something only a few feet high.

The beach was also 250 yards deep and, because there was little tide, it was always the same long walk down to the sea.

Despite its size, hardly anyone used the beach. There were a few people dotted about at our end but you could count the total number at any one time on 2 hands.

There was a little beach bar a few yards into the beach from our village which had a 20' bar counter with stools and then a canvas sun canopy over an area which took about 8 tables with 4 chairs each.

A barman called Pepe whom I quickly befriended was in charge and it was sitting there at one of the tables on my second day where I first saw the 2 youngsters.

After lunch that day, I decided it would be a good idea to buy a football from the little shop they had next to reception in the hostel.

I had become friendly with 2 of the other boys in my group called Dave and Chris and I walked down to the beach with them.

We chose an area about halfway down to the water's edge and kicked the ball around.

After a while, a few of the others from the hostel joined us and we used our towels to set up goal posts and play 3 aside football.

After a while, I noticed that the 2 young boys had walked towards us and were standing watching our game.

Occasionally, they kicked the ball back to us if it landed near them.

We soon tired in the hot sun and all raced off with the ball and our towels to the sea.

I looked back over my shoulder to the boys as I ran and saw them walking back towards the bar.

We spent the rest of the afternoon down by the sea either sun bathing or playing handball in the sea. It was great fun.

We then walked back to the hostel for supper. As we walked past the beach bar, I waved to Pepe and he waved back. There was no sign of the boys.

After supper, I went out again on my own. There was a disco on in the dining room that evening and I did not fancy it.

I wandered down to the bar and found that the 2 boys were there again seated on the bar stools.

"Hola Mark" Pepe said.

"Hola Pepe" I replied and I sat on the bar stool next to my little fair haired angel.

"Cerveza, por favor, Pepe" and he poured me a drink and brought it to me.

As he did, the boy turned his head, looked at me and smiled.

The smile would have melted ice cubes.

I smiled back.

As I sat and sipped my drink, the dark haired boy was talking with Pepe and I noticed that the fair haired one did not join in the conversation.

At one point, Pepe produced something from his pocket and passed it to the dark haired boy.

"Q'est que sais?" The fair haired one asked his friend and then I realised. My little angel was French not Spanish.

He probably could not speak Spanish, I thought. These 2 little boys played together but probably could not understand a word each other said.

I ordered another drink. Pepe poured it and then rested it on the bar for a moment before bringing it to me.

My angel then lifted it up off the bar, turned and carefully placed it in front of me.

He smiled again.

"Merci" I said and the boy beamed.

"Vous etes Francais" I asked him.

"Oui" he replied and went on "Vous comprenez francais".

"Un peu" I replied.

"Comment s'appelle?" The boy enquired.

"Mark" I replied "et vous?"

"Marcel" he said and then went on to say that his friend was Pepito.

My French was not bad. I can understand enough to get by and so it was that I entered into a conversation with Marcel and discovered that Pepito was indeed Pepe's son and Marcel was the son of the man who managed the hostel.

During this conversation, Marcel had his back to Pepito who became bored and got off his stool and walked away. It was getting dark now and Marcel said that it was time for him to go home also. He had told me that he lived in a house at the other end of the village.

I decided to leave too, paid my bill and then walked with Marcel up the beach to the path and then on to the hostel. It was quite dark now and there was no street lighting. Along the path, Marcel stumbled at one point. We had been walking quite close together and I put out an arm and held him round the shoulders until he had regained his balance.

I was in heaven.

"Merci" he said.

We said our goodbyes outside the hostel entrance. Marcel walked on.

I started to walk around the outside of the hostel towards my bedroom block and noticed Marcel turning to wave to me. I waved back.

I lay in bed and thought about Marcel. I did not know how but I did know that I had to find a way to get closer to this boy.

I was in love.

The next 4 days produced a change of routine. It was still sunbathing and swimming mixed in with some football until mid morning together with Dave and Chris but I then left them to make my way to the beach bar.

Marcel and Pepito were always there and I greeted them both and Pepe.

I usually sat at the bar and found that Marcel would soon join me on an adjoining stool.

We would talk together in French and my conversational skills in the language improved enormously.

Marcel said that he had only just started learning English and only had a few odd words.

He always wore his red shorts but varied his T shirts which had little cartoon characters on the back of them.

He was never bare chested and I presumed that this was to protect him from the sun. He was very fair skinned with freckles. He didn't have much of a tan. It was more of a golden colour.

Our conversations became increasingly relaxed and we would joke and laugh together.

Over these 4 days, Marcel was increasingly ignoring Pepito who tended to leave the bar and go off on his own.

In the afternoons, I returned straight to the bar and sat at a table. I took a book as a pretext.

Occasionally, I would leave my drink and book and walk down to the sea for a swim then strolling back to my seat. I didn't bother with a towel as the sun dried me when I walked back.

Marcel was often not there but he always turned up at some stage.

He would be alone as Pepito had to help with a few jobs for his family in the afternoons.

Marcel would always come straight up to my table. He tended to sit almost opposite me and put up his feet up on the chair next to me.

I would buy him a coke. Sometimes we chatted and sometimes we were silent when I returned to my book. I looked up occasionally and he would smile at me. I smiled back.

Occasionally, I would feel him looking at me as I read. I wondered what he was thinking.

In the evenings, it was usually more of the same. I sometimes stayed in to watch a show but would end up at the bar. Marcel might be there and he was my reason for going as he filled all my thoughts at that time.

If he was there, we would walk back together as we had on my second day.

When we did, I had an overwhelming urge to put my arm around him and draw him close to me. I never did because I was being ultra careful. I had decided on that second day that it must be Marcel who made any first move. I would create the right atmosphere and would never discourage him but he had to show me what he wanted and how far he wanted to go.

On the 7th day, we both had the opportunity to test each other.

The morning had been my usual routine. I then left Marcel at the bar and walked back to lunch.

When I returned later with my book, I found Marcel already sitting there at a table.

He was wearing his swimming trunks.

"Je nage aussi" he said.

After sitting for a while and sipping an espresso, I set off towards the sea.

Marcel followed me.

The sand was hot and so I increased my speed to a run and this is how I was when I met the water, plunging straight in.

Marcel was quite a bit behind me and also ran straight in. I wanted to cool off and so swam out quite a way. Marcel was trying to catch me up but he was a novice swimmer and started to tire.

I saw this and so swam back to him. He was treading water by this time.

The sea is a wonderful place to find out the strengths of another person's feelings.

Firstly, 2 people are together and, if they touch or hold each other, it is usually below the water and nobody else sees unless they are very close.

Secondly, they can be touching each other quite innocently but it is skin to skin which is sensual.

And thirdly, if one of the people or both want to give the other a signal, it can easily be done with a light squeeze here or a tightening of the hold somewhere else which would be difficult when out of the water.

I looked at Marcel and was about to speak when he threw his arms around my neck as though worried he might drown.

I placed my right arm around his shoulder and placed my left hand around his bum to support him.

Marcel began looking into my eyes but then lowered his face onto my shoulder. I felt his hold around me tighten.

I had had no intention of taking advantage of his bum when I put my hand there to support him but someone inside me had other ideas and I gently rubbed it with my thumb for a few moments, through his swimming trunks. I quickly forced myself to stop. Marcel lifted his head, looked at me and then gave me a quick kiss on my cheek. I smiled and he smiled back.

That's enough I thought to myself and I released my hold and lowered him back into the sea. Marcel released his hold on me and we swam back to the shore.

The nearest people to us were over 100 yards away.

Nobody had seen our first little sexual encounter for that was what it had certainly been.

We returned to the bar and sat down. I bought a beer and a coke and we sat opposite each other, Marcel with his feet up on the chair beside me.

We sipped our drinks and occasionally smiled at each other between sips.

I looked into Marcel's eyes. They were alive. His eyes were smiling at me constantly.

And then Dave and Chris arrived at the bar and sat down at our table, Marcel quickly removing his feet from the chair which was now needed.

Dave bought drinks for the 4 of us and we chatted. It transpired that there was a film on in the dining room that evening. The 3 of us all decided that we would watch it.

I told Marcel about our plans in French while the other 2 listened admiringly to my language abilities.

Marcel said that he would come and watch as well and we agreed to meet up just before it started.

We stayed for a while longer and then left for supper.

Marcel stayed sitting where he had been and, as I left, I could feel him looking at me.

I arrived at the dining room door just before the film was due to start.

I still had my swimming shorts on and had also put on a T shirt.

All the tables had been removed and the seating was arranged in rows. Thick curtains had already been drawn across the windows and the lights were switched on.

It was a popular evening and everyone seemed to be there. Almost all the chairs had been taken.

Dave and Chris said they would go to the last 2 remaining seats and see me later.

I remained standing by the door.

Marcel arrived a few minutes later just as the lights were being dimmed. He was wearing his red shorts again and a T shirt.

We waved to each other and Marcel walked up to me.

I looked around and saw 2 odd chairs standing right at the back. I went back to them and turned them so they were facing the screen. They were a long way back behind the other seating.

I then sat down on one and Marcel had the other.

The film titles were already under way and the introductory music was blaring.

It was a John Wayne western and was in English.

The film started and I watched intently.

After about 10 minutes, I noticed Marcel easing his chair towards me as far as it would go and he then rested the side of his head against my arm occasionally before returning to an upright position.

After 30 minutes, he was becoming very fidgety and kept moving his sitting position.

He is bored, I thought. Hardly surprising as he can't understand what is being said in the film.

A few minutes later, he got up and walked away. I turned and saw him walk through the doors and on past reception.

Presumably he has had enough I thought.

I continued watching the film.

Minutes later, I felt Marcel sit on my knees, facing me.

I had not heard him coming and it was a shock.

I looked at him and saw the outline of a smile in the dim reflected light from the film.

I wrapped an arm around his waist to support him. Marcel had his back to the screen and so was not watching the film. He just sat and looked up at me. After a while, he put his arms around my neck, then pulling himself closer towards me. I cradled his bum and helped pull him closer to me also. With his arms around my neck, he looked into my eyes and, as he did, his right cheek brushed against my face. It was so smooth and oh so sexy. I encouraged this contact by then lightly rubbing my cheek and nose against his. Occasionally, I looked at him and smiled but I couldn't see his reaction in the darkness. When I moved my face away from him even slightly, Marcel would use his arms around my neck to immediately pull me back so that our faces touched again. The skin rubbing was getting both of us worked up and my prick was directly under his bum! Over the next few minutes, I also started to give Marcel little kisses on his cheek, sometimes running up to his eyes and right ear. I found that, when I was giving him the little kisses, he would pull my head into his face more strongly. I was also now holding him more tightly round his bum. Our kissing and cuddling went on for ages. And then the film was over. I lifted Marcel to his feet as the lights went up and we walked out together with the rest of the audience. I became separated from him in the crush and, as I left the main entrance of the hostel, I saw him walking up the road towards his house. I presumed he was under strict orders to go straight home after the film. I was tired also and went to bed.

I thought about what had happened. I didn't think I had gone too far. I had cuddled him and kissed him on the cheek. I had occasionally rubbed noses with him. He would almost certainly have felt my enlarged prick through his shorts but it had not been raging and would not have concerned him. Marcel had responded also although it was limited to the moments when he pulled me into the kiss. I thought he had enjoyed it as much as I had.

The next day was normal routine but, to my disappointment, Marcel was not there when I went to the beach bar in the middle of the morning.

I sipped my drink and chatted occasionally with others from the hostel but my mind kept wandering. Where **was** he?

I returned to lunch and afterwards took my book to the bar, sipped espresso and read.

I had hoped to go swimming with Marcel again but, when he eventually arrived at the bar, he was wearing his shorts.

He immediately bounded over to me and sat on my lap with his arm around my shoulder.

"Hallo" he said.

"Hallo Marcel" I replied.

He explained to me that he had had to go to a nearby town in the morning with his mother and that was why he was late.

Our conversation went on and I detected that there was a change from before. He had started using the first person when talking to me rather than the plural which he had used before. For example, instead of saying "vous etes bon", he said "tu es bon".

Using the first person in French is normally limited to families and very close friends talking to each other.

I felt very priveleged and started using the first person when speaking to Marcel also.

He continued to sit on my knee and I held him lightly around his tummy with my right arm while using my left hand to hold my beer glass.

Marcel would occasionally wriggle and I felt him grinding into my prick. When he did so, he would turn his head and look at me with a little smile on his face.

Now and again, I tickled him lightly under the ribs and this had the same effect on his bum movements.

And then Marcel climbed to his feet saying he had to go home. It was the weekly Hostel barbeque on the beach that evening and he would see me later.

I returned to my book but I couldn't concentrate and soon gave up, then walking back to the hostel.

The barbeque was wonderful. There were joints of pork and chicken which had been cooked on a spit and tables had been laid out on the beach with plates of salad, fruit and cheeses.

Free wine was provided and we sat around in groups to eat the feast.

I was with Dave and Chris and we chatted away. Chris was getting a bit drunk.

I saw Marcel about the place but he was spending most of his time close to his father who was supervising the barbeque.

Marcel had changed into cream coloured shorts. They were a little larger than his red ones and looked new. He had his usual T shirt on top and wore trainers.

Having had enough to eat and drink, I told the others that I was going for a stroll and got up and walked away from them.

It was just starting to get dark by then.

I reached the path back to the hostel and had just started up it when I heard feet behind me and there was Marcel grabbing my arm. I put my arm around his shoulder.

Where are you going, he asked.

"I don't know" I replied "just for a walk".

"I'm coming too" Marcel said and with that we walked on in silence.

I reached the front of the hostel and wandered round to the entrance of the bedroom block.

I then sat down on the steps leading up to the entrance and pulled Marcel onto my lap facing away from me.

I wrapped both my arms around his chest and he nestled back against me, resting his head on my shoulder.

I held him like that for a few moments and then lifted my left hand from his chest, lightly held his chin and turned his face towards me.

The light from the outside of the bedroom block was enough to see each other clearly and I leant forward and kissed him on the nose.

My left hand then dropped down again and I slipped it under the bottom of his T shirt and gently rubbed his tummy.

As I did it, he sighed.

I moved my mouth towards him and nibbled the lobe on his ear. I then gently blew in it.

Marcel closed his eyes and he started moaning softly.

I lifted my left hand under his T shirt until I reached his nipples and I lightly rolled the right one between my thumb and index finger.

Marcel moaned more loudly.

He then turned, slowly opened his eyes and looked at me.

There was a longing in his eyes as he whispered

"Embraces moi".

I knew that he was not looking for a little peck on the cheek and so I replied "Pas ici".

He hesitated and then climbed to his feet, grabbed me by the hand and pulled me towards him.

"I know a secret place" he said and walked off. I followed. We walked up the road past his house and it then led into a wooded area. After a short way, there was a path leading off the road through the trees.

We walked on for about 200 yards when Marcel suddenly stopped and turned left off the path and clambered up a steepish bank.

At the top was his hideout. It was just a load of fallen branches from the trees which had been piled up on all 4 sides. It was only about 3' high. The ground was flat and the bottom was covered in fallen leaves. It was dry.

I was able to see our surroundings because the moon was almost full and it was high in the sky.

Marcel knelt down and I sat on the leaves.

I lifted him very gently up and onto my lap so that he was facing me.

I put both my arms around to his back and pulled him in close to me.

Marcel wrapped his arms around my neck.

I lifted his chin and looked at him.

"Oh Marcel" I whispered "Je t'adore" and then I kissed him on the lips.

It was done lightly at first but Marcel started to pull our faces together harder from his hold around me and our embrace became more intense.

Marcel was definitely responding.

I also slipped my hands under his T shirt and ran my fingers up his back massaging as I went. I pulled him into me even more closely.

The kiss continued and I pushed my tongue between his lips and then inside his mouth.

Our tongues met and we played with each other.

I was in heaven. We were both in heaven.

The kiss came to an end because we were both breathless and our lips parted.

Marcel was breathing deeply. He loosened his grip around my neck and rested his head on my shoulder. Neither of us said anything.

Marcel was sitting with a leg either side of my waist which then fell down to the ground.

I withdrew my hands from under his T shirt and placed a hand on each leg.

I then started to gently and slowly massage him, moving upwards very slowly.

When I reached the bottom of his shorts, I kept going, gradually losing a hand up each trouser leg. There was plenty of space.

When I reached the top of his leg, I touched his underpants and hesitated.

I moved a finger and gently touched his little prick through his underwear.

Marcel moaned again.

I stopped and looked down at him. His face was buried in my neck.

"Oui ou non?" I asked him.

"Oui" he quickly replied.

Marcel had a hard-on. I guessed it was probably about 3" long.

I rubbed it lightly down it's length with one finger and he tensed and moaned more loudly.

I slipped my fingers inside his underpants, found his little prick again and held his foreskin between my thumb and index finger.

I gently squeezed and Marcel let out a yelp. I then slowly and ever so gently pushed back the foreskin as far as it would go and started wanking him.

Marcel threw his arms around my neck again now and held me so tightly I found it difficult to breath.

I continued and found he was holding me even harder and I couldn't breath at all so I stopped and withdrew my hand from his shorts.

I pulled his arms from around my neck so that I could breath again and rested my hands on his face and lifted his chin.

His eyes were closed and he was still breathing in gasps.

I pulled him towards me and lightly kissed his closed eyelids, one after the other.

He slowly returned to more normal breathing and opened his eyes.

We were close and he was looking straight at me.

"Oh Mark" he whispered.

I smiled at him and kissed him lightly on the lips.

Marcel wanted more and put his hand back behind my neck and pulled me back into him.

We started to kiss again and it was immediately passionate.

Marcel opened his mouth this time and I entered.

I lay back on the ground and pulled Marcel down with me.

He came up onto his knees as I pulled him and he then lay on top of me.

The kiss continued.

Marcel still had his arms around my neck and mine were around his back.

I slipped both my hands under his T shirt and started massaging his back up from his waist to his shoulders and then down again.

Neither of us wanted this kiss to end.

I then moved my hands to the top of his shorts and slid my fingers under the elasticated waistband and inside his underpants. Then down a bit further until my fingers found his bum.

Oh, what a sensation.

His chubby cheeks were so full and hard.

I held a cheek in each hand and massaged them with my thumbs.

Marcel was starting to hold me more tightly again.

After a while, I withdrew my hands from his shorts and withdrew from the kiss.

Marcel let out a deep sigh.

I rolled him onto his back, moving to his side as I did and I then slowly pushed his shorts down and off his feet taking his underpants with him at the same time.

I then lifted Marcel's T shirt up and over his head and drew it down his arms and off.

Marcel lifted his back slightly to allow it past.

Marcel was now completely naked and it was the first time I had seen his little prick. It was quite beautiful.

It had softened since I had felt it before and was about 2" long with the foreskin curled up around it. His little sac had started to grow and soften.

I leant on my right elbow, bent over him and started massaging his chest, gradually moving towards his nipples.

When I reached them, I rolled them gently between my left thumb and index finger. It produced the same reaction as before and he closed his eyes and gasped.

I then took his right nipple in my mouth and massaged it between my lips and at the same time started sucking.

Marcel's whole body jumped and he let out a little cry.

I continued like this and then transferred to his left nipple. I got the same reaction.

While doing this, I moved my left hand down his chest and then to his tummy where I found his tummy button.

My index finger went in and I pressed quite forcefully, wiggling it as I did so.

Marcel yelled again and went on to moan quite loudly. He lifted his hand which was on the ground and tried to push my wiggling finger away.

Marcel's prick was now back to attention and a full 3½" long.

It was twitching.

I moved over to the end of his feet and knelt facing him. I placed my hands under his knees and lifted them up.

I then pushed them up towards his chin while at the same time opening his legs fairly wide.

I moved forward on my knees until I was over his prick.

I kept my hands on the back of Marcel's thighs and started to lower my head down towards his prick.

Marcel saw what was about to happen and closed his eyes before I reached him. As he did so, my tongue reached the tip of his raging prick and I licked it.

He let out a high pitched squeal. "Ohhhhhhhhhh!!" He cried.

I then ran my tongue down the full length of his prick, tickling the foreskin as I went.

Marcel started to buck now but he could not move far because of my hands pressing down on his thighs.

I continued my licking motion for quite some time as I could sense how Marcel was enjoying it.

I then increased the downward pressure of my hands on his thighs and this lifted his bum up a bit more allowing me to move my tongue down and tease his balls.

His little sac jumped and Marcel cried out again.

I moved up and took the tip of his prick into my mouth, just over the end of his foreskin and tightened my lips around it. I then started to very slowly push the foreskin back.

When I had reached as far as it would go, I drew it back towards the tip of his prick again, just as slowly and sucking gently as I went.

Marcel was moaning loudly now.

I repeated the process about 4 times and then started to speed up a bit. I tightened my lip muscles more and my sucking motion was a bit stronger.

Marcel was bucking again now to the same rhythm as me, trying to fuck my mouth. It was driving me wild too and I encouraged it by releasing my hold on the back of his thighs and cupping his bum cheeks instead, massaging them strongly and lifting his prick deeper into my mouth. I continued like this for about 2 minutes when I suddenly increased speed even more and held his prick in my mouth even more tightly.

I stopped sucking. I could sense he was close.

My head was bobbing up and down like a piston.

Suddenly, I felt Marcel stiffen and he let out a little scream.

I lifted his bum again and managed to get his balls into my mouth as well as his raging prick
And then he came and I massaged his prick and his balls in my mouth as he did so.
I took all his semen in my mouth. It wasn't a lot.
Marcel kept his eyes closed and lay there moaning. His breathing was in short laboured gasps.
His prick softened and his balls and prick slipped out of my mouth.
I lowered his feet to the ground and looked down at him. He looked so beautiful.
I then lifted him to a sitting position with an arm behind his shoulders and, afterwards, onto my lap, facing away from me.
I kept my right arm around him and drew him into my shoulder where he rested his head.
I placed my left hand under his chin and then ran my fingers up his cheek very lightly.
He opened his eyes at this moment and I looked into them.
"Je t'aime, Marcel" I whispered.
"Je t'aime aussi" he replied quietly.
I then held him tightly and there we sat for several minutes, saying nothing.
After a while, I said to him "C'est un secret, oui?"
"Mais oui, certainement" Marcel replied touching my face with his fingers very gently as he said it.
I could feel Marcel was getting a bit cold. He was naked and I was fully dressed.
I told him to put his clothes on and he stood up and started dressing.
With this done, we both clambered out of the den and down the steep slope to the path. We walked along it until we met the road and then down that and out of the woods into the village.
It was 9 o'clock. We had only been away from the barbeque for an hour.
It seemed like a lifetime.
As we passed Marcel's home, I said it might be a good idea if he went in. He had already told me that his father and mother would be at the barbeque until 10.
We stood to the side of his house and could see each other from the light outside his front door.
His clothes were remarkably clean but there were grubby marks from the leaves on his white T shirt. My clothing was much more dirty than his from lying on the ground.
He promised to put his dirty clothes in the linen basket and agreed it would be best if he washed and went straight to bed so that he was asleep when his parents returned.

I bent down and kissed him lightly on the lips.
He responded and it was warm and very loving.
And then we parted.
I walked slowly back to my bedroom block. Nobody was there.
I went into the bathroom and soaked my swimming shorts and T shirt in the shower and then hung them in the drying area.
I walked back nude into the bedroom and found my reserve pair of swimming shorts and put them on.
I then climbed up into my bunk and lay there.
I wanted to remember every little detail of what had happened.
I was so frustrated about not having relieved my own raging prick but knew I had been right. A young innocent boy such as Marcel can only take in so much on a first fling and I could so easily have frightened him.
I never got to remember all the little details of our date because I nodded off and then slept soundly until the morning.

I woke and realised it was our last full day. We were leaving after breakfast the following morning.
I decided to walk down to the beach on my own and set off as soon as I had had breakfast.
I wondered whether Marcel would have had a reaction after the previous night. I didn't think so because it had all been so loving, there had been no force and I had held back my own urges. I had been determined that Marcel should have good memories of our holiday fling together.
I reached the water and went straight in, swimming out for 200 yards before turning and swimming back.
I saw Dave and Chris on the beach laying out their towels and I joined them.
We had an enjoyable last morning together and, when I left them, I also left the football for them to use during the rest of the day.
I wandered back to the beach bar and greeted Pepe.
Nobody else was there.
I took my drink to a table and sat looking away from the bar down the beach to the sea.
He crept up on me and sat on my lap, shocking me as he had at the film show.
I jumped and immediately wrapped my arms around him tightly. I then tickled him and he screamed. He pushed away from me and stood up facing me and out of my reach. His face was pouting at me.
He looked so lovely.
"Ha ha" I said and looked away.

Slowly, he walked back towards me and sat on my lap again, sideways on. He was wearing his red shorts again with a clean T shirt. I had my right arm around his shoulder and looked down at him. He was not looking at me but slowly turned his head towards me. When he saw me looking, he quickly turned away. This little game went on for a while and Marcel started to giggle. Eventually, he turned his head to look at me and kept it there. He nestled his head into my shoulder. He was smiling and his eyes had that look of longing in them I had seen the night before. I smiled back at him and neither of us moved or spoke. Minutes later, we were still looking into each others eyes and we were both still smiling. "Do you want a swim this afternoon" I asked him and his eyes immediately lit up. "Yes" he said and we arranged to meet up outside the hostel. Soon after that, Dave and Chris joined us and I bought a round of drinks. We chatted and then left for lunch, Marcel returning home.

At the agreed time, I left the main door of the hostel and Marcel was already waiting for me. He was wearing his swimming trunks and carried a towel. He was not wearing a T shirt. We walked side by side down the stone path and then onto the beach, walking straight on towards the sea. There were a few more people on the beach that day and they were concentrated where I normally went to swim so I deliberately set a path to the sea which would be well away from them. It meant we had to walk 3 times as far as I normally did but, when we arrived and I looked around, we were about 200 yards from the nearest person. Marcel laid out his towel and we both then ran into the water together. We did not go out very far because Marcel wanted to play in the breakwater where the waves were landing. They were not very big waves, perhaps 3'. He was jumping into the waves just before they crashed down. With my extra height, it was not very exciting and so I sat down facing the waves and they then crashed over me.

After a while, Marcel saw I was having fun and so came over and sat on my lap facing away from me and the waves then crashed over both of us.

Just before a wave crashed, I held him more tightly and Marcel would scream and then get a mouthful of water. While we were waiting for a wave to build up, I held Marcel with my arms around his chest and I kissed his shoulder, neck and ears. Sometimes, I blew or licked inside his ear.

Marcel was getting very worked up and, after a while, he turned to face me and we kissed.

It was immediately strong and soon became passionate. Our attention was distracted and we were oblivious to the wave which knocked us over.

We then lay on the sand with the waves crashing on top of us as the kiss continued.

Eventually, the kiss stopped and we both gasped for air. I still held him with my arms around him and we looked into each other's eyes.

"Mon cheri" I whispered and then "Je t'adore" and gave him little kisses all over his face.

A few moments later, we were into another passionate kiss on the lips.

Soon after it started, I found the top of Marcel's swimming trunks and slid them over his bum and peeled them off. I paused our kiss so that I could throw them up onto dry sand.

I was about to return to our kiss when I felt Marcel's hands on the top of my swimming shorts trying to push them down. It was difficult for him and so I relaxed my hold on him so he could kneel and complete the exercise. When he had finished, I took the shorts from him and threw them up onto the beach with the others.

This was the first time Marcel had seen me with my shorts off. He was in no way shocked but was obviously intrigued.

He needs to explore I thought and so I moved a couple of yards up the beach. It was still in the water but the waves had spent most of their energy by then.

Marcel followed and sat next to me, looking at my prick. It was not small but it had lost much of its size.

"Touches, si tu peux" I said and Marcel leant over me and touched the tip then leaving his finger there.

My prick immediately started growing.

"Maintenant, tienes". I went on.

Marcel wrapped his fingers round my prick which shot up to almost full size.

I could see Marcel's eyes growing in size as my prick grew.

When I thought he had become accustomed to it, I put my arms around his shoulder and lifted his face up to mine with my other hand. Marcel released my prick and we started kissing again.

As the kiss continued, I lowered him down so that he was lying in the shallow water and I was above him, kneeling in the water with an arm either side of his head supporting my body.

Marcel had his arms around my neck, pulling my lips down as deeply as he could onto his own.

Eventually, I pulled out of our kiss and started giving him little kisses over his chest and then down to his tummy.

I lifted his knees up and licked his balls.

Marcel was going wild but, when I took his raging prick into my mouth, he pushed me off and shouted "Non!".

His push sent me over onto my back in the water and Marcel then pulled himself up and lay across my tummy with his head over my prick. He had his arms stretched out below him resting in the sand and they supported his shoulders and head.

He could also bend his arms and this gave him the power to lift and lower his head.

Marcel then very slowly lowered his face down to my prick which had just started to realise what he was going to do and was growing in size by the second.

Marcel hesitated and then opened his mouth wide. He lowered his face down and took as much of my prick inside as he was could. It was about 3".

My prick was raging now and it's girth increased enormously. So it was not so much Marcel closing his lips over my prick as my prick growing into the confines of his lips.

"Oh Marcel" I cried "C'est si bon".

No sooner had I said it than Marcel started raising his head up and then lowering it again.

He had to adjust his hold on my foreskin with his lips but soon mastered it and then started to gradually increase the speed.

After a minute or two, I rested my hand on his head and pushed downwards slightly when Marcel was on the downward stroke. This pushed a little more of my prick into his mouth.

At the same time, I put my right index finger between the cheeks of Marcel's bum and lightly dabbed the tip of my finger against the edge of his arse hole, to the same tempo as Marcel's bobbing head.

You could immediately see how this excited Marcel. He was pushing his bum back towards my finger and it also speeded things up because Marcel realised that the faster he bobbed over my prick, the more often my finger caressed him between his cheeks.

I rewarded him by gradually increasing the pressure when I was over his arse hole.

Marcel was moaning quietly now at the same time as he was pumping away on my prick.

He speeded up yet again now and my dabbing finger explored his sphincter a bit more deeply.

Suddenly, I felt myself start to cum and the first load hit Marcel in the back of the throat.

He gagged a bit but it didn't stop me applying a bit more pressure on the back of his head to keep it in place.

My second and third loads were now on their way and, as they came, I gently pushed my way into Marcel's arsehole and kept going until I reached my knuckle. About 3".

Marcel cried out and lifted himself off my prick. He had drunk quite a bit of my semen but it was still running out of his mouth.

He started to move but I took over. I withdrew my finger from his arsehole and quickly turned him over and lay him on his back in the sand. I knelt in front of him and lifted his legs up and apart and then back towards his chin, then pressing down on the back of his thighs to keep them there.

My index finger now returned to his arsehole and I started finger fucking him. I was finding less and less resistance as his sphincter became accustomed to the size of my intrusion.

I looked down at his face. His eyes were closed and his arms were up over his head.

"C'est bon, oui?" I asked him.

"Mmmmmm" he replied.

I was finger fucking him quite hard, pulling almost out before plunging back in again. Occasionally, I would stop and tickle his colon.

Marcel now had a raging hard-on and, at this point, I lowered my head between his legs and licked the tip of his prick and then ran my tongue down its length before licking all round his balls.

I then lowered my mouth over his prick and balls and took it all in, gently massaging him everywhere with my tongue and lips.

Marcel was moaning constantly now and I felt him tense just before his climax.

He screamed.

His bum stiffened around my finger and I gave one final thrust in as deep as I could and held it there wiggling my finger about while continuing my mouth exercises between his legs.

Eventually, his body relaxed and his prick softened.

I withdrew my finger from his bum and my mouth from between his legs.

I then lay on the sand and pulled him on top of me and cuddled him closely.

He was still gasping for breath.

I went down to the beach bar and sat on one of the stools. I said goodbye to Pepe and thanked him also giving him a generous tip.

He was talking to me quite fast and I didn't really understand much. I think it was something to do with seeing me again next year.

I then walked back to the Hostal. The coach was waiting. Our luggage had already been loaded.

Soon, we got started and the coach pulled away.

We reached the end of the village and I thought I saw Marcel's face through an upstairs window but I was not certain. I did not wave.

I thought about Marcel and the times we had had together. In particular the previous 2 days when we had made such wonderful love.

My mind drifted back to the previous day.

After making love in the sea, we had stayed where we were and held and cuddled each other.

Only later when the sun was not quite so hot had we moved out of the water and up onto the sand. Then we had settled into more cuddling.

Neither one of us had said much. An occasional "Je t'aime" from one or other of us and that was about it.

For most of the time, we had just gazed into each other's eyes and smiled, occasionally touching or giving little light kisses to the other's face.

There had been a bit of bum rubbing but nothing else and our pricks were mostly calm.

Eventually, I had said to Marcel that it was time we started back. We had both retrieved our swimming things and put them back on.

As we finished, I had turned to Marcel who knew that this was to be our goodbye. We had discussed it earlier.

Marcel had told me that he was going out with his parents on the night before I left and would not see me that evening. I had told him that I hated goodbyes and that it would be best if we said them down on the beach that afternoon and not see each other in the morning when I was leaving.

We had both put out our arms to each other and fallen into them, hugging each other strongly.

I had lifted Marcel up under his arms and he had thrown them around my neck. I then moved my arms to around his bum.

We had looked into each other's eyes for the last time and tears had welled in both of us.

"Au revoir, mon cheri" I had whispered and we had then buried our faces in each other.

After a few moments, I had lowered Marcel to the ground. We had both been covered in sand.

"Beat you into the sea" I had said and then watched Marcel scamper off ahead of me into the water.

I had just stood and watched him go, marvelling at his perfect little bum which I would always remember.

Note:

This is the third 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