

CONFESSIONS OF A BISEXUAL PEDOPHILE

5. Sara

(Keywords: M/g pedo consensual)

WARNING: The following story contains graphic descriptions of sexual activity between a man 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 had been sunbathing in the garden but then returned to the house as the sun had gone in and it was starting to get dark.

I heard the television in the living room and so wandered through.

Sara was the only person in there, sitting on the sofa watching a children's program.

I walked over and said "Hi" .

She turned to me with a smile but said nothing.

I then sat down beside her on her left and pretended to also watch the TV.

Sara was a friend of my 12 year old sister and was staying for a few days in my home where I lived with my mother and sister.

My name is Mark Foster and I was 18 at the time. I had left school a year before and had just started training to become an engineer.

During the week, I lived with a friend of my mother near to where I worked and I then studied in the evenings. On Friday nights, I returned home for the weekend.

My schooling had been in a boys only boarding school and I was late maturing. In particular, I had known absolutely nothing about girls until I was 16 when I had a brief sexual affair with a 9 year old girl while away on holiday. After that, I had a very satisfying few days with an 11 year old while staying with an aunt on her farm. And that was all.

What I already knew was that I was attracted to prepubescent girls and I fantasised about them all the time.

I was also attracted to boys of a similar age and my first sexual experience which had awakened me had been with a 14 year old boy at school.

I was bisexual.

My sister Liz and I were never close until she was 11 when she suddenly started to take an interest in me as she started puberty.

I welcomed this change in her and reciprocated by being more brotherly to her. I took more interest in what she was doing and showed a more caring attitude generally. Liz lapped it up and we became increasingly close. Rough and tumbles were common and we would often find she or I with an arm around the other. However, neither of us ever crossed the sex line.

She had been very plump up to age 10 although having a very pretty face and short hair which was a mass of curls. When she reached 11, she started to grow taller without getting any plumper and the overall effect was to make her much better proportioned and really quite pretty.

Then as she advanced another 2 years, the improvement multiplied, added to by her increased confidence perhaps in part as a result of the improved relationship we had together.

In short, she was the ideal sister and maybe she thought me the ideal brother.

She knew nothing about my sexual desires as my experiences had always been away from home. I often wondered what she would think or do if she found out.

Her friend, Sara, was 11 and approaching her 12th birthday. She was fairly short for her age and heavier than average for her height. However, puberty had given her a wonderful start with wider than average hips and a broadish rounded bum. This is not to say she was in any way fat but there was that danger as she developed more. Only time would tell whether she grew more in height or width.

For the present, she looked great.

She had a lovely face with a sort of peachy skin and her features were perfectly proportioned.

Her nose was quite small and she had bluey grey eyes.

Her hair was fair and cut short in the page boy style. This was because she had always been a tomboy and still was although she was becoming a bit more girly now.

She had developed up top as well with little golf balls pushing out into her T shirts.

The tomboy in her made her very playful and this is probably why she and my sister Liz had started their friendship. Ever since she had arrived to stay with us, she and Liz had been laughing, joking and having an occasional rough and tumble.

I had been included too with Liz tending to make the first move and then Sara joining in. I often ended up on the floor with both girls on top of me.

I loved it.

Even though Sara had only been with us for a few hours, I could tell that she fancied me by the little looks which came my way. I pretended I didn't notice but I did and I was becoming increasingly aroused by them.

I wanted this girl.

Sara continued to be very bubbly when Liz was around but became quiet whenever we were alone. I knew that this was something I must overcome.

We were now sitting on the sofa together and were alone in the house. My sister had gone with my mother to her music rehearsal. They would be gone for a while.

Sara was barefoot and wearing a T shirt and corduroy trousers which were too small for her.

They weren't too short but had become too small at the waist as she had broadened in the bum.

The result was that they were really stretched across her bum cheeks leaving a gap over her crack and the top of her bum open to view.

Also, as she walked, the trousers did their best to ride down her bum exposing even more and she was constantly pulling them up at the back.

I never saw the top of her panties and presumed that the trousers were so tight that the panties moved up and down as the trousers did.

I had watched her during the day struggling with the problem and marvelling at her wonderful, inviting rear end.

I had been on the sofa for a couple of minutes and neither of us had said anything.

My left arm was on the top of the sofa above Sara and I half watched TV and half watched Sara out of the corner of my eye.

She was sitting forward in the sofa and so I had a perfect view down her back to the top of the stretched trousers and the top of her bum.

My prick quickly became agitated and I was only wearing flimsy swimming shorts. I was worried it might be noticed and so placed a cushion over my midriff to hide it.

We continued watching TV for about 10 minutes but then I became very bored and so took the TV control which was lying between us on the sofa and switched it off .

The reaction was immediate.

"Oi" Sara cried "I was watching!" and with that she made a grab for the TV control which was in my right hand.

I moved the control further away from her but that was not going to stop Sara.

She threw herself over my lap in a further attempt to grab it.

She ended up with her tummy over my lap pressing down into my now rampant prick!

I immediately held her with my right arm under her body.

My left hand ended up around the top of her thighs.

The TV control dropped to the floor.

Sara started to wriggle violently now.

"Let go of me" she kept crying. "Give me the control".

Sara's wriggling twisted her firstly onto her side facing away from me and then back again onto her tummy and this twisting continued several times.

It was inevitable that my right hand would slip around her body and over her little breasts as she did so.

This only increased Sara's writhing and, although unintentional on her part, also the amount of contact between me and her little buds.

The wriggling also had a dramatic effect on her trousers.

They slipped down a good 3" revealing the top third of her bum cheeks.

Sara then started to tire and gradually ground to a halt.

When she was still, I released her but, as I did, I ran my left index finger lightly over her exposed bum.

"Your trousers are slipping down" I said.

With that, Sara pushed herself off me and knelt on the sofa to my left.

She pulled up her trousers and looked me in the face.

"Youuuu!!!!" she cried and then jumped off the sofa and grabbed the TV control.

"Hah!!" She went on "I have it now" and with that she sat back on the sofa beside me and switched the TV back on.

I was happy. I did not appear to have scared her. It was a good start.

Sara then concentrated on her TV.

I was just waiting to see how things developed. I needed to know whether Sara wanted more. It was her move.

A few minutes went by and it became increasingly obvious that Sara was not concentrating on the TV very much.

I said nothing.

My left arm rested on the top of the sofa above her as before.

We were sitting closer to each other this time and eventually Sara rested her head against my side.

I said nothing.

Having received no reaction from me, Sara then gently rubbed her head against the side of my chest.

My prick was starting to rage but I did not use a cushion this time.

I knew it was a gamble but I also knew that our time was limited and I had to force the pace a bit.

My shorts were showing increasing evidence of my feelings towards this little girl and I knew that it would produce a reaction quite soon, one way or another.

As Sara was sitting forward on the sofa, she quickly noticed my shorts but then looked away again. However, I could see her often glancing back as she broke off from her viewing.

Several minutes went by like this and her head continued to lean against me.

I then moved my left arm from the top of the sofa and put it around her shoulders.

"Aren't you bored with this TV yet?" I asked her softly.

Sara just shrugged her shoulders.

I left my arm around her and she made no attempt to get away from me.

The opposite in fact as she nestled her head more forcefully into my chest and closer to my pulsing prick now just below her.

This girl was not watching TV any more.

I slipped my arm off her shoulder and down to her waist, running my index finger down her spine as I went.

Sara hunched her shoulders in reaction as I did it but said nothing.

My fingers were now at her midriff and I gently touched her bare skin at the bottom of her T shirt before then slowly moving up her spine a little, running my fingers round in little circles over it.

Sara moaned slightly and pressed her head into me even more forcefully.

And this is how things stayed for quite a while with Sara sometimes moaning softly.

"Is that nice?" I eventually asked her.

"Mmmm" Sara replied.

"Do you want me to stop?" I asked her again.

"No" Sara whispered.

And so it went on. I allowed my fingers to run further up her back under her T shirt and then down again.

After a while when my fingers had reached down to the top of her trousers, I very slowly slipped my index finger down inside between her bum cheeks for about 3" and then rubbed up and down.

Sara started to moan all the time as I did.

It seemed to go on for ages but eventually I stopped, withdrew my finger and lifted my arm to rest on the sofa again.

Sara slowly came back to normal and pushed herself away from me.

"Why did you stop" she asked "That was magic".

"Because it's naughty" I said "You know that. If anyone found out then we would be in big trouble".

"But nobody will ever know" Sara responded "Do it again".

"I don't think so" I said but I don't think I sounded very convincing.

With that, she clambered up on her knees and turned towards me. Her head was level with mine.

She rested an arm on my shoulder and then asked "Do you fancy me?"

I hesitated, a bit taken aback by her openness.

Sara continued to look me straight in the eye with a fabulous little naughty smile on her face.

Eventually I put my left arm around her shoulder and looked straight back at her.

"Of course I fancy you but you are very young" I replied.

Sara beamed and threw both her arms around my neck, hugging me closely.

She had the answer she wanted and the age thing didn't matter a jot to her.

We remained in each others arms for quite a while saying nothing and then we heard the sound of a car outside and both knew our moment had ended.

We gently eased each other apart and sat side by side as we had started.

I turned to Sara who was already looking at me.

"Nobody must know about this, my sweet". I said.

"I know" Sara responded.

The remainder of the evening was quiet. Too quiet and it was commented on by both my mother and sister.

"Just a bit tired from the sun, I expect" I replied and this seemed to satisfy them.

I noticed Sara looking at me too often and so I made a point of going to my room early to listen to music.

At some stage my sister and Sara put their head round the door and said goodnight. I just waved and then returned to my thoughts.

I did not know how Sara and I were going to continue what we had started. It would be difficult and dangerous. What I did know was that we would find a way. We had unfinished business together.

I was woken the next morning by someone bouncing on my bed. No, it was both of them.

As I groaned and slowly opened my eyes, there were Liz and Sara sitting at the foot of my bed beaming back at me.

"It's time to get up" my sister said.

I groaned again and pulled the duvet up over my head.

I had time to notice that both girls were still wearing their pyjamas. I was still wearing my shorts from the night before.

"I know how to get him up" my sister said "He's ticklish" and with that she clambered off the bed and knelt beside it. She slipped an arm under the duvet and then searched for my waist to start attacking me.

"Oh no you don't" I cried and I grabbed her arm before sitting up in bed and using my other arm under her shoulder to haul her up onto the bed.

I then tickled her around her exposed waist.

"Got you" I cried again.

Liz was caught. My hold around her was tight and she couldn't move.

"Sara, Sara. Get him!!" Liz half shouted and before I knew it Sara was on my opposite side. She held my right arm and tried to pull me off Liz and with the other hand started to tickle my midriff.

"Oh Sara" I groaned and then released Liz so that I could turn my attention to my new girlfriend.

Sara saw what was coming and shouted "Oh no!!!"

"Oh yes!!!" I cried and I quickly held her round the waist and bum.

How she wriggled and it gave me some wonderful feels of her bum as she did. I couldn't resist giving it light pinches as I did and hoped Liz didn't see.

With my right arm around her waist and under her pyjamas, the wriggling just served to make her pyjama top ride up quite a bit and I then gave her a big raspberry on her tummy.

All this happened before Liz could get back at me but then she grabbed me round the neck and hauled me off Sara before we all collapsed on the bed together, exhausted.

As I gathered a girl under each arm Liz said "That was fun".

"I'm surprised it didn't bring Mother in here" I said.
"Don't worry" Liz replied "She's already gone out. She's gone to see Aunt Oona".

And this is how we all lay for a few minutes. The girls were on top of the duvet which still covered me from the waist down.

Occasionally, one or other of the girls would tickle my tummy and, when they did, I slipped my fingers under their pyjama top and lightly rubbed their backs.

There was a lot of giggling. We were all enjoying the moments.

Eventually, Liz became a bit more serious. "I want to put the tent up in the garden today" she said.

"Oh yes!" cried Sara "That will be great".

"I'm going to go and look for it" Liz went on "It's all in bits in my store cupboard" and with that she jumped off the bed and vanished leaving Sara still lying next to me in my arm.

We looked at each other and smiled and Sara snuggled more closely into my arm.

My hand returned to massaging up and down her spine and this time I ran right up to her shoulders again using the little sweeping motions I had used the day before.

"Oh! That's nice" Sara whispered.

She didn't need to whisper. Liz's bedroom was on the floor above and she wouldn't hear anything unless we shouted.

"Let's have another fight" Sara said.

"OK" I replied "but no noise" and with that I held her round her waist and bum again as I had before.

Sara immediately started wriggling and I was treated to the same thrills of her bum as she twisted and turned.

My other hand was still under her pyjama top and my fingers probed her waist as she turned.

There wasn't much noise. Sara grunted a bit but that was all. She knew the dangers.

It was probably my hand on her pyjama trousers holding her tightly as she wriggled which did it and they started to slip down revealing the top half of her bum.

This girl definitely had a trouser problem!

This is it, I thought to myself and, as she twisted round onto her tummy, I held her more strongly to keep her there and then kissed each bum cheek very softly.

"Ohhh!" Sara cried out a bit too loudly "That tickled".

However, she did not move or attempt to. Neither did she make any attempt to pull up her pyjamas. She just became quiet.

"Did you like that?" I asked her.

"Yes" Sara replied quietly. "It was magic".

At that moment we heard Liz's footsteps on the staircase and I pulled up Sara's pyjamas but not before giving her 2 more kisses.

The tent was duly erected with my help and the girls had a wonderful time laughing and playing inside.

I had been left a note by my mother asking me to prepare lunch which I did, eating some myself as I finished. I then went out into the garden to tell the girls that lunch was ready.

They were in the tent chatting.

Both were wearing bikinis and they looked a picture.

They were obviously hungry because they immediately clambered out and went inside to eat.

I was exhausted. I had been rudely woken and was still tired so I went into the empty tent and settled down for a snooze.

I had just nodded off when, for the second time that day, I was woken by the 2 girls.

"Who's been sleeping in my bed?" Liz said as she clambered on top of me with a leg either side.

"Oh Liz" I barked "I had just nodded off".

"Tough" she replied "This is our tent".

By this time Sara had also clambered in and it was a bit crowded.

I was about to leave when Sara then lay down beside me.

"There's enough room for all of us" she said.

Liz looked doubtful but then shrugged her shoulders and lay down on my other side.

"No fighting" I said.

"No promises" Liz said and laughed and I then settled down with an arm around each girl as I had earlier that day.

It was a bit different to earlier because I did not have the duvet over me this time and I was only wearing my swimming shorts. Still, things were calm for the moment. We lay like that for ages just chatting.

Liz was lying on her back and I was holding her loosely with an arm around her shoulder.

With Sara it was different because she had eased herself onto her side facing me. I still had my arm around her but my hand was further down her back from where I could use my fingers to rub her either side of her spine.

Sara loved it and it was starting to get me worked up too.

Fortunately, Liz then said "Shall we have a water fight?"

"Yes" cried Sara and I groaned.

"There's only one hose" Liz said "so we must take it in turns".

Both girls then reversed out of the tent. As Sara was leaving, she turned and said "Cmon Mark. Don't be a spoilsport".

Very slowly I left the tent too.

We tossed for start with the hose and the order was Liz first, then me and Sara last.

The hose was started and Liz then raced round the garden trying to catch us with a stream of water from the end of the hose.

It didn't really work as it was easy for us to get away and we were soon fed up with that idea and only a little bit wet.

"Cmon" I said "let's get really wet. This time we have to stand still"

That would be better, the others agreed. Each would have about 2 minutes and could stand as close to us as they wanted to but not spray directly into our faces.

Liz started and with much screaming Sara and I quickly became absolutely drenched.

It was my turn next and I was a bit more adventurous. I moved closer to the girls and asked them to face away from me. I then poked the end down inside Liz's bikini bottoms..

The effect was immediate as the weight of water forced down her bikini and it fell to the floor.

Liz shrieked. "I'll get you for that" and then, having hauled up her bikini, she raced after me. I ran but didn't try very hard and Liz was soon up to me and hauling down my swimming shorts.

Fortunately, my prick was quiet but both girls received a good look before I pulled the shorts up.

"Hah!! Serves you right" Liz shouted.

"It's my turn now" Sara cried and we both stood and waited for another drenching.

Sara went for Liz first and the hose was put down the front inside of her bikini this time.

It had the same effect and her bikini fell to the floor revealing a delightful little cunt with the start of little pubic wisps.

"Right Sara" Liz shouted "It's your turn now" and with that Liz picked up the hose and moved towards Sara.

To her credit, Sara stood her ground and took the water attack leaving her bikini on the ground. Sara wanted much more revenge and then put the hose down the inside of Sara's bikini top as well forcing it down and exposing her little breasts.

She then pushed Sara over and bent down to pick up Sara's bikini bottoms before racing off crying "You can't catch me".

Sara chased her round the garden almost nude for a few moments but it was no use and she gave up.

She then returned to the hose, picked it up and said "I haven't got Mark yet".

There was no point in running and I didn't really want to. If Sara wanted my shorts off, she could have that anytime.

The hose was stuffed down the front of my shorts and the double effect of that jet of water and the sight of this gorgeous little naked girl just in front of me was immediate and my prick raged.

Then my shorts fell revealing all as my prick rose to attention.

Sara's eyes opened wide and for the second time that day I heard her gasp "Wow!".

I quickly raised my shorts and I don't think Liz saw much of my front as she was still on the other side of the garden.

Liz then threw Sara her bikini pants back but Sara ignored them and continued to prance around the garden in the nude. She didn't even cover her little buds.

She wanted to be nude and expose herself.

I knew why but I expect Liz was puzzled by it.

Sara explained it away by saying that she would dry quicker that way.

Sara then said "I have to go and have a bath." I'll see you later.

Sara had her dress rehearsal for the school orchestral concert that evening and my mother would be returning soon to accompany her.

Sara had said that it would be boring and didn't want to go.

Liz then disappeared leaving me with the sexy little nymphet.

I picked up Sara's bikini pants and started off for the tent.

Sara followed and we both entered, lying down side by side and close to each other.

Sara was beaming expectantly.

I looked down at her and took in her wonderful little breasts and her little hairless cunt neither of which I had seen before, close up.

"You are so beautiful, Sara" I said.

Sara beamed even more.

She then pulled off her bikini top so that she was lying next to me completely naked.

"Take your shorts off so that we are the same" she demanded.

"I don't know" I replied.

"That's only fair" Sara went on "I want to see your penis again. It was so big".

"That's because you make it so excited" I replied.

This idea obviously thrilled Sara as she beamed again.

"Well cmon then" she said "get them off" and with that she sat up, put a hand inside the top of my shorts and started to pull them down.

Whatever the dangers, my self control was near an end and I lifted my bum off the ground allowing Sara to complete her task.

She took them off completely leaving us both naked, side by side.

Sara continued to sit up and look down at my prick.

It had started to realise what was about to happen as my shorts started to be pulled down and quickly became very excited.

However, it was still growing after I was fully exposed and the look on Sara's face as it did was a picture.

"Wow!!" Sara said yet again.

"Have you never seen one before?" I asked her.

"Not like that" Sara gasped.

"Touch it if you like" I said quietly.

Even though Sara was an adventurous sort, I did not expect her to do so but she did and my prick immediately jumped to attention.

It was my turn to gasp now.

"Do you put that inside a girl?" Sara asked.

"Yes". I replied "when you make love."

"It would never fit inside me" Sara said with a giggle.

"You'd be surprised" I replied. "A little cunt can stretch when a boy is making love to a girl."

This comment left Sara quiet for a few moments.

"Do you want those feelings again that you had this morning?" I asked.

"You mean when you kissed my bum? Oh yes" she replied

"All the time!" and with that she turned onto her front and lay down with her bum pointing up into my face.

I gently rubbed her bum and then lightly kissed each cheek very lovingly.

Sara moaned softly.

I hesitated, looking down at her.

My experience of girls was then still very limited but I had already enjoyed them enough to know how special they are in that part of the anatomy - the feeling of both softness and hardness as your fingers explore, the sheer beauty of a young girl's hairless cunt and the never to be forgotten hormonal smell of a prepubescent girl who is on the verge of womanhood.

Sara didn't like my hesitation and turned her head towards me with a questioning look on her face.

"turn over. I want to kiss your little breasts" I said.

Sara immediately turned and I leant over her and lowered my lips to her right breast, firstly licking it and then taking the whole thing into my mouth and running my tongue around the edge.

"Ohh!" Sara said quietly but did not move.

I now tightened my lips and gently sucked on it and Sara gasped before starting to moan, quite loudly.

Then, as I continued, I ran the fingers of my left hand down her tummy, entering her tummy button and wiggling it before moving on over her still childlike tummy towards her cunt.

I stopped just above the top of her cunt and used just the index finger to massage her there.

Sara groaned and her knees rose up. She opened her legs wider. She was lifting her bum off the ground and forcing her body up into my waiting finger.

Round and round my finger swept working my lover up to more and more ecstasy.

And then she came, crying out as her whole body tensed before then subsiding into something which looked so lifeless beside me except for her still gasping breaths.

We were all in the kitchen chatting. My mother had returned and my sister was dressed up in her school best ready to go to the dress rehearsal.

Sara and I were still in our bathing stuff.

Sara had only slowly come round in the tent. As she had, I had kissed her lightly on the lips.

"I love you, my sweet" I had said and received a little smile from her.

I had then dressed and Sara, seeing me, had done the same.

"Are you sure you don't want to come, Sara?" My mother had asked.

"Quite sure, thankyou" Sara replied "It's not my scene".

"OK then" my mother went on. "Well I'm sure that Mark will look after you".

And with that they were gone and would not return for nearly 4 hours.

Sara looked exhausted and we wandered through to the living room to watch TV.

We sat together on the sofa and tried to take in the program.

However, it was soon obvious that neither of us were interested in it.

I put my left arm around Sara's shoulder and she nestled into me.

"Will you kiss me on the lips like you did before" she said suddenly and as she did she pushed her head back to look up at me.

I cupped her chin in my right hand very lightly before lowering my face to hers and gently kissing her on the lips for a few seconds.

Sara puckered her lips but it was as a child does it.

"Try opening your mouth slightly when you kiss. It will be better" I said.

With that I lowered my face to hers again and her slightly open mouth was waiting for me.

This time, I kissed her top lip and then the bottom one separately before nibbling them both.

Sara's breathing became a bit faster and, as I lowered myself once again to give her a full kiss, her mouth was open even wider and we started the most wonderful long but gentle embrace with both of us pulsing our lips as we went.

When it finished, Sara was gasping and I sat up.

"Was that what you wanted?" I teased her.

Yet another "Wow!" was all I received in reply.

My swimming shorts were still a bit wet and I was starting to get sore so I told Sara I was going to have a shower and left the room.

I was in the shower when Sara walked in.

She immediately stripped off and clambered in with me.

I had half expected it and had left the door open.

Was there no end to this girl's desire for sex and to learn everything about it, I thought.

"Would you like me to soap you down?" I asked her and she nodded.

So as the warm water continued to spray over us, I lathered her all over and gently massaged the soap into all her corners spending extra time around her breast and cunt areas.

Rubbing the soap down between her bum cheeks to her arse hole made me very excited and my prick started to rage.

Sara immediately noticed it and said "It's my turn now". I gave her the soap and she started to rub it around my pubic hair and then my prick itself.

It went absolutely beserk.

"Oh Sara" I cried.

"This makes you feel really good doesn't it?" she asked.

"Oh yes my love, it does" I replied. Put your hand round it and rub the soap in".

Sara did not hesitate and was soon wanking me off.

"Oh Sara" I cried more loudly "Keep going and do it even faster".

Sara immediately obliged and was soon into a rhythm.

She could tell the effect she was having on me and was loving every minute.

I was nearing an orgasm. Any moment now, I thought.

"Even faster" I cried and then I came.

Sara didn't stop until she saw my sperm and it shocked her a bit and she let go.

My first load went over the side of the shower and then, as my second, third and fourth loads came, I put my hands under Sara's arms and lifted her off the shower base until her face was level with mine and supported her under her bum before putting the other arm around her neck and giving her little kisses all over her face.

Sara curled her legs around my body.

It was frantic and Sara then put her arms around my neck drawing my lips onto hers and we had the most passionate kiss I had ever experienced.

Our lips pulsed on each other and I forced my tongue past her teeth and played with her tongue.

At the same time I rubbed her bum quite roughly, gripping it in the palm of my hand.

The kiss seemed to go on forever as we both tried to breathe through our noses but inevitably it had to come to a stop when I stepped out of the shower still holding her and sat down on the loo.

We were both gasping for air but neither of us wanted to stop.

Sara turned on my lap and clambered onto her knees making her a little higher than me.

She then took control by holding me round the neck so tightly it hurt and thrust her lips back into mine.

Then as the kiss continued with us both moaning, I ran my fingers through her hair and rubbed her up and down her body with particular attention to that gorgeous bum.

We couldn't hold the kiss for as long as the earlier one but, when it had finished, Sara still held me tightly around the neck as I continued to rub her all over.

She then gave me little kisses up my neck and on the side of my face and whispered in my ear "I love you too".

We stayed like that for ages just holding each other and enjoying the moment.

Eventually, Sara released me and turned to sit in my lap. I kept an arm around her and occasionally gave her little kisses on her ear.

Our breathing gradually returned to normal and Sara turned slightly to ask me a question.

"What was that stuff which came out of your penis, I mean prick".

"It's sperm, my love. When a man has an orgasm - you know that special feeling like you had today - he produces sperm. It's what makes babies when a boy makes love to a girl."

Sara became quiet, obviously thinking about what I had said.

"I'm starving" I said "Lets go and eat".

"OK" Sara said and stood up.

"I'm going to dress" I said and left the bathroom.

I was already downstairs cooking the supper when Sara appeared again. She had changed into another T shirt which was white with the words "Crazy Man Crazy" emblazoned across the back and pale yellow elasticated shorts. She was still barefoot.

She looked fabulous.

"Hamburger and chips OK" I asked her.

"Great" she responded.

It was soon ready and we tucked in and ate silently as we were both starving.

Afterwards, we went into the living room to watch TV.

Sara sat on my lap as we watched. I had an arm around her and held her hand.

Neither of us was really concentrating on the program and we would often just gaze into each others eyes.

Sara's eyes really sparkled particularly when I told her how beautiful she looked or how much I loved her.

"I love you too" she would respond.

Occasionally, I would run my fingers through her hair or touch her face very gently.

Once or twice we embraced. The kisses were gentle and loving and I would often move onto lightly kissing her eyes or nose or an ear.

We were both quite happy to just enjoy each other's closeness and warmth.

And, if the truth be known, we were also both exhausted emotionally.

I stayed up with Sara until my mother and sister returned but then went straight off to bed.

The next morning was very difficult for us. I woke about 10 and the 2 girls were already up and dressed.

It was a school and work holiday. My sister had her concert that evening and Sara was being collected by her mother. She couldn't go to the concert because of this. I slowly came round and went for a shower to try and clear my head.

I then went downstairs and sat in the kitchen chatting to my mother while she cooked me breakfast.

I didn't see either girl until later when they returned from a walk.

There were greetings both ways and I felt Sara looking at me as we all sat at the kitchen table and continued chatting.

I did not dare give her anything but a fleeting glance and smile because somebody could easily have read something into the way we looked.

Later, I went down to the pub for a drink and sat on my own with my thoughts.

I desperately hoped she had not had a reaction from the previous day. So much had happened so quickly and it was difficult to see how a young girl like Sara could take it all in.

However, the truth was that I could not stop myself from thinking about how I wanted make love to her later that day. My feelings for her were genuine. I loved her to bits but there was no way I could stop myself now although I would never force it against her will.

I returned home for lunch and immediately afterwards went up to my room to listen to music.

I was lying on my bed when Sara put her head around the door, then entered and closed the door behind her.

I was off the bed in a flash and swept her up into the air before lowering her so that we were face to face.

Sara put her arms around my neck and we looked at each other, both smiling broadly.

"I've missed you, my darling" I said before drawing her onto my lips and giving her a long lingering kiss on the lips.

Sara wanted to become more passionate but it was not the right time.

"Later, my love. It's too dangerous at the moment" I whispered.

I then lowered her to the ground, opened the door and ushered her out with a sharp pat on the bum.

Later, we were all downstairs wishing Liz well for her concert.

Sara's case was packed and ready for her mother to put in the car when she arrived.

Then we said our goodbyes and my mother and sister were gone.

As the door closed, we turned to each other and Sara then threw her arms around my waist.

She looked a bit sad.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked.

"I don't want to go home tonight" she half sobbed. "I want to stay here with you and Liz."

I took her by the hand and led her into the living room where we sat on the sofa, side by side.

"Sara, you know you have to go home and we will then be apart. Maybe Liz will invite you again in which case we can see more of each other in the future. I hope so."

What we cannot have are tears. Your mother will notice if you look upset and want to know why. If she then gets any idea as to what has been going on, we will both be in deep trouble.

You must understand this.

"I know. I know" Sara replied "I promise I will not say anything and I will not look upset when I leave tonight".

"Come here my darling" I said and I gathered her into my arms and drew her into me for a cuddle.

I lifted her chin and looked into her eyes. "I love you so much, Sara." and I then kissed her on the lips very lightly. Afterwards, Sara looked up at me and said "I want big cuddles" and then smiled.

"Let's go up and listen to some music in my room" I said.

"OK. Great" she replied.

As I then followed her up the stairs, I looked at her.

She was wearing the same outfit of T shirt and shorts which she had had on the previous evening.

I was wearing my swimming shorts again with a T shirt.

We were both barefoot.

We reached my bedroom and I put on some music.

We then lay on the bed side by side and I put an arm around her.

Sara stretched a leg over mine and we lay like that for several minutes listening to the music and saying nothing.

Occasionally, I leant over her and kissed her forehead or nose. As I did so, I would hold her a bit more closely.

Sara would just look back at me lovingly with a smile on her face.

As the minutes went by, we both became more worked up but I said nothing. I wanted Sara to make the first move.

"Shall we get undressed?" she asked.

I didn't say anything but smiled and released her.

I then sat on the edge of the bed.

"Stand here" I said, pointing to a spot on the carpet between my legs.

Sara sat up and quickly moved off the bed to stand where I had pointed. She looked down at me expectantly.

"Can I undress you?" I asked her.

"Of course" she replied and giggled.

I smiled at her again and then lifted both hands up to her waist before gently holding and pulling her closer to me.

My fingers then slipped onto her back under the bottom of her T shirt, rubbing her lightly and causing Sara to giggle again.

My fingers next slipped up her back almost to her shoulder and then down again and this was repeated several times gradually getting faster and faster and with my thumbs gradually moving from her back round to her front. Then, as my thumbs first touched her little breasts, I heard her moan and she closed her eyes.

As soon as she did, I lifted her T shirt up and off.

Sara was a bit wobbly now and I moved my hands to her back again before pulling her in close to me and taking her right breast into my mouth.

I closed my lips over it and squeezed it quite hard, sucking her gently at the same time.

Sara became even more wobbly but she still wanted more and put her arm around my head then pulling my mouth onto her quite hard.

At this point, I dropped my hands from her back down to the top of her shorts and put my thumbs under the elasticated top.

My fingers then ran on down, under her panties and onto her bum.

I had a cheek in each hand and I massaged them with my fingers and thumbs kneading her quite roughly.

Then, as Sara's little moans became constant and I switched to her other breast, I allowed my fingers to slowly run down between her cheeks and rub her arse hole.

Sara groaned and almost slipped to the floor. My mouth was forced off her breast.

"All right, my darling" I whispered "I won't let you fall".

I then turned her and sat her down on the bed beside me.

Sara's breathing was now coming in gasps and she still had her eyes closed.

I quickly clambered off the bed and knelt on the floor in front of her and positioned between her legs.
I held her hands and then kissed her on the nose.
"Are you ok, my love?" I asked her.
Sara said nothing and just nodded her head. She did not open her eyes.
"Lie back on the bed" I went on and Sara did.
I then eased her shorts, underwear and socks off and she lay on the bed naked with her legs dangling over the edge.
I quickly stripped off my swimming shorts leaving me naked in front of her.
I hesitated and whispered to her "Oh Sara. You look so beautiful."
A little smile creased the edges of her lips but it was barely noticeable as she was breathing through her mouth which was open.
I rested my hands on the bed either side of her and leant forward to kiss the front of her legs just above her knees, one after the other.
Then I moved my fingers under her knees and lifted them up and apart revealing the wonder of her special place.
I held her there and hesitated just taking in her virgin magnificence. That look and smell I have described earlier.
Sara wondered what was going on and opened her eyes slightly before then closing them again.
I leant forward again and very gently kissed the inside of her left thigh just above the knee. After that, I gave the right thigh the same soft lingering kiss.
Then I very slowly moved a bit higher up her inner thigh, kissing first one and then the other.
As I did, I pushed her legs a bit further back and wider apart.
Sara became a bit agitated and began moaning. Initially it was soft but it quickly grew in volume as my lips climbed her thigh towards my ultimate goal and when I kissed her groin and then licked the bottom edge of her cunt lips, the moaning reached a crescendo.
Sara was now twisting and turning and I was having to press her down into the bed to maintain her position.
The breathing, already deep, was now coming in short gasps.
Then, as I licked my way around her cunt lips, gently probing inside as I went, I became a bit worried about how much I was stimulating this little girl.

I wanted Sara to enjoy our love making as much as me. I wanted her to remember her first time with a man with as much pleasure I did with my first. I therefor slowed and gave her a few moments to get her breath back.

As soon as she had calmed, I kissed my way up her tummy to her breasts and then onto her neck before whispering to her "I want to make love to you my darling. Is that OK?"

Sara didn't say a word but her little smile was back.

Kissing my way up her body had already brought my prick close to Sara's cunt. It was raging now that it knew what was about to happen and I guided the helmet to her opening then exerting a bit of pressure until I was in and up against her hymen.

Sara was lying still and had thrown her arms up over her head somewhere. Her breathing was coming in short, deep gasps again.

Then, as I pushed through her hymen, I kissed her little breasts while gently running the fingers of my free hand up her face and through her hair.

Sara's moan turned to a groan but it was not the time to stop and I applied a bit more pressure and lost about 4" inside her.

Then, with her more pleasurable moans returning, I started to fuck her, firstly pulling almost out before thrusting in again.

Time and again I did this, gradually increasing in speed and entering her a bit more each time.

Then suddenly, every muscle in her body tensed up as her orgasm started and the muscles in her cunt tried to squeeze the life out of my prick.

It didn't stop me and I quickened my action, pushing through her pulsing cunt muscles, deeper and deeper until my orgasm started too.

"Oh Saraaaaaaa!!" I cried as I started to cum still pumping away until I was completely spent.

We were lying side by side with arms around each other. I ran my fingers through her hair and lightly touched her face.

Sara still had her eyes closed and was only very slowly getting back to normal breathing.

After our orgasms, I had remained deeply embedded in Sara and then rolled us both over with Sara on top of me taking care we did not separate.

I had then gently rocked her over my prick as I held her. It was several minutes before I softened and slipped out when I eased Sara off me and onto her back.

I had then drawn her up so that we were face to face. We lay like that for what seemed ages and then Sara slowly opened her eyes.

"Wow!" she whispered.

"You were wonderful" I said. "I hope I didn't hurt you too much".

"It hurt at the beginning" Sara said "but that doesn't matter".

"It's only the first time it hurts" I went on. "I promise you it won't the next time"

I then went on to explain to her how her hymen is torn the first time and that she will probably have bled as a result. We looked down the bed and there were a few blood spots.

Sara took it in but I think she was far more interested in my reference to "first time" hinting that there would be more times in the future.

We continued chatting about little things and when we might see each other again.

"That's a matter between you and Liz" I said. "We can only see each other if you are staying here."

Time was getting on. Sara's mother would be collecting her in an hour.

"Let's go and have a shower together" I said and, with that, I sat up and put my feet over the edge of the bed. Sara immediately threw her arms around my neck and held me back.

"I don't want it to finish" she whispered.

I pulled her round onto my lap and gently kissed her nose.

"I love you so much, my darling" but then tickled her under the ribs and stood up, lifting her with me. I then put my arms under hers and carried her through to the bathroom.

Once in the shower, I lifted her again and Sara wrapped her legs around my body.

And there we stayed holding and kissing each other until the water ran cold.

Afterwards, we dressed and went downstairs. Neither of us were hungry but I made a sandwich. We then sat in the kitchen holding hands and looking into each eyes.

Little was said. Little needed to be said.

With 2 minutes to go before pick-up time, I again voiced my concern about nobody finding out and Sara reassured me. Certainly, she looked calm and I was happy that her mother would not be suspicious.

Then, as we heard the car pull up outside, I gave her a last lingering kiss and walked with her to the front door.

Sara stayed with us quite often after that and we found ways to be alone and make wonderful love together. It all came to an end when, after 6 months, Sara and Liz's friendship ended. Liz had walked into my bedroom and found Sara in bed with me. But that's another story.

Note:

This is the fifth 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