

## **CONFESSIONS OF A BISEXUAL PEDOPHILE**

### **9. Sandy**

(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 drifted back to sleep and woke to find her sitting on top of the duvet on the opposite side of my bed, facing me.

She sat with her legs open and her knees up. Her arms were resting on her knees and her chin rested on them. Her face looked the same as it had done the day before. It was sort of distant and wistful. Maybe there was anticipation in her eyes and they were looking straight into mine!

She was wearing a short nightie without panties and I was looking straight up it with an open view of her cunt.

I blinked and came to slowly.

I looked again and then sat up in bed.

No, I hadn't made a mistake.

She did not move and kept the same expression on her face.

I gazed down at her cunt. It was so juicy looking but a bit red and puffy round the lips.

"Have you been rubbing yourself down there" I asked her, nodding towards her cunt.

She blushed, did not say anything but slowly nodded.

I hesitated. "Would you like me to rub you down there too" I went on.

She nodded again.

Her expression did not change.

My name is Mark Foster and I lived with my girlfriend Sue in my own home in East Anglia, England.

I was 27 at the time and my girlfriend, who was 23, had moved in with me a year before.

It had not been a huge success and I blame myself largely for that. When I got to bed at night, my thoughts tended to be of the little angels I had been with in earlier relationships. There had been both girls and boys ranging from 7 to 16.

Small wonder that Sue claimed I had a faraway look in my eyes when we made love.

I had tried desperately hard to be orthodox in my sex life after she moved in but had failed and our relationship was now in its last stages. She would move out about 6 months after this episode.

The house was mine. I had bought it about 2 years previously.

I worked as an engineer having qualified 5 years before.

The 11 year old sitting on the bed opposite me was Sandy. She lived with her mother and father and 2 older brothers in a house opposite mine.

They had moved in 3 months before and were renting. It was a short term solution after coming back from Canada. They would live there for a few months while they looked around for somewhere to buy.

The 2 boys were at boarding school but Sandy went to a day school a few miles from where we lived.

My girlfriend had become friendly with Sandy's mother fairly soon after they moved in over the road. They would meet up at coffee mornings and go to charity events together.

They became quite close and, 3 months after they first met, Sue was asked if she would mind looking after their daughter while they went away on a short 5 day break to Paris.

Sue consulted me and I certainly didn't mind. So it was agreed.

The date arrived and Sandy was delivered to us on a Wednesday evening. She would continue to go to school and my girlfriend would take her by car and also collect her after school on the Thursday, Friday and the following Monday when she would be delivered back to her own home.

On the Saturday and Sunday, there was no school.

I was not involved very much during the first 2 days. I tended to leave home early and return late. It was often a 12 hour day including travelling.

I also worked sometimes at weekends but I had promised Sue I wouldn't do so while Sandy was staying with us. Sue had a part time job in a garden centre and worked every weekend in the mornings plus odd extra days to cover for other employees' sickness and holidays.

I was arriving home about 8 on those first 2 evenings after Sandy arrived. I would then change and eat. It was often nearly 9 before I sat down with Sue and Sandy to watch TV and then Sue was sending Sandy off to bed soon after as it was school again the next day. My contact with Sandy on the first 2 days was therefor a "Hello", a "Goodnight" and, most importantly, lots of smiles. She smiled back at me but was a bit shy or reserved. The Friday was different. There was no school the next day and so Sandy was allowed to stay up later. I still arrived back late but I did get to see more of her. After changing and having my meal, I went into the lounge and sat in my usual easy chair opposite where Sandy was sitting.

She was probably the most beautiful 11 year old girl I had ever seen. It was not just her gorgeous looks, figure and peachy complexion but also her bearing. When she walked, it was pure poetry. I guessed she must have had some training from a French nanny when she was living in Quebec.

She had a fabulous body being tall for her age with a wonderful, slightly chubby bum and good hips which gave her a curvier waist than most youngsters her age. Her legs were sublime.

She had a lovely face which was framed in straight fair hair that hung down to her shoulders and it was often held in a hair band which kept it back behind her perfect little ears.

Her nose was small and well proportioned and she had a mouth which just melted you when she smiled.

Her eyes were large and bluey green.

I had loved her since I first saw her.

Sandy was watching a soap and I started up a conversation asking her what she was going to do the next day which was Saturday. She didn't have a clue so I said "You can help me with the gardening if you like".

Sandy screwed up her nose.

"Shame" I said. "It would have been worth a trip out bowling afterwards".

Sandy's eyes suddenly lit up and she beamed.

"OK" she said "I'll help you."

Sue had not been told about the bowling previously but she seemed happy about the arrangement and knew that Sandy would be occupied while she was working.

The next morning, Sue got up and left at 7.30 so that she could be at the garden centre for 8. She would return about 1.30.

The hours would be the same the following day on Sunday.

Being the weekend, I did not get up with Sue but tended to turn over after she had gone and sleep for another couple of hours.

So it was 9.30 before I got up, showered and put on some old clothes suitable for my gardening. I walked down the landing and looked in on Sandy. She was still asleep and looked so peaceful and oh so beautiful.

I didn't want to startle her and so I knelt down next to her head which was on it's side and blew in her ear. It was quite gentle but enough and I saw her eyes open.

I smiled at her .

She blinked and then smiled back.

"Is our deal still on?" I whispered.

"I suppose so" she replied "I dreamt I would get a huge score today at the bowling centre".

"Can't wait" I said. "I'm going down to get our breakfast. Downstairs soon, please, and make sure you wear something suitable for gardening".

Sandy put out her tongue at me and was about to say something when I closed the door and went downstairs. She did as she was told and was in the kitchen with me 10 minutes later.

She was wearing a T shirt and white cotton shorts and trainers with socks. It was sunny outside and quite warm.

I was drinking a cup of coffee when she came in. I don't normally eat at breakfast time.

I had put orange juice and cereal on the table for Sandy together with milk and sugar.

I asked her if she wanted a cooked breakfast and she declined.

The morning newspaper had been delivered and I started to read it while sipping my coffee.

Sandy sat opposite me eating a bowl of cereal. So as to be polite, I rested my newspaper on the table rather than holding it up and creating a barrier between us.

As I finished an article, I would look up and retrieve my coffee cup, then raising it to my lips. At the weekend, I always prepared a coffee pot which was large enough for several cups and so my routine with the newspaper and the coffee cup went on for quite a while.

When Sandy had finished her cereal, she sat with her arms folded on the table and her chin resting on them. She made faces at me when I stopped reading and picked up my coffee cup. Occasionally, she would murmur "I don't like gardening".

It was not said in a whingeing sort of tone. I doubted this girl would be able to behave that way. She was playing up to me as all kids of this age tend to do. They seem to know that I am exciting and will make them feel happy. "Cmon" I said after a further 10 minutes. "Let's get started".

I then stood up and walked out of the back door. Sandy followed.

I went to our garden store where I changed into boots and prepared my wheelbarrow, putting in the tools ready for some weeding of the flower borders.

I asked Sandy to bring out the broom I used in the garden.

I then started weeding and asked Sandy to brush the garden paths and the driveway in front of the house. We both started working and the place started to look much tidier quite quickly.

When our garden was tidy and weeded, it looked very pretty because Sue brought back some lovely plants from the garden centre which was a perk of her job.

After an hour, I brought out a choc ice for Sandy and a beer for me. It really was quite warm in the sun.

Sandy thanked me. She is looking very bored now, I thought. I will let her go and watch TV in a moment but I'll give her one more job first.

I unwound our garden hose and turned it on. I handed the end to Sandy and asked her to hose down the paths where she had brushed. I then returned to my weeding. Things continued uneventfully but then I felt a light spray of water land on my head.

I looked up and Sandy was trying desperately not to laugh. It was obvious she had done it on purpose.

I pointed at her and said "Careful!" and then returned to my weeding.

A few moments later and I received another wet patch on my back.

Sandy couldn't contain herself this time and hooted with laughter.

I turned and looked at her straight in the eye. "This is your last chance, little girl. Do it again and I'll get you". I then smiled at her. I couldn't help it. This girl playing up to me like that was exciting me.

My gardening continued but I knew it was only a matter of time. Sure enough, a few moments later, she carried out her coup de grace.

I was walking up to the corner of the house wheeling my barrow towards the side of the garage as I had about finished for the day. Suddenly, Sandy appeared from around the corner and directed her shoot of water straight into my face.

I ducked but received some in one eye and down the side of my face before taking enough evasive action.

"Right!" I shouted and looked at Sandy.

"Oh no" she screamed then dropping the hose and starting to run away to the other side of the garden.

I picked up the end of the hose and followed her.

My garden was reasonably large but the hose was long enough. As I circled her getting closer, Sandy screamed "No! You mustn't".

"Oh but I must" I replied and then sent a spray of water straight at her, hitting her on the chest.

She screamed again, turned to start running but was far too slow. The next squirt got her behind the neck and I could see it running down inside her T shirt.

"Give up?" I shouted to her.

"Never" she replied.

Good girl, I thought and continued to spray her until she was completely soaked.

Then I stopped and threw the hose away from both of us. There was water dripping off Sandy from everywhere. Her hair was saturated and water was dripping from it and running down her neck. Her T shirt was soaked as were her shorts and there was water dripping down from inside them, then trickling down to her feet.

"You!" She screamed.

"I did warn you" I replied.

"I'm soaked" she cried a bit more quietly.

"No problem" I replied. "Go to the back door, take your trainers off and then go into the kitchen and wait for me. Don't go out of the kitchen"

I went on "I will fetch you a warm towel."

Sandy scowled at me. She was not pleased. I laughed and was still laughing as I reached the back door.

I was a bit wet but not too much. I took off my boots before I went into the kitchen and walked upstairs. I then stripped off my dirty gardening clothes in my bedroom and put them straight into the linen basket. I put on some shorts and a clean T shirt, grabbed a warm bath towel from the airing cupboard and went downstairs barefoot to the kitchen.

Sandy was there, just inside the back door. She had taken off her trainers and stood there with dripping wet clothes and was shivering.

Swift action needed, I thought, or she will catch a chill.

"Right! Take off your clothes before you die of cold so that I can get a warm towel on you" I said.

Up to that moment in time, there had been nothing which I had done or was now doing that had any sexual motivation. The water spraying by me had been carried out after tremendous provocation. If I had let Sandy off, she would have probably found something even more awful to do over the weekend.

As regards the order to get undressed, well what could I do?

There was water dripping off her. I couldn't let her into the rest of the house where there were carpets.

When I told her to get undressed, I imagined Sandy would stop when she got to her panties. This is what other kids would have done.

I would then have given her the warm towel, she would have dried her feet, wrapped it around her waist or perhaps her chest and run up to her room with me shouting after her "Have a hot shower before you dry yourself."

It never occurred to me that she would have breasts when she partially undressed in front of me. She didn't look from her clothing as though she had. Perhaps a little show but nothing really and it had certainly not registered with me when I told her to undress.

Imagine my shock then when Sandy started to undress and went on going until she stood there in front of me stark naked.

There wasn't a trace of embarrassment or coyness about her. She had obviously been given the same instruction many times before by her mother or perhaps a nanny in Canada. It was a normal routine for her.

I was stunned and sat down on a kitchen chair.

My eyes watered and I could hardly see.

I just about saw the girl's budding breasts and how wonderful her body looked but, if you had quizzed me an hour later, I couldn't have given you much detail about her.

My mind was a blur.

Sandy was standing in front of me with an expectant look on her face which said "Well???"

I quickly grabbed the warm towel and threw it around her shoulders.

I know I should have told her to go upstairs at that point and have a shower but I didn't.

I was in a daze.

All I could look at was this girl's devastating figure which still peeped out from the bottom of the towel around her shoulders.

Someone else inside me then took over. A voice said "What is wrong with touching her?" and went on "She's still very wet and so it will not give her much of a sensation. But, for you ....".

I hesitated but the person inside me won.

"Come here" I said to Sandy, gently.

Sandy immediately responded and took a step forward to where I had pointed to between my legs.

I eased the towel from around her shoulders leaving her naked again and put it over her head.

"Bend your head down" I said and she did. I then rubbed her hair quite hard until it was almost dry.

As I did so, she was facing me but could not see. I took advantage of this and looked again at her stunning figure and juicy little hairless cunt.

Her hair was almost dry and I took the towel off her head into my left hand and started to towel her down her right side, starting with her neck and shoulder then moving down her chest and so to her legs and feet.

For most of her body, she stood steadily and my towelling her was straightforward. It was when I reached her chest and her budding breast or the right cheek of her bum or between her legs that things became very exciting.

It was partly the towel rubbing in her delicate parts and particularly between her legs which drove me wild but there was better to come.

I found that, when she lifted her right foot for me to dry, she lost her balance a bit. I instinctively put out a hand to support her and it ended up on the left cheek of her bum. Sandy opened her mouth and gasped, tilting her head backwards as she did. She closed her eyes.

She didn't say anything but I knew that, despite still being damp, this was an area of her body which was very sensitive.

I didn't initially spend too long with my hand on her bum but I then found other excuses for needing to support her before finishing her right side.

And then I had to start on her left!

I held her bum almost all of the time then and I am sure that she leant into my hand too sometimes.

I was in heaven and Sandy obviously was too. A towelling by her nanny had never felt like this!

She hadn't said anything the whole time. She had not even looked at me and her eyes were closed for much of the time.

I had occasionally smiled at her but received no response.



Eventually, I said to her "Go up and change into some dry clothes, my sweet".

She didn't reply but put out her arms to me as if to say "Carry me".

I picked her up with both my arms around her bum. She wrapped her arms around my neck and I walked upstairs with her.

I lowered her onto her bed in a sitting position, smiled and said "Feeling better now?"

She looked at me. It was a strange look which I couldn't immediately interpret.

I then left her room and closed the door.

I fetched myself another can of beer from the 'fridge and sat in the kitchen sipping it.

I was still in shock and couldn't remember everything that had happened.

I tried to concentrate on the way her body had looked when she was naked and her reaction when I had first touched her bum.

I felt guilty because I had taken away her innocence but she would have lost it anyway quite soon, I thought. The beginnings of puberty are a killer as regards innocence in young girls.

I then thought about her eyes. It had been such a strange look after I had finished towelling her down and carrying her upstairs. I could only guess what she was thinking.

It was probably a mixture of emotions, a first sexual awareness in her body together with memories of the sensations she had felt as I touched her and finally thoughts about the person who made it possible. All this was probably being thought about at this moment, straight above my head in the spare bedroom.

Sue returned at her usual time and I made her a cup of tea. I told her about my gardening and the water fight I had had with Sandy. I didn't tell her how Sandy had been dried off but simply that she was upstairs now putting some dry clothes on.

As if on cue, Sandy walked through the door at that moment. She smiled at Sue.

"I hear you had a water fight with Mark" Sue said to Sandy.

Sandy just nodded.

Sandy needed her hair drying and Sue took her upstairs to our bedroom.

She had been trying not to look at me since she had come back into the kitchen and it was the same now as she left the room.

When the girls had finished, I suggested we all go down to the pub for lunch before we went bowling and the others quickly agreed.

Sandy was already suitably dressed having changed into jeans with a cotton polo neck sweater on top and sandals with white socks. She looked gorgeous.

Sue and I quickly changed, Sue first taking a shower. Soon we were away and went to our local pub. It was open and served food all day.

I ordered drinks for everyone and we chose what we wanted to eat. We then chose a table and sat down. I sat opposite Sue and Sandy.

Sue and I chatted about her morning and then the food arrived. We started our meal and the talking stopped.

During the meal, I would occasionally see Sandy looking at me. She really had no choice as our eyes were directly opposite each other, over the table.

She still had that same look she had had after her towelling. It was a sort of distant, wistful look in her eyes. There was no hostility in them and that was the main thing, I thought.

The rest of the day was relatively uneventful.

We finished our meal and drove to the bowling centre where we had an enjoyable afternoon. Sandy won and I bought her a certificate which was made up in her name indicating that she was the champ. It was to hang in her bedroom at home.

The smile on her face as she thanked me was the first time she had not had that look on her face and in her eyes.

We returned home and watched TV. Sue and Sandy chose a video together and we started watching it. I made some sandwiches for supper and served them with wine for Sue and me and coke for Sandy.

By 10, we were all quite tired. We only had one bathroom upstairs and so Sue told Sandy to go up first to get ready for bed.

Sandy got up and walked over to where I was sitting. I looked up at her and smiled.

She was looking straight into my eyes and that look was still there.

"Goodnight Mark" she said and lowered her head so that she could give me a peck on the cheek.

"Goodnight Sandy" I replied feebly. It was the first time she had called me by my first name and it made me feel wobbly. My interpretation was that it meant she had promoted herself from child to young adulthood as regards her relationship with me.

Sue said to Sandy that she would be up in a minute to say goodnight and Sandy left.

That was the last I saw of her until waking to find her sitting on my bed the next morning.

I looked down at her cunt again. It really was very beautiful even though it was a bit swollen.

I leant forward and touched it with my right index finger and then lightly rubbed the cunt lips all around.

Sandy gasped, took her arms off her knees and put them back behind her.

I continued the gentle rubbing for a while and she closed her eyes.

I then withdrew my finger and licked it. Oh how sweet it tasted, I thought.

I returned my same finger to the bottom of her cunt and started gently probing and found her opening.

I then eased my finger in between her cunt lips.

It was so tight but gradually my finger slipped in about an inch.

Sandy started to moan and leant right back supported by her arms behind her.

Her leaning back raised her cunt slightly and I found it easier to start finger fucking her.

I did it slowly to start off with, then found that her juices helped lubricate my finger and increased the speed.

Sandy started to both lift her bum off the bed and push her cunt towards me in time with my finger to force it further inside her.

Her face turned upwards and she was gasping for breath.

My finger went deeper inside her until I met resistance.

I did not want to damage her hymen and so pulled out.

Sandy gradually settled her bum back onto the bed although her breathing continued in little gasps.

"Lie on your tummy over here, my love" I said to her and she slowly moved over next to me.

I leant towards her, supporting myself on my right arm, and lowered my left hand onto the back of her legs just below the knee. I then massaged the back of first one leg and then the other, gradually moving upwards past the back of her knees and so to the bottom of her nightie.

I stopped for a moment and lifted the hem of her nightie up to her waist, revealing her gorgeous bum.

I returned my hand to the top of her legs and continued my massaging motion, slowly moving up and then onto her cheeks with the lightest possible touch.

"Ohhhh" Sandy gasped and it was the first thing she had said that morning.

I bent right down to her left ear and said "You do love that, don't you?"

"Mmmmm" she replied.

My circular massaging of both her cheeks continued and I gradually increased the pressure of my touch.

Sandy remained silent but her cheeks would occasionally twitch.

This went on for several minutes and then I stopped and Sandy sighed.

I gently eased her nightie over her head and off and then pulled her over onto her back.

She lay there naked without any self consciousness whatever.

I looked at her breasts.

She had started to develop and they were heavenly. Their size was like one of those heavy coat buttons with a leather covering and they had a perfect little nipple at the front.

Her eyes were open and she still had that same look on her face. It no longer looked nervous but had a sort of "what happens next" look about it.

I smiled at her and said "Oh Sandy. You look so beautiful". Her expression remained the same.

"Aren't you going to give me a smile?" I went on.

I was rewarded with a smile which made me feel faint and she then flung her right arm around me and buried her head in my chest.

I settled down into the bed, pulled the duvet cover from under her and then covered her up.

I put my right arm around her shoulder, drew her into my body and cuddled her.

The feel of her skin touching mine was incredible. The feeling wasn't over my whole body as I was wearing my boxer shorts which I hadn't taken off from the previous day. I tended to wear them in bed, if anything.

The thing which turned me on most were her little breasts rubbing against me as she moved which was quite often.

I could sense that she was turned on by that too but her main aim in life at the moment was to get her bum rubbed. It drove her wild.

I was deliberately not touching it at the moment.

For the same reason, I did not intend to get involved in any serious kissing that day. It could easily frighten her, I had decided.

There would be other days, I was sure.

I had rather imagined we would finish our love session cuddling each other as we were.

Little did I know!

It started when she lifted her face and said "Would you rub my bum again".

I paused and then replied "If you rub my tummy first".

She now lifted her head, leant on her left arm and slipped her right hand under the duvet and onto my chest,.

She then massaged me with the palm of her hand.

"That's not my tummy" I complained "and try using your fingers as well as your hand when you massage".

She lowered her hand down to my tummy and just used her fingers and not her hand to massage with.

That was fine. No, it was great.

She had such sensual fingers and was exerting just the right amount of pressure.

My prick quickly became very excited.

"That's wonderful, Sandy" I said "try going even lower down".

Sandy did not hesitate and moved her hand down, still massaging with her fingers.

I had already pushed my shorts down quite a bit and so Sandy's massaging fingers ran into my pubic hair.

It was a sort of a light scratching sensation as she opened and closed her finger joints.

My prick went wild, grew to it's full size and burst out of my lowered shorts, flicking back towards my waist and, of course, Sandy's massaging hand.

At the same time, my whole body bucked and I cried out "Ahhhhh!!!!!"

Sandy was frightened and immediately withdrew her hand.

She turned onto her tummy and buried her face in the pillow.

I cuddled her close and said "I'm so sorry, my darling. I didn't mean to frighten you.

I get the same feelings down there that you get when your bum is rubbed and you are so good at it".

Sandy hesitated and then returned to her earlier position and put her hand back under the duvet slipping it down towards my prick. She did it very slowly.

When she was only halfway down, she met my raging prick and her hand touched it.

She stopped.

"It's all right, my sweet. Run your fingers down it to the bottom and then up again.

She hesitated again but then stretched out and touched it with her index finger.

I was desperately trying to keep some self control so as not to frighten her again and the end result was a low moan which went on and on.

My eyes closed.

Sandy now had 3 fingers on my prick and started to run them down the edge and then up again.

When she had done it 3 times, I gasped "Hold it in your hand and rub it up and down".

She could not get her fingers all the way around but how she tried.

The end result was that she held it tightly.

And then the wanking motion started. It was only slow but it was driving me wild.

My moans increased.

"See if you can go even faster" I cried.

She tried but was too far away from me and could not get the leverage.

She then lifted herself up so that she could lean more over my prick and then the speed increased.

It didn't take long for me to tell that I was close.

"Faster still " I cried

With that, she whipped the duvet off us revealing my rampant prick, leant right over my tummy so that her head was directly over it and pumped away even faster.

I felt my orgasm starting and cried out loudly "Oh Sandyyyyyy!".

I then turned to my left away from her and buried my load in the sheet.

What seemed ages later, I turned back to her. She was still sitting where she had been.

I put my right arm around her and eased her down onto the pillow.

Our faces were almost touching.

I looked in her eyes and said "Oh Sandy, my darling".

I couldn't find any more words and so I started to passionately kiss her all round her face including her lips although it was only lightly.

I kept repeating "Oh Sandy" and sometimes "Oh my darling".

When my breathing was almost back to normal, I eased her onto her side, pulling her into me tightly, facing me.

I rested my hand in her hair and gently ran my fingers through it.

She was looking into my eyes and suddenly smiled at me from ear to ear.

I was about to ask her why she was smiling when I guessed. She had realised how she had been in complete control when she wanked me. I had guided her but she had been the one with the power to please me or not, whatever she decided.

She liked that. All girls do. And why not?

I pulled her into me and kissed the little corners of her mouth where she was smiling and said "Thankyou my darling".

After a while, she lay down on her tummy.

It was her turn and how she deserved it.

I pulled the duvet off her and started gently rubbing her bum.

Sandy immediately gasped.

Occasionally, I bent forward and both licked and kissed both her cheeks very lovingly. Her bum would rise up a bit and, after the first time I did it, she said "That feels great."

When we had been going for about 5 minutes, I leant down and whispered in her ear "See how you like this one".

I kicked off my lowered shorts and eased her onto her right side, facing away from me and changed my position so that I was also on my right side with my prick up against her bum.

"Ohhhhh" Sandy gasped.

Even though my prick had softened, it would still have been very sensual for her.

I pushed my right arm under her chest and my left arm rested on her left hip.

I then lowered my left hand down to her tummy and gently pulled her back closer onto my prick.

Finally, I bent my right hand up and rubbed her right breast lightly between my thumb and index finger.

"Ohhhhhhhh" Sandy cried again and her whole body started writhing.

I continued to keep her in place with increased pressure on the tummy from my left hand but that did not stop her from bucking her bum which then rubbed up and down my prick.

How my prick tried to rekindle it's flame but it was no good.

Eventually, Sandy calmed and just lay still. She did not move and seemed content for me to just massage her tummy and nestle into her bum with my softened prick. We lay like that for quite some time and then I realised that Sandy was exhausted.

I moved to her ear and whispered "You are not only very beautiful, my darling, but also very sexy".

Sandy giggled.

We had finished now and I told Sandy that we must get up.

We were both downstairs watching TV when my girlfriend returned from work.

I had to go out immediately as I had arranged to see a friend about a boat we were thinking of buying together. I then didn't get back until after 7.

I was starving and cooked myself a steak which I had with some salad.

The other 2 had eaten much earlier.

I had about 2 hours in the lounge afterwards and could feel Sandy's eyes on me quite often. Occasionally, I would smile at her and she smiled back at me. However, it was very difficult with Sue sitting in the room the whole time. Sue sent Sandy off to get ready for bed quite early as it was school the next day.

Soon after Sandy had left, I got up from my chair, told Sue that I was going to have an early night as I had to get up early and went upstairs.

As I reached the top, Sandy came out of the bathroom wearing her little shortie nightie. She was on her way back to her bedroom.

We both paused before we passed each other and looked into each other's eyes.

Without saying anything, we read the other's mind and Sandy stretched out her arms to me. I picked her up, supporting her with one arm around her back and my other hand up her nightie holding the cheeks of her bum. Sandy put her arms around my neck.

I walked with her into her bedroom but left the door open. If Sue came up, I would drop Sandy and find some excuse as to why I was in her room.

We were still looking into each other's eyes.

"I've fallen in love with you, Sandy" I said.

She then gave me a most bewitching smile. Her eyes opened a little wider and sparkled and the smile she already had on her face slowly widened.

I couldn't help myself and put my arm around her neck and drew her onto my lips.

I kissed her deeply and she responded. My tongue slipped between her lips and into her mouth and found her tongue. We explored each other.

After a minute or so, I withdrew from the kiss and gently lowered her onto her bed and covered her up.

I kissed her on the nose and left the room, closing it quietly.

I didn't see Sandy again for 6 weeks. Then she was booked into us again, this time just for a weekend while her parents were away looking at houses in the north of the Country.



I came home from work on the Friday at about 8 and there she was standing in our front garden, waving to me. I parked the car and climbed out. Sandy was quickly by my side and her eyes were ablaze as she looked at me. I took her hand and pulled her up the narrow path between my house and the one next door until I was sure we were private.

I lifted Sandy with arms around her and I kissed her.

"Hello my darling. I have missed you" I said.

"And I've missed you" she replied.

I then lowered her. I was worried that Sue would suddenly come around the corner.

I turned to Sandy and said "Be careful tonight, my love. Sue must not find out."

Sandy just nodded.

The remainder of the evening was uneventful. I often saw Sandy looking at me and she would smile. She was sitting at Sue's side and so Sue would not often have seen her if at all. However Sue was facing me and would have seen everything I did. I therefor did nothing. Sandy understood.

Sandy stayed up late that evening as there was no school and we all went to bed at about the same time.

The next morning, Sue left for work at her normal time.

I dozed for a while but then got up. I had plans for that morning.

I dressed in shorts with a cotton sweater on top of a T shirt and trainers without socks.

I walked along the landing to Sandy's room and opened the door.

She was still sleeping. I took hold of the duvet cover and gently pulled it back.

The hem of Sandy's short nightie was up around her waist and I was given a priveleged view of her wonderful legs and bum.

I could have jumped into bed with her then and there but didn't.

Sandy started to wake up and I knelt on the carpet beside her head and lightly kissed her lips.

"Good morning, my darling" I said.

Sandy smiled and then sat up yawning and looking around.

I stood and said. "We are having a quick breakfast and then going out. I want to show you my special place".

Sandy was immediately excited because, by refering to it as special, it was obviously a secret.

She was downstairs in minutes wearing pale yellow shorts and a T shirt together with sandals and white socks. She wore a hair band which kept her hair back behind her ears.

She tried to avoid breakfast but I insisted.

"Sue will be cross with me, not you, if you miss breakfast. You must have some."

Sandy quickly finished her cereal and we set off.

I drove for about 5 miles then reaching a side road which disappeared into a wooded area.

I turned up there and drove through the trees for about 2 miles. I then stopped and parked.

"We walk from here" I said to Sandy.

We both clambered out of the car and I led the way into the woods.

The ground was dry.

It wasn't a recognisable footpath and Sandy asked me how I knew where I was going.

"I can't tell you" I said "It's a secret. That's why it's special"

We walked on for about 10 minutes and then suddenly saw more light ahead of us before walking out into a small field without trees.

From where we stood, the ground rose up quite a bit to a summit. We couldn't see the other side but, on the 3 sides of this squarish shaped field that we could see, there were trees.

I had explored many times before and so knew that the 4th side was also bordered by trees.

"This field has thick woods on all 4 sides" I said to Sandy.

"I have never found a footpath leading here and I think this hill was a burial ground 400 years ago when a lot of people died of the plague. The trees were probably planted after that to hide it."

"Nobody comes here now" I went on "except me and now you".

I smiled and Sandy turned to me and threw her arms around my waist.

"It's wonderful being with you here, alone." she said "Can we walk up to the top of the hill?"

"Sure" I replied and we set off.

The ground was covered in twisted grass which would die off in winter and then grow again the next year. Walking over it was hard work and I held Sandy's hand to guide her.

The summit of the hill was not very high and we quickly reached it.

We both looked around and Sandy saw that I had been correct about the trees being all around.

She turned to me. "Have you brought Sue here to your special place?" she asked.

I paused. "No, Sue has never come" I replied.

In fact, Sue had come several times when we were very close but I didn't want Sandy to know. She might be tempted to talk to Sue about our visit.

Sandy was beaming. She liked the idea of being the only one to have visited.

Suddenly Sandy turned to me and said "Let's find a place" and she gave me one of her special smiles.

I smiled back. If only adults were as straightforward and forthright as youngsters this age, I thought.

I took her by the hand and we walked down the hill to about halfway where we found an area which was a little flatter and there was a small boulder sticking out of the side of the hill. It's size and position made a convenient seat.

I sat down on it and beckoned to Sandy who then joined me, standing between my legs.

We both looked at each other.

I was coming to the boil and I could sense that Sandy was as well. I had been awake the previous night for ages thinking about having Sandy in my arms again and I guessed that Sandy might have been the same, thinking about me.

We both had a pent up passion which had to be released soon.

It was Sandy who made the first move.

"Let's both get undressed" she said. "I want to feel your skin against mine".

If I had said that, I would have been pleased with myself.

For her to have said it just left me speechless.

Sandy started to undress. I stood up and did the same.

Soon we were both naked and Sandy was on my lap facing me.

She was beaming again.

She put her arms around my chest and pulled herself into me.

I rested my hands behind her bum and pulled her towards me.

I lightly rested my chin on her shoulder and occasionally kissed her neck and ear.

My prick was not interested and was calm. This was a special moment when we just wanted to feel right with each other.

Eventually, Sandy pushed herself back from my chest and looked at me.

She stretched upwards and threw her arms around my neck.

I then lay right back until my shoulders reached the grass behind the boulder and, as I went back, I took Sandy with me. She ended up on top of me and we were face to face.

I lightly touched her face with my fingers and then ran my hands down her sides until I reached her bum.

"Your bum hasn't said thank you for the last time you stayed with me" I said with a sparkle in my eye.

Sandy smiled. She knew that her bum was her special place but she was a bit coy about it.

"I thought we both ended up feeling happy last time" she replied.

I gasped. Here I was talking about sex with a girl who was less than half my age and yet she was my equal as regards understanding our subject and our emotions.

People of my age and those older have the experience, I thought, but that does not always compensate for the raw emotion and uncluttered common sense to be found in people of Sandy's age.

She was giving me that bewitching smile again and I raised one hand up to the back of her head and gently pulled her in towards my lips.

Sandy paused and looked into my eyes.

"I love you too, Mark" she said and her eyes sparkled like diamonds.

I knew she meant it.

What could I say?

I drew her onto my lips and we kissed for the first time that day.

It was a wonderful kiss but not passionate. We were still enjoying just being at ease with each other and the feel of our naked bodies together.

We finished up just looking into each other's eyes and smiling. Occasionally, I would kiss her nose or a cheek. After a while, I sat up, lifting Sandy as I did, and sat her on my lap facing away from me with her head nestling into my right shoulder.

I held her round her tummy with my right arm and bent my head forward, nibbling her left ear before resting my left hand under her chin and turning her face towards mine and continuing to gaze into her eyes lovingly.

This gentle touching was wonderful but my prick was not listening and the sensuality of our touches aroused it.

I could sense Sandy was also coming to the boil again.

I kissed her on the lips and our mouths immediately opened. Our tongues danced.

I was in heaven and my eyes closed.

As the kiss went on, I gently rubbed Sandy's breasts and her bum ground harder and harder into my raging prick. This went on for a while until I pulled out of the kiss, gasping for breath.

"Oh Sandy" I murmured. "You're driving me crazy". My prick was indeed going wild directly under her. Sandy was getting very excited herself, grinding her bum into it.

I was still massaging her little breasts.

"Oh yes!! Mark" she cried and she thrust herself back against me and her head looked up in the air.

Sandy was bucking her body now up and down on my rampant prick and she opened her legs allowing my weapon to pop up between them and rub her cunt.

She was in ecstasy as all the important bits of her young body were being loved at the same time.

She was really gasping for air now.

I then slowed and stopped. Sandy stopped her gyrations. She turned her head to me and gasped "I thought you were going to make love to me then"

I hesitated. She was right and that was why I had stopped. Another few seconds and I wouldn't have been able to.

I whispered in her ear "Not today, my love. We have to take things steadily".

Sandy frowned and looked down and away from my face. That didn't go down very well I thought and so I said "Sandy, look at me". She did so, returning her face to mine.

I went on "Love is something to take slowly. I am your first love and you need to explore it slowly. Don't give yourself to a person until you are totally sure."

Sandy was just sitting and listening. I could tell she was totally relaxed.

"Making love to you, my darling would be oh so wonderful but I will not allow it to happen until I think you are ready".

"I think I am ready" she said "but you probably know best".

She knew I was being sensible even though both of us were now left so frustrated.

Our moment was over and we eventually clambered up, dressed and walked back to the car.

I drove home and I then sat in my chair with Sandy on my knee. We cuddled and kissed.

Sue's car arrived exactly when it should and Sandy and I went to meet her at the front door.

After greetings between everyone, Sue announced that a friend who was also friendly with Sandy's mother had invited she and Sandy over for a swim in their pool with a barbeque afterwards.

It was obvious from the way she said it that I was not invited.

Sandy opened her mouth with a frown on her face. She was about to ask why I was not going when she saw me just before she got going and stopped. She saw from my eyes that it would not be a good idea.

The girls' swim party turned out to be a marathon. When they hadn't returned by 7, I left the house and walked down to the pub where I drank a little too much with the locals.

I was sensible enough to order and eat a meal and then returned home about 11.

The girls were just back and let me in. I staggered a bit. "You're drunk, Mark" Sue said to me.

Sandy was standing at her side.

"Just a little" I replied.

Sandy was looking increasingly upset.

I could tell that she wanted to come across and hold me close.

I desperately wanted to do the same to her.

The only love in this house was between we 2.

Sue turned towards the kitchen and at the same time said "Have you eaten?"

I replied "Yes thanks" and looked towards Sandy putting a finger over my lips denoting silence.

I then blew her a kiss with a look in my eyes that said everything before turning and walking upstairs.

It was probably the alcohol.

I didn't notice Sue leave for work the next morning.

I started to wake very late to the feel of Sandy holding me close.

She was partially on top of me and beaming into my face.

"Oh Sandy" I whispered as I started to come round and I kissed her lightly. She responded but it was a short kiss.

Sandy had things to say and so did I.

I had gone to bed in the nude the previous night and

Sandy was now in bed beside me without anything on. I glanced down to the side of the bed and noticed her nightie.

She had taken it off and thrown it on the floor.

What a girl, I thought.

"Sandy" I said putting my arms around both her shoulders and pulling her up the final bit until she was on top of me  
"I am so sorry I was a bit drunk last night. I hope I didn't upset you".

"I don't blame you" Sandy replied. "You should have seen her at the swim party. There were men invited as well and the reason you were not was because there was a man there who fancies Sue. He was all over her."

Sandy was suddenly very knowledgeable about such matters. She was protecting her man.

I already knew that Sue was close to another relationship. I was pleased.

Hopefully, she would disappear without getting involved in any claim against my property which she may have been entitled to.

However, this was not the point. In Sandy's eyes, Sue had behaved in an appalling way.

It was clear that Sandy had lost respect for her. At the same time, her newly developed little female psyche started working overtime and she realised that it made me more available.

She was looking angry and happy at the same time. God, how I loved her.

I was looking into her eyes now and smiling.

I was melting her anger.

I could see her softening by the moment and she chuckled before clamping her arms more tightly around my neck and kissing me.

Like her anger, her kiss was passionate and magical.

I was lost in her arms. Sandy controlled the kiss and I was very happy about that.

Our mouths opened and we explored again. It was deeper than ever. Sandy was still a bit angry.

I deliberately did not excite her with my hands. I felt she needed to calm down a bit first.

Our kiss was therefore cut a bit short as Sandy had been expecting me to get her going down below.

She looked at me questioningly but did not say anything.

Our faces were still very close.

"You are so beautiful when you are angry, my darling" I said and smiled.

Sandy scowled but then smiled herself.

"I love you Mark" she whispered.

"Oh my darling. How I love you" I replied.

With that, we buried our lips into each other again. My hands now went down to her bum and I massaged her cheeks.

We continued to kiss and Sandy started to moan.

Sandy was bucking her hips now under my massaging fingers. Oh! How she adored that sensation on her bum. My prick was sort of OK. It was being ignored because Sandy's cunt was over my tummy. Sandy sensed this neglect and pulled out of our kiss and pushed herself up on her side, still over my tummy. She could then look down on my prick which was almost soft. She touched it and it immediately rose to attention again or about 75% anyway. Sandy laughed. It was that girl power thing again, I thought. She then wrapped her right hand around my rising prick and started to wank me as she had done 6 weeks before. "Ohhhhh!" I gasped . It didn't continue. Sandy lying on her side on top of me was uncomfortable. I moved my hands to her waist and eased her sideways onto the bed. She was on her back. "Would you kiss the tip of my prick" I asked her. Sandy giggled and turned on her side. She lifted herself up and over me so that her bum was leaning over the right side of my tummy, took my now raging prick in her right hand and gently kissed the tip. I gasped. When she had finished, I expected her to let go but not this one. She knew that my really special place was down there. She had seen it on the first day we had been in bed together. She still held my prick and kissed it again on the tip, lots of times and very fast. "Oh no!" I cried. Sandy could tell I really meant "Oh yes!" and increased her speed. I moved my hand to the top of her head and just applied a little pressure, although not much. Sandy then sampled even deeper kisses over my prick and obviously enjoyed it. She continued this way and I started to both moan deeply and buck my hips, pushing my prick deeper still into her mouth. At this moment, I transferred my hand to Sandy's bum which was leaning over my tummy and I started to rub her between her cheeks. Sandy also became very excited now and was taking more and more of my prick into her mouth.



I was bucking even harder and was quickly reaching an orgasm.

I could sense her feelings from my finger massaging between her cheeks and so I increased the pressure slightly, concentrating on the area around her arse hole. Sandy went absolutely wild with her mouth on my prick. I could feel myself coming. No, I was coming. I had intended to pull away from her as I had the previous time but she wouldn't let me.

She didn't take the lot. She would have done but couldn't. She was swallowing it but a lot was also oozing out of her mouth.

She must have been shocked but she didn't show it and did not allow my prick out of her mouth until it was totally soft.

It then slipped out and Sandy rested her chin on my tummy, totally exhausted and my semen still oozing from her lips.

I was gasping for air and it took me minutes before I came round to be able to grasp the situation. At this moment, Sandy was also just lifting her head.

We looked at each other but we were both speechless and still struggling for breath.

That is not to say we said nothing. Both Sandy's and my eyes were sparkling and laughing at each other. They were saying "You were great. Wasn't I great too?. We were great. No, we were fabulous together".

I read all this in Sandy's eyes and she read it in mine. The proof of this is that we both started nodding our heads as we continued to take short gasping breaths.

After a while, I hauled Sandy up onto my chest again and held her with both arms around her shoulders. We then both relaxed and became as one.

Sandy's parents were now going away at weekends most weeks.

Sue agreed to take Sandy but was spending less and less time at home when she was there.

She was now very involved with the man from the swim party.

She was working normally because that was her income but not staying with Sandy and me for very long after she had returned home.

The fact that neither Sandy nor I seemed to mind made it easier for her but I doubted she told Sandy's mother about it.

Sandy certainly didn't. She thought the extra times we had together were wonderful.

Sometimes, we would spend most of the day in bed just cuddling each other, sometimes, we would take a picnic to my special place and sometimes we would just stay in and cuddle each other on the sofa, making sure when we were in the house that the latch was on and the curtains drawn. Sandy and I had had our loving relationship for 4 months now and she had stayed 7 times.

Our sex together had not progressed any further. Sandy often begged me to make love to her but I resisted. "We are not ready" I would say.

On the 8th time, when Sandy came in with her suitcase and her mother had left, Sandy burst into tears.

Thankfully, Sue was not there. I had had an afternoon off and was doing a bit of work at home.

Sandy was inconsolable.

I picked her up under her shoulders to my head height and she threw her arms around my neck, hugging me tightly.

I supported her under her bum with my arms.

She buried her face into my neck and eventually, when the crying stopped, I heard her mumbling "We are moving in 4 weeks time. My parents have found a house and it is right up north. I shall never see you again after that."

She then burst into tears again.

I wasn't going to argue with a girl in tears. I had tried before and it's a losing battle.

I said nothing, kept on cuddling her and waited for her to stop.

When she had stopped, I kissed her lightly on the lips.

"You knew this was coming" I said.

"I know but I didn't think it would be so soon" she replied between sniffs.

The way she looked now would lead to difficult questions if Sue saw her.

The car door was open and I told Sandy to go and get in.

I then quickly ran upstairs, put on some suitable clothes, scribbled a quick note to Sue saying I had taken Sandy out and went to the car.

I drove to my special place and parked further down the road than I normally would.

Sue had been to my original place and I could not take the risk.

Sandy knew the routine and we climbed out of the car and walked through the woods together.

We reached the clearing and I continued walking until we reached the rock a short way up the hill.

I sat on it and looked down towards the woods.  
Sandy was standing facing me.  
She could tell I was upset and knew that it was either what she had said or how she had said it that had caused the problem.  
"I'm sorry" she said.  
I looked up at her briefly and then away again.  
Moments went by and I didn't move or say anything.  
Sandy didn't say anything more and stood with a defiant look on her face. The truth was that she didn't know what to say as she was too young to understand what was going on in my mind.  
Eventually, I looked up at Sandy's face.  
The look on her face had changed from one of defiance to slight desperation in her eyes.  
She looked so sad.  
Tears quickly welled in my eyes as I looked at her and I held out my arms.  
She immediately fell into them, and I pulled her onto my lap. I wrapped my arms around her body, buried my face in her shoulder and started sobbing quietly.  
What Sandy felt about my behaviour, I do not know.  
Maybe she felt that I was juvenile but I doubted it.  
Maybe she realised that, despite my large age superiority, she had both the right and more than likely the ability to be my superior as regards our emotional stability.  
I hoped and thought she did think that way.  
Finally, I hoped she recognised the responsibility every lover has to support the other no matter what their age difference might be.  
I thought that Sandy would certainly recognise and practice this.  
I eventually stopped crying and lifted my face out of her shoulder.  
I looked towards her face and mumbled "I'm the one who should be sorry".  
Sandy didn't say anything. Her head was lying against my chest and she was looking away from me. She was obviously thinking and trying to analyse what had happened in the same way I had.  
It was ages later when the first one of us moved. It was Sandy who pushed herself up to a seated position on my lap and looked at me.  
She lifted her right arm and stretched out, then touching my face lightly with her fingers.  
"I love you so much" she said.  
I looked into her eyes and they were saying the same thing to me.

I took her hand which was still touching my face and held it lightly. I then guided it to my lips and gently kissed her finger tips and thumb, one after another before guiding her hand back to the side of my face and resting my hand over hers, pressing it into my face.

We then sat like that for some minutes gazing into each other's eyes.

After what seemed an age I gradually returned to normality and said "We have a bit of a problem. Both our faces are stained from the tears. We have to get cleaned up before we can go home".

Sandy thought for a moment and then said "I know where my parents leave a spare key to our house. We can go in there".

We both agreed that it would be best to get back and so walked to the car and on to our village. We stopped 200 yards away and walked over a footpath which led around the back of Sandy's home and which could not be seen from mine.

We cleaned ourselves up and brushed ourselves down before leaving the same way, back to my car and then drove to my home.

Sue asked me where we had been and I replied that I had needed to send a package by rail and had had to drive to our local train station. Sandy had to go with me because Sue wasn't there to look after her.

We then settled into a normal Friday evening, eating and then watching T.V.

I was exhausted and went to bed first, very early.

I woke when Sue got up for work the next morning and did not go back to sleep when she had gone.

I went downstairs and made myself a mug of tea which I took back to bed with me.

I was then alone with my thoughts which, of course, were all about Sandy.

As I was finishing my tea, I heard her walking along the landing and I turned to smile at her as she walked through the doorway.

She stopped, looked down at me and smiled back. She climbed over me and slipped under the duvet beside me.

I was lying back on the pillow and Sandy did the same.

We were still smiling to each other and nothing had been said yet.

Sandy eventually broke the silence.

"I promise you there will not be any more tears" she said.

"I could tell how much I upset you".

"To see your little face like that just broke me up" I replied.

Sandy took my right hand and put it up to her face as it had been the previous day and pressed it against her.

"No matter what happens including when I leave, I shall not cry again" Sandy went on.

"You were right yesterday. I did know that I would be leaving and I did know that we would not be able to see each other after that."

I looked into her eyes. They were so strong and so much stronger than my own.

I remembered the defiance in her eyes the previous day and the anger when she had felt let down by Sue after the pool party.

This little girl is 12 going on 32, I thought, and that makes her older than me.

I eased my arm under her shoulder and drew her towards me. I kissed her on the lips very, very lightly and then lay my head next to hers, facing her. Under the duvet, I found one of her hands and held it.

I looked into her eyes for a few moments and then whispered "I want to make love to you, my darling".

Sandy's response was to give a little sigh and then her most bewitching smile appeared on her face. She said nothing.

After our eyes had chatted together for quite a while, I released her hand and eased her nightie up and off.

I pushed my shorts down and off.

I then turned to face her with an arm under her shoulders and I kissed her.

It was so gentle to start off with but quickly grew in intensity and passion.

Our mouths were open and playing.

Sandy's arms were around my neck and she was wrestling my tongue deeper and deeper inside her mouth.

My fingers were running up and down her body and especially around her bum.

The intensity meant that we could not keep it up and we both withdrew from the kiss gasping.

I then transferred my lips to her budding breasts and sucked on the right one, driving her wild.

As I did so, I moved my fingers to her thigh and then up to rub her little cunt.

"Ohhhhhh" Sandy cried and lifted her bum off the bed.

I continued exciting her for a while like this and then pulled her on top of me.

My fingers started to give Sandy's bum cheeks a massage while my thumbs rubbed between them.

Sandy was moaning constantly now and I could feel her whole body twitching on top of me.

After a while, I stopped massaging and rested my right hand on her left bum cheek, lightly gripping it.

I then lowered my left hand over Sandy to the top of her legs and my index finger probed and found her cunt. I gently rubbed around her cunt lips and then drew my finger up from there, between her bum cheeks and over her arsehole to the top of her bum before then running down again to her cunt.

"Marrrrk" Sandy cried and her bum rose up off the bed again, no doubt adding to her sensation.

"Agaiiin" she screamed so I did, several times and allowed my finger to test her sphincter and her cunt as I slowly moved past those parts of her body.

Sandy was close to an orgasm now.

I turned her over again onto her back and put my arms under her legs, quickly lifting them up and apart.

I then knelt between her legs.

Sandy was moaning constantly now and she moved her arms up above her head.

I let her legs down so that they rested on my shoulders.

I placed my fingers under her bum and lifted it slightly.

I then lowered my mouth down onto her cunt.

Sandy screamed and her cunt jumped towards me, further into my mouth.

I immediately started pulsing my lips around her cunt lips and, at the same time, thrust my tongue forward, quickly finding her opening.

"Yessss Mark" Sandy cried again.

My tongue was now darting in and out and also licking around the inside of her cunt lips.

Sandy was moaning loudly and bucking her hips towards me every time my tongue was being pushed in.

I was at fever pitch and pushing my tongue in deeper and deeper, reaching her hymen.

She was incredibly tight but it was not going to stop either of us, given the passion we both felt.

And then her orgasm started.

I do not know whether it was her first. It was certainly the first I had been aware of.

Sandy's whole body tensed.

I knew what was coming and lifted her bum up further so that my tongue could press even more deeply inside her.

Sandy stopped bucking and let out a loud "Ahhhhh!!!" which gradually lowered in volume and intensity as it went on.

I felt her pulsing on my tongue but then her whole body calmed and her face became a picture of complete relaxation.

She still had her eyes closed and her mouth was half open as she gasped a bit for breath.

There was no tension whatever around her closed eyelids, her mouth or lips.

Her arms were still up above her head.

Her beautiful complexion had flushed a bit but otherwise she looked totally at peace.

As Sandy flopped, I withdrew from her cunt and lay down beside her again.

I said nothing but lay on the pillow looking at her as she very slowly returned to normal breathing.

After a long time, she slowly opened her eyes and looked at me.

"Oh Mark" she gasped.

I didn't move or say anything.

"I have never felt that way before" she murmured.

We discussed orgasm and she said that she had felt something before when I cuddled her but not like that.

I talked about the way I felt when she gave me a blow job and she gave me a knowing look, understanding for the first time why I went into such ecstasies afterwards.

We cuddled and went on cuddling and chatting together.

The 'phone blared. I had been almost asleep next to Sandy and leapt out of bed and downstairs to answer it. It was Sue.

"I was out in the garden" I lied, replying to her question.

"Oh all right" I answered impatiently to her next comment and put the 'phone down.

I then went back upstairs to bed and lay down next to Sandy.

I turned to her and said "Sue is going straight from work to the races and will not be back till late".

Sandy's eyes opened wide and mine did too before we buried our faces in each other's shoulders laughing loudly. Where were her clothes for racing? I wondered. She must have some of her clothes round at the home of her new boyfriend, I thought.

"Food" I suddenly said and we both shot out of bed putting on a nightie and shorts before running downstairs. I had a beer, Sandy had a coke and we went into the lounge and sat on the sofa, eating crisps and waiting for our meal to warm up in the oven.

Sandy was still so relaxed and chatted away to me about little things such as books on the book shelf.

I couldn't take her seriously and just smiled into her eyes as I crunched the crisps. Sandy saw I was making fun of her and said "Youuu" before throwing herself at me and holding me tightly around the neck.

I also held her tightly around the waist and lowered my face to hers before kissing her on the nose.

"Cmon, let's eat" I said and pushed her off, stood up and walked to the kitchen.

Lunch was lasagne with crusty bread. It was a supermarket thing but very tasty. We both enjoyed it. As we ate with only forks, mine in my left hand and Sandy's in her right, I leant on the table and Sandy did the same.

I held her left hand in my right and never let go throughout the meal.

At the end of the meal, we stayed where we were, held hands and looked into each other's eyes. There was smiling and laughter but there was also something missing.

We had some unfinished business and we both knew it. Eventually, I said "Will you take a shower with me?" Sandy looked puzzled so I said "Trust me".

We went upstairs and into the bathroom where we both stripped off.

I fetched several towels from the airing cupboard and went to the bedroom where I spread them out on the edge of the bed and the carpet nearest the door.

I then returned to the bathroom where Sandy was waiting.

"What were you doing?" She asked.

"You'll see" I said.

I then turned on the shower and stepped into it. Sandy followed me.

We stood there just relishing the water hitting our bodies and those moments when our bodies touched. It was so sensual.

I then put an arm around her shoulder and soaped her all the way up from her feet to her breasts spending plenty of time between her legs and her bum.

Sandy went wild.

"Ohhhh!" She cried "Again Mark".

Sandy realised that she was getting by far the better deal and so she joined in. There was another piece of soap in the dish and she grabbed it and started soaping by balls whenever my hand was out of the way.

My prick was raging now and Sandy would soap it by holding my prick with the soap in her hand and wanking me.

"Ahhhh!" I was gasping.



I was losing consciousness and knew I had to stop it if my plan was to work.

I suddenly turned, wrapped my arms around Sandy's back and lifted her.

"Hold tight" I cried to Sandy and she put her arms around my neck.

I carried her into the bedroom and lowered her to stand on a towel just in front of me.

There was water still dripping off both our bodies.

I sat on a towel on the edge of the bed with my feet slightly apart and told Sandy to sit down facing me. I pointed to a position and she sat down on my legs just above my knees with a foot either side.

She looked into my eyes expectantly.

I placed my hands around her bum, one either side, and held her cheeks.

I now started to pull her very slowly towards me, slipping over my wet legs.

As she started to move towards me, I opened my legs a bit wider.

Sandy was secure and could not slip through my legs because my hands were holding her bum.

She was still looking at me expectantly and suddenly realised what I was doing.

I was still pulling her over my slippery legs towards me and I was still opening my legs wider. This had the effect of opening her cunt lips. They had already parted considerably and I could see her hymen clearly.

My prick was rampant now and twitching around only a few inches away from Sandy's cunt.

Sandy tried to clutch hold of me and bury her head in my shoulder but I wouldn't let her.

"I want to look into your face, my darling" I whispered.

I allowed her to rest her arms on my shoulders for support.

I kept easing her towards me and suddenly the tip of my prick was at her entry.

Sandy looked down. She still had her eyes open and there was a look of awe on her face.

I applied a bit more pressure now and my prick eased in up against her hymen.

Sandy's breathing had now become very heavy and she was moaning quite loudly.

She was leaning back as far as she could without releasing her grip on my shoulders and her head leant right back facing upwards. She had closed her eyes.

I stopped at this point and bent my head forward slightly.

"I would do anything, my darling, to save you the pain of this first time" I said.

Sandy did not reply but she squeezed my shoulders with her hands.

I now applied pressure again pulling Sandy's cunt further onto my prick.

The resistance was considerable but suddenly I was through her hymen.

Sandy let out a gasp and I could see the pain in her face. "I'm so sorry, my darling" I cried.

And then I was pulling her onto me trying to get myself in deeper and start to give my beloved feelings she would enjoy.

I was in about 5" now and I leant back slowly onto the bed with my arms still around Sandy's bum.

She came back with me and now wrapped her arms around my chest.

My feet were on the floor and her's were up in the air over the side of the bed.

I started to rock her on my prick, almost pulling out of her before pushing back in again.

Sandy's precum juices were now helping considerably and I increased my speed.

Sandy was completely passive in what I was doing except that her grip around me was tight and every time I thrust into her, she let out a sigh.

I now increased my speed again and felt Sandy start to cum.

She let out a high pitched cry and her body tensed.

I increased my speed once more and felt my orgasm starting, shooting load after load deep inside her.

As I did so, I thrust deeper and deeper inside Sandy and she took almost all of my raging prick.

When I started to ease off a bit, I still felt Sandy's cunt pulsing on my prick.

My girl was having a multiple orgasm.

Sandy was on my lap looking away from me. My hands were wrapped around her body and my chin rested lightly on her shoulder.

We were talking about little things which we remembered from our times together in the 5 months since we had met.

There were the water games on our first day, the first time I had touched her bum when I was drying her and that first touch on her cunt the next morning

I remembered how she had given me a fabulous blow job and we both remembered the pleasures of making love.

We were both laughing and joking about it all.

What we did not talk about were the tender touches or the smiles or the feelings we both had had from holding each other close, skin to skin. We both knew that talking about these things would start the tears, something we had promised each other would not happen.

We were sitting on the boulder in our usual place in the clearing and it would be the last time we would see each other.

After having intercourse for the first time, a month before, I had held Sandy in my arms and on top of me for ages. Initially my prick had still been deeply embedded in her but it had gradually softened and slipped out.

I had then lifted Sandy up to rest her head on my shoulder.

She had moved her arms up from her sides and wrapped them around my neck.

After a while, I had rested my hands on her bum and we remained that way for 10 or 15 minutes. Sandy went to sleep.

Eventually, I had lifted her off and laid her down beside me. I had covered her with the duvet, removing the damp towel and had slipped out of bed. I had then grabbed some clothes and left the room.

An hour later, Sandy had come downstairs to join me in the lounge and had sat on my lap, wrapped her arms around my neck and stayed there looking into my eyes but saying nothing.

The next day and for the next 4 weekends after that, making 9 days in all, we had made love at least once and often twice a day if Sue was away at her new boyfriend's house.

Sandy's favourite routine was still a bum rub to start off with, then a lip massage on her breasts combined with a rub around her cunt, then a blow job with me tongue fucking her and, finally, full intercourse.

We were both raving lunatics by the time we got our relief.

During those moments when we were not in bed, we talked about how our relationship would end.

We agreed our final day for the goodbyes which was several days before she left and that we would not see each other after that or make any attempt to look out for each other in the last few days.

Neither would we make any attempt to contact each other after Sandy had moved up north.

I talked about how lucky somebody was going to be in the future when Sandy had found someone else and I went very close to tears on that one.

We talked about our undying love for each other and how we would each remember the other always.

We wished each other well for the future and I wanted so much to ask Sandy to write to me occasionally with her news but knew I mustn't.

It was time to go. We walked back to the car and I drove back to our village and our different worlds.

Note:

This is the ninth 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](mailto:georgecollins_8@hotmail.com)**