

## **CONFESSIONS OF A BISEXUAL PEDOPHILE**

### **4. Kate**

(Keywords: m/g pedo consensual)

**WARNING:** The following story contains graphic descriptions of sexual activity between a young adult male and a young 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 was on my way to visit my Aunt Mary. She lived with a family in Hereford in England.

The lady of the family was a novelist and my aunt worked as a secretary for her.

I had never met the novelist but had learned a little bit about the family in letters my aunt had written to my mother. She was divorced and lived with her 4 children ranging from 8 to 17.

My aunt had never married, was in her 50's and a real spinster. She was hard work but kind and she had always had a soft spot for me.

I was not going to the house in Hereford but to stay a few days in a tent on a farm about 20 miles away from there. My aunt had a caravan which she used as a weekend place. It adjoined an old derelict windmill and was the only caravan on the farm.

My name is Mark Foster. At the time I was 17½ and I lived with my mother and younger sister.

I had left school the previous Easter about 4 months before and had just returned from a memorable holiday in Spain. I was going to be starting my first job in a few weeks time, training to be an engineer.

I was still exploring my sexuality. I had had experiences with both boys and a girl.

I found people of my own age unattractive sexually and was drawn to children ranging from 9 upwards.

I was driving down alone in a car which I had recently acquired and was bringing my own tent.

Having my own transport was wonderful and the main reason I was taking this trip was because it allowed me to get away and experience my newly found independence. After years of being cooped up in a boarding school, I was loving every minute of my new life.

If I was truthful, I would have to admit that the visit was not a burning desire to see my aunt but had thought that it would be a good base for a bit of touring.

I had left early in the morning and, at about 11 o'clock, was nearing the place where the caravan was located. I had never visited before and had a little map which my aunt had provided.

The directions were good and I found the farm gate with the sign "Home Farm" attached to it.

I needed to get out of the car to open and then shut the gate. Afterwards, I drove over a rough stone track which led through a small field for about half a mile, eventually reaching a farmhouse.

My map indicated that I would need to drive on a further half mile after that to the old mill and my aunt's caravan. As I drove down the last stretch, I took in my surroundings. There were fields on both sides and woods beyond that on the left. Close to the woods was what looked like a barn that was probably only accessed by a tractor.

The locality really was very beautiful and there were no houses anywhere. It was very isolated.

Eventually I saw what I presumed was the old mill and 50 yards away from that was a caravan. It was in a hollow and well protected from the weather by a steepish grassy bank behind.

The farm track wound to the right at the last moment and ended up in front of the mill. An extension to the track had been constructed to give a path to the caravan. What I presumed was my aunt's car was parked by the mill. When I was about 50 yards away from the caravan, I saw my aunt and a young girl come out. They were waving to me.

I presumed the young girl belonged to the farmhouse I had passed and that she was visiting.

I pulled up close to my aunt's car and climbed out. My aunt came straight over and gave me a hug and a gushy kiss on my cheek.

"Welcome to Home Farm" she said "I hope you had a good journey?"

Before I could reply, she turned to the young girl and said "This is Kate. She is staying with me for a week in the caravan".

I was taken aback. I had not been told that anyone else was staying with my aunt.

I turned to the girl and said "Hallo Kate. Pleased to meet you".

She said "Hallo" back to me.

She was 11 or 12 with a pretty face and straight blond hair which hung down to her neck. It looked clean but a bit untidy.

Her face was rounded with well proportioned ears and nose. She had a nice smile but her eyes did not have a spark in them.

What was really nice about her face was a lovely complexion without any blemishes.

That was the good part.

She wasn't exactly fat but she was definitely plumpish. I couldn't determine how plump because she was wearing a long baggy summer dress. It was awful.

You couldn't detect whether she had any breasts or waist. It came down below her knees and I had only a very limited view of her legs. However, I guessed they were large. She was wearing flipflops on her feet.

I was not impressed and did not fancy her at all. This one is not going to change my holiday plans I thought to myself.

We went and sat down at a patio table and chairs and my aunt brought out a jug of lemonade and glasses on a tray. We sat together, drank our lemonade and chatted.

It turned out that Kate was the third child of the novelist for whom my aunt worked. She had a brother of 17, an older sister of 14, Kate was 12 and she had a younger brother of 8.

They told me about Home Farm. The mill had not been used for a hundred years and was fairly derelict. The original stone steps leading up to the milling room were intact but the wings and roof were no longer there. It was not used for anything.

The barn I had seen as I drove up was used by the farmer for hay storage. The other side of that was a biggish pond which was filled from a spring. I was assured that it was very clean.

Kate said that you could swim in it but the water was cold and she had only paddled.

The woods were fairly dark and uninviting.

My aunt said that there were some wonderful walks around and I must explore them for myself.

She then said that she must start to prepare lunch and got up from the table. Before she left, we discussed where I should erect the tent. "The best place is at the top of the hill" she said and pointed up the grassy slope behind the caravan. It was a steep bank and the top would have been 25' higher than the caravan and about 75 yards away from where we were standing.

She explained that it was very well drained and there were bushes up there where I could dig a hole for my toilet.

"Great" I said and went to my car to get out the tent and my sports bag containing the few things I would need all of which would have to be carried up the slope as the farm track did not go up there and neither would my car. I had already been told that there was no electricity and only a single standpipe for water located a few yards away from the caravan. It was necessary to use torches and fill a can with water which my aunt would provide.

When everything was out of the car, I picked up the tent bag and Kate said "I want to help. What can I bring?" I gave her a bag containing my sleeping bag and said "See if you can manage this one".

Then we set off up the slope.

I reached the top before Kate had even reached halfway and looked around. My aunt had been right. This was a good spot.

I decided where I would put the tent and pulled it out of the bag. It was a 2 man ridge tent. Not very large but quite sufficient for this holiday when I would be fed in the caravan.

Eventually, Kate came over the brow of the hill puffing and panting but, to her credit, not moaning about her load.

I had started to get the tent poles into position when Kate finally arrived. She dropped the bag she was carrying and immediately asked me what she could do to help now.

I asked her to support a pole while I secured the guide ropes. This done, she then supported the pole at the other end while I secured the guide ropes there also.

Kate was really being very helpful.

I now went round the tent hammering in the other tent pegs.

The tent had a built-in groundsheet and so all that was left to fit was the fly sheet over the top. Kate helped me do this and I secured the 4 corners. And that was it.

I thanked Kate for her help and she beamed. She really had a very nice smile.

I needed to return to my car to get my sports bag, torches and one or two other things and so made my way to the top of the hill for the climb down.

I was about to start down when I felt Kate's hand grab mine tightly. I presumed she was a bit worried about falling.

We reached the bottom and I turned towards my car. Kate still held my hand firmly even though we were on flat ground. I did not resist. If it made her happy, what the hell, I thought.

I reached the car and collected my things. I turned back towards the hill and started off.

Is she going to want to hold my hand again, I wondered. She could become a real nuisance.

At that moment, I heard my aunt calling Kate and telling her to go in and wash her hands. Kate left me and went over to the caravan. I continued on up the hill with my gear.

It was a lovely warm summers day. I thought I might explore the pond later and so decided to change into my swimming shorts. With these on together with a T shirt and trainers, I then made my way back down to the caravan.

I sat by the patio table again.

Kate came out of the caravan and skipped her way over to where I was sitting.

I thought she was going to sit on my knee for a moment and I pulled up my chair closer to the table. She then sat down in the chair adjoining and stretched out her hand towards mine.

She's was trying to hold hands again, so I moved my hand away.

She had been smiling but stopped as I withdrew my hand. I now realised what was wrong with her face. She had sad eyes and they were always sad whether she was smiling or, as now, with a glum look on her face.

I saw that I had hurt her feelings and so said "You look very pretty today, Kate".

Her face changed immediately and the smile was back but her eyes looked the same.

"Lunchtime" shouted Aunt Mary from the caravan and we both got up and walked to the caravan.

It was quite a small van with a sofa at one end which I imagined converted into a bed, a gas cooker, sink, food storage and wardrobe in the middle and, at the far end, a table with bench seating for 2 people either side, all of which would also convert into another bed.

It was very neat and tidy. On the table was a plate containing slices of ham, a big bowl of salad and plenty of bread and butter.

By this time, I was very hungry indeed having had nothing since I left home except for some biscuits as I drove.

I sat down on a bench seat near the window and Kate immediately sat down next to me on my right. My aunt sat down last, opposite me.

We started to eat and talked about how long my aunt had had this weekend place. It transpired that she had seen an advert in the paper placed by the farmer who wanted a bit of extra income. Prior to my aunt coming, the caravan had been used by itinerant farmworkers.

It was towards the end of this conversation that I received the shock of my life.

Kate's hand was resting on my prick!

While still listening to my aunt, I used my right hand to lift Kate's hand off and back to her end of the table and I looked at her crossly. She was beaming at me.

A moment or two later, her hand rested on my prick again and this time she gripped it through my flimsy swimming shorts.

I tried very gently to lift her hand off but she was gripping me tightly and, as I tried, she gripped even harder sending my prick wild.

I turned to Kate and she was still beaming.

Even though the action was under the table top, how Aunt Mary did not see what was going on, I do not know but she didn't.

I couldn't believe it and what should I do?

Should I say to my aunt "Would you please get this girl to let go of my prick?" There wouldn't be much of a holiday after that, would there?

And so the moments went on. Kate was now squeezing my prick as well. Very soon, I would have an orgasm while seated at the table opposite my aunt. It was ridiculous.

Suddenly, I decided what to do. I had just about finished my meal and said "Sorry, I need the toilet" and turned to Kate as if to say "I want to get up".

She released my prick and climbed out of her seat so as to allow me out.

I pulled down my T shirt as low as possible so as to hide my raging weapon and slowly got out of the seat Kate had vacated and left the caravan.

I walked up the hill in a daze and lay down on the grass beside my tent.

What on earth had happened? The first time she had touched my prick, she might have been searching for my hand again, I thought, but not the second time when she had held onto it for dear life!

I decided I would have to speak to her.

It would be no good being angry. That wasn't the answer.

I had to gently quiz her about why she had done it and try to persuade her not to do it again.

I then lay back, closed my eyes and dozed off.

I woke to find Kate sitting on the grass to my right looking at me with that beam on her face again.

"You have been a very silly girl", I said.

Kate did not respond and kept beaming.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

She hesitated for a few moments and then said "I thought you would like it".

She then went on to ask "Would you like me to do it again?"

I should have immediately shouted "No" but my prick had other ideas and my swimming shorts immediately bulged. Kate giggled and moved her right hand over and rested it on my prick again.

"Oh no", I said and moaned.

She now gripped my prick through the flimsy cotton and started squeezing.

My prick raged, fighting to find a way out of my shorts.

I moaned more loudly and put my hands up above my head. My eyes were closed and I was breathing very heavily. There was no stopping now.

Kate started to rub my foreskin up and down through my shorts and, after about 10 times, she increased the speed. A few moments later, I stiffened, let out a cry and came.

My body then gradually relaxed.

Kate had taken her hand off my prick and was just sitting and watching me.

My sperm was seeping through and staining my cotton shorts.

I was still in a daze but had to try and deal with this situation.

My first thoughts were about my Aunt Mary. "What's my Aunt doing?" I asked Kate.

"She's dozing in a chair" Kate replied and went on "Don't worry, she won't come up here".

Kate was looking at me quizically as if for a reaction. "Are you pleased with me?" she asked.

I thought for a moment, ignored her question and then asked "Where did you learn to do that?".

Kate turned away and didn't answer.

"Cmon" I said "someone has shown you what to do".

"Who was it?"

Again, there was no reply and Kate suddenly jumped up, ran to the top of the hill and was then gone from sight.

I was still in a daze and did not move.

I tried to analyse the situation.

This child whom I did not even fancy had just given me my first ever girl hand job and I had been powerless to do anything about it.

She would probably do it again.

There was a real danger that my aunt would find out what was happening and then there would be hell to pay.

I decided to walk down to the pond and see if my head cleared. I needed to wash my shorts anyway.

I did not need to go past the caravan to get there and walked along the top of the grassy bank for 200 yards before taking sideways steps down an even steeper bank to the barn. I soon found the pond.

It was about 50 yards across and narrower than that in width. I had no idea how deep it was. As my aunt had said, the water was quite clear although I guessed it would disturb some mud when I entered.

I took my trainers off and threw them into the grass. I then dipped a toe in the water.

It was indeed cold.

What the hell, I thought. I need to clear my head as well as wash my shorts so I pulled off my T shirt and ran into the water without stopping.

I had guessed that the bottom of the pond would be free of the sort of rubbish such as glass often found in ponds like this as it was so isolated and I was right.

The cold water took my breath away and I swam out for quite a way before turning to swim back.

As I turned, I could see Kate standing on the bank where I had started from.

She did not wave but just stood there watching me.

I reached the bank where she was standing and clambered out. I was tingling and felt really good.

As I neared where she stood, she asked "Are you still mad at me?"

She looked so sad.

"No Kate, I'm not mad at you but we have to talk"

I sat down on the grass to dry and Kate sat down next to me.



I went on "Are you going to tell me who showed you how to do that?"

"I promised not to" she murmured.

"You can trust me" I said "I won't tell anyone else".

She hesitated for a long time before answering and then said "It was my brother".

She then burst into tears and went into a fit of uncontrollable sobbing.

I leant over and put my arm around her and pulled her into me comfortingly.

It did not seem to make any difference and the deep sobs continued.

I decided to say nothing. It was something she had to get out of her system and so I just sat there holding her and letting her know I was there for her.

Eventually the sobbing slowed. She then lay down on the grass with her head on my lap.

When I thought the moment was right, I asked her "When did it start?"

She did not look at me and mumbled "When I was 10".

"What does he do to you?" I went on.

"He makes me do what I did to you and he touches me down there" she said, pointing between her legs.

"Does he do anything else?" I asked softly.

Sometimes he puts his thingy up there" she replied, again pointing down between her legs.

I hesitated, trying to take it all in.

"Do you enjoy it when he does these things?" I asked her.

"No" she quickly replied. "He hurts me and he gets so angry if I tell him I don't want to."

She went on "I rub his thingy because it makes him happy and then he doesn't do the other things to me down there so much."

I was silent for a while with my thoughts.

This poor little thing, I thought, being abused by a bastard of a brother who uses her like a prostitute.

At a time when the girl should be starting to think about boys, she probably hates them.

At a time when she should be starting to enjoy the pleasures of being sexually aroused, she no doubt hates the idea.

Her wanking me off had been the only way she knew to try and make me happy. Perhaps she thought I would get nasty with her as well if she hadn't done it.

No wonder she had sad eyes.

What a bastard.

"Come here" I said to her. "I want to give you a cuddle". She sat up slowly and I stretched out my arms to her. She knelt on the ground and fell into my arms.

I then lay back on the grass and pulled her down with me. I held her with my arm around her shoulder and her head snuggled into it.

We lay there like that and neither of us moved or said anything.

After a while, I thought she was going to sleep but, when I turned to look at her face, her eyes were wide open looking at me.

I smiled and kissed her on the nose.

"I'm glad you told me Kate" I said "I promise I will not tell anyone else."

I went on "We are both tired now but I would like to talk to you again tomorrow. Is that OK?"

"Yes" she murmured.

"You must promise not to touch me down there again unless I say you can" I said.

"OK" she replied.

We remained as we were for a few more minutes and I then turned to face Kate and said "You are lovely" and I kissed her on the lips softly before easing her off me and standing up.

She was a little damp from being close to me while I was drying off and there were smudges on her face from the sobbing.

I used my T shirt dipped in pond water to gently wipe her face. We would have to hope her dress dried on the walk back.

We made our way back towards the caravan and I held Kate's hand.

When we had reached near the caravan, I said that I would go back to my tent and Kate walked on alone.

I changed into jeans and walked down the hill to the caravan. I knocked on the door and said to my aunt that I was going for a ride in the car and would not be back for supper. I would eat out. My aunt was quite happy.

I took the car out of the farm onto the main highway and made for a small town a few miles away.

By the time I arrived, the pubs were open and I chose an old Inn which advertised good ale and food.

I sat in a corner on my own, drank a beer and became lost in my thoughts.

What should I do, if anything? It really was not my problem and it might be best to make an excuse and leave for home.

And then I remembered those sad eyes.

I did not fancy her but I felt very, very sorry for her. She deserved help.

I couldn't tell anyone about her brother. I had promised not to and anyway, if it all came out, her wanking me off would also become public knowledge.

I ordered a meal and a second beer at the bar and sat down again.

Eventually, the start of a plan developed in my mind.

I could stop her brother doing anything more to her. I decided I would write him a letter saying that Kate had told me everything and that, if he touched her again, I would contact the police and he would probably go to a youth prison. If he was nasty to her because she had told me, I would also tell the police.

I was sure that would stop him.

This just left Kate's sad eyes. She needed to be shown that what had happened with her brother was not normal. That a relationship between a boy and a girl is a wonderful thing.

She needed to start feeling good about herself again.

If I were to help her do this, it would be risky. There would be physical contact between us. My aunt might notice something was going on.

Despite the risks, I decided that this is what I must do.

I finished my meal and left for the farm.

When I arrived back, I did not go to the caravan but went straight up to my tent.

The next morning I rose early and dressed in my usual gear with my swimming shorts on.

There wasn't a cloud in the sky. It was not warm yet but it soon would be.

I already had a plan in my mind for the day.

I tidied up the tent and then walked down to the caravan.

My aunt was dressed and busy preparing the breakfast of bacon and eggs. I could smell it as I knocked on the door of the van and it was making me hungry.

My aunt welcomed me in saying that breakfast was almost ready.

Kate was still in bed on the divan at the opposite end of the caravan from the dining table.

She was in her sleeping bag and smiled at me as I walked in.

I smiled back and blew her a kiss which my aunt did not see.

I sat down in the same place I had been for lunch the previous day and sipped on a large mug of steaming tea. I noticed that Kate was lying on her side, looking at me. When she saw me looking, she coyly pulled up the top of her sleeping bag over her head and then proceeded to peek out from the top before diving under the covers again.

I smiled at her.

I talked with my aunt about how the weather looked good again and how my tent had been great and I had slept soundly.

I told her about my trip out the previous evening and the Inn I had visited. My aunt knew it and agreed it was the best in the town.

Breakfast was then served and my aunt called Kate to the table.

She clambered out of her sleeping bag and walked over, sitting down beside me.

She was wearing a long nightie which stretched down almost to her ankles. Her mother does like the tent look in clothing for her children, I thought.

We ate our breakfast in silence and, towards the end, I said to my aunt that I was thinking about taking one of the walks she had recommended up and over the fields to a village about 3 miles away. There was a rare breeds farm there which was open to the public. It had many different breeds of sheep, pigs and goats. I had seen it advertised in the Inn I had visited the previous evening. I went on to ask my aunt whether she would like to go as well, and Kate of course.

My aunt declined saying it was too far for her and she had things to do. I had hoped and rather expected that this would be her reply but was grateful nonetheless.

Kate quickly chipped in saying "Can I go ..... Pleeease?" I don't see why not my aunt replied and Kate beamed and held my arm.

"I was thinking of taking a picnic lunch" I said "and making a day of it as the weather is so good".

My aunt said that was fine but that she would need a few provisions for preparing the picnic. I immediately offered to drive into the nearby town and do some shopping for her and my aunt said she would prepare a list of what was needed.

Kate chipped in again saying "Can I go with you in the car?"

"If you want to" I replied.

With this, Kate bounded off the seat to the other end of the caravan and rapidly pulled off her nightie ready to put on the same dress she had worn the previous day.

I was about to avert my eyes but noticed that my aunt had her back to me while she transferred some dirty plates to the sink.

I was therefor able to look at Kate.

This was the first time I had seen her without her baggy clothes on.

She was wearing panties but nothing else.

Her bum was larger than average but her legs were well proportioned and nicely rounded.

She had a waist albeit less of one than I preferred.

The thing which really stunned me were her breasts. She had started to develop and her breasts were each the size of a golf ball sitting on her chest with a lovely looking nipple at the front.

I had had no previous experience of breasts other than the tiny ones on a flat fronted child and I was hypnotised by them. My prick started to get excited.

A moment later and all was covered by the baggy dress. She did not need to wear a bra yet.

As soon as Kate had finished dressing, I took the prepared list and some cash my aunt gave to me and we walked to the car.

Kate skipped along and looked happy.

We took the car down the long track to the highway. Kate helped by opening and closing the gate and we drove off to town.

She was very excited and pointed out different things along the way.

We quickly reached the town and went into the shop.

When we had finished, we returned to the car and Kate held my hand tightly.

Once back at the caravan, my aunt set about preparing our picnic. We agreed that we would leave in an hour.

I walked back up to my tent and found that Kate was following me.

I sat down on the grass and Kate sat next to me. She grabbed my hand again and I let her.

"I was good at the breakfast table" Kate said and I turned to her, put my arm around her shoulder and replied "You were very good" and smiled.

She then jumped up and started skipping around. She was singing at the top of her voice. I'm not quite sure what it was.

I watched her and thought to myself, "not a bad start".

It was time for us to pick up our picnic and we walked down the hill. The food was all prepared and had been put into a small rucksack which my aunt produced. There was a bottle of her lemonade and 2 mugs inside also.

I adjusted the straps on the rucksack and put it on my back. I said goodbye to my aunt and told her that we would be back about 5. Kate gave my aunt a hug and we left.

We walked up the hill again, past the tent and then made our way across a field to a gate which I could see in the distance. I had been told it led onto another farm track which we then followed all the way to the village.

I walked at strolling pace so that Kate could walk rather than having to keep running to catch me up.

Kate soon caught hold of my hand and held it tightly. I would have preferred she hadn't as it is more tiring to walk this way particularly with a person who is about 10" shorter than you are.

However, I knew that my hand was an important part of her security at the moment and I didn't object.

The countryside around was really lovely, made up of fields of grass surrounded by little hedges. Most were empty of stock but occasionally we came across a herd of cows when Kate became nervous particularly if they came close to us. She would then put her arms around my waist.

"Don't worry" I would say putting a protective arm around her shoulder. "They are more frightened of us than you are of them. They will not come any closer".

We stopped after about half an hour and sat on a tree trunk which had come down in a storm and which lay beside our track. I took off the rucksack and found the biscuits and lemonade which we nibbled and drank.

Kate sat on the log close up to me. She would occasionally look up at me with a smile. It was a lovely smile which seemed to be saying "I like being here with you and I trust you".

We said little. It was unnecessary.

When Kate had finished her snack, she put her mug down on the grass and then put her arms around my chest and snuggled into me. I put an arm around her shoulder.

And there we sat for a few minutes.

I then said "Cmon, we must get on. We have a long way to go yet"

I took my arm off Kate's shoulder, she reluctantly removed her arms from my chest and we both stood up. I put the rucksack back on and we started off again.

Our farm track meandered on and I could see it ending up on the side of a slight hill where there were a group of houses. They were about a mile away. This was where we were making for.

I stopped and pointed out to Kate what I had seen and she became excited as we were nearly there.

In fact, it was another 40 minutes walking before we arrived. It was a lovely little village made up of stone cottages with an old church and a stream running down the side of the road.

In the centre of the village, the stream opened up into a duck pond and there were about a dozen ducks on it. We stood and watched them for a while but did not have any spare bread to feed them. However, there was an old lady standing by the pond with a bag from which she was taking bits of bread and throwing them towards the ducks. They were then scuttling about to try and be the first to reach them.

The old lady saw Kate watching and offered her a handful of her bread bits.

Kate took them and started feeding the ducks herself.

When she had finished her handful of bread, I asked the old lady where the rare breeds farm was. She gave me directions and we walked on.

Kate was now skipping ahead and singing as she went. She was happy.

We found the farm and knocked on the farmhouse door which led into a small shop selling postcards and other touristy bits and pieces. It also sold ice cream and I bought us both one. I paid the entrance fee and we left the shop and walked into the rare breeds display area. The farm was divided into little paddocks each containing different animals. There were many breeds of sheep and goats and finally, in a field which was a mud bath, the pigs.

The sheep and goats totally ignored us but the pigs would race up and peer at us through the electric fencing.

Kate was fascinated by the pigs but also frightened and she returned to throwing her arms around my waist for protection.

After about an hour, we had had enough. As we walked back past the shop, I went in and asked Kate what she would like to take home with her as a memento of our day out.

She chose a T shirt with a picture of the farm animals on it and the name of the farm.

I paid for it and we left.

"Do you want me to put it in the rucksack for you?" I asked her.

"No" she quickly replied. "I want to carry it" and she held the bag close to her chest.

"OK" I said and we walked on.

We now reversed our route and walked out of the village into the field where the farm track began.

It was lunchtime and I was feeling hungry but I wanted to get closer to home before we stopped. I had seen a perfect place for lunch on our outward walk. It was in a field without animals looking down over a valley.

Eventually we reached it and sat down on the grass. I removed our picnic from the rucksack and we both tucked into ham sandwiches and cake washed down with more lemonade.

We watched some rabbits scuttling about but that was the only sign of life. We had seen nobody during our morning walk and nobody since we had started back. It was hardly surprising as our farm track led nowhere. There would be an occasional tractor carrying the farmer to check his stock but I doubted that anyone else used it.

We finished our picnic and I lay back on the grass looking up at the sky.

Kate moved over and lay down beside me with her head level with mine.

She snuggled up to me on my right.

And there we lay together for several minutes without talking.

I had closed my eyes. I was quite sleepy.

When I next opened them, I saw Kate who was perched on her elbow looking at me.

She smiled and I smiled back.

"Would you like me to rub your thingy again now?" she asked.

"Why do you want to do that?" I replied softly.

"Because it makes you happy" Kate went on.

I paused and could feel my prick starting to bulge again in my shorts.

"But Kate, I am already happy. I'm lying here with a beautiful girl close to me. You do not need to do that to me".

My prick subsided.

Kate looked puzzled but did not argue and lay back on the grass again saying nothing.

"Come here" I eventually said. "I want to give you a cuddle".



She sat up and I pulled her towards me cradling her head in my right arm and pulling her partially on top of me. My left hand went round her waist.

I held her to me quite tightly and there we stayed, totally relaxed together.

After a while, I started gently massaging her back with my left hand.

Still supporting her head with my right arm, I moved my right hand and gently ran my fingers through her hair.

Kate did not move and I thought she had gone to sleep. Perhaps she did for a few moments.

"I love it when you hold me like this" she said suddenly and very quietly.

I did not reply.

I continued to massage her back. I was moving my hand round in small circles just below her ribs and I then started to move down slowly until I reached her bum.

I continued the slow sweeping massage over her cheeks and increased the pressure from my fingers slightly.

Kate moaned out of pure pleasure.

We remained that way for several moments and then I pinched the right cheek of her bum.

She immediately pushed away from me and said

"Youuu!!!" but before she could say anything more I pushed her onto the grass on her back and tickled her under the ribs.

She started wriggling to get out of my grasp and cried out "Oh no, you don't". But I did.

The wriggling increased. Her feet were now up in the air and the hem of her dress rose up above her panties.

I then stopped tickling her and bent my head down and gave her an enormous raspberry on her bare tummy.

Kate was writhing now from side to side and managed to roll over several times trying to get away from me.

I moved my body as she rolled. She was not getting away.

Whenever she rolled over, I kept my right hand close to her chest and I could feel those beautiful little breasts as they passed by.

Eventually we came to a halt, both really quite exhausted from our exertions.

Kate was lying on her back with her arms above her head. Her dress was still riding high but covered most of her panties.

I was in a sitting position . I leant over her and rested my fingers on her face just below her right cheek and ran my finger very lightly up her face to her right ear.

The texture of her skin was quite lovely.

I then bent my head forward and kissed her on the lips. It was a soft kiss but it was long and lingering. Her lips were succulent and I occasionally moved my lips and used them to nibble at either her top or bottom lip separately. This opened up her mouth slightly but I did not enter. The time was not quite right yet.

Kate was passive. She did not really return the kiss but allowed me to run the show.

Eventually our lips parted and I ran my left hand through her hair very gently massaging her scalp as I went. Suddenly, she threw her arms around my neck and pulled me back into her face forcefully giving me a really long juicy smacker on the lips.

When she had finished I looked down at her and said "More gently, my sweet. Much more gently".

She still had her arms around my neck and pulled me back into her face and this time it was more gentle.

Our lips met in slow motion and we started the most wonderful kiss which I shall always remember.

There was hardly any pressure. Our lips were just barely touching. Kate closed her eyes.

She had her mouth open slightly and I slipped my tongue through the opening and licked her teeth.

She tensed for a moment but then relaxed and opened her mouth a little wider to allow my tongue all the way in. Our tongues danced together.

Gradually the power of the kiss increased and we held each other more tightly.

Kate moved an arm from around my neck and put it behind my head to pull me even closer onto her lips and into her mouth.

It seemed to go on for ever but we eventually stopped as if by mutual consent. We had been breathing through our noses and had become breathless.

Kate released my head and put her arms up above her head.

She was breathing in short gasps through her mouth and her chest was heaving.

Every time she breathed in, her little breasts would push up into the fabric of her dress revealing their exact shape and size.

I was captivated and looked at them for a few moments. I couldn't resist it and lightly squeezed her right breast between my thumb and index finger.

Kate moaned.

I then transferred to her left breast and did the same thing.

Kate moaned again and her chest gave an involuntary twitch. She still lay back with her arms above her head and she had a bewitching little smile on her face. She really is very beautiful I thought and my opinion of her changed.

I was starting to fancy this little girl.

I lay down beside her on my back, slithered my right arm under her head and drew her into my chest. And there we lay for several minutes.

I must have nodded off but was woken to the feel of Kate's fingers lightly touching my cheeks and around my mouth..

She was looking straight into my eyes and, as I opened mine, she said "I love you, Mark."

I smiled and took her right hand and gently kissed each of her fingers and thumb.

I pulled her towards me and gently kissed her nose.

Kate continued to look straight into my eyes.

Eventually, she said "Something happened when you rubbed my breasts. It sent shivers all through me and I felt it down there". She pointed down between her legs.

"Was it a nice feeling?" I asked.

Her eyes glazed slightly and she replied "It was wonderful. I have never felt like that before".

I hesitated and then said "I saw your breasts this morning when you were getting dressed. They were so beautiful. I just had to touch them".

"Would you like to touch them again?" Kate asked.

My prick rose.

"Oh Kate" was all I could say and began to move my left hand towards her chest.

Kate then interrupted me saying "You can take my dress off if you like".

My hand stopped. I looked at Kate and she was smiling. I smiled back and my eyes began to water slightly.

I moved my left hand to the hem of her dress and pulled it up. Kate lifted her bum and I wriggled the dress up to her waist.

We then both sat up and I lifted the dress up and over her head, throwing it into the grass.

Afterwards, Kate lay back with both hands above her head and closed her eyes.

I looked down at her.

She lay there in her white panties with her legs stretched out below.

I then looked upwards and there they were.

Now I was closer than at breakfast, I could make out every little detail of their size and shape. They were about 2" across and beautifully rounded. The curves where they grew out of her chest were so sexy. The nipples were a bit bigger than a child's but not much.

They took my breath away.

I lowered myself, leant on my right elbow and gently placed a hand on her tummy.

I then started to gently massage upwards with a single finger until I was next to her right breast.

That smile was back on Kate's face. Her eyes were still closed.

Very gently, I then rubbed the side of her breast then moving round it and finally up onto her little nipple.

Kate jumped slightly, tensed and then relaxed again.

This continued for quite a while and Kate started to moan quietly and her whole body seemed to quiver.

I moved to her left breast and gave it the same treatment.

Kate's reaction was exactly the same as before.

When she had relaxed again, I bent down to her right nipple and softly licked it.

Kate writhed for a moment and then relaxed.

I then leant further over her and took the whole right breast into my mouth and gently stiffened my lip muscles until I was squeezing the perimeter. My tongue still tickled her nipple as I did it.

Kate's whole body suddenly jerked and she started to writhe about from side to side. Her knees lifted and her bum came off the ground.

Her nipple hardened because it had become so excited.

She was moaning constantly now and breathing deeply.

Because of her movement, I had a job keeping my mouth on her breast and increased the pressure from my lip muscles.

I was still licking her nipple as I massaged her breast with my mouth and then I started lightly sucking as well.

Kate was really bucking her hips now and I put my left arm over her waist to keep her steady.

I then released her right breast and moved to her left one.

Kate was now gasping for breath and her moans were growing in intensity.

I gave the left breast the same treatment and felt her writhing and bucking under my arms again.

And then it was over and I lifted my head and sat up.

Kate did not move and lay there with her eyes still closed, moaning softly.

It was several minutes before she quietened and opened her eyes.

She looked up at me with a look of pure love and whispered "That was wonderful".

I smiled back down at her and said "You are so beautiful". I then clambered up and started to pack the rucksack. It was time to go.

Kate gradually came round, slowly stood up and put on her dress again. She picked up her bag with the T shirt in and we both started off, Kate immediately holding my hand.

It took us a good hour to make our way home but we arrived on time.

Aunt Mary welcomed us and said to Kate "You look as though you have been pulled through a hedge backwards" and then laughed. "Go and get cleaned up".

I was told that supper would be in 2 hours and I left.

I didn't feel like going back to my tent and decided to walk along to the pond. When I arrived, the water looked so inviting that I pulled off my T shirt and trainers and ran straight in.

The water was so cold but it was just what I needed. I swam about 6 lengths and then clambered out.

The sun had just started to cloud over and there was no way I would dry naturally so I decided to go back to my tent and towel off.

Once I was dry, I lay back on my sleeping bag. I could still see those beautiful little breasts and I dozed off.

I woke to the sound of distant shouting. I came to and realised that it was my aunt. She was shouting from the bottom of the hill "It's supper time".

I quickly got up and out of the tent to the top of the hill. "OK, I'm coming I shouted back".

I then closed the tent and raced down the hill to the caravan.

"Sorry Auntie" I said as I entered "I fell asleep".

My Aunt responded "Kate has more energy than you. She hasn't stopped talking since she got in. It sounds as though you had a wonderful day".

"Yes we did" I responded and I looked over at Kate. She was beaming and I smiled back at her.

Kate was already seated ready for supper and was sitting in my usual place. I sat down next to her.

My aunt had prepared a stew and it smelt great. She had her back to us and was spooning it out onto plates.

I suddenly felt Kate's hand come over onto my leg. I tensed but shouldn't have done. She was looking for my hand. When she found it, she held onto it tightly. She was still beaming.

The plates of stew were delivered to the table and my aunt sat down.

"I can't get over how well you two get on" my aunt said.

"I haven't seen Kate look so happy for ages".

I deliberately did not look at Kate and neither of us said anything.

My aunt continued her one sided conversation saying "It was so nice of you to buy Kate that T shirt. Unfortunately, she has grown out of all her jeans. We shall have to go shopping and buy some more". Kate quickly agreed.

The meal then went on in silence until we had finished.

As we got up from the table, my aunt turned to Kate and said "An early night tonight, young lady. You can go out but only for an hour".

We left together and sort of wandered around not really going anywhere. It had started to get dark and so we could not go far.

I did not know what I was going to do next with Kate. We had had a wonderful day and a lot had been achieved.

There was a trust between us which I felt would also help her relationships with other people and she had started to learn that physical contact with a man can be a soft and loving thing rather than the ugly experiences she had had in the past.

Certainly, she had never been touched so gently before.

After I had caressed her breasts, I could tell that from her eyes when she eventually opened them. They had been different. There was a sparkle which I had not seen before. They were not sad eyes at that moment.

What I had to do was try to complete our loving experience and leave her with feelings she could carry on through her teens. Feelings that relationships were fun and exciting.

It was at that moment I decided I must make love to this little girl if I could.

The idea immediately aroused me. I had never had full intercourse with a girl.

We were walking back towards the caravan when Kate suddenly said "Let's go to the mill".

"OK" I replied and she immediately raced off ahead of me.

I reached the mill and wandered around to the other side where the entrance was located.

When I arrived, Kate was standing at the top of the stone steps by the mill doorway.

"Catch me" she said and I immediately shouted "NO!!!".

The top step was about 8' off the ground.

I went on "It's too high, you might injure yourself".

Kate then sat down on the top step and dangled her legs over the edge.

"This will be alright" Kate said and I agreed.

I reached up and then wrapped my hands around her dress towards the top of her legs. She pushed off and I lowered her to the ground. It wasn't a jump at all.

"Again" said Kate and raced up the steps.

This time, Kate pulled up her dress slightly before sitting down and my hands wrapped around the bare skin of her legs about 6" below her panties. She pushed off and I lowered her to the ground.

"Again" cried Kate and raced up the steps.

This girl knows exactly what she is doing I thought to myself.

Kate again pulled up her dress and sat a little closer to the edge meaning that my hands could reach a little higher up her legs.

I took the hint and placed my hands on her legs just below the panties.

Because the legs are larger at that point, it was more difficult to hold her and I adjusted my grip so that my hands were around the back of her legs just below the hem of her panties.

Kate pushed off. This time I did not quickly lower her to the ground but took it very slowly.

Her weight then led to her legs starting to slip through my fingers which ran up under her panties and onto her bum.

I continued to lower her slowly until her arms met my head and she then threw them around my neck and held me tightly trying to maintain us in that same position.

I started to massage her bum cheeks and said "Is this what you wanted?"

"Mmmmm" she sighed.

After a while, I lowered her to the ground because it was difficult holding her that way.

"Go over and stand on the bottom step" I whispered to her.

She released her arms around me, moved to the first 9" step and climbed up, then turning to face me.

"Put your hands around me again" I instructed and she wrapped her arms around my neck.

I then slid my hands up under her dress until they were above her panties and ran my fingers down to the elastic at the top. I pushed her panties halfway down her bum and then ran my fingers down further inside until I could grab a handful of cheek in each.

And there we stood with me rubbing her bum.

I occasionally ran my fingers up her back before running them down again and returning to massage her cheeks.

Kate moaned quietly.

We continued for quite a while.

I then said to Kate "Turn round and face away from me".

She did so.

My hands were still around her waist as she turned and they ended up on her tummy.

I stood close to her and started massaging her tummy. It was so soft and giving to the touch.

I then pulled my left hand out from under her dress and quickly pushed down my shorts, stepping out of them.

My hand lifted the back of her dress until her bum was exposed.

Afterwards, I held my prick and ran the tip up and down between her cheeks while using my other hand to massage her tummy and pull her towards me at the same time.

"Ohhhh!!!" Kate gasped.

She was starting to get very agitated now and gasped

"Your thingy feels so good".

She was pushing her bum back against me too.

I ran my right hand up her chest until I reached her breasts and fondled the right one while at the same time returning my left hand to her tummy and massaging downwards until I reached the top of her lowered panties and then a little further until I reached the top of her cunt.

Kate started to rage now, bucking her bum first back into my prick and then forward into my massaging finger.

Her face was up in the air and she was fighting for breath.

I then ran my index finger down along the lips of her cunt.

It was done very lightly. I hardly touched her.

This gentlest of caresses was repeated several times while I continued to fondle first one breast and then the other.

When I had finished, I bent over Kate's shoulder and whispered "I love you too, Kate".

I then gently kissed her left ear.

Afterwards, I slowly pulled up her panties and withdrew my hands from under her dress.

I pulled up my shorts and turned her round to face me.

She was still gasping for breath and her eyes were closed.

I put an arm around her shoulder and held her close to me.



Gradually her breathing returned to normal and she opened her eyes. "Wow!" she said "I have never felt like that before".

"Did it feel good?" I asked.

She did not answer and just threw both her arms around my neck and hugged me tightly.

We remained like that for a while and then I said "We must get back. Aunt Mary will come out looking for you otherwise.

Kate did not want to leave but she knew what I said made sense.

We released each other and walked back to the caravan.

I said "Goodnight" to my Aunt and Kate and walked up the hill to my tent.

I was woken the next morning by someone unzipping my tent flap.

It was Kate.

It transpired that my Aunt had gone off early in her car to an appointment she had in town. She would not be back until the middle of the morning and had left out our breakfast for me to cook.

While Kate explained all this, she clambered inside the tent on her knees and lay down next to me. I was still in my sleeping bag.

She was on my right and leaning on her left elbow.

"I want to get into the sleeping bag with you" she said.

"There isn't room" I said and sat up, unzipping it as I did.

When done, my sleeping bag converted into a large quilted blanket.

I then pulled it over both of us and we both lay back again.

Kate snuggled up to me and I put my right arm around her shoulder.

She looked towards me. She wasn't smiling and had a sort of expectant look on her face.

I looked into her eyes. They were still a little sad.

I then smiled at her and she smiled back. Her eyes immediately sparkled.

She snuggled up even closer and I felt her hand on my bare tummy. I slept in just my swimming shorts.

She massaged my tummy in the way she had learnt from me and her hand gradually sidled down to the top of my shorts and then under them and down to my prick.

It had already become very excited but, when she touched, it went wild.

"Oh Kate" I gasped.

Kate then sat up and pulled off the quilt, throwing it to one side.

She pushed down my shorts so as to get a full view of my raging prick and looked at it. She then took it in her hand, bent over and kissed the tip very softly.

I was in heaven and moaned again more loudly.

She then released it but stayed where she was, watching it.

My prick was twitching violently but it eventually subsided a bit.

I gradually became a bit more composed and opened my eyes.

"Oh Kate" I repeated.

Kate smiled. "That was a thankyou for last night" she said I lifted my right arm up and put it around her neck then pulling her down until our faces met when I kissed her on the lips.

I then withdrew slightly and said "I love you so much".

"I love you too" she replied and we kissed again.

It was gentle to start off with but increased in intensity and passion.

Our mouths opened and we explored each other.

I moved my left hand down to the hem of her dress and slipped it up inside. I started to massage the back of her right leg and gradually moved up until I reached her panties, pulling up her dress as I went.

I then slid my fingers under the bottom of her panties and rubbed her bum.

Kate gasped at this point and the kiss came to an end.

After a while I eased her onto her back.

She lay there with her eyes closed and put both her arms up above her head.

I took the bottom hem of her dress and lifted it up her waist.

Kate knew what I wanted and lifted her bum off the ground slightly.

I then gently eased down her panties to her feet and Kate kicked them off.

As she put her feet back down, they were about 18" apart.

While she was doing this, I sat up and pushed my shorts down kicking them off.

Before I lay down again, I looked at her.

She had a lovely little cunt and there were a few wisps of blond hair just above it. Otherwise it was like a childs.

"Oh Kate" I said "you look so beautiful"

Kate smiled. Her eyes were still closed

I placed my left hand on her tummy very lightly and ran my fingers down until I reached the wisps of hair above her cunt where I stopped.

I very gently ruffled this area with my index finger and Kate moaned loudly and her hips writhed for a moment. My index finger moved to the top of her cunt and I rubbed it very gently in a small sweeping motion.

"Ahhhh" Kate groaned and her body jumped in the air slightly and then relaxed.

My finger travelled down the right side of her cunt lips in the same little sweeping motions.

Kate started to buck at this point. Her bum was lifting off the ground trying to increase the pressure of my finger on her cunt.

I continued to the bottom where I stopped for a while but my finger's little circular motions went on.

Kate was bucking violently now and this meant that I was exerting more pressure.

My finger was trying to get inside her cunt but it was not the right time yet and I gently moved my finger up the other side of her cunt lips to the top and stopped.

Kate was now still and opened her eyes slightly. She was frowning as if to say "Why did you stop?"

I moved my left hand up to her tummy again and started to massage gradually upwards pushing her dress up further as I went.

I reached her chest and Kate helped me by lifting one shoulder and then the other so that I could completely remove the dress.

We were now both completely naked together for the first time and I looked down on her in wonder. I said nothing. I didn't need to.

Kate smiled and her eyes shone. She looked so happy and relaxed.

I leant over her again and gently took her right breast in my mouth and massaged it in my lips.

Kate's eyes immediately closed. The smile continued.

I used more pressure than I had done the day before and my mouth massaged more quickly. I was also sucking a bit more deeply.

Kate went wild and was twisting first one way and then the other.

"Ohhhhh Mark!!!!!" she cried.

I continued and, at the same time, moved my left hand to her her tummy again and ran my fingers down to her cunt and started massaging around her cunt lips.

This time I used my thumb as well as my index finger massaging between them.

Kate writhed even more, her knees rose up and she was bucking violently.

Kate was getting a little wet around her cunt from precum juices and it was easy for me to slip my index finger between her lips.

It was very tight and I pushed very gently but quite hard until my finger was in up to the second knuckle. I met with no resistance.

The bastard did take her hymen I thought.

It was a real struggle to hold Kate now such was the force of her writhing and bucking.

I withdrew my finger and stopped.

I withdrew my lips from her left breast to which I had earlier transferred.

I looked down at her.

She had stopped writhing about. Her breathing was still very heavy. She lay there with her eyes still closed and her hands still above her head.

I sat up and moved myself to her feet. I knelt, facing her, and lifted her knees then placing a hand on each thigh and gently pushing them back. This, in turn meant that her knees were pushed back towards her chin.

"Open your legs as wide as you can, my sweet" I asked and Kate did.

"Try and keep your legs up like this" I went on and Kate did.

I now lowered my head down between her upstretched legs and found her cunt, taking it all into my mouth.

Kate let out a shriek and her whole body jumped.

I needed to place my hands on the back of both her thighs to hold her in place.

The shriek turned into short gasps.

I massaged her cunt with my lips and slipped my tongue just inside where I licked the inside of her cunt lips. It tasted so sweet.

I pushed a little harder into her with my tongue which forced me to stop the mouth massage.

I then started flicking my tongue around, touching the sides of her vaginal tunnel.

Kate was by now wailing loudly but I was holding her in position quite well.

I pushed in even more forcefully and kept up the tongue massage.

I could feel that Kate was about to cum and so I slowed and withdrew.

Kate let out a long deep sigh but she kept her legs up.

This is the moment I thought.

My prick was already raging in expectation and had grown to the biggest size I had ever seen it. It was hurting.

I clambered up onto my knees and moved forward between Kate's upstretched legs.  
Kate's body had calmed. Her eyes were still closed.  
I leant on my hands and lowered my face to hers and kissed her gently on the lips.  
"I want to make love to you, my darling" I said. "I will try not to hurt you. Is that all right?"  
Kate didn't say a word and just smiled.  
Her cunt was about 6" off the ground forced up by her raised legs and so I only needed to lower my body slightly to meet it.  
I used my left hand to guide my prick to the entrance and exerted a little pressure.  
I found it very tight but the precum juices helped.  
After a few more moments and additional pressure I entered.  
Kate was writhing again. I didn't care and I removed my hold on her legs allowing her full movement.  
Once inside, I exerted more pressure and, although it was still very tight, I found that I could slowly move further inside without being too forceful.  
It was helped by Kate bucking her hips and no doubt also by the fact that she had been entered before.  
There was now about 5" lost inside her and I started to gently rock inside and out, nearly withdrawing my prick altogether before entering her again.  
My rocking motions increased in speed and Kate's bucking body reacted at the same tempo, desperately trying to get me even deeper inside her.  
After a while I reached the short strokes.  
I penetrated her less but increased the tempo.  
I could feel that I was close to my climax.  
Kate suddenly dropped her legs and wrapped them around my waist.  
I felt her whole body tense and I knew she was starting her orgasm.  
"Ohhhhhhhhhhh Marrrrrk!!!!!" she cried with the crescendo gradually diminishing as her body moved from tension to one of relaxation.  
A few more moments and mine started too shooting my first load of cum deep inside her.  
I kept pumping away and placed my hands under her bum cheeks lifting them up towards my prick and helping me go more and more deeply inside her.  
And then it was over.  
I continued to hold her bum and then rolled over taking Kate with me until she was lying on top.

My prick was still deep inside her and had hardly started to soften.

I still rocked her gently up and down.

Kate placed her arms around my neck but barely reached as her face was buried in my chest.

She was completely still except for her chest bobbing up and down. She was still breathing in short gasps.

My prick eventually softened and slipped out of her.

Kate gave a deep sigh but did not move.

We stayed like that for a while and then I moved my hands to under her arms and gently drew her upwards until her head could rest on my shoulder.

Kate's arms flopped down either side of me.

My left hand went back to her bum, my right one wrapped around her neck and my hand became lost in her hair.

We remained like that for ages and, eventually, I could tell from Kate's breathing that she had gone to sleep.

I didn't want to sleep but I did not move. It was a moment I wanted to remember for ever.

This little girl had given her body to me in complete trust. I had not even fancied her and had felt sorry for her.

Then, in trying to help her, I had come to respect her. And I had learnt so much, above all the fact that a girl does not have to fulfil all those physical attributes which I had previously thought were essential before I fancied them. I would look on everyone in a different light in future.

Finally, this had been my first experience of full intercourse. It had been wonderful and I would always remember her for that.

After about half an hour holding each other, I could feel little goose bumps forming on Kate. She was getting cold. I stretched out with my right hand, reached the quilt and pulled it over us.

She woke slowly and lifted her head slightly, looking at me.

I smiled. She smiled back and then tucked her face back into the nape of my neck.

She didn't want this moment to end either.

Eventually, she lifted her head again and said "Will you stay with me for ever?"

She knew I couldn't but she needed to ask anyway.

"I will always be there for you if you need me, my love" I said and lifted my hand from her bum and gently turned her sideways until I could look her in the face. I then kissed her lightly on the lips.

"I love you" she said.

"And I will always love you" I responded.

I gently pushed her off me and lowered her down onto her back. We were both wet and sticky from my cum and her juices.

"Stay there" I said to her and I rolled over until I could reach a billy can of water that I had brought up the hill for drinking.

I dribbled some onto a used T shirt, knelt beside her and gently wiped the smudges off from around her cunt. I then told her to turn over which she did and I wiped her bum and between her legs also.

Having finished, I lightly kissed her bum and patted it.

I got up on my knees and went out of the tent still in the nude. I then stood up and wiped down my genitalia and tummy.

Kate realised that it was all over and sat in the tent putting on her panties and dress. Then her flipflops. She eventually came out and stood next to me.

By that time I had dressed and put on my shoes.

It was another glorious day.

I said "I feel like a swim but I feel like breakfast even more" and then I ran off to the top of the hill and down towards the caravan.

Kate chased after me but she was well behind shouting "Wait for me".

I was ravenous and cooked the bacon and eggs and buttered lots of bread. I boiled the kettle and made the tea.

Kate sat at the table and watched me all the time, saying nothing.

The breakfast was put on the table and I sat down in my Aunt's place opposite Kate.

We ate quickly and neither of us said a word. We just looked at each other.

I smiled at her between mouthfuls and she smiled back.

When we had finished our meal, I leant over, took her hands in mine and held them, resting my arms on the table.

We continued to smile at each other.

There was no sadness in her eyes now. They sparkled and there were little crinkles on the outer edges.

I said to her "Never forget this, my darling. You are a wonderful and most beautiful girl."

I then squeezed her hands in mine.

She continued to smile back at me.

At this moment we heard my Aunt's car pull up outside the mill.

"Quick" I said "let's get the place cleaned up".

I took the dirty plates to the sink which I filled with water from a billy can. I then quickly washed them and put them in the drainer. Meanwhile, Kate had brought the cups and I left them to soak in the sink.

I then quickly sat down again opposite Kate.

My aunt came in, said "Hello" and then chided me for not washing the frying pan.

It turned out that she had had a rotten morning but she had seen some jeans which she thought would look good on Kate.

She said "I can't face another trip back into town." She turned to me and said "Would you mind taking Kate into town so she can try them on?"

"No problem" I replied.

Kate was ecstatic, climbed out of her seat and threw her arms around my aunt's waist.

"Thankyou" she cried.

We left half an hour later in my car. I had been given enough money to pay for the jeans.

Kate had brought her new T shirt with her and had changed into trainers.

She had no intention of leaving the shop without her new jeans on and needed something over the top and trainers would then be more suitable on her feet.

We drove down the farm track and Kate helped with the gate again.

I then drove down the main highway towards town.

Kate was so excited and was bouncing up and down on her seat pointing out the landmarks and saying how good things looked.

I glanced at her occasionally and smiled. She really did look so happy.

We reached the town and went where we had been directed. We soon found the clothes shop.

I parked the car and we both walked in.

We quickly found the jeans my Aunt had seen and they did look good.

Kate now needed to find the right size and took 2 pairs into a changing cubicle.

Several minutes later, she came out wearing a pair of jeans with her new T shirt on top and her trainers back on.

I could see Kate looking at me and holding her breath in anticipation.

I smiled and Kate immediately beamed.

I paid and we left the shop. Kate had put her dress into a shopping bag and carried it.



Once in the car, I turned to Kate and said "You look lovely. So much better than that dress".  
I doubted she would ever wear the dress again now and that was a good thing.  
We drove off and I found the road leading back to the farm.  
Kate tried to grab my hand when I was changing gear but I said "Too dangerous".  
She then rested her hand in my lap. I was no longer nervous about that. We had progressed a long way since that first lunchtime.  
Heavens, I thought. It was only 2 days ago. So much had happened.  
We arrived at the farm and Kate again helped with the gate.  
We then drove on past the farmhouse and so to the caravan.  
Kate jumped out and skipped up to the caravan door shouting "Auntie, I have bought them".  
My Aunt came to the caravan door and looked out. She agreed that they were very nice and said that the new T shirt looked good with them.  
We all three sat at the patio table drinking lemonade.  
Lunch was ready and we could have it whenever we liked.  
My Aunt again commented on how happy Kate looked. "It must be the new jeans" my Aunt said.  
Kate was about to say something but caught my look and stopped. My Aunt did not seem to notice.  
Kate then smiled at me and I smiled back.  
We had our salad lunch together and I said that I was going for a sleep as I was tired and would then go for a swim later as long as the weather held.  
My aunt said to Kate that she should have a rest also as she had been woken early that morning when my Aunt went into town.  
I left and walked up to the hill to my tent.  
I was exhausted and immediately slept.

When I woke, it was after 3. I put on my T shirt and trainers and grabbed a towel. I then started off to walk to the pond.  
I walked the same way as before along the top of the hill towards the barn.  
Suddenly, I noticed that Kate was also walking in that direction, parallel to me but 30' below.  
She was waving and I waved back.

I had the steep slope to negotiate down to the barn and so Kate arrived first.  
She was wearing her new jeans and, of course, her new T shirt.  
When I joined her, she grabbed my hand and said "Let's go and look in the barn".  
I opened the door which creaked as I did so and we walked in.  
It was almost full of bales of hay stretching up over 10' high and there was a sort of passageway down the middle where bales had not been placed so that you could walk to the end of the barn.  
On one side, a few bales had been removed leaving only one or two on the ground and it created a sort of seat.  
We turned and went out, closing the door.  
Let's go to the pond" I said. "I am dying for a swim."  
Soon, we arrived at the side of the pond and I started to take off my trainers and T shirt.  
Kate turned to me and said "I want to go in with you".  
I turned to her and said "It's cold".  
"I don't mind" Kate replied.  
"What about a swimming costume?" I went on.  
"Can't we go nuddy swimming?" she asked.  
I paused for a moment and then said "OK, if you really want to".  
I then pushed down my swimming shorts, kicked them off, ran into the pond and swam.  
When I reached the other end and turned, I could see Kate standing where I had started from.  
She was at the edge of the water with nothing on and dipping her toe in the water.  
I slowly swam back until I was near the edge where she stood.  
"It's no good that way" I cried. "You have to run straight in".  
"Run in with me" she cried back "Pleeease".  
I clambered out of the water and stood beside her. I gripped her hand tightly and turned to her.  
"Ready?" I asked.  
"Yes" she replied.  
"Right GO" I shouted and we both ran down to the water's edge.  
When we were about a step away from the water, I could feel Kate try and pull out of the deal but she had no choice now and I pulled her in behind me.  
She screamed and cried out "It's so cold".  
"Don't be a wimp" I replied "Start swimming and you will soon warm up."

Kate did as she was told and started the breast stroke slowly moving along with her bum bobbing up and down in the water.

I had raced ahead and I heard her cry out in a gasp between strokes "Wait for me".

I had no idea how strong a swimmer she was and so I swam back to join her.

When I arrived, she immediately grabbed me around the neck. She had swallowed a little water and was coughing. She looked at me and said "You're rotten. You left me behind".

"I'm sorry" I replied "I thought you could swim".

"Only slowly" she replied "and I have never been out of my depth before".

I now put both my arms around her just under the shoulders and pulled her in close to me.

"I'm sorry" I repeated. "I won't let go of you again".

Kate said nothing and buried her face in my neck.

I stretched down with my feet and could just reach the bottom of the pond.

I lowered one hand to support Kate's bum and then started to walk very slowly back to the edge. Kate did not move.

Gradually, as we reached the edge, I came out of the water still carrying her and walked over to where there was some grass.

I gently lowered her down until her feet reached the ground. She still had her arms wrapped around my neck.

"Sit down" I said quietly and she sat on the grass.

The sun was still shining and it was warm but I felt her shiver.

I walked over and grabbed my towel and went back to sit down next to her.

I used the towel to vigorously dry her hair and then I wrapped it around her shoulders.

I put my arm around her shoulders resting on top of the towel and cuddled her up to me.

Her shivering had stopped. The warm sun was helping too.

I placed a hand under her chin and turned it so she was facing me and said "I really am so sorry my darling".

She smiled at me and replied "I wasn't scared. I knew you would save me".

I looked back at her but couldn't find the right words to say. She was truly amazing.

I took the towel off her shoulders. The sun would do more good now and I used it to gently wipe between her legs and the rest of her legs and feet.

Kate looked at what I was doing but said nothing more. When I had finished, the towel was damp and I threw it to one side. I would dry off in the sun. I put my hands under her arms and lifted her onto my lap, facing away from me. I put both my arms around her waist to hold her and bent down, resting my chin lightly on her shoulder. I then kissed her shoulder and moved along until I met her neck and I kissed that too. Kate remained still. I lifted my left hand from her waist and found her chin which I turned gently until she was half facing me. "Kate" I said quietly "you are the most wonderful person I have ever met". I then bent forward and kissed her on the lips. Kate immediately closed her eyes and responded in the kiss. It was gentle but long and lingering. We both opened our mouths and explored each other. My prick was very excited again and Kate's bum was sitting right on top of it. Our kiss continued and I transferred both my hands to her little breasts and caressed them with my fingers. Kate was moaning again and she started bucking her bum on my prick sending it even more wild. Eventually, I slowed and stopped massaging her breasts. She was still looking into my face and said "Make love to me again, Mark". I looked back into her eyes. I couldn't find any words to respond. In the end, I just smiled at her, eased her gently down onto the grass and made sweet love to her for the second time that day. Afterwards, we held each other close in the same way we had done earlier. And then it was time to dress and go for supper.

Supper started off with everyone happy go lucky. Kate was really bubbly. My Aunt was chirpy. Kate was telling us a few of her schoolgirl jokes and I joined in with a few of my own. We were all laughing. Kate and I sat down and my Aunt produced a roast chicken, no mean feat from the little oven she had in the caravan. "Goodeee" cried Kate. "It's my favourite". My Aunt turned to her as she put down the serving plate on the table and said "It's because this is Mark's last night with us".

The table suddenly went silent.

Kate looked stunned. She obviously did not know or had forgotten that I was leaving early the next morning. Her face fell and I thought for a moment she was going to burst into tears.

She didn't but, from that moment on, she didn't say anything more during the meal.

I tried to change the subject by thanking my Aunt for going to so much trouble on my behalf. I spoke about how wonderful her weekend place was and how I had grown to love it. I hoped she would allow me to come and visit her again which she readily agreed to.

During the whole of this time, Kate just looked down at her plate. Her shoulders had dropped. She hardly touched her meal.

"What's wrong dear?" my Aunt said to her on more than one occasion "Are you not feeling well?".

A mother would have known better but my Aunt who had never married or had children could not read the signals. On the last occasion my Aunt spoke to her, I had finished my meal.

"I'll take her for a walk" I said to my Aunt. "I'm sure that will make her feel better".

My Aunt did not say yes or no because, before she could say anything, I was nudging Kate and saying "Cmon. Let's go".

Kate climbed out of her seat and I followed.

We left the caravan and I started to walk away as fast as I could. I held Kate's hand and pulled her along almost at running pace.

We had to get away as far as possible from the caravan and also as quickly as possible because I knew that Kate would start wailing at any moment.

My tent was no good. My Aunt would probably hear her up there so I made for the barn.

Kate did not say anything as I half dragged her along.

"Cmon Kate" I kept saying. "We must get away".

Eventually, we reached the barn and went in. It was still daylight outside but the windows had hay bales in front of them blocking out all but a little light inside.

I could make out the shape of Kate but could not see any detail.

I remembered where the few bales had been removed from and felt my way until I found the spot.

There was a bale on the floor and I sat on it.

Kate immediately collapsed into my arms and cried her eyes out.

Her arms were by her sides and she buried her face into my shoulder.

I held her with an arm around the shoulder.  
She sobbed and sobbed just as she had on that first day.  
I could do nothing and just continued holding her and waiting for her to stop.  
It went on for ages but eventually slowed and the first sign of normality was when she said between the sobs "I don't want you to leave".  
She then started sobbing again but it was slowing and her whole body which had been shaking gradually returned to normal.  
When she had stopped, I lifted her chin and looked at her. I could see very little and so said to her "Stay there a moment". I then lifted her to a standing position, stood up myself and walked over to the barn door which had closed behind us when we had hurried in.  
I opened the door wide and saw a large stone on the floor which I used to to prop open the barn door. The farmer probably used it for the same purpose.  
This let quite a lot of light into the central passageway of the barn and I walked back and sat down where I had been before.  
Kate was standing in exactly the same position where I had left her and I told her to sit on my lap.  
Once comfortable and able to just about see her face, I gently lifted her chin and looked into her eyes.  
"You have sad eyes again" I said. "They were like that when I first met you but I thought I had started to make you happy".  
She tensed and I thought she was going to cry again.  
"But I don't want you to leave" she said.  
"Kate" I said "You knew I would have to leave. I have to go back to my home and my new job. You will soon have to return to your home and your schoolfriends."  
"But what will happen when I get home" she said, obviously referring to her brother.  
"Don't worry" I said "he will never touch you again".  
She quickly looked at me so I said "No, I have kept my promise and not told anyone else about it".  
Kate looked relieved and did not pursue the subject. She trusted me.  
She then said "But I love you. I feel so safe with you close to me. What will I do?"  
I hesitated and then said "Have I made you happy?"  
"Yes" she said.  
"Are you my beautiful little girl with the sparkling eyes again?"  
She giggled. "Yes" she replied.

I went on "I love you too Kate and will remember you always for the way you look when you are happy, your wonderful eyes and the way they have sparkled today. Please don't let me down. Whenever you feel sad, think of the times we had together down here on the farm and smile to yourself."

Kate listened intently. I think I was starting to win the battle.

I kissed her gently on the forehead and said "I know you will be lonely here until you go home but then you will be back and have your schoolfriends to play with.

I am 17 and you are 12. You know that we would not be allowed to see each other when you get home."

Kate said nothing but she didn't disagree.

"I have already told you that I will always be there for you if you need me. My Aunt has my home address and my 'phone number. They will no doubt be in her address book. If you need me, you can always contact me and you know I will help. You can also write to me with all your news, if you like.

Kate was still listening intently.

I said nothing more and neither did Kate.

She dropped her face back into my shoulder and I held her a bit more tightly.

We stayed like that for ages. We were comfortable with each other.

Eventually, I said "I think we had better get back. You must come to my tent first so I can clean you up".

Kate nodded and stood up.

I stood also and led the way out of the barn.

It was starting to get dark outside and I held Kate's hand and led her up the steep bank, We then walked along the top to my tent.

I washed Kate's eyes and cheeks by the light of a torch until I was confident she looked right. I removed a few pieces of hay from her clothing and we set off down the hill to the caravan.

We reached the bottom and walked to the van.

When we were quite close, Kate grabbed my arm and stopped. She then jumped up, threw her arms around my neck and wrapped her legs around my waist. I held her around her shoulder with my right hand and supported her bum with my left.

She then kissed me on the lips.

It was a long and lingering kiss but not passionate and we did not open our mouths.

After a few moments, she pulled away and whispered in my ear "I will always remember you too".

She beamed and, from the light between the curtains of a caravan window, I could see that her eyes were sparkling. I then lowered her and she turned and went into the caravan. I returned to my tent.

An hour later, I could see that the caravan lights were still on and I walked down the hill using my torch.

I quietly knocked on the van door and my Aunt opened it. She had her finger to her lips indicating quiet and whispered "Kate is asleep".

She came down the caravan steps and we both crossed to the patio chairs.

I gave my Aunt a present of a mug I had bought for her at the rare breeds farm and she thanked me.

I told her that I would be leaving very early the next morning before breakfast as I had a long drive. I would not disturb her and would say goodbye now.

We stood and hugged each other. I received another wet kiss on the cheek.

I asked my Aunt to say goodbye to Kate for me.

"She will miss you" my Aunt said "She has been so happy with you around".

I then left and returned to my tent.

I had done things this way because I did not want the trauma of goodbyes with Kate in the morning when she might have tears again.

I hardly slept that night and rose as soon as there was light in the morning.

I dismantled the tent and took it and my other things down in 3 loads to the car being very quiet as I passed close to the caravan.

I then climbed into the car and set off for home.

The next day, I wrote a letter to Kate's brother explaining that I had had 2 very happy days staying on my aunt's farm. I told him that he had a delightful sister and that we had often chatted together. I then went on to outline that I knew what he had done to her and what I would do if he ever did it again or if he took it out on her for telling me. I had his name from Kate and the address also because it was where my Aunt lived.

The letter was posted 4 days before I knew Kate was returning home.

4 months later, I received a letter from Kate.

It was full of news about my Aunt and her schoolfriends. She told me that everyone envied her rare breeds T shirt and how she bragged about it being given to her by a boyfriend.



She never mentioned her brother but said she was very happy and that her eyes were "still sparkling". I never heard from her again although my Aunt sometimes mentioned her when writing to me on my birthday. From those notes, I gathered that my plan had worked.

Note:

This is the fourth 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**