

Wicked

4. Boy on the dunes

(Keywords: M/b pedo consensual)

WARNING: The following story contains graphic descriptions of sexual activity between a man 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, this is because there was none.

Any similarity to any other story or to real life is pure coincidence.

Enough of all that. Here's the story.

I had been sunbathing on the sand dunes back behind a beach in The Vendee and it was a glorious sunny day. I had walked down from my lodgings about a half mile away with a picnic prepared by the Gites where I was staying for 2 weeks holiday and had chosen a quiet spot well away from the beach and the noise and activity there. It was in a hollow at the top of the dunes which I had thought would be private as the path to the beach was at least 200 yards away.

My reason for seeking privacy was because my chosen holiday was to relax after a difficult time with my job in London. I enjoyed my work but the pressures in dealing on the money markets were enormous and my employers always demanded ever growing results and targets which were ultimately impossible to achieve.

The constant buzzing of the 'phone and the sound of my colleagues either side of me revealing the same pressures as they spoke with their clients and bank contacts had eventually worn me down and it was time to take a break or crack up.

I had been like a professional sportsman who starts to ignore the warning signs from his body and continues to push to the limit when it is screaming for rest.

My employers were not fools and were sympathetic when I approached them. They had seen it all before and my request for 2 weeks unplanned holiday had been quickly agreed to. I was still good at my job and they wanted to keep me.

I was into my third day and was returning to the same spot in the dunes each time. I was not interested in the beach or the sea. I couldn't even swim. It had proved to be a good choice of location because I had not seen a soul since I had started using it. I had been there for about 3 hours and was lying back with my eyes closed just dozing. My book was at my side. The remains of my picnic and an empty glass from the wine I had finished were beside me. Suddenly, I heard a voice. "Hallo" it said. I had heard nothing as he approached me, walking over the sand. I was jerked back to consciousness but only slowly opened my eyes. A young boy was standing over me and I was forced to gaze upwards to look at him. The last thing I had wanted was company and least of all a child. The look on my face when I replied would therefore not have been encouraging. "Hallo" I replied. As I looked upwards it was into the sun and I was dazzled. I therefor guessed his sex from his voice and his age from the size of his body. I guessed he was about 8. I sat up blinking but found that my vision slowly returned to normal. I was still looking towards him and was then gradually able to take in the cause of my intrusion in greater detail. He was standing with his hands on his hips and smiling down at me. He was about 4'3" tall with short dark hair and a slender appearance. He was wearing swimming trunks. I waited for him to respond and give me a reason for disturbing me but he said nothing. After a moment or 2, I became frustrated and said to him "Are you with your family on the beach?" I was annoyed at being disturbed and hoped my question might remind him that he needed to return to them. Most people on the beach were British and I presumed he was one of them. The boy then looked at me and shrugged his shoulders with a look that suggested he did not understand. It then dawned on me that he didn't understand what I had said. He didn't speak English. He is probably French, I thought, and that was a problem because I didn't speak that language. I then shrugged my shoulders too and lay back on the sand ignoring him.

It must have dawned on him too that we had a language problem and, after a while, I saw him walk away from me, up and over my sand dune and eventually out of sight. As he walked away, I watched him go and was captivated. He was a handsome little thing and his swimming trunks were a bit too small, revealing his tight little bum cheeks. I had always been a straight guy with what I thought were normal sexual desires and had had girlfriends with an odd relationship. I imagined I would eventually end up with a wife, mortgage and kids.

However, I was excited by the look of that bum as he disappeared over the brow and it worried me a bit. I then quickly put him out of my mind and determined to lie back and relax as I had been before.

I returned to my book and read a few more chapters. I had put the boy out of my mind when, about an hour later, he walked back onto my dune and sat down beside me.

As he sat close to me, he smiled and I felt compelled to smile back.

"Hello again" I said.

My smile encouraged him and he moved closer, then lying down beside me but still looking into my face.

I didn't know what to make of him but was getting a bit excited by his closeness. He was a very attractive little thing and, although I hadn't realised it, I needed someone else close to me after being on my own for so long.

He continued to look into my eyes and smile. Sometimes he said a few words which I didn't understand.

I looked back at him, smiling also.

It obviously encouraged him because he suddenly lifted himself onto his side and leant over me then putting an arm around my neck, hauling himself up on top of me and giving me a kiss on my cheek.

I was startled. Why I didn't push him off I do not know but I didn't and felt compelled to wrap an arm around him as he kissed me, pulling him closer into the embrace.

Maybe it was because I was stressed out and the emotion of anyone holding me this way was what I desperately needed. Whatever the reason, I went on holding the boy after he had finished kissing me and we both lay quite still afterwards.

I could feel the warmth of his little body and his chest breathing deeply and pressing into mine.

His face was still against me and his cheek pressed against mine. It felt so cool, smooth and very sexy.

I wrapped my right arm around his shoulder and lost my hand in his hair, gently massaging his scalp.

I rested my left hand on his back and held him loosely and we then lay there enjoying the moment.

After a while, my mind started to come round from the strange situation I was in. It was a mixture of being puzzled I had allowed things to develop as they had and the fact that I was really enjoying the relaxed feelings of this boy holding me as he was.

My body was also giving me confusing messages. My brain was telling me to push this boy off and away and return myself to more conventional behaviour.

However, my prick was saying other things and, for the first time in ages, had become very excited.

It was this ambivalence which was no doubt the reason for my hesitation and, before I had decided on what I would do, the boy took the initiative first.

He gave me no time to think about what he was doing and suddenly moved into the next stage of his seduction.

He lifted his face away from me, wrapped his arms round my neck and then pressed his lips against mine in a passionate kiss.

I was shocked again but what could I do?

Some people might have immediately pushed him off but I couldn't.

Whether it was right or wrong is one thing. What it certainly would have been to most people was pleasurable with the feeling you are both wanted and needed by the other person. Few would have spurned him.

My reaction was again something I might not have done given more time to think about it first.

I rubbed his bum through his swimming trunks with my hand which was resting on it.

The passion of our kiss now increased immediately and my arm round his shoulders pulled him in closer to my chest.

I was out of control now as we both moaned and the kiss continued.

I lifted my hand from his bum slightly to the top of his swimming trunks and then slid my fingers down inside and started to rub cheeks also probing between them with my fingers.

The boy then broke away from our kiss, gasping for breath. His chest was heaving against mine.

I was in a daze, just starting to realise what I had done and the possible consequences. However, I continued to hold him in my arms quite tightly, putting off the moment when things would come to an end and I would be forced to face up to reality.

The boy's breathing gradually returned to something like normal and he lifted himself off my chest. I looked into his eyes, seeking a reaction.

He smiled and I smiled back.

He now sat and rested the palm of his right hand on my tummy then massaging it downwards with his fingertips and under the top of my swimming shorts.

I could see what he was going to do but was frozen and could do nothing to stop him.

He was moving quite fast and his fingers soon found the tip of my raging prick where he hesitated.

My knowledge of the french language is very little but it is amazing what you can remember when you are desperate.

"Oh Oui!!" I gasped and this encouraged the boy to run his fingers down lower, pushing my swimming trunks down as he did and rubbing my prick as he went.

"Ohhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" I cried as his caresses increased and he reached my balls and rubbed them.

The boy now pushed my swimming trunks all the way down and pushed them off my feet.

He then returned to my prick, took it in his right hand and kissed the tip.

"Oh Oui, encore!!" I screamed and he did, giving me lots of little kisses very quickly.

I was very close to an orgasm now and the boy finished me off by sinking his mouth over my prick and tightening his mouth then sucking and taking in all my juices as I shot load after load into him.

I was totally overcome by exhaustion and also the emotion of the moment but found the strength to sit up briefly, grab the boy around the shoulders then pulling him down on top of me.

I held him tightly round his shoulders with my right arm and then gave him lots of little kisses on his face ending up on his lips.

My kiss was passionate and I forced my way through his lips with my tongue. The boy immediately opened his mouth and we played together. He was returning my kiss just as passionately.

My left hand ran down to the boy's bum and, as he moved an arm to around my neck also holding me tightly, I released my right arm and my right hand then joined my left to rub his bum cheeks, rubbing them hard, probing between them with my fingers and delving right down to his arsehole.

The boy then went absolutely berserk, twisting and turning in an effort to get me deeper into him and breaking away from the kiss as he gasped for breath. I was out of control now too and turned us both over while still holding his bum tightly.

I lifted his legs up towards his chin and opened them wide then sinking my mouth and taking in his raging little prick and his balls.

The boy now quietened and lay still, moaning to himself as I massaged him in my mouth and then withdrew slightly to rub his foreskin up and down in my mouth.

The passion which had built up in me over the previous few minutes was such that I was a madman on his prick moving very quickly and soon bringing him to a dry orgasm.

As I did so, I tested his sphincter with a finger before thrusting it all the way in to my knuckle.

The boy screamed as he tensed and then completely relaxed.

I then lay down on the sand and pulled the boy on top of me once more, cuddling him and giving him little kisses on the side of his face.

We lay like that for about 10 minutes.

Eventually, I saw him open his eyes slowly. He looked at me briefly and we smiled at each other. He then leapt to his feet, grabbing his swimming trunks as he did and ran off over the sand dunes carrying them and not looking back.

I never saw him again.

Note:

This is the fourth story under the "Wicked" banner. I will post more over the coming weeks. (look under the Authors list for "George")

I would welcome all positive comment for or against the story and can be contacted at

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