

CONFESSIONS OF A BISEXUAL PEDOPHILE

6. Ryan

(Keywords: m/b pedo consensual)

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

DISCLAIMER: This story is complete fiction and the subject of my imagination. If the detail reveals a lack of research on my part, this is because there was none. Any similarity to any other story or to real life is pure coincidence.

Enough of all that. Here's the story.

I was kneeling on the Harlequin pub floor when I suddenly felt a hand delving between my legs fumbling for my prick.

I had dropped a coin on the floor which had roled under a seat and had gone down on my knees to try and retrieve it. Ryan then said "It's mine" and dropped to his knees beside me.

Horseplay followed with me pushing Ryan away and he doing the same to me.

Eventually, I had found the coin, cried out triumphantly and was then about to stand up again when Ryan decided on a bit of revenge.

"You little devil" I shouted and twisted round still on my knees then throwing my arms around his waist to bury my hand between his legs and get my own back.

Neither of us derived any satisfaction from these assaults. My prick was certainly soft and did not get excited one little bit. I can't speak for Ryan but I certainly didn't feel anything as my hand delved.

We then both stood up. Ryan had a huge grin on his face while I just looked at him and shook my head in the manner of a schoolmaster looking at a pupil who has made an idiot of himself.

My name is Mark Foster and, at the time, I was 19. I was living at home with my mother and sister while I was training to become an engineer.

Over the 2 years after I had left boarding school and been living at home, I had started to use a pub in the area called The Harlequin. I went in there several times a week.

After about 18 months, the landlord moved on and a new person took over.

There was living accommodation over the pub and the new landlord brought with him a wife and 2 sons aged 15 and 13.

I had not liked the new landlord or landlady very much but I did not change my allegiance to another pub. This was largely because I had built up a group of friends in The Harlequin and did not want to lose them.

About 9 months after the new landlord took over, their younger son had his 14th birthday and started to come into the bar much more often. Previously, I think he had been confined to their living quarters with an instruction to stay out of the bar.

This boy called Ryan often stood or sat next to me. He was not a nuisance. He was quite fun.

Why he wanted to stand or sit next to me so much of the time, I did not know. That sort of thing with youngsters had happened to me many times before. It was as if they knew instinctively that I was fun to be with.

On occasions in the past, it had led to some sexual flings with both girls and boys aged from 9 to 14. However, I was never a predator and, when it happened, the other party had either been the instigator or had made it clear what they wanted before things began.

We were the only 2 people in the bar and it was after closing time when the lunchtime session had finished. Ryan's mother ran the pub at lunchtimes as his father had another daytime job as an insurance agent, working 25 miles away.

Ryan's older brother had an apprenticeship with a printer and worked until 6 every night, 5 days a week.

When the excitement began, Ryan's mother had been upstairs getting ready to go out. I had been about to leave for my home.

Ryan was now stalking me with a leery sort of grin on his face and he suddenly dived in again with a hand between my legs in a further attempt to grab my prick.

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and wrestled his arm away from me saying "Do behave, Ryan".

Ryan could see it was no use and so withdrew his hand.

He turned to me with the same grin and said "Do you want to go upstairs and play pocket billiards?"

I had no idea what pocket billiards was but I guessed.
I hesitated and thought about the situation.
It had been obvious for a considerable time now that Ryan fancied me although whether as a hero or from a sexual point of view I had not known.
I was also attracted to him.
He was average height and had a build which was a bit more than puppy fat. In 5 years, he would probably be a bit plump but, for the moment, this additional weight gave him a fabulous larger than average bum with chubby cheeks.
His face was very pretty being rounded with perfect ears and nose. His mouth was cheeky when he smiled and I found myself forced to smile back at him.
He had short dark hair and it fell from a central crown without a parting.
"Your mother's here" I said.
"She's leaving to go out shopping on the 'bus and the return 'bus is not for 3 hours." He replied.
He could see me framing another question and so went on "There will be nobody here until after 6".
I thought for a while longer.
I was intrigued. I had had no intention of making a play for this boy. And yet, if I was right about what he was inviting me to do, it was an open invitation to sex with someone I could easily fall for in a big way.
"All right" I said. "Let's play darts until your mother leaves".
There was no harm in seeing what Ryan had in mind, I thought. If I didn't, I would always wonder what might have been.
We started to play darts and, when Ryan's mother came down to leave for the 'bus, I told her I was leaving after this last game.
She then left.
I continued playing darts for a few minutes until I saw the 'bus going past outside and knew she had caught it.
I then stopped playing and Ryan led the way upstairs.
After a visit to the bathroom, I went into his bedroom where he was waiting for me.
We both stood in the middle of the room and looked at each other.
Ryan still had the same grin on his face.
"Are you sure you want to do this?" I asked him and he nodded several times.
"Well remember then," I said "if you want to stop, you only have to say".

We were standing next to his bed and Ryan suddenly lunged at me, throwing his arms around my waist and thrusting his hand down between my legs again rubbing my prick area.

I let him get on with it for a few moments but it was obvious that he really didn't know what to do.

I was getting the increasing feeling that Ryan was a virgin and the idea excited me.

"What's this billiard game you were talking about?" I asked him.

Ryan stopped his attack on me and looked up.

"I put my hand in your trouser pocket and rub your thingy" he replied then smiling at me.

"Is this something you do with your friends at school?" I asked.

Ryan nodded, still smiling.

"What else do you do?" I went on.

Ryan hesitated and then just shrugged his shoulders.

Presumably things had not gone very far, I thought.

"Do you ever play about in the showers after sport?" I continued.

"No" Ryan replied "there are always masters around".

"Do you ever have school friends back here?" I asked and received a negative response again.

"What about your brother?" I persisted and Ryan laughed.

"No way" he cried.

This boy really was a virgin I thought and my prick was really getting excited by that point.

I could sense that Ryan was waiting for another question and so I continued.

"Do you play with yourself?"

I was still holding him by the waist and I could feel him tense up as I said it.

"Don't be embarrassed, Ryan" I said "everyone plays with themselves. I do it every day. It's quite normal and great fun."

Ryan relaxed a bit.

"I like it too" he murmured and chuckled.

I bent my face down and whispered in his ear. "So tell me what do you do?"

He hesitated and then replied very quietly "I rub my thingy".

There was a moment's silence with Ryan obviously expecting me to respond.

"And what happens then?" I whispered.

Several moments passed before Ryan found the words to reply.

"Well" Ryan half stammered "my thingy gets really big and it feels great" he eventually replied.

"Nothing more?" I asked him and Ryan said "No" and at the same time looked towards me to see if I was going to say anything. Maybe to chastise him. Maybe to correct him and tell him what he should have done at those times.

He held his expectant look into my eyes and I looked back at him without immediately saying anything.

My mind was racing. Not only was this boy a virgin but he had never had an orgasm before. The very idea was sending my prick wild.

I smiled at him. "You are so cute, Ryan" I whispered and I lightly touched his face with my fingers as I said it.

Ryan relaxed still further as I said it.

"Feel my prick again" I whispered. "Talking to you like this has made it very excited".

Ryan moved his hand towards my prick but I grabbed his hand to stop him and said.

"Always remember that it is a very delicate area down there for us guys. You must never be too rough or you can cause an injury".

I then released his hand and Ryan continued on down between my legs and started gently stroking my prick.

It was indeed excited now and the outline of my prick was bulging and clearly evident even through my underpants and trousers.

"Cor!" He cried quite loudly "it's big".

"That's because you are getting it worked up. Wrap your fingers round it if you like" I said.

Ryan immediately did so and was soon rubbing me too, albeit very lightly.

I let him get on with it.

"That's great, Ryan" I whispered.

Then, as Ryan continued to gently wank me, I found a gap at the bottom of his shirt and slipped my fingers under it onto his tummy.

His skin felt so good. Smooth and hairless. Giving to the touch.

"Oh Ryan" I whispered "That feels so good".

My caressing fingers on his tummy did not seem to worry him and he continued with his massage.

I continued whispering little words of encouragement and enlarged the sweep of my fingers over his tummy up his chest and around his nipples.

It had to stop. My prick was fed up with being teased. It wanted the real thing.

"Let's get more comfortable on the bed" I said and Ryan withdrew from my prick.

I sat on the bed and started to take off my shoes and socks. Ryan sat beside me and started to do the same.

"Shall we take off our shirts and trousers as well" I asked him and smiled.

Ryan immediately smiled back. "Yeeeah!" he replied and so we both did.

Ryan then sat back on the bed and looked up at me expectantly. He really had a lovely body with bulges in all the right places and a little one in his underpants too looking up at me invitingly.

"Are you going to show me how you rub yourself" I asked with another little smile.

Ryan hesitated but then very slowly rested his hand on his underpants, wrapped his fingers round his little bulge and started rubbing himself.

I just watched but my prick started to rage again in excitement.

Very soon, we both had raging hard-ons forcing themselves up into the fabric of our underpants.

Ryan did not seem at all embarrassed at me watching him and so I lay back beside him and started to rub myself as well.

After a minute or two, I turned to Ryan and said "Can I have a go at rubbing you?"

Ryan just nodded.

This is it, I thought and moved my hand over his underpants before dropping just my index finger and thumb down to lightly hold his prick and rub him.

He wasn't completely hard because he had been rubbing himself very lightly but with my fingers on him now it was different and he was getting much more excited.

Ryan sighed and rested his hands at his sides.

"Oh Ryan" I whispered "that feels so good."

My rubbing was still very light and Ryan looked down at what I was doing but then, as I started rubbing his foreskin a bit harder and down to its extremities, he closed his eyes and started to moan softly.

His underpants were riding up and down with my hand motion and it exposed more of his body as I continued. Ryan had quite a bit of dark pubic hair and I was receiving more and more of a view of his little prick. The helmet was poking out of the top of his underpants.

And then, suddenly it was out and free as the top of his underpants were eased down by my wanking motion.

I took in the beauty of his child manhood but did not slacken and continued my wanking motion with my finger and thumb now over his bared foreskin.

What I did do was lean over his body and lower my face down to his raging prick and lightly kiss the tip.

Ryan moaned more loudly.

"Does that feel good? I whispered to him.

"Mmmmm" he replied.

So I slowed my wanking but still held his prick while I kissed it again several more times.

Then, without stopping, I kissed his prick all the way down it's length.

Ryan was starting to get a bit agitated. He was moving his bum about and raised up his knees.

I pushed them down again and kissed my way up his prick again to the tip before opening my mouth and taking the helmet into my mouth and both licking it and sucking it lightly.

Ryan groaned and raised his arms up above his head.

I then lowered my mouth deeper onto his prick and started licking him all round the foreskin and pushing it back with my lips and sucking quite hard, all at the same time.

Finally, I started lifting and lowering my head, raising and lowering his foreskin and gradually increasing the speed, sucking all the time.

It was only about another minute before he started to cum.

His whole body tensed and he pushed his body up off the bed as he did it.

He cried out "Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!" at the same time and then I felt the soft warm flow of his first ever orgasmic harvest flow into my throat.

Oh what a sensation. I almost came myself.

And then he relaxed and his whole body seemed to go all floppity.

I raised my head and looked down at him.

He looked so beautiful. He lay there breathing deeply with a slightly flushed face and his eyes still closed.

I leant forward again and lightly kissed the tip of his fast receding little prick before moving up his body and kissing him on the tummy and then each nipple before leaning over his face and kissing his bottom and top lips.

I held my position there and looked down at him. I was right I thought to myself. He really is a beauty.

Very slowly, Ryan opened his eyes and looked up into mine.

"Oh Mark" he whispered and then wrapped his arms around my neck and pulled me onto his lips in a passionate open mouthed kiss.

His taste and smell was wonderful and as the kiss continued we rolled over with him ending up partially on top of me in a close cuddle.

Ryan was frantic with his hands massaging my chest and then down my tummy before thrusting his fingers under the top of my underpants onto my prick.

"Oh yes, Ryan, go for it" I cried.

My underpants were pushed right down to my ankles and Ryan then stretched over my midriff with his head over my prick and started kissing and licking it as I had done to him.

I now had his bum facing up to me and it looked sublime. Chubby and perfectly proportioned.

Then as Ryan took most of my prick into his mouth as he licked and sucked away at it, I explored his perfect bum, rubbing his cheeks and down between them to his arse hole.

When I reached it, I probed his muscle delving inside an inch or two.

It drove Ryan even more wild and I could sense my orgasm starting to build up inside me.

How I wanted to slow things down and enjoy these wonderful sensations for longer but it was not to be. There was a passion in Ryan that just wanted me to explode in his mouth and return to me the same sensations I had given him moments earlier.

As I came, it was the most forceful orgasm I had ever had. Wave after wave after wave of my sperm kept launching into Ryan's throat.

He did his best, poor lad, to swallow it all but it was seeping out of the corners of his mouth and running down his chin.

And then it was over and he lay back exhausted on the bed gasping for breath.

I pulled him into my arms beside me and cuddled him close and there we lay for several minutes without saying anything and just savouring our own thoughts and memories.

For me, it marked a new landmark in my sexual experiences.

He wasn't the oldest boy with whom I had had sex. There had been my first experiences at school with 15 year olds but they had been sex for sex's sake and not making love like this. Since then I had had several fabulous affairs with younger boys and girls but they had all been with younger children. Wonderful in their own way but different.

Ryan was starting to come round and slowly opened his eyes.

He looked at me with wonder in his eyes and smiled.

"That was unbelievable" he said.

"Better than pocket billiards, eh?" I replied and chuckled.

"I had no idea that's what happened" Ryan went on. He was still bubbling with excitement.

"One thing puzzled me." He went on " I enjoyed it when you rubbed my bum but why did you put your finger up my arse hole?"

"Didn't it make you more excited?" I replied.

"I don't know why but yes it did" Ryan said.

I explained to him how that was part of the love making process with us boys.

"That is a boy's love hole." I said

Ryan was hesitant for a moment. "So a boy puts his thingy up a man's bum" he said with wonder in his eyes again.

I nodded.

"Wow!" Ryan replied "Would you do it to me?"

I had not been expecting this and was taken aback by his directness.

The idea sent an electric shock through me as anal sex was something I had never experienced but always dreamt about.

I looked into Ryan's eyes and he was there looking back at me waiting for my answer.

"I don't know Ryan. You have already experienced a lot today. That type of sex can hurt the first time and I don't want to spoil our first experience together."

"Oh please Mark. I know you will be gentle with me" Ryan said.

Now I am not a weak person but the temptation to have my first anal sex was too much.

Neither did I have to worry whether it might be too soon after my orgasm. The very idea of anal sex was already bringing my prick to attention again.

"Well ok" I replied "but you must tell me if it hurts too much and I will stop."

"Lie back on the bed, put your hands under your knees and pull them back towards your chin as far as you can."

Ryan immediately lay back and did as I asked with a broad grin on his face.

I rested my left hand on the back of his left thigh and ran it down onto his left bum cheek which I rubbed lightly.

I then eased my index finger between his cheeks and ran it down to his arse hole. Ryan's body twitched at this point when I touched it but otherwise he did not move.

I then started lightly dabbing Ryan's arse hole with the tip of my finger.

"Mmmmm" I heard Ryan murmur.

"Oh Ryan" I replied "You are going to enjoy this so much".

My dabbing finger now exerted a slightly increased pressure and speed and was starting to test the strength of his sphincter.

Ryan tensed again, opened his eyes and looked into mine. He looked so excited and had a look which said "Yes!! Go for it".

At this point, I withdrew my finger and used a hand to coat my left index finger and middle finger in gel which I had found in the bathroom when we first came up the stairs.

I now returned my gelled index finger to Ryan's arse hole and rubbed it around his entry.

I placed the tip of my finger over his sphincter and gently applied pressure.

It was incredibly tight but my finger slipped in quite quickly.

Ryan gasped.

The pressure from Ryan's sphincter pulsing on my finger was incredible but I held it in there. However, I did not enter any further.

Gradually, I could feel the pulsing reduce as Ryan's sphincter started to relax again.

At this point, I rolled my finger around so as to try and get as much of the gel inside as I could.

I now started pulling almost out of Ryan's bum and then pushing back in again, going a little more deeply with each stroke.

Now and again, I felt Ryan tense and I stopped. This way, I was fairly sure that he suffered no pain.

It took me several minutes to get my finger in up to my knuckle and I then finger fucked his arse, starting slowly and gradually building up speed.

I then pulled out and inserted my middle finger and started finger fucking him with that one. It was not any wider but it was a bit longer.

Ryan was gasping for breath now and there was a sort of grunt as my finger thrust in.

I pulled out and used more gel on my 2 fingers and then wrapped them around each other and returned to Ryan's arse hole again.

My 2 fingers slipped in, testing his sphincter all the way. As they entered, the girth of the 2 of them increased quickly and would be double that of a single finger when they were in up to the knuckle.

I therefor moved very very slowly, stopping after the smallest movement to give Ryan's bum time to get used to my trespass.

It took about half an hour for me to enter up to the knuckle when I started fucking him again, gradually increasing the speed.

Ryan was struggling for breath now.

I pulled out of him and said "I think you are ready for me now. Pull right back on your knees".

Ryan did so and it opened up his bum just at the right height for my prick.

His arse hole was still open with the muscle not have retracted to its original tightness after my finger intrusion. It was twitching so invitingly.

As I moved over between his legs, my prick was already raging at the prospect of what was to come.

I rubbed in plenty of the gel down its full length before resting my hands on his thighs and pushing them back even further to get his entry level with my prick.

My prick was raging as hard as I had ever seen. It knew what was coming.

I then guided the tip down between the cheeks of Ryan's fabulous bum and so to his arse hole.

I guided the tip to his entry and then applied more pressure and the helmet of my prick seemed to slip in quite easily. I then increased the inward pressure until I found more resistance which was about 3" inside him. This had been how far my fingers had reached and it was also the point on my prick where the girth was about the same as my 2 fingers. Deeper in would mean more sphincter acclimatisation.

So it was back to the same routine as before, gently easing in a little bit and stopping, then a bit more and so on.

Ryan was moaning loudly now but there were no cries of pain. He would tell me afterwards that there had been some pain but it was worth it.

I was 6" inside Ryan now and started fucking him slowly.

I withdrew almost completely but then entered him again. Every time I entered him I was going a little

deeper. However, I was exerting considerable control to ensure that I never forced against him too much.

As I entered him now, I was rubbing against his colon and Ryan moaned deeply as I did so.

His excitement was quickly bringing me to a climax and towards the end I was thrusting in very forcefully right up to my 7" hilt.

We were both moaning and grunting now and a few moments later I started to cum and let out a little cry,

gave one final deep thrust and kept my prick up there.

At the same time, Ryan started his orgasm and I felt his sphincter pulsing on my prick. It was unbelievable.

We were both gasping for breath but I managed to say "Oh Ryan. That was absolutely wonderful".

I then leant forward and kissed him on the lips.

I stayed in the same position until my prick softened and slipped out of him when I fell down on the bed beside him and pulled him into my arms.

I could have stayed like that, cuddling and kissing him, for ages but I knew our time was running out.

"We must get cleaned up" I said.

Ryan pulled a face but did not argue.

We both went to the bathroom and cleaned up before returning to the bedroom and dressing.

We cleaned up and then went downstairs. I left by the back door to the car-park at the rear which was not seen from any other property and drove away, waving to Ryan as I did so.

I was on a high. I had had my first anal intercourse and it had left me dizzy from pure pleasure.

I was also pleased about how I had controlled things. It would have been so easy to have hurt the boy.

I knew that this was not the case because Ryan had told me so and he had been on a high too.

He had had so much pleasure from his young body in the previous 3 hours and I knew he had been a virgin so it was his first awareness and realisation of the pleasures he would get in future life.

We had parted with a kiss and a promise that we would do it again.
We had agreed a time and place.

The time was 2 o'clock and it was 2 days later.
Ryan walked out of the car-park behind his pub and over 3 fields to a wooded area. He kept on a footpath through the wood and the ground then started to rise up quite steeply.
Eventually, the wooded area finished and it was out into an open field which continued rising for another 300 yards to it's peak.
Instead of climbing to the top, Ryan turned to his left and wandered around to the other side of the hill. There was an old barn there which was semi derelict. It's roof had partly fallen in and the walls were starting to crumble.
I was waiting for him inside the barn when he arrived. I had walked from a totally different direction from a road half a mile away.
As Ryan entered the doorway of the barn, he saw me and rushed over.
It was the first time we had seen each other since the time we had had sex together. I had deliberately stayed away from the pub for the previous 2 evenings.
I had been a little bit worried about whether Ryan would have had a reaction to what had happened and let slip something to his brother or mother. However, I did not worry unduly. Ryan was at an age where teenagers have many secrets they do not impart to anyone in their families or even their friends. Ryan knew that what we were doing and were going to do was nobody else's business but our own.
We both smiled broadly and I lifted a hand and ran it through Ryan's hair.
"You look great" I said.
"You make me feel great" Ryan replied
We then threw our arms around each other and I lowered my lips to his.
The kiss was strong and quickly became passionate. Our tongues were battling it out in some sort of rough game. We were both moaning quietly and my hands ran down Ryan's chest and then to his jeans. I eased down the zip and slid my hand inside over his prick, rubbing it gently. Ryan pulled out of the kiss.
"Oh Mark" he cried "Fuck me. Please fuck me".
"Let's get undressed" I said and withdrew my hand from his jeans.

We both undressed quickly and stood again in front of each other.

Ryan stood there looking so beautiful. I pulled him towards me and I whispered "I think I'm falling in love with you".

Ryan looked at me and then threw his arms around my neck saying "And I love you".

I think he had wanted to say it before but was still unsure about what boys could say to each other.

With Ryan's arms still around my neck, I wrapped my arms around Ryan's bum and started rubbing it while still looking into his eyes.

Ryan's eyes glazed over and I bent down and kissed them, he closing his eyes as I did so.

I now gripped Ryan's bum more tightly and pulled him towards me and off his feet until our prick's met and rubbed against each other.

Then I turned Ryan round so that he was facing away from me and drew him back towards me again until his bum was nestling into my balls.

I put my arms around his tummy and pulled him towards me sometimes rubbing his nipples.

Ryan went wild. He was bucking his hips trying to get himself higher and onto my prick. His face was up in the air and his head was twisting first one way and then the other.

"Yes! Mark" he cried "Go for it".

Ryan was standing quite close to the barn wall and facing it. Just in front of him was a series of horizontal wooden bars which were fixed about 3" away from the wall. They were circular, about 2" in diameter and were spaced about 9" apart. They would have been used to tether horses in the past, the different heights of bar being used for different sized horses.

I asked Ryan to step up on the first one about 9" off the ground and hold onto another bar in front of him. He did this.

I now positioned myself just behind him and was at just the right height to ease my prick in between Ryan's cheeks and so on to his arse hole.

"Ohhhhh!" Ryan cried.

I was not ready yet and held my prick and ran it through between his cheeks from the top of his bum to the bottom and then back up again. I then repeated it several times. While I did this, I held Ryan's prick in my right hand and gently wanked him.

Ryan was positively begging me now.

"Fuck me, Mark. Pleeese".

I withdrew from his bum and walked back to my trousers to fetch my gel.

I rubbed it into Ryan's arse hole and plenty of it onto my prick. I would not need to start with my fingers again as Ryan's bum had become sufficiently acclimatised 2 days before..

I moved up behind him again.

"Try and move your hands down to the rail about 3 below"

I said.

Ryan moved down one at a time until both his hands gripped that rail.

The effect of lowering his hands down over 2' was to push his bum out from the rail about the same distance.

Also, the bending down had opened up the cheeks of his bum and it looked so sexy.

My prick was starting to rage again and I directed it onto his arsehole, then applying pressure.

As I did so, I slipped my right hand around Ryan's waist and down to his prick and gently massaged his balls.

I had eased myself inside Ryan now and was exerting more pressure again. It was nothing like the previous time as Ryan's sphincter was now accustomed to me. I did not force it but found that I was slipping in quite well.

Ryan was now moaning quite loudly.

"Try and move down another rail with your hands" I said to Ryan and he did. He was now holding the rail only 2 above where his feet were.

His bum was sticking out so much now and his cheeks were so wide apart that I felt my prick ease in quite quickly right up to my hilt.

I felt my balls slap against his.

I now placed a hand on each of Ryan's hips and pushed myself away from him, drawing out of his bum almost completely.

I paused for a moment and then pushed back in again and started fucking him.

It was slow to start off with but I gradually increased the speed.

Both Ryan and I were now groaning and grunting quite loudly.

Such was my pent up passion for this boy that I quickly felt myself starting to cum and thrust in very strongly the last time shooting my loads deep inside him.

"Oh yes Ryan. Oh yes my love" I cried.

As I did so, I felt Ryan start his orgasm too.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!" He cried as it went on and on.

I kept pressing and rubbing against Ryan's colon until the very end and continued to fondle his balls.

I then gradually softened and slipped out of his bum. He sighed.

I held him while he lowered himself down from the rails and I turned him round to face me. His eyes were closed and his whole body had gone sort of floppy.

I put an arm around his shoulder and the other under his knees and lifted him before carrying him over to some bales of straw and laying him down.

I then lay down beside him, put an arm around him and drew him in close, cuddling and kissing him.

We would see each other about once a week after that and it went on through that summer. Then, as the weather started to get cooler, it became less frequent. As it did, Ryan let slip that he was also seeing someone else. They would meet up in the other boy's house and so it was better for him.

On my side, I was finding that I was missing our sex sessions less and less and it seemed a good time to break off our relationship.

In the end, this is what I did. Nothing was said between us. I simply stopped going into the Harlequin.

We never spoke to each other again after that.

I wasn't upset. It had been the right time for us to both move on but he had been my first experience of anal sex and I would always remember him for that.

Note:

This is the sixth 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

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