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Mike the Mechanic – Book 5 – The Home Cuming - Meeting the Neighbours

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Warning!

This fictional story contains sexually explicit material involving minors. If you do not wish to read this type of literature, or you are under age, PLEASE LEAVE NOW!

If you wish to read material of this type, then read on and enjoy.

Summary: Returning home from a trip to Ukraine, Mike finds two naked young girls trespassing in his swimming pool, without his or their mother's knowledge. It turns out they are competitive swimmers, wanting to get extra practice, to qualify for a team. Mike, an ex-coach himself, helps them achieve their goal, and his goal at the same time. Later in the week, he meets more of his new neighbours. It seems they each have dark secrets to hide, enabling Mike to persuade them to allow him to get to know each of their daughters better. Meantime, Harry, Mike's friend and colleague betrays him to the Russian Mafia, resulting in a hit squad coming to visit him. The story continues with the account of the pool party, BBQ and sleepover he organises, before he heads for Russia, in book 6, to sort out Sergei Bollockov and the Mafia, once and for all.

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Friday/Saturday - Finding Intruders

Mike got home from Ukraine in the early hours of Friday morning, and slept in until midday. He'd been disappointed, because on arrival, expecting to find Alex and Katrin waiting for him, it was an empty house. He'd been told by MI5 that they were in temporary safe custody, as word had filtered back that the Russian mafia, led by Alex's brother's old boss, Sergei Bollockov were actively looking for the pair, and had not only gone to Andalusia, but followed them to London. What had worried Mike on hearing that news, was that, as far as he knew, Harry was the only person who knew Alex had gone to Andalusia with him. Mike knew MI5 were monitoring Bollockov's movements, and with Alex's help, intended to arrest him in a few day's time. Sammy, his young lover and next

door neighbour was still staying with a cousin, while her mum was in rehab; and, Emma, Sammy's friend, still a virgin, was on holiday with her mum, coincidentally in Andalusia.

By the time Mike had cleaned up, run the washing machine sorted his mail and gone out for some essentials at the supermarket, it was time for a trip to the pub, a bite to eat and home for bed. It had been warm all day. They said the Indian summer would last another few days, before autumn closed in. It had been a long hot summer. Hot in more ways than one as far as Mike was concerned.

Mike woke early on Saturday, and was soon up and about. He went online, checked into the office system and smiled to himself, when he read an e-mail from his boss that he could take a few days off as he'd worked the last three weeks straight through. He wouldn't have called the work onerous. He'd had more fresh preteen pussy than he'd ever dreamed of, and a row of tattooed red and blue dots to show for it. He made a coffee and was reading the paper, sitting in front of his bi-fold doors, when he saw movement at the end of his garden. At first, he thought it was an animal or the farmer in the field, but quickly realised it was two small children. They turned and climbed over the fence and into Mike's garden. They were facing his house now, and he recognised them as the two little girls from next door. When he'd bought this house, he'd surveyed the area, and knew they lived on one side, and Sammy the other. Mike already had a tattooed red dot on his cock for taking Sammy's cherry and already it twitched at the prospect of doing the same to these two.

He nearly moved so they wouldn't see him, but realised his blinds were angled towards the sun. He could see them, but they wouldn't be able to see him. He sipped his coffee observing. He studied them with his expert eye. The one, taller, shapelier, would, he guessed be about eleven. She had small bumps for breasts, pushing against her T-shirt, betraying her early developing puberty. Her sister, he estimated from her flat features, would be about two years younger, probably about the same age as Emma, eight or nine. Both were very pretty, with bright blue eyes and long blond hair falling to their waists. As they walked alongside the swimming pool, they stooped, near the changing hut, to pick up a towel each, which they must have tossed over the fence before coming round.

It appeared to Mike that they were familiar with what they were doing, as if they'd done this before. He made a mental note to check his hidden security cameras later. Mike quickly grabbed one of his cameras and took a few shots, before setting up the tripod and mounting the camera, set it to video and let it run. The two girls walked up to the small, glass topped patio table and dropped their towels onto it, before starting to undress, chatting as they did so. Mike watched avidly, as they kicked off their shoes, and pulled their socks off their feet, dropping them onto the chairs facing the table. They were both wearing shorts, and unclipping them, pushed them down almost simultaneously. The older girl was wearing a tight pair of powder blue panties, which formed to her shape as she moved. It was as though they were painted to her body. The younger girl wore a pair of white knickers, which were probably her older sister's cast offs. They were baggy, but gave Mike sexy glimpses through her leg holes of her secrets, which he hoped would be revealed shortly.

Just then, Mike heard a vehicle pull up outside. The two girls stood, alert, listening. "That's not Mum back early, is it?" he heard one of the girls ask anxiously, "She'd kill us if she knew we were here."

"No," the other replied, "it's the postman. I recognise the way he always slams the door of his van. Don't worry, we've got time. She'll not be back for another hour or two. She's always down that church."

They continued undressing, pulling their T-shirts up and over their heads. Neither needed nor was wearing a bra. Time went into slow motion for Mike now, as he watched and saw every detail. They both had stunning bodies, no fat, shapely for their ages, fit, tanned with white shadows where they'd worn bikinis on a beach somewhere. In a moment, which seemed like hours to Mike, they both slipped their thumbs into their underpants and pushed them down their long thin legs, straightening up as they did so, chatting to each other still. Mike could see their shapely bottoms, curved and full, dimples near the top of each of their buttocks, seeming to flex with their movements. The valley between them a deep crease of lust for Mike, as he felt pre-cum starting to soak his boxers. Both bent down to straighten their clothes on the seats, and as they did, Mike had his first glance of their peach shaped vulvas, pushing out towards him between their thighs. They straightened up again and turned towards the pool. As they walked forward, Mike could see their mounds were both prominent, full, pouting. They were split by deep clefts, each with a pronounced dimple towards the top, beneath which a slip of skin heralded their clitties hidden just underneath. As they moved about, each half of their completely hairless mounds seemed to compete in pushing themselves outwards. He looked at their titties, a complete contrast to one another. The younger girl had an entirely flat chest, with pinky brown areolæ encircling raisin sized nipples, which stood out in the fresh air. Her older sister, on the other hand, had small concave shaped mounds projecting from her chest, an inch or more, like miniature volcanoes. They were tipped with areolæ, darker than her sister's, which pushed out another half inch. Real puffies. Mike was riveted. This was just so erotic, so sensual, so illicit.

Together, the sisters dived into the pool, surfacing on the other side, gasping as they reacted to the cool water on their sun warmed skin. "God that feels nice, Elsie," said the older girl with feeling. "I thought we'd never get out of that fucking church meeting. If we're to stand a chance of getting into the team, we'd better get some lengths in."

Mike smiled and nodded to himself. He knew the sort of lengths he'd like to give them, and they weren't lengths of the pool. He thought this one through carefully, and decided not to rush in and spoil the possibilities too soon. He watched them as they swam back and forth, back and forth. He estimated they swam fifty lengths non stop in about twenty minutes, before stopping. Mike knew a thing or two about swimming, and knew these two were very good, if a little uncoordinated.

"We'd better get out and dressed in case she's back early, Elz," said the older girl.

"Do we have to Sue?" whined Elsie, "Can't we do a bit more?"

"No," came the reply, "she's back to that stupid church after lunch for the whole afternoon with that new women's group she runs. We'll come back then and get some proper practice in."

The girls got out, and Mike spent the next ten minutes watching them, as they carefully rinsed under the outdoor shower, fixed to the corner of the changing hut, to get the smell

of chlorine out of their hair and skin. He watched avidly, as they ran their hands up and down their beautiful, naked, hairless bodies, the water running down, glinting in the sunshine, accentuating the sensuousness of what he could see. He enjoyed looking at their proud, plump mounds for a moment, each split by a deep cleft with a slip of skin indicating where their clefts were hiding. They dried themselves, and slipped into their clothing. He watched, as they then went to the far side of the changing hut, and produced two towels which Mike hadn't been able to see before. They'd obviously been hung there previously to dry. They were identical to the two they had brought with them. They obviously swapped them, so the one's at home were always dry, the wet ones kept here.

The two girls rolled up and threw their towels back over the fence, and walked quickly down the garden, over the fence, and disappeared as they then climbed into their own garden. Mike picked up his coffee and screwed up his face when he tasted the stone cold liquid. In the distance, he could hear a hair dryer running. Presumably the girls hiding the evidence. It also warned him to remain very silent, as they may well be able to hear him too and he didn't want that, just yet. He got out of his chair, and flicked the video camera off. He went into the kitchen and poured another cup from the coffee machine. Next, he sat down at the table and opened up his laptop, signed into the house security system and starting two weeks back, paged through the files on the cameras covering the pool and garden. Over the next hour, he pieced together the story of what the girls had been up to.

It started with the girls looking over the fence. They'd been walking in the field, and paused on their way back home when their mother had called them. The farmer had let it be known that youngsters could play in his field. Next day, they appeared at the fence, presumably having tried knocking on his door or somehow checking he wasn't home. They climbed the fence and looked carefully around. The mic picked up some of their conversation.

"It's a nice pool Sammy lives next door, she and her mum are away No one would know if we used the pool Coach says we need to get more practice if we're to join the team. Shall we try it when Mum's out tomorrow at church?"

The following day, the girls returned, carrying their costumes and towels and using the changing hut, got into their swimsuits and swam lengths for an hour, before showering and changing back into their day clothes. Mike heard a comment: "Unless we wash the costumes well, Mum will smell the chlorine on them. And we'll have to hide them from her until they're dry."

"We'll have to swim nude, then," came the reply, "no one will see us if we're careful and that way our suits will always be dry, if she looks for them. We can use those four old blue towels as well. She never uses them. If we hang one pair to dry here, the other ones at home will always be dry."

"Brilliant, Elsie," said Sue. "We'll come round when she's at church and get our training in and get into the team. We mustn't let Mum find out, though. I don't want a beating like the last time she punished me, my bum was sore for days, and that was for just trying on some of her make-up." They left shortly afterwards. Elsie didn't mention that she hadn't minded the beating. Sue wouldn't have understood.

Over the next several days, they had returned once, twice, even three times a day. Their routine became more fluid, as their confidence grew. They swam naked and then showered, changing the towel each time, being careful to fold their clothes and place them on the patio chairs. Mike made an edited video of the story, ending with the highlights of this morning's show taken on his high quality camera.

He selected some of his hidden cameras, and, knowing exactly where they stripped off each time, placed the cameras strategically around the area to capture every detail of what occurred. Mike was an expert in his field and placing HD cameras very close to where the subjects would be was bread and butter to him.

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Saturday Afternoon
The Confrontation

Mike heard the mother arrive back, next door. He heard her shout at the girls for not tidying up their room well enough. About an hour later, the woman got back in her car and drove off, leaving the girls home alone. It was only a minute or two later, he heard them come out of their house, chatting.

"Did you hear Mum say she was going to be late today?" said Elsie.

"Yeah," said Sue, "something to do with this new woman's group. Do you think Dad would mind? She seems to spend a lot of time with that Rev Phuqup." Mike nearly snorted out loud, when he heard her pronounce the pastor's name as "Fuckup."

"I don't know, he's on that oil rig more and more these days," said Elsie. "When he comes ashore he seems to find reasons for staying in Aberdeen rather than coming home. Mum doesn't seem to mind either. Maybe she likes the pastor more than she should."

The two towels flew over the fence, and moments later, the two appeared at the bottom of the garden. They were undoing their clothes before they'd even reached the patio table and chairs. In moments, they were naked, turned and dived smoothly into the clear water, oblivious of the newly installed underwater camera focused down the pool, behind the porthole window at the end.

Mike watched from inside the house, letting all his cameras record what happened, before he got up. He waited his moment. They'd paused at the end nearest him, before kicking off together down the pool. He moved fast, scooping up the clothing and towels into a pile, before sitting in one of the chairs, placing the garments on his lap. He remained absolutely still, watching, as they turned in a racing turn, their little bums breaking the water's surface as they raced back to his end, turned again, heading away.

The girls swam four or five lengths, before Sue suddenly gasped out loud, seeing Mike for the first time, a camera in one hand, a coffee in the other, their clothing on his lap. Both squealed out loud in response, not knowing what to do. Realising he could see their naked bodies through the crystal clear water, they swam to the side nearest him, to hide themselves from his stare, their fingers holding on to the pool coping.

A few moments passed, while the girls, very unsure of themselves, knowing they'd been caught red handed, wondered what to do.

"Good afternoon, young ladies," said Mike. "I presume these belong to you." He indicated the pile of clothing and towels. "Wouldn't it have been polite to come and ask me if you wanted to use my pool? I think I'm going to have to go round and see your mother. Is she in, by-the-way?" He, of course, knew full well the answer. There was a gasp from the girls as they absorbed his words. They looked at each other, fear in their faces.

"Well," he continued, "what do you have to say for yourselves?"

"I'm sorry mister," squeaked Sue, "it won't happen again, we only did it this one time, promise."

"Now you're lying to me as well as trespassing. My security camera recorded you coming round here several times a day for the last week or ten days, and you say you've only done it once. I'm really going to have to speak to your mother. Lying isn't very nice.

The girls knew their mother would beat them for being in the pool without her permission. She would beat them for doing it without the owner's consent and beat them even harder for lying. It was a sin in her mind and all sin needed punishing. "Please don't mister," pleaded Sue, her eyes wide in appeal, "Mum will really punish us if you tell her. We won't do it again, honest."

"I don't know," Mike replied, rubbing his chin, as if considering the situation. He knew full well his course of action, and getting his cock deep inside both of these innocent preteen virgins in the next few days was the end result. "I think you should both be punished, though. You can't just go wandering around other people's property without permission. I would punish you my own way," he continued, "but really it should be your mother that does it."

"If you were to punish us," asked Sue hopefully, "what would you do to us?" thinking there might be a way passed this situation. "Would you smack us or something, like Mum would?"

"Oh, no," said Mike in a reassuring tone, "nothing like that. I wouldn't touch you at all. I don't approve of smacking children. I would just make you do something physical like a workout, or some gym training. But really, it should be your mother who decides what's best."

"What if we promise not to tell her," said Elsie, "and let you punish us instead, would you let us off and not tell her?"

"I don't know," he answered doubtfully, "we'd all be in trouble if she heard I'd punished you without her knowledge."

"Please," both girls responded together.

"Alright," he said, sounding reluctant, his heart thumping in anticipation, "half an hour's workout then. You have to do everything I say, without hesitation, or we forget it and I speak to your mother. Right, out of the pool, and come and stand here in front of me."

"Bbbut we're all bare," said Sue aghast. "We haven't got our costumes on. You'll see us!"

"That's the general idea," thought Mike, as he actually said: "Well, girls, it's up to you. You will do exactly what I say, without hesitation. The punishment should fit the crime. You swam naked in the pool, you've done it for days and days. You can be punished naked too. Perhaps I should just ask the police to talk to your mother. They might want to see the security camera recording too. Your Mum might not like that either. Look, as I've already said, it's up to you. I can punish you or your Mum. What's it to be."

The girls looked at each other, whispering together, anxiously. Finally they turned towards him, their eyes just over the coping stones, looking at him like trapped animals; playing for time, hoping some escape would miraculously present itself. But they remained silent.

"OK," said Mike, starting to stand up, holding the clothing up, "I've had enough, I'm going to toss these back over your fence now, and then I shall sit here until your mother returns and call her round to sort you both out. What's it to be."

Sue was the first to move, as she edged along the side of the pool to the steps. Elsie followed her older sister, not wanting to be left alone. They crouched as they climbed the steps, somehow trying to delay the moment when Mike would see them in their full naked glory. They moved towards him in a crab walk, shuffling sideways, only showing him their hips and one globular buttock each. Mike had already switched on his camera, and pressed 'video record', before placing it on the table, facing towards where he intended them to stand.

Both girls were now standing awkwardly, on the edge of the pool, one leg around the front of the other, their hands clasped together in front of their chests, their forearms trying to hide their areolæ.

"Right girls," Mike said briskly, "are we going to do this workout or are we going to stand like statues all day?" Silence. "Well? What's it to be? I won't touch you, as I promised, but I expect you to do the workout immediately without hesitation as I instruct you. Last chance girls. Go home, or do as I say. Stand up straight, hands by your side. Legs straight, like a soldier at attention. NOW," he said sharply.

"Good," he said, as they quickly adopted the position, "now move over here." He pointed a few feet from the table. The two shuffled towards him, trying to keep their thighs tightly together. "You," he pointed at Sue, "stand on that blue paving stone, facing me, at attention, and you," pointing at Elsie now, "stand on that red one. Now as I said, it will be half an hour's workout. If you don't do as I say, it will be an hour, and after that, well, I hand you over to Mum."

The girls were now about a yard apart, standing straight, arms at their sides, legs together, except where there was a small gap at the top of each. Mike spent a moment

comparing the two girls facing him. They were perfection, their wet white skin glistening in the sunshine.

“First, to warm you up, I want you to run on the spot. Run fast and hard, GO.”

The girls started to jog on the spot, before Mike told them to run, not jog. “Faster,” he called. And again, “faster.” Soon, they were breathing heavier. “OK, stop,” he instructed, “next, I want you to stand still, and hold your arms out horizontal to the sides. Hold them still for three minutes.” He timed it. Arms always ache after two, they hurt after three. “Time’s up, arms down, now start Jumping Jacks. Jump up and down, feet out and back each time, arms out. Come on, quickly now.”

Soon the girls got into the motion of the exercise, which they performed often enough at school. They were very conscious of the fact that as they jumped, they had to spread their legs repeatedly. But soon they got into the swing of it. Next, Mike told them to perform Second Position Pliés. Elsie blinked, not understanding, but Sue said she would show her. She stood, feet well apart, then squatted down, bending only at the knees, so as she descended, her thighs took up a splits position. Elsie copied her sister, and soon Mike was watching avidly, as the girls bobbed up and down, their little hairless pussies opening and closing each time. He knew his two hidden cameras positioned under the coloured flag stones, facing up, looking through the small holes in the centre, would record this in microscopic detail.

“Very good, girls,” he praised, “you’re getting into this now. No need to be shy. Flip over and do twenty press ups for me.” They complied. “Now sit on the floor and adopt a bridge position. Good,” he remarked, as both girls quickly rose into the position, as their bellies arched up high, their mounds prominently pushing upwards, their clefts parting as their knees spread, “you’ve done this before. Now as part of the workout, I want you to hold that position for two whole minutes, please.” He lifted the camera off the table, and zoomed into the open pussy of each girl in turn, as their strained bodies struggled to maintain the position. Mike could see their vaginas were wide open, their hymens glistening in the sunlight, tiny holes in their centres showing him where he needed to get his cock into as soon as he could.

“That’s great,” Mike said, realizing they were now getting on with the exercises rather than trying to hide from him. “Now, relax, stay on the ground and rest for a second. Good. Now I want you to bring your feet straight up in the air. Don’t bend your knees.” He watched as they adopted the position. “That’s right. Now reach up with both hands, and hold onto your ankles. Good. Now lean back again, and bring your legs down and outwards at the same time. I want to see how good you are at doing the splits.” He was amazed that the two girls, now into their workout, didn’t complain or comment on the salacious position he’d asked them to get into. They were now lying on the patio, their legs split at more than 180 degrees, their pudenda wide open for him to look at. He was even more surprised, when he realized that Sue’s vagina was seeping a little mucus. She was becoming aroused.

“Good girls,” he praised again. “We’re nearly through. It’s only twenty minutes, but if you do this next exercise well, I will call it punishment completed. Keep your legs where they are, but slide your hands slowly down the back of your legs, towards your bottom. Excellent, now curl your fingers underneath you to the middle. Good, now press your finger tips in a little, and now pull yourselves apart as far as you can. A bit more, further.

That's it. We're nearly finished now, girls. Lift your heads up and smile at me. Both girls did as he instructed, just as Mike lifted his camera and got one of the best photographs of his life, showing two preteens holding themselves open, with their smiling faces looking directly into the camera lens.

"That's it, girls," he said, "you can go in and have another swim now, if you like." The two girls looked at each other, slightly bemused, as Mike had swept them along in a flow of positions which they practiced at school often, but never naked. It was only just now, that the realization of what had just happened fully dawned on them.

"Err, mister," muttered Sue, "what are you going to do with them pictures? I mean, they're really rude, aren't they?"

"Yes, I suppose they are, Sue. But if you were to say anything to your mum, I would have to show her those pictures, wouldn't I? My name's Mike, by-the-way. Why don't you two swim around for a while, do a few lengths, then when you're ready, get dried and dressed and come inside. I will find something for you, ice cream, or lemon pie, or whatever you want. You can have a look at the pictures and video and we can get to know each other a little better. Take your time, come in when you're ready."

Mike went inside, leaving the two naked girls pondering on what had just happened. After a minute or two, they did get back in the water, but their hearts weren't in it, and he noticed they soon got out and went under the shower, dried and dressed, before deciding what to do, clearly debating whether to head home or go in and see Mike, as he'd told them to do.

= 3 =

Saturday later

Coaching and Photography

There was a quiet tap on the door, and as Mike opened it, the girls waited for his invitation. Their body language told him they were putty in his hands now, although he also knew never to rush this. He'd messed up in the past with mistakes such as that.

"Come in, come in," he greeted them, smiling as he stepped back, holding the door open for them to enter the kitchen. "What would you like? I've got some iced lollies, or ice cream. There's some strawberries in the fridge or just a can of orange or Coke, your choice."

They looked into his fridge, and both selected a small tub of strawberry Häagen-Dazs ice cream. He handed them each a tea spoon.

"Come through to the other room," he invited, "I've plugged my laptop into the big screen TV. I think you'll enjoy what I have got to show you. Bring your ice creams with you."

The two girls went into the sitting room, nervously, unsure what he was going to show them. They sat down together on the long settee, on the edge of the seat. Mike clicked a couple of icons on his laptop, and suddenly an image of the back garden filled the screen. In the centre was the pool, and the two girls were swimming, freestyle away from the camera. At that point, the camera zoomed in, so the two of them filled the picture. It was

obvious the girls were very accomplished swimmers, by their style, lack of water splashing and grace.

"You need to focus on your leg movement, while you're taking a breath, Sue," Mike observed. He froze the frame, just as her head broke water to take in air. "See here, look. You're thinking of getting a lung full of air, not how you're kicking your legs."

She looked across at him quizzically. "How do you know that, how can you tell?"

He picked up a pen sized laser pointer, switched it on, and pointed the green dot at her left buttock on the screen, where her dimple showed as a dip in her otherwise smooth skin.

"Look carefully here," he said, before setting the video running on ultra slow. They watched, as each stroke now took about five seconds. "See how when your face is down, the dimple dips each time you kick your leg and flattens as it comes up. Now watch carefully, as you come up to take a breath, the dimple only dips a tiny amount. That shows you're focusing on breathing, so as a result, you're not kicking as hard for that one moment. Add up all the kicks in a race, and you've probably lost at least a second every hundred metres. And here," he said, the green dot of the pointer now alternating on their pussies, "I shouldn't be able to see that. Your legs need to be slightly tighter together. It only makes a tiny difference, but the difference between winning and losing a race."

Sue looked at him in surprise. What he said made sense, but she had expected him to show her a porn film about herself. Instead, he was coaching her on swimming faster and keeping her legs together. "How do you know this stuff?" she asked.

"I used to swim for my college a few years back, and did some coaching of the younger kids. It helped me earn money at college." He didn't go into details about how the younger kids were all girls about the same age as these two. "Most people don't know about the dimple trick, because you can only see it when you're not wearing a costume. Same for when you show off your pussy when your legs drift apart. I was shown these tips by a Japanese therapist. He specialised in many things, including acupuncture, hypnosis, and muscle tension. He taught me other stuff too."

"Now, Elsie," he went on, "let's look at your style for a moment." Mike moved the recording on, using the remote control. "Here," he said, "look at your hands. Compare them to Sue's." He played the tape on slow again. "See how you're curling your fingers just before they enter the water each stroke?" The girl nodded. "Now Sue reaches forward further with her fingers. She cups more water into her palm therefore. It gives more drive." Both girls looked at him in surprise. "Finally," he said, "this is something you both do. It's a common mistake. When you get to the end of the pool, to turn, you are both leaving it too late. You need to turn sooner. You are swimming at least four inches further than you need. That's a lot, when thousandths of a second are the difference between first and third, or even last place. I'm going to put a marker on the bottom of the pool at each end. It will help you time your turn better."

"Mike," said Sue, tentatively, "are you saying we can continue to train in your pool and you'll help coach us?"

He smiled at the young girl and nodded. "Of course, Sue. You are both talented swimmers. I can see that, but you need coaching and I can help. I have seen good people who never make the grade. I think you two both have it in you to reach the top. If you help me, I'll help you." He looked at them meaningfully.

"How could we help you?" asked Elsie. "Do you need your garden weeding, or something?"

"No, nothing like that," he replied. "But I have a hobby, I'm a photographer. I need models to pose for me. If you're willing to do that, I'll help you with some coaching. Is it a deal?"

The girls glanced at each other and both nodded and smiled. The final tension in the air gone.

"How long have you got before your mother returns home?" he asked, looking at his watch.

"Another two hours," replied Sue, "she'll be later than that, probably."

"In that case," said Mike, "We'll do two sessions of swimming, with one photo session in between, to give you a rest. But I warn you, the first session will be hard work. I will coach you, but you'll have to work hard too. Is that fair?"

They grinned at him and nodded again. The three of them went outside, and Mike fiddled with his camera while the girls quickly stripped off and dived back into the pool again. Their nakedness seeming to no longer worry them. Over the next hour, he made them work hard. They had to swim twenty lengths, then race ten more, with Elsie having a length start, tread water, swim more lengths, then swim as far as possible underwater, spin circles, then reverse and yet more lengths. They were tired, but enjoyed the way he made it fun all the time. Finally he called time.

"Out you come," he said, "you can shower inside in the utility room." They followed him into the house. They knew where to go, on account the houses in the street were all the same layout. Being already naked, they just stepped into the shower. Mike sat down on the one seat in the room, and gave them a de-brief on their performance. "I notice you tried to kick harder when you came up for air, Sue. Keep working on that. You need to be able to do it without thinking. And you, Elsie, I saw you reaching out further with your fingers. That's good. You'll both need to work on the point where you turn. I will put a marker down later, and we'll work on that racing turn. Make sure you wash your hair properly. That chlorine smell clings to you more than you realise."

He idly watched them as they continued their wash. Seeing the water flow down their soft pink skin. They didn't seem at all put out by his presence and scrutiny. Mike was a pedo, and an expert on the bodies of young girls, and in his opinion they didn't get much more perfect than these two. He couldn't wait to get his hands on them.

"There's a hair dryer and a brush over there," he said pointing to a shelf. "I've another dryer upstairs somewhere. I'll go up and get it in a moment." When he returned, they were just switching the shower off. Mike had brought down two large fluffy towels, and handed one to Sue, and indicated for Elsie to step over towards him, as he held the towel out in

both hands. As she came to him, he wrapped the towel around her. He held the towel to her, rubbing the water dripping from her chin and neck. Mike rubbed his hands up and down her back, helping her to dry off, in a way any parent might. He wanted to build up her confidence in his touch. He didn't push the boundaries just yet. There was plenty of time for that. Sue, wrapped in her towel, stood watching her younger sister being rubbed down. As soon as Mike patted Elsie's bum, indicating her back was dry, she came over and stood where her sister had just been. Mike repeated the exercise, and rubbed her back down too. He took the liberty of running his hands over her bottom, pushing slightly into the crease of her bum, gauging her reaction. She neither flinched, nor pulled away. She just looked over her shoulder and smiled at him. A very good sign, he decided.

"If you both come and sit on my knee, I will see if I can use two hair dryers at the same time." He stood and plugged in both dryers, sat and patted his knees in invitation. The two, unexpectedly dropped their towels onto the floor, and sat down, facing away from him, one on each knee. He switched the dryers on and was soon moving the hot airflow up and down the fall of their long hair. The girls reached behind them, running their fingers and brushes through their hair, separating the strands, while their fine blond hair quickly dried off. Mike was finding it difficult to concentrate, as he felt their warm, naked vulvas and bottoms rubbing back and forth over his knees, their thighs clamping either side of his legs.

"If you're ready, girls, we'll go through to my studio," he announced.

"Err, what would you like us to wear Mike?" asked Sue. "Our clothes are still outside."

"Of course they are," he said, as if he'd forgotten, "I'll nip out and get them for you. I won't be a second."

Mike returned holding out the girls clothing, and watched as they quickly slipped into them. He led them through to the studio. "OK girls, please be careful what you touch, the lights are top heavy, and if you knock them, they may well fall over and break. There's a small fridge by the door there," he pointed. "Please help yourselves. It gets hot under the studio lights, so please drink plenty. What I'd like to do now," he said, suddenly sounding professional, "is to photograph you together, then separately. I will set up the backdrop first, though. Neither of you are wearing anything green, so I will drop the green screen down. Could you both stand over there while I do it?"

Mike quickly brought the backdrop down and across the floor, flattening out the creases. "Come and stand in the middle here, where I am." He moved to his tripod, and quickly mounted the camera and plugged in the lead controlling the flash lights.

"Right," he said, "this will come thick and fast. Just go with the flow, and you'll enjoy it. Stand with your hands at your sides, facing each other. Good, now put your hands on each other's shoulders. Stay like that and turn your heads towards me, look into the lens. Great." The flash kept going, as the session progressed. "Right," he said after about ten minutes, "Elsie, take a break, now and sit down somewhere. Have a drink if you want, while I photograph Sue on her own. Sue, lie on your tummy on the floor. Bend your elbows and put your chin on your palms. Excellent. Now feet up behind you. Knees apart a bit." So the session continued. Elsie took her turn after a while and Mike found both girls were natural models and photogenic to boot. It wasn't difficult photography. He enjoyed it

very much. He glanced at his watch and announced it was time for the next session in the pool. The girls reluctantly moved towards the door. They'd clearly enjoyed themselves.

While the girls stripped off their clothes once more, Mike explained what he wanted them to do. The last session is going to be more fun," he said. "We're going to use a ball and you will throw it one to another. My job is to try and get the ball. If I get it, you have to get it back. The idea is to sharpen your reactions, tone up your muscles, get fit, but have fun at the same time. Training shouldn't be all boring, hard work. He got a beach ball from the shed and tossed it into the water. The girls stood agog, as Mike stripped off his clothes and dived cleanly into the pool before they did. The image in both girls' minds was of his long, thick cock standing proud and erect as he dived in.

Mike positioned himself in the centre of the pool and waited for the girls to get ready. One at each end. They moved closer, and started to pat the ball passed back and forth. He was piggy in the middle. Sue threw the ball to Elsie, but a breath of wind diverted it. Elsie nearly missed it, just getting control before Mike lunged at it. He leapt into the air as it went over his head, and managed to get a finger to it making it bounce up over Sue. It was a race to get there first. He lunged, and grabbed her ankle and pulled. She sank unexpectedly, surfacing in a fit of coughs and splutters. She clung to him with one hand on his shoulder, the other wiping water from her eyes, her knees either side of his waist. He'd cupped her bottom in support, his fingers trailing through her cleft. Their eyes locked for a moment, both knowing exactly what the other was thinking. The moment passed, and Mike reached out for the ball and held it aloft.

The girls now knew there were no rules in this game, and worked out tricks to play on Mike. The ball passed from them to him and back again several times. He copt a feel of their beautiful bodies several times, they grabbed his cock "accidentally" in return.

"I think we've been long enough," he announced after about forty minutes. They were all breathless. The exercise had been great fun and energetic. "Before we have a shower, time for a group hug." The girls swam towards him, one each side and put their arms around his neck. Mike could just touch the floor of the pool, and stood, his arms encircling the bodies of the two preteens. He felt the girls push their legs down, rubbing his erection. There was little subtlety in what they did, as they moved their legs back and forth across his cock. He decided he was justified in cupping their bums, his fingers pressed slightly into their clefts. He noticed a silent look between the girls and their smile, saying nothing, and yet saying so much. Instinct told Mike he shouldn't push it at this time. He passed his middle finger tip further up over their clefts, with a featherlike touch, slipping almost imperceptibly over their clitties. He gently cupped them for a couple of seconds, feeling both girls stiffen in response. He felt, rather than heard, their breathing shorten, as their arousal rose. He knew just how far to take this, on this first intimate occasion, and pulled his fingers back, feeling them both relax against him, the tension gone. He slipped his finger tips back over their vagina entries, feeling slickness in each. Even Elsie, the nine year old was aroused. This was going to be easier than he'd thought. Time to end it. Tomorrow was another day and tonight, well tonight was another matter. They would know nothing about that. As he released them, and swam to the pool side, he could almost feel the disappointment behind him, of the two girls, transmitted to him through the water.

A few minutes later, Mike was standing under the shower, washing the chlorine from his hair, the suds running down his body. He washed quickly, and stepped out as the girls came into the room, clutching their clothes. They stepped into the shower as he rubbed the large fluffy towel across his back, drying himself. The girls were obviously far more relaxed now about their, and his nakedness, seeming not to worry in the least. As he'd told them before, they made sure the chlorine had all been washed from their hair. Picking up their towels, they wrapped themselves and walked over to him, facing each other, either side of his knees as he sat in the chair. He reached out and rubbed their backs through the towels as he had done before, this time letting his fingers push down over the valleys of their bottoms, pressing in slightly. There was no pulling away by either of them. They were obviously now becoming comfortable with his touch.

The girls had dried their fronts, and as Mike picked up the two hair dryers, they turned, dropped their towels on the floor, stepped back and sat their naked bottoms, one on each of his knees. As before, he waved the airflow of the dryers up and down the fall of their hair, and soon had them dry again. He put the dryers down, and putting a hand round each of their tummies, hugged them back into his chest. They placed their hands over his and squeezed, in a movement of affection.

Again not wanting to push too quickly, he indicated, by putting his palms under and lifting their buttocks, for them to stand. He got up and pulled on a pair of boxers, the tenting of his erection in no way hidden. "Would you like to see the photos we took in the studio, earlier?" he invited. "I think we've got about half an hour before you should get home. Grab yourselves a drink or an ice cream, and come into the sitting room."

A minute later, the girls came into the sitting room, each holding a can of drink in one hand, and their clothes in the other. They were only wearing knickers. When he commented, they just said they were still feeling hot from the shower. Mike had booted up his rather special photo workshop software, and was scrolling through some scenes set in beautiful countryside.

"Come and sit down," he said. They sat either side of him, leaning in to see what he was doing. "Choose a photo," he said. "Somewhere you'd like to visit." After a quick debate, they pointed to a picture of a stream, near some woods. A grass meadow with wild flowers disappeared into the distance. He clicked the automerge icon. He then group selected all the photos he'd taken in the studio and slid them over the country scene. A time bar appeared, a green line moving across, indicating progress. A 'completed' message appeared.

Mike lifted the laptop, placed it on the coffee table in front of them, plugged in the HDMI cable, connecting it to the large screen TV. He picked up the remote control, and leaned back into the settee, between the girls, who cuddled into his sides. These subtle messages of intimacy from them weren't missed by Mike, who responded by putting an arm around each of their shoulders and cuddled them back.

When the first photo appeared, on the huge screen, of the two girls standing side by side, it looked for all the world, as though they were in the meadow. They gasped and looked up at him. "How did you do that?" asked Sue. "I mean, we were in the studio!"

"It's called green screen separation," he explained. "The computer removes everything green, and replaces it with whatever photo you want to use behind the models." They were mesmerised. "You could go anywhere in the world with this," he added, "without leaving home. Just imagine, you could tell your friends you went to China for a holiday." They giggled at the idea.

Mike set the photos on slideshow, and let the computer pan through the whole collection. His hands, at this point, were over their tummies, just touching the elastic of their panties, their hands over his. He made no move to push the boundaries. His boxers still bulged a little with his tumescence, but not like before. He noticed, though, the two girls looked down at him from time to time.

"Tomorrow, if you like," he said, "I could set up a beach in the studio. I could take some photos of you in your swimming costumes on some sand, and I will make it look like you're both on a beach by the sea."

"We won't be able to do that," said Sue. "We'll get sand in the costumes and Mum will notice next time we go to swim class. She always spots stuff like that."

"Oh, OK," he mused, "perhaps I can find something for you to wear, I'll look around. We'll work something out." He glanced at his watch. "Time for you to move. Leave your blue towels here," he instructed. "I'll wash them for you, and afterwards, you can put them back where they belong. In future, you can borrow my towels. It'll be better that way. What are you doing this evening?"

They pulled a face. "Mum's going to some meeting again in the fuc..., in the church, so we'll be on our own, I guess," said Sue. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh," he responded, "you can always come round here, if you want, and we'll watch a movie or take some pictures, whatever. Only if you want, that is." He left it hanging in the air. The girls smiled, as if their boring night before them had suddenly improved. Mike watched from the kitchen as they walked down the garden and over the fence at the end. The first day with these two virgins, had progressed better than he could have hoped.

= 4 =

Saturday Evening Pushing the Boundaries

It was earlier than he'd expected, before six, when he heard the tap on the door. The girls breezed in when he opened the door, chattering away as they entered, as if they'd done it a hundred times. Sue held up a cordless phone. "Mum sometimes phones us in the evening if she's out late, so I thought I should bring this with us." Mike took the handset and checked to confirm there was a dialling tone.

He hadn't been idle while they'd been back home. He'd logged into his MI5 account, and checked the police and surveillance records on Rev. Fuqup's church. They were on a watch list. The main concerns were that there were unsubstantiated rumours that members of the congregation, mainly young women, were being groomed into handing over large sums of cash to the man. Property, cars, anything of value seemed to disappear in his direction too. The religion too seemed odd. It was all things to all people,

so Muslims, Christians, Jews, Hindus all flocked to his calling. The press had coined the term smorgasbord religion. Pick the bits that suit you. There was a secret audit being undertaken now, and a public enquiry was expected to be announced soon. "Hmm," Mike thought, "interesting. Just like one or two other religious cults. Suck people in, suck 'em dry and spit 'em out."

The other thing he'd done was prepare his knockout pills, a special inhaler he used occasionally, and, of course the Golden Lotion. When he'd been in India, an old crone in one of the street markets in Old Delhi had sold him this fluid in the bottle. He'd been sceptical at first at what she'd told him. She'd said it had been perfected for a bride in preparation for her wedding night, hundreds of years ago. The secret formula had been passed down mother to daughter ever since. She'd explained it had to be applied internally in tiny amounts every night, for three nights before the wedding night. The girl would then be very happy, however old and ugly her husband was. The crone had cackled loudly at his expression. He was so amused, he bought a half a dozen bottles, as a keep sake. She called it the Golden Lotion. He hadn't believed the old woman at the time, but had successfully used it many times since, most recently on Sammy, next door, and her friend Emma.

"What time will your mum be back?" he asked, as they opened the fridge door uninvited and pulled out a couple of cans of drink.

"She said we had to be in bed by the time she got back," said Elsie.

"Yes," added Sue, "that usually means she's out with her friends and won't be in until late. The only thing is, I heard Rev. Fuckup tell her and a couple of other ladies they were having a special intimate prayer meeting tonight for the 'Inside Circle', as he called it. I think he's keen on Mum, in ways Dad might not like." Mike knew exactly what she meant. He reckoned they had over four hours to play with.

"Before we watch a movie, I wanted to explain that I'd like you to both do some homework for your swimming." They looked at him, puzzled. "Now this is what I want you each to do," he continued. He handed Elsie a pair of Squeeze Balls, made from gel for exercising the hands. "Elsie, when you go to bed tonight, I want you to hold these, one in each hand, and squeeze them as hard as you can for five seconds, OK?" she nodded, looking serious. "I want you to repeat it 100 times, if you can. It will help your reach. Tomorrow you may have sore muscles, but the ache will soon go and make your swimming improve. You will find, if you do it regularly your reach will improve. Now, Sue, we need to tone up your bottom. Do you have a thick felt-tip pen at home, like a Sharpie, or something like that?"

"I think so," she said, "yes, I'm sure I have."

"Good. This is a technique that Japanese therapist, I told you about, taught me. It really works. What I need you to do is this," he said seriously, making it up as he went along. "Get some Vaseline. You have some?" She nodded. "OK, smear some over your finger, and push it into your bottom. Make sure you use plenty. Then you have to insert the Sharpie in, at least three inches, more if you can. To get it in, you might need to push like when you do a poo. Next, you know when you clench your muscles in your bottom, to stop yourself messing your pants when you need to go?" She nodded again. "Well clench your muscles as hard as you can for five seconds, then relax. Do it a hundred times. If you do it

at the same time Elsie does her exercises, you can keep time for each other. Your bum may feel a bit sore tomorrow, but if you do it a couple of times a week, then your muscle tone will improve no end. Tomorrow, you can use the Squeeze Balls, and Elsie the Sharpie pen."

He took them through to the sitting room, where they sat in a row on the settee. Mike asked what movie they'd like to watch.

"The film I'd like to see," said Sue, "is 'The Kid Who Would Be King'. The problem is, it's only on in the cinemas at the moment."

While the girls discussed what else they could watch, Mike clicked a few icons, and the opening credits of Kid Who Would Be King suddenly appeared on the huge TV screen.

They gasped. "How did you do that, Mike?" asked Elsie. "It's not even on at cinemas near here, only in London and other big cities. You can't get it online."

"Ah, well," he quipped, "I have friends in low places. But I will tell you something," he said in a suddenly serious tone, catching their attention, "you look after me, and I'll look after you." They were intelligent girls and got the message alright. But what he actually wanted was still unknown to them.

For the next couple of hours, the girls watched the movie. They were cuddled into Mike's sides, enjoying his arms encircling them. They were dressed in the same shorts and crop top T-shirts they'd worn that morning, so his fingers caressed their naked bellies. Their hands clasped over the top of his. After half an hour, his hands were under the T-shirts, and a little later, he felt their areolæ under the pads of his fingers. But, it wasn't until the end of the movie approached, did he start to caress their tiny nipples. Almost immediately, he felt them harden, engorge, grow. Although Elsie was completely flat chested, Sue had little raised cones, which he'd studied so closely during the day, and was now exploring with his finger tips. He now felt them harden. The girl's hands were still over his, pressing him to themselves. The final credits of the movie signalled the end.

Mike lowered his hands to their hips as he asked: "Do you want to head home now, or would you like to have a photo session?"

"Can we do some more pictures, Mike?" asked Elsie, standing up, holding his hand and trying to pull him up, her face excited, remembering the way he'd placed them in the meadow in the last set.

"We will need to get you something different to wear," he interrupted, "I've already photographed you in what you're wearing now. "Tomorrow, I'll try and organise the beach scene. Why don't you model some underwear, you know, like models do in lots of magazines? I'll come round with you to your house and you can get two or three things to wear each." They weren't worried at his suggestion, after all, he'd seen them naked for most of the day.

The three of them walked down his garden, over the fence into the field and back over their fence into their garden. He held their hands as they walked up the pitch black grass, towards their house. Mike had his phone ready, and as they got to the back door, he

switched the light on. He noted the number, as Sue tapped in 3229# into the key pad. He had equipment which would crack the code, but it would take quite some time. They entered the house. Sue led the way, climbing the stairs to the bedroom overlooking the back garden. Mike noted the layout and casually asked if the largest room at the front was their mother's. Getting the confirmation he expected. Neither of the girls noticed the tiny hidden surveillance camera he placed on a chest of drawers. It looked like an ordinary jewellery ring box. The third bedroom, he was told, was just used for storage.

They entered the girls' room, which looked like any child's bedroom, anywhere. While Elsie pulled open a drawer stuffed messily with all manner of small items of clothing, Mike placed another of his tiny cameras on top of the chest of drawers. One by one, she held up some panties for his consideration. He nodded to about four pairs, before he spotted a pair of grey pantyhose at the bottom of the drawer. They were thin and small and he wondered if she'd be willing to model in them for him. She never blinked and added them to the collection. Sue had made a similar pile.

"Make sure you've got something sexy to put on," he smiled. "Let's have some fun doing this." He noticed neither had selected any bras. Five minutes later they were in his studio. Mike smoothed the green screen, while the girls stripped off and pulled on their first pair of panties. He stopped and stared for a moment, making them both giggle as he took in the revealing nature of what they'd put on. Elsie was wearing small white regular knickers, but so old, so thin, so small, stretched over her form, they appeared almost transparent. His cock lurched in response. Sue, on the other hand was wearing a pair of red lacy panties, which were nearly transparent too. As she turned to show off what she'd put on, he saw her leg holes were cut right up to her waist band, exposing large areas of her thighs. But as she turned away from him, he saw they were in fact thongs she wore. The thin red string vanishing into her bum crack.

Mike started the session, with distant and medium shots of them both, before taking close ups. He made sure they'd squatted several times, making the material pull up into their clefts in very erotic camel toes. These were just so sexy. Next Elsie pulled on an old pair of sports knickers she'd stopped wearing three years before, because they were too small and full of holes. Sue had slipped on a pair of her mother's, which didn't fit her yet. They were still too large. She had to hold them up, and the leg holes gaped, showing Mike her clefted mound and bottom, through the gaps. Mike's close ups took full advantage of what both girls displayed.

The highlight of the session for Mike, though, was when Elsie pulled on the pantyhose. It took her several minutes to get them on. Try as she might, she ended up with a thick crease of the material running from her tummy button, all the way down her mons, between her thighs and up to the top of her bum, and had to ask him to help her smooth it down. Mike's hands shook slightly, as he ran his fingers back and forth over the gossamer thin material pulled so tightly over her thighs, pussy and bottom. Again and again he ran his fingers across her cleft, feeling the tiny bump of her clitoris, making her jerk slightly as he did so, feeling it harden, her eyes losing focus. The crease was smooth now. There was no further excuse to continue rubbing his fingers through her cleft.

He glanced across at Sue, who'd pulled on a sheer pair of silvery-white pantyhose too. What amused him, though, was that it was obvious she'd bunched hers up too, and demanded he straighten them up, as he'd done for her sister. He immediately ran his

fingers back and forth over the transparent nylon, feeling her labia bulge to his touch, her bottom crack yield to his fingers pressing in. Again the crease was removed, but it told him that the girls were more than willing to let him touch them intimately, something he intended to do much more very soon. Mike's photo session ran through very fast, and soon he called time.

Taking them back into the sitting room, he selected a backdrop photo of a school classroom, and merged the pictures onto it. He plugged in the HDMI lead, clicked 'slideshow' and leaned back with one of them on each side, his arms once more cuddling them in, his hands on their bellies. As the first picture appeared, the girls giggled, seeing their nearly naked selves standing in a typical school classroom, full of children. The sexy series of pictures scrolled through, and Mike almost unconsciously cupped each of the girls mounds, his finger tips trailing down over the nylon of the pantyhose into their clefts, caressing their clitties, feeling them harden being conscious they may be frightened off in the morning, when they remembered his actions, he pulled his fingers away as soon as the last photo clicked off.

"Mike," asked Sue, giving him a coquettish sideways look, "would you show us the photo you took this morning?"

"What photo do you mean?" he asked innocently in reply. His face unreadable.

"You know the one I mean," she said, looking him in the eye.

Mike stared at her for a couple of seconds, before clicking the mouse pad a couple of times. On the big screen appeared a crystal clear high definition picture of the two girls lying side by side. Their legs were spread out sideways, their whole pudenda filled over half the picture, their fingers pushed into their clefts, pulling their vaginas wide open in one of the most graphic, erotic, sensual pictures of child porn he'd ever taken. The eye was drawn to their wide open vaginas, pink, red, coral, and cream coloured, all merging together, glistening with their dampness and the sunlight. Their pale hymens were stretched across, tight as drum skins, each with a small hole, showing a dark interior beyond. Capping it all, though, was their faces showing above their bellies, looking down their bodies at the camera, bright smiles on their faces.

Both girls gasped when they saw the nature of the picture, neither having realised just how revealing it had been.

"But, you can't look at it, Mike" said Elsie, "it's so rude. Why did you take it?"

"It was part of your punishment this morning. You know that. You agreed I would punish you, and this was part of it." There was silence, as they thought about that.

"What will you do with the picture?" asked Sue, "Will you put it on the internet for lots of old men to look at? What will you do?"

Mike had been asked similar questions before by many of his little preteen girls, like Sammy in this very room and had a stock answer. "I'm going to look at it from time to time, when I'm in bed alone, and I will have a quality time with it." Elsie looked at him blankly. Sue thought for moment, before her eyes opened wide, followed by a bright grin, hidden

by her hand. She leaned into her sister, and whispered an explanation into her ear. Suddenly Elsie too clapped her hand over her mouth, her eyes wide, as she shrieked with laughter at what he meant. The tension of the moment dissipated.

"Right girls," he said, "who'd like a drink of chocolate before you go to bed?" They both did. Mike warmed the milk and watched, as they drank it down. They talked a little about the coaching he planned for the following day. He looked at his watch and nodded meaningfully to them. It was time for them to head home to bed. He escorted them to their back door, before returning home, waiting. The pills he'd given them in the chocolate would kick in about midnight, and last about three hours. The only challenge now was their mother.

= 5 =

Saturday Night
A little Anal Rape

Mike had his pack of tools and equipment prepared. He stripped off, and slipped into his black catsuit. He'd used it many times on similar quests, as the dried pre-cum and semen stains down the front attested. His head and face mask, together with his latex gloves, were ready to pull on when the time came. He heard a car pull up next door followed by voices. Sounds of people trying to be quiet, when they've had a few drinks.

After the girls had left, Mike had spent the next hour listening to the girls' conversation, as they stripped off their clothes. He watched on the big screen the two of them, as they flopped onto their beds, naked.

"Sooz," asked Elsie, "what do you think about Mike?"

"I think he's really nice, Elz," she replied, as she picked up the jar of Vaseline and went to unscrew the plastic lid. He's taught us both a lot about how to improve our swimming. I would never have thought about the tension in my legs as I take a breath, but it was so obvious when he explained it. The same with your hands curling too soon and that thing about keeping our legs together more." While she was talking, Mike watched as she pushed her Vaseline covered finger into her anus and twisted it round, coating her rectum. He smiled, as she took a second dollop and pushed it in again, as far as her finger could reach. She struggled when she tried to push the Sharpie in.

"Elz," she said, looking across at her sister, "could you give me a hand here. I need to straighten up to do this, but as I reach down, I twist too far. Be an angel and push it in, would you?"

Mike watched avidly, as the girls giggled while trying to get the pen into her shit hole. In the end, it slipped in. She managed to get about four inches of it into her. The next ten minutes was spent with the two girls undertaking the exercises he'd set them; Sue clenching her arse muscles and Elsie Squeezing the balls, the same way she'd soon be squeezing his cock, he hoped.

"Do you mind that he punished us when we were bare?" asked Elsie, "I mean he's seen every bit of us now. Does it embarrass you?"

"Yes it did at first," Sue replied, as she clenched her bottom for the twentieth time. "But after a while, it didn't seem to matter anymore. He could have really made life difficult and told Mum, when he caught us swimming in his pool, and instead, after punishing us, which was only fair, he's helping us to become better swimmers. No I don't mind him seeing us bare at all. What about you?"

"No," replied Elsie "I kind of liked it. No one's ever looked at me like that before. Do you think he's one of those peedeyfiles Mum warned us about, you know someone who likes little girls?"

"Maybe," answered Sue, "but he hasn't done anything I didn't like, or want him to do. Shall I ask him tomorrow? That might be fun."

Mike smiled to himself. This was going as well as he could have hoped. It was after eleven now. The girls had put away their underwear, hidden the Squeeze Balls, returned the Vaseline to the bathroom and even remembered to brush their teeth. They'd fallen asleep an hour before their mother returned. By then, they'd long since fallen into exhausted sleep, following their busy day. She had looked briefly in on the two of them, before going to her room with the Rev. Phuqup, Mike watched through his hidden camera, as he commanded her to lie on the bed while he strapped her down in what looked like a most uncomfortable position. Her left foot tied to her left wrist, the same on the right. Then he used a bar, fixed to her feet, to force them wide apart. He took a ball gag and forced it into her mouth, before pulling a hood over her head, he blindfolded her, tying the hood down under her chin. Next, after fitting nipple clamps to the poor woman, he took a heavy leather strap, and started to hit her bottom as hard as he could, making loud cracking noises. She would be very sore in the morning. The reverend, during this time, was entirely naked, except he was still wearing his white dog collar. But what really made Mike smile was every time the man hit her, he called out, "you're a sinner, repent." Mike knew the quality of the recording was good enough to keep.

By twelve o'clock, Mike saw that the Rev. Phuqup had paused for a rest. He was lying on the bed, the woman on top of him, face up, still trussed up. His cock curved up from beneath her entering her red and sore looking cunt. Time to move. Mike could move like a ghost when he wanted. He was an expert in being invisible and moving unseen. He tapped in the combination 3229# into the keypad and entered the house. He already knew no one else was here, as he bolted the external doors. He was up the stairs in moments, placing his pack down on the floor. He opened it and pulled out what looked to the casual observer, an inhaler for someone with Asthma. A small eye dropper bottle came out also, which he slipped into his pocket. The bedroom door had been left open, and Mike slipped through, silently, invisibly. The man seemed to be resting, catching his breath, his eyes closed. Mike stepped forward, put the inhaler under the man's nose and as he breathed in, pressed the release, sending a puff of gas up his nose, instantly rendering him unconscious. He lifted the edge of the head mask until the woman's nose was visible, and applied gas to her also.

Mike knew he had five minutes, before they would come to. He took the eye dropper from his pocket and unscrewed it. Raising the woman's mouth open, he counted three drops into her throat. The Reverend got four. They would be out for the count until at least dawn, and possibly later. He grabbed his bag, took out his camera, and switching on the bedroom light, photographed them in what could only be described as a very

compromising position. There would be no doubt as to who he was, although her identity was hidden by the blindfold. Just in case, though, after he'd taken shots from various angles, he slipped the blindfold off her and took another series of photos, in case she proved awkward at a later date. He switched the light off, and left them to it. He had more important things to be doing.

He pushed open the girls' bedroom door and stepped inside quietly. Walking to each bed in turn, he lifted a corner of their bedding and pinched their Achilles heels to ensure the pills had worked. Neither flinched in any way. They wouldn't know anything about what he did to them for the next three hours at least. He shut the door, and made sure the curtains were securely closed, before switching on the light. He pulled the duvets off both of them and rolling them up, placed them on the chair in the corner, noting which one had been on which bed. Before he did anything else, he set up his tripod and mounted the camera, setting to run on video.

The girls lay in their pyjamas, their long blond hair spread out either side of them, like a silk blanket shimmering in the light. Mike paused for a moment, just looking, before he set to work. First of all, he removed his black face mask, cat suit, gloves and shoes, placing them by his bag. He moved between them and sat on Elsie's bed. Reaching over her, he started to undo the buttons of her top, one by one, taking his time, savouring the moment. The garment fell open, exposing her flat chest. He leaned in and sucked her closest nipple into his mouth, flicking his tongue back and forth across, feeling her harden. He reached up with his hand and caressed the other, watching her closely, as they engorged, responding to his attention. He slipped her top down her arms and pulled it out from under her, dropping it onto the floor at the foot of the bed.

Mike moved across to the other bed and undid Sue's top also, removing it like her sister's. Her titties were more developed, but even so still small for her age. They were just cones, perhaps just over an inch proud of her chest. Her areolæ, standing proudly out, like finger tips, were darker than Elsie's with a ring of Goosebumps surrounding her peanut sized nipples. He sucked one into his mouth, while caressing the other with his finger tips. God he loved sucking puffies.

He stood again and went to the foot of Elsie's bed. He grasped the hem of her pyjama legs, lifted upwards and pulled, watching as they slid down her legs, leaving her lying in just her tiny, thin white almost transparent panties she'd modelled earlier for him. He leaned across and pushed his fingers into her cleft, making her camel toe even deeper. He loved the feel of her labia clinging to the sides of his fingers as he pressed into her. Reluctantly, he pulled away from her, knowing all things come to those who wait. He turned now to Sue and removed her pyjama bottoms in the same way.

His heart was now beating hard in anticipation, as he grasped Sue's panties either side of her hips, and pulled them down and off her, keeping his eyes away from her for the moment. He turned to Elsie once more and soon slipped her panties down and off her legs also. Unable to contain himself any longer, he pushed her legs far apart, her feet hanging over opposite sides of the bed. Reaching in, he brought his fingers to either side of her cleft and pressing his fingers against her labia, pulled them apart, opening her up to his close inspection. Her vagina peeled open, making a squelching sound as it did; mucus inside her, strung across the opening gap, like a spider's web. Often, he used a set of

home made retractors for really opening up sleeping girls' pussies, like he had with Sammy, but tonight he decided not to bother.

Pulling her open as far as he could, he bent in and pushed his tongue into her, instantly tasting her exquisite flavour, tingling his taste buds immensely. He pushed in as deep as he could. He had to pull her labia apart harder, to get the tip of his tongue up against her hymen. He felt the springiness of her membrane, knowing for sure, he was going to take her virginity in a few day's time. Before he moved over to Sue, he climbed onto the bed and brought his cock into her vaginal entry and rubbed his crown up and down, spreading large amounts of pre-cum into her. He pressed, feeling her hymen dip under the pressure. He pressed and released several times, before he got off her, knowing he couldn't fuck her tonight.

Moving over to Sue, feasting his eyes on her mons and deep cleft pressing his palm to her mound, he enjoyed her firmness, softness, and pliability. Like her sister, he quickly swept her legs apart, her knees hanging over each side of the bed, watching as her thick labia pealed open. Again, he needed to taste her and indeed she didn't disappoint him, as his tongue licked across her hymen, back and forth. Her coral, cream, pink and red interior glinted as her dampness caught the light. When he pulled away, a string of her mucus reached all the way from her opening to his lips.

Mike climbed over her and pressed his cock into her entry. Immediately he knew she was bigger in there than her sister. He needed all his willpower not to just press through into her and fuck her hard. Mike had a job to do, though, before he took his pleasure. So he climbed off her and took a moment to take a hold of himself and regain his composure.

He looked now at both the preteen sisters for a moment, just appreciating the vision. They were lying naked on their little beds, their legs spread as far open as possible, each with his pre-cum glinting in their virgin vaginas. It didn't get much more erotic than this.

He reached into his pack and pulled out a clear polythene bag. Firstly, he took out a thin hard plastic tube. Next, he pulled out a tube of KY Jelly. He smeared some on the end of the tube, and spread it along with his fingers. Taking the tube, he carefully put the end to the tiny hole just below the centre of her hymen, and slowly pressed it into her, watching as it slipped into her, inch by inch. It sank further and further into her, until he felt it bump into her cervix, five inches in. Leaving the tube there, he took a long cotton bud from the polythene bag and a bottle of the Golden Lotion. Opening the lid, he dipped the cotton bud into the bottle soaking the end with the precious fluid. He then put the cotton bud into the end of the tube and pushed it in, watching as it disappeared. When he'd done this in the past, he always knew when it hit the girls' G spot, because they always jerked as the strong liquid reacted with the most sensitive part of her body. This happened again today, with a sharp intake of breath, as her hips tensed upwards, her bottom leaving the bed for a second, before sinking back down again. He waited a moment, then twisted the cotton bud, ensuring there was an even coating of the lotion where it needed to be. Mike moved over to Elsie and repeated the same procedure with the nine year old, pleased when she too tensed up, as her G spot was coated with the stimulating liquid.

Packing the tube, lotion and cotton bud into the polythene bag, and dropping them into the pack, he moved the tripod to where he needed it for what was to follow. He straightened Sue's legs, bringing them together, rolled her over on to her front, admiring and feeling her

firm bottom for a minute. He then pushed one hand under her mound and lifted her waist then with the other, he pushed her knees up under her, but at the same time spread them outwards, so she was now kneeling in a crouched position. So she could breath, he folded her hands under her face. Mike moved behind her, and placing a hand on each of her spectacular, firm, buttocks, he pulled her gently apart, seeing her anus and vagina pop open. At times like this, Mike always paused, taking in the vision before him, of the beautiful eleven year old child, on her knees, thighs apart, with his pre-cum soaked rampant cock poised, ready to ravish her.

Mike smiled, when he looked into her bum, and saw her rectum was reddened and still slightly dilated from her exercises with the Sharpie pen. Exactly what he'd intended. He pushed his finger to her and was pleased as it sank in without resistance, lubricated by the Vaseline. He felt her buttery interior, it's greasy passage gripping his finger, the contours of her bottom pressing against him. Mike couldn't wait any longer, and taking the KY Jelly again, he smeared a coating over his crown, before pushing the nozzle into her anus and squeezed it gently, not needing too much, with all the Vaseline already in there.

Whenever Mike anally raped a sleeping girl, he always got a particular thrill. He never wanted her to know what had happened, which gave him an even greater thrill. So the following day, as they spent time and talked together, he would know he'd fucked her, while she remained completely ignorant of what he'd done, thinking her sore bum was caused by the clenching exercises with the Sharpie pen. It was all part of what made him the paedophile he was.

He brought his crown to her anus, and pressed into her. There was little movement as yet, and although she was slightly dilated, she wouldn't be able to take him for a while. He maintained pressure against her, and was surprised when he felt a slight movement after just two or three minutes. Suddenly, the ridge of his crown popped into her. The tight muscle of her sphincter squeezing his shaft, just under the ridge. He paused, wanting her dilation to continue, before he pressed further. As he waited, he saw the Sharpie pen on her bedside table. He reached over and inspected it. It was smeared, slightly brown. Bringing it to his nose, he inhaled deeply. She smelt sweet, not unpleasant, as some were. As he replaced the pen on the table, leaning forward slightly, he felt his cock sliding into Sue's bowels. He pushed forward, letting his cock disappear all the way into her. He felt his pubic hair grind into her buttocks. Now at full depth, he paused, just to feel the sensations of his cock being deep inside this preteen child.

After a full minute, he pulled back, almost coming out of her, and pressed forward again. He reached down and under her, pushing his middle finger into her cleft, the tip sinking into her vaginal entry. Having been aroused all day and experienced such encouraging progress with the girls, he knew he would cum very quickly. He decided he didn't need to prolong this fuck, as he already knew tomorrow would surely hold ever more pleasure for his needful cock.

Feeling the tell tale signs in his prostate, while his balls tightened up for a big one. He thrust in one last time, before pulling out of her, letting his crown rest in the valley of her bum, just as the first explosion of semen shot across her naked back. Again he spurted, watching semen soak into her hair, then pool in the dip of the small of her back. Strings of cum squirting across the flawless skin of her back. At last, he stopped, but he remained

still, as the last dry pulses diminished, the only movement now the rising and falling of his chest, as he caught his breath.

A few minutes later, he was wiping her down, using a wet flannel and towel he'd brought with him in the bag. His well practiced hands soon had their knickers back on and pyjamas pulled into place. He laid them in the same positions as they were in when he arrived. Glancing at his watch, he saw he'd been here two hours. Time to go. He dressed, then checked and double checked everything was as he'd found them, turned the light out and headed home for bed. As he moved to the door, he heard a little burp sound from Sue's bed. He turned towards her, just as the loudest, longest, wettest fart erupted from her. He wondered if she'd shitted herself.

= 6 =

Sunday Morning Early
Clearing the air.

Mike was up and about at dawn. He knew today would be a great day, so got dressed and set about some of his routine chores. After half an hour, he went off for a run, returning forty minutes later. As he passed the next door house, their front door flew open and a very flummoxed looking Rev. Phuqup staggered out, passing Mike, as he went to his car, a tactful hundred yards up the road.

Mike was unable to contain himself, as he called: "Morning Reverend, lovely day for sneaking out of another man's home when he's away." He glanced up and saw the girls' mother for a fleeting moment, before she vanished behind the twitching curtains.

The Reverend got in his car and disappeared quickly up the road. It was Sunday, and he had services to run all day, starting in half an hour.

Mike half expected what happened twenty minutes later, when there was a tap on his front door. The woman next door was standing there, a worried expression on her face. Mike beckoned her in.

"Hello," she said nervously, "I'm Margaret Henderson, I live next door. I hope you didn't get the wrong impression with the Reverend calling in so early this morning."

"Good morning Mrs. Henderson," smiled Mike. "My name's Mike Robinson. I only moved in a few weeks ago. I've been travelling abroad on business a lot since then, so we haven't met. I specialise in security cameras. In fact, my own cameras showed the Reverend arrive just after eleven o'clock last night, parking up the road, and not leaving until this morning. I don't think I have the wrong impression at all, do you?"

Margaret gulped. Her worst fears confirmed. "Well it looks as though you caught me out," she said quietly. "What happens now? Are you going to gossip around the neighbourhood, tell my husband. Ruin my reputation? What?"

Mike signalled for her to sit down. She sat on the same settee that her nearly naked daughters had been molested on by him the previous evening.

"Mrs. Henderson," said Mike, "I think you and I could come to a little, how should we call it arrangement. You're not an unattractive woman...."

"You want to have sex with me," she gasped, "is that it?"

"No, no, not at all," he said in a reassuring tone. "That's the last thing I want," he added truthfully. "If you want me to stay silent over what you and the Rev. Fuckup have been up to," he watched her flinch at the way he pronounced the name, "I want your solemn promise what I am about to say will remain between us." She nodded. "Say it," he added.

"OK, I promise whatever you say now will not be repeated," she said, "I swear it."

Mike, who'd heard many things in the secretive world he lived in, knew when he heard the truth, she meant it.

"I came home from a project in Ukraine a couple of days ago," he explained. "The following morning, yesterday, in fact, I heard people in my pool, swimming," he continued. "I was about to challenge them and throw them out, when I discovered your two daughters were the culprits. But, I used to be a swimming coach, and I immediately knew they were good, very good. I could see their potential straight away." He didn't add what sort of potential. "Anyway," he continued, "I watched them for a while before making a decision. I decided I would devote the time needed to coach them, if they were willing to spend the time here working on it. But there is a problem."

"What sort of problem?" she asked.

"You're the problem," he replied. "You rule them with a rod of iron, they are frightened of you, they so want to please you and get into the county team, but are terrified you would find out they'd been using my pool for the last week or two."

"They've done what?" she demanded in an angry voice.

"You see, there you go, that's what I'm talking about," he said in a reasonable tone. "I must stress Mrs. Henderson, they're doing this for you. They want you to believe in them."

She stopped mid track, bit her lower lip, before saying: "OK, I understand, continue."

"These girls are being coached at the leisure centre," he went on. "They are just two in a big crowd, and the quality of coaching is, well, mediocre. If I can get them up to standard, They'll get to county team level, then receive the professional one to one coaching they need. After that, well who knows, they could go to the top."

"So what do I do?" She asked. "How can I help?"

"You?" he asked, "You must do nothing, absolutely nothing. If the girls realise you know what they're up to, they'll shut down, stop trying. Give them space, and I promise you they'll make you proud. Mrs. Henderson..."

"Please call me Margaret, can I call you Mike?" she simpered. "Like I said, how can I help?"

"Right, Margaret," he said, "the girls must see no difference. You've been out of the house a lot recently, so they tell me. Let's be frank, you've been with the Rev. Anyway, what you need to do now is let them train here. The more time you're away, the more swimming they'll put in. What they want to do is surprise you when they are invited to join the county team. Here is my phone number," he handed her a piece of paper with the number scrawled on it, "text me when you're going out and what time you're returning. Spend as much time with Rev. Fuckup as you like." This time, she smiled at his comment.

"I have a couple of questions, though," she said. "Something I thought about just now. I pack up their swimming kit when they go to the local centre. When they come back, I wash it and put it away. They haven't used their costumes for several days. What have they been wearing? And the other thing, Mike, if you don't mind me asking, what's in it for you? I mean, you're offering to spend all this time coaching my girls. Why?"

"On the first point," Margaret, "when I caught them, they were swimming nude." There was a sharp intake of breath from her. "Don't judge them," he soothed, "they didn't know they'd be caught. When I asked them why, they explained that if they wore their suits, you'd spot it immediately and find out what they'd been doing and stop them. No one has seen them, except me, Margaret, so I allowed them to continue. If it's a problem, I'll have to go out and buy them something to wear if it worries you. You can't do it, they'll realise, you know."

"No, it's OK, as long as no one else sees them, and they're comfortable with you."

"Usually my partner and her daughter are here. They're away at the moment in London," he added, "so normally they'll be here too. I hope that's OK."

"Of course," she said, "I meant men, of course. And the other point, why are you doing it?"

"Because I'm a pedo," he silently thought. "Well," he said out loud, "this is the other part of the deal." She looked at him with uncertainty. "Apart from the immense personal sense of pride I would get if they made the team, my main hobby is photography. I'm good, and I've won competitions with my work. I like to photograph people, places, panoramas, seascapes, anything really, but my favourite is studio work with models. If I coach your girls for free, in return, I would like your permission for them to come round here, when there's time, perhaps in the evenings, and get them to model for me. What do you say? Come and have a look at my studio"

He stood, and taking her hand, helped her out of the settee. They walked into the next room, where she studied the many tripods, lights, backdrops and other equipment. He was glad he'd put a dust sheet over the gynaecologists inspection table after he'd photographed Sammy a few weeks back.

"Come and have a look at some of my work," he invited. He picked a couple of albums from a shelf and they went back into the sitting room. She thumbed through the pictures, admiring their obvious high quality. Opening up his laptop, he clicked a couple of icons, and brought up the set where Sue and Elsie appear to be walking through a meadow.

"When did you take these," she gasped. "Where is this?"

"They were taken yesterday in the studio, Margaret," he soothed. "You can see now what I was talking about. So is it a deal? Can I photograph them? Do you want me to coach them?"

Her eye still lingered on the photograph of the two girls romping through the meadow. "Can I have this?" she asked, thumbing the corner of the screen.

"Sure you can," he said, "I'll print them off, you can have the whole album, but not until they're in the county team, otherwise, they'll know you've found them out when they see the pictures." She nodded.

"OK, Mike," she said finally, "I think we've got a deal. You'll turn a blind eye to what I've been up to, you'll coach my girls and I'll let you take your pictures. Is there anything I've missed?"

"Yeah," he grinned, "how much do I get paid for babysitting?" She grinned at him, and gently smacked his chest with the back of her hand. Mike knew now he had as much time with the girls as he wanted. Not only that, but their mother would keep out of the way and let him know when she was returning. It couldn't get better.

= 7 =

Sunday Morning
Serious Coaching

"I'm off to church then girls," he heard Margaret call, as she got into her car. "I'll be back in time for lunch, about 1 o'clock. I'll see you later. She glanced across at Mike's house, and smiled as he waved to her from the window.

Within a couple of minutes, he heard their sing song voices in the back garden, as they walked passed the pool. They didn't hesitate, but started to strip off their clothing by the patio table, dropping the garments onto the two chairs. They were about to dive into the pool, when Mike came out and greeted them.

"Hi, girls, how are you both today?" he enquired. "Did you manage to do your exercises like I asked you?"

"Yes," said Elsie, "my hands are a little tired today, but I think if I do it a few times a week, it'll help."

"More than you know, Elz," he confirmed. "How about you, Sue?"

"OK, I guess, I've got terrible wind today. Dunno what brought that on," She said, a little embarrassed. "My butt's a bit sore as well, but not too bad. If it helps tone my muscles, then it's worth it."

"Great, well done," he praised, "tonight, you can swap exercises, if you like. Sue, is it very sore? Would you like me to find some soothing cream and put it in for you?"

Sue's pussy lurched at his words. This time yesterday, she'd have been outraged at his suggestion; but today.....She'd been feeling incredibly horny ever since she woke up first thing this morning. She couldn't work out what had come over her. Her pussy was tingling the whole time. It was all she could do, not to touch herself in front of him. Even now, she wondered whether to go to the toilet and play with herself again. Elsie had the same problem too. She'd told Sue she'd had to use the Sharpie pen on herself. That was very unusual. Elsie only needed to play with herself every couple of weeks. She'd done it twice already this morning. Sue also found herself wanting Mike to look at her. Already she was thinking of ways to display herself to him. She knew he liked looking at her, he'd had a woody most of yesterday. Swimming bare would help, she thought.

"Can I see how I feel after I've swum for a while," she said, "I'll let you know." She would have loved him to do it.

"OK," he replied casually, knowing how the two girls should be feeling the morning after the first dose of Golden Lotion, "just let me know if you'd like me to have a look at it." Her pussy lurched again. "Right girls, First exercise. I want you to both swim lengths, please, non stop for twenty minutes. It isn't a race; it doesn't matter how many lengths you do. Take it nice and steady, don't tire yourselves out. It is to loosen you up, before we go on to the next lessons. I'm going to make a start on turning the studio into a beach for later on." He left them to start their swim, while he went to the garage, to get the bags of silver sand he'd put there after the beach session with Sammy. Twenty minutes later, he was back. He was holding a camera in one hand and a strange Perspex type box in the other.

"Time's up, girls," he called, "want a break for a few minutes?" Mike sat down in a chair and concentrated on fixing his camera into the waterproof box, made for the purpose.

"What's that?" asked Elsie, squatting down in front of him, the water still cascading down her body, confluencing at her mons and running on down between her thighs. The way she was positioned, her whole cleft opened up to his gaze. He couldn't tear his eyes away. She caught his stare, looked down, and instead of clamping her knees together, smiled up at him and parted them a couple of inches more, opening her vagina entry enough for him to see the hymen he'd tasted the night before.

"It's an underwater camera, Elsie," he explained. "What we're going to do now," he continued, "is see how you get on with breaststroke. I'm going to film you both, then we'll go through it together, like we did yesterday with your freestyle, OK?" She nodded, moving her knees a little further apart, when she saw he was looking at her again.

"You like looking at me there, don't you?" she stated quietly, as she got up and walked to the pool.

Mike stripped off and jumped into the pool, holding the camera. He waved the two girls into the water, pretending not to notice they were staring at his rigid erection.

"OK, you two, just swim up and down the pool," he instructed them. "Do a couple of warm-up lengths first, then I want you to go as fast as you can. That's when I'll start filming you. I want you to concentrate on your legs and arms. Really go for it. Do about six or eight lengths. We can do more if we need to. Right, off you go"

While they did the couple of warm up lengths, he switched on the camera, checked the settings and focus. He took a deep breath, and looking through the viewfinder, followed their movements. But as he wasn't wearing a mask, his vision was blurred, they were just shapes in the water, so he followed them up and down, surfacing for air every now and then. He recorded them coming towards him and going away, as well as side shots as they swam by him.

They completed the lengths, resting for a moment, clinging to the pool's edge. "Right, girls," he said, "we'll have a quick look at that, before we move on. So we don't wet the carpet, we'll look at it in the changing hut." He held back a moment, pretending to adjust the camera as they climbed out of the pool. He pointed the camera, zooming into their bottoms as they bent and opened in the effort of getting out. In both cases, their peach shaped vulvas bulged out between their thighs, their vaginas winking open and closed, several times.

As he got out, he was aware of them watching him, his cock waving back and forth in front of them when he strolled across the patio towards them. Inside the hut, was a long wooden bench seat, which they all sat down on, the water flowing down them onto the wooden plank floor. He dried his hands on a towel and opened his laptop, which he'd placed on the small table, and inserted the SD card, which he'd taken from the camera. He clicked the start icon on the video and sat back to watch.

The bright light was tinged with blue refracting off the surface of the water above. In the distance, the two girls swam in unison towards the camera, their eyes looking ahead, their pretty faces distorted with their puffed up cheeks, as they held their breath, controlled their breathing, a slow trail of bubbles escaping their mouths. Their hair swirling about them in the water flow. They swept passed the camera, their beautiful bodies now in profile to the voyeur camera, Sue's little boobs jutting out from her chest, her areola a darker shade of pink than her flawless skin, Elsie's two pin points hardened with her effort of swimming as fast as she could. Their pubic mounds were pointing downwards, jerking forwards in the rhythm of their strokes. As they moved forward, the camera turned behind them, their legs now filling the screen. The motion stopped.

"Now," said Mike, "Look at your knees, at this point, they should be straight, but you've both bent them. And here," he moved the frames forward half a stroke, "you've both moved your knees downwards, look there," he pointed, tapping the screen. They both saw what he was getting at. "The whole point of breaststroke is to sweep the water behind you with your arms and squeeze it backwards between your thighs. That squeezing of the thighs is the secret to a fast or slow swimmer. I will have to think up an exercise to help you squeeze your thighs together." He knew a very good exercise for doing exactly that.

He let the film run, they moved away, turned at the end and headed back again towards the camera. "That's good," he praised them, "you both turned sooner there. See how much ground you gained, getting away quicker." They passed by the camera, which turned behind them, following them. He froze the picture again, their legs were wide apart, knees bent, thighs angled down. "This is the crux of it," he said, pointing at the picture, "can you see the problem?" They both glanced at him and shook their heads, looking back to the screen again, puzzled looks on their faces.

"OK," he said, "look at that picture again. Now imagine how your legs are positioned. Can you see now?" Again they shook their heads. "Alright, I'll show you." Mike stood and pulled two plastic stools over towards the table, placing them three or four feet away, then turned the screen towards them.

"Come and lay down on these stools," he commanded, "and copy the position you're in on the screen. You can rest your hands on the table for support if you like." They stood and brought their tummies down to the stools, found the point of balance and lay on them, holding the table, before lifting their legs up, copying the position they were in on the screen. Mike, holding their ankles, adjusted their legs exactly.

"Now," he said, "does that feel right? Your legs should be more like this." he straightened out their legs, pushing their thighs further apart. He watched as their pussies opened. He could clearly see the arousal in both of them, as the mucus of their excitement, flowed down their clefts towards their clitties. "Make a mental note of that position. This is where your legs should be immediately before you squeeze them together, pushing that water back. Now I want to see how strong you can squeeze. Bring your legs together." He watched as they did this. "Good, now squeeze together. It's a good exercise. Now relax, open up a little, I want to know how hard you're squeezing."

They opened their legs a few inches. Mike clenched his fists, and placed one against each of the pudenda, making them jump in surprise. "Now squeeze as hard as you can." They pressed against his fists squeezing hard. "Keep doing it for five seconds, like yesterday's exercise. Tonight I want you to do it 100 times, like before. You can do it to each other, OK?" They nodded. "Now squeeze for five seconds and relax, squeeze and relax. Keep doing it." Immediately they repeated the exercise, again and again. Mike carefully uncurled his middle finger, and moved his finger pads up to their engorged clitties, slowly applying pressure, as their exercise continued. Soon, he was able to gently massage them back and forth. He was amazed how wet they both were and how quickly they rose in their arousal.

He felt, rather than saw, that Sue was on the point of cuming. He pulled his finger back, leaving her right on the brink, while Elsie rose more slowly, but surely. After a full minute, he felt her tense, knowing she too was right on the cusp, and touched his finger against Sue again. Within two seconds, both girls exploded into their climaxes, gasping for air. All he could hear from them both was "Nnnnngggh, aaaahhhhhh, oohhhhhh, yeeeessssss, pleeeeease," as they gasped out their orgasms. "Most satisfactory," he thought "one more step in the road to having them."

By this time, Mike had taken his hands away and neither girl was still stretched out straight over the plastic stools, but were now kneeling on the floor, bending over the stools, panting breathlessly, muttering something he couldn't make out. When the girls came to and looked at him, he was leaning back against the seat cushion, his arms folded. The girls looked at each other, then back at him, in an awkward, embarrassed way. He smiled at them, as he asked: "Did you enjoy that swimming lesson? Well, no time to lose, I want you to show me how you are with backstroke, now."

The backstroke lesson went without incident, except he loved how their mounds remained above the water, making small bow waves, moving through the water, as they swam, wobbling from side to side with their movements. He could have watched it all day.

"Time for a break, girls," he called, Who'd like to go and play sandcastles on the beach with an ice cream?"

= 8 =

Sunday later that morning.

Mike told the girls what he needed them to do. "You go into the utility room and start the shower, I'll just go and see if I can find another swimsuit upstairs," he said. "I think there's another one on the shelf, near the shower, which might fit Elsie. I'll find it when I come down"

He went upstairs, hearing the water starting to run. He went into Katrin's room, where Alex slept (Katrin of course slept with him), and opened her chest of drawers and soon found what he was looking for. It was her tiny pale blue bikini, she'd worn that first day in Andalusia. Katrin was nine years old, but had been eight when she'd bought it, and it was small on her. Elsie was nine too, but bigger than Katrin, so it would be perfect. He left the top in the drawer and just took the panties.

He walked into the utility room. The two sisters were under the water flow, enjoying themselves. Mike pulled the white one piece costume off the shelf, which he'd spent so much time preparing, when Sammy had worn it, and handed the two items into the girls.

"There you are," he smiled. "The white one should fit you Sue, at a push and the blue one's for you Elsie. I borrowed it from Katrin."

"Who is Katrin?" she asked.

"She and her mum are living with me for a while," he answered, "until they sort something out. They're in London now, but I expect they'll be back soon. You two will like her. You could teach her to be a good swimmer."

"Oh I know her," said Sue, "She a pretty blond girl about nine? Doesn't speak any English. I haven't met her, but I saw her going across the road to the new neighbours over there. They'd be about seven and eight years old."

"Yes," he confirmed, "that'll be her."

"Yes," she continued, "she has been over the road quite a few times to visit them." Mike made a mental note. A connection with his next targets had already been established.

"Now for the beach scene," he explained, "I want you to put the costumes on. You're pretending you've just got out of the sea after a swim. You're all wet with sea water, and now you're going to play in the sand."

He watched idly as they pulled on the costumes.

"I don't know if I can get into this," said Sue. Mike knew it had been incredibly tight on Sammy, so it was going to be even tighter on Sue.

"You may be right," Sue, he sighed, "keep trying. It won't matter if it looks tight. If not, we'll have to put you into a pair of panties instead."

"This is a bit small for me too," said Elsie, struggling to pull the light blue thin garment over her hips, "but I think I'll get into it."

The girls tweaked the fabric, squatted, and wriggled about, trying to get the most comfortable fit they could, before announcing they were on.

"Great," he said, "well done. I did wonder if you could do it. Now get under the water again and make sure the costumes are nice and wet, then come through to the studio. I think we'll just about have enough time for the session, before you need to get ready to go home, before your mum returns."

Mike went into the studio and switched on the lighting and cameras and in a moment the girls walked in. Mike almost did a double take, because of the incredibly sexy vision which confronted him. Sue was standing in the white one piece, which should have fitted an eight year old, so the shoulder straps pulled it up and up, so her pussy was almost bisected by the thin material. It was so tight on her, she displayed the most spectacular camel toe. He nearly came on the spot. Certainly his cock was tenting out his shorts and the already dark damp stain was growing. He then looked at Elsie, and again his eyes nearly popped out. The tiny blue bikini panties didn't quite come up high enough to hide the top of her cleft. The hood of her clit could just be seen. The top half of her mons was pushing out in full view. When she turned, half her bum crack was in full view. Somehow, to Mike, this was even more sexy than seeing them swimming nude.

"The buckets and spades are over there," he pointed. "Why not just make a few sand castles for a while. Play around however you like."

It took a minute or two for the girls to forget the discomfort of what they were wearing and start to play with the sand, as all children like to do. One moment he had a bum pointing straight at the camera, the next a spread pair of legs, showing a perfect form between them of a cleft, the shadow of a vagina, covered in a body forming piece of thin cloth. He zoomed continuously on their pussies and bums, their nipples and back again. As they moved, they accentuated their sexy shapes continuously. They had built a little castle, with a ring of small bucket shaped turrets around its walls. He never noticed the construction. Finally he called time. Margaret had sent a text saying she'd be back at one o'clock. It was now a quarter to twelve.

"OK, you two," he said, "we'll end it there. Slip off your costumes where you are and try and shake off as much loose sand as you can. Then go through and have a shower. Make sure you wash out all the sand. It gets everywhere, and don't forget to give your hair a good shampoo too. We don't want your mum smelling the chlorine." They scampered off, while he switched off the power in the studio. He took the SD card and downloaded the pictures into his laptop and booted up the photo merge programme ready.

He walked into the utility room, just as they were stepping out of the shower. Without them noticing, he placed his camera on the little table, facing the chair. It was already running on video. He held out two clean towels for them to wrap themselves in, sitting down in the chair, as he had done the previous day. Like before, they came and stood either side of

him, facing inwards. He rubbed his hands up and down their backs, drying them off. They had hardly dried their fronts, when they dropped their towels and sat, one on each knee. He immediately felt the difference. Firstly, they were both damp. Not just with water, but with slippery arousal, seeping from within them. Secondly, neither sat still, they kept moving on him, slipping sideways, back and forth, as if they were trying to stimulate themselves. The Golden Lotion was working wonders, as far as Mike was concerned. He had quite a job drying their hair as they wriggled on him.

“Have you made sure all the sand is gone?” he asked, as he put the dryers down. “Even a little would have your mum asking questions.” They looked doubtfully at one another and at him. “Do you want me to check, just in case?”

The girls looked at each other a silent communication and nodded. This was the moment, when the little pretence remaining of their arousal, or his lusting for their little bodies finally vanished.

“Who wants to go first,” he asked. “Sue you’re oldest, you first. Hop down, Elsie, good girl. Sue turn round and face me. Sit astride my legs. Good now shuffle towards me, then lean back, rest your shoulders on my knees. Great. Now lift your feet up and rest them on my shoulders. Now part your knees for me, so I can see inside you.” He looked down and gasped, as her whole pudenda opened up as he watched. He brought his thumbs up to her labia and prised them even further apart, opening her even more to his gaze. Her deep cleft spread out, the pearlescent mucus of her flowing arousal oozing from her inflamed coral, pink, red and creamy vagina. Several specks of sand were still in there, which he pointed out to Elsie.

“Would you like me to clean those out for you, Sue?” It was a rhetorical question, because his finger was already scooping out the few grains left. He wiped them away with a towel. Sue was beside herself at this point. He’d rubbed her clitoris several times in getting the sand out, and now his finger was inside her entry, she almost came.

“Ok, Sue, drop your feet down and sit up again. Let me check Elsie as well. You know what to do Elsie. The little nine year old couldn’t get into position fast enough, and soon had her feet on his shoulders, as she lay on his legs, with her knees pushed apart as far as she could. Like her sister, several grains of sand were stuck in the greasy, pearlescent mucus of her arousal, but he soon had them wiped away. Like her sister, though, she was trembling with her pent up tension, from his touch. Both girls now wondering what to do about it.

“Are you two OK?” He asked. “You both look a little peaky to me. I think you should come and sit on my knee for a minute, and let me cuddle you, before you go home. Perhaps you got bit hot in the studio. We’ve got half an hour, I think. The girls almost leapt on him, their naked bums pressed to his thighs. Neither of them understood why they felt like this, but both being driven by some force within them, driven by the Golden Lotion. He put one arm around each of them, as they leaned back against him, his hands across their tummies. He almost immediately slipped his fingers down over their firm but pliable mounds, his middle fingers sinking into their yielding clefts. Instantly, he felt the movement as they parted their legs a few inches, their knees nudging into each other.

He continued the slide of his fingers downwards, finding their hot, damp clitties swollen and engorged, poking out from their cowls, like small erections. They jerked at his contact, every nerve in their pussies under tension. Mike was an expert in molesting, arousing and controlling preteen girls. He knew exactly how much he should push them now, and the answer was not quite as far as they wanted him to do right now. So he disappointed them when he pushed his fingers passed their clits, on downwards, feeling the dampness, the slipperiness of their pussies against his fingers, now coated all over his hands, so much were they leaking. He dipped into their vaginas, again making them jerk a little to his touch, but almost immediately, they pushed back against him. He slipped his fingers in and out of them several times, feeling their hymens stretch to his touch each time.

They were breathing in short pants now, and Mike knew it wouldn't be too long. He let them rise slowly over a few minutes, while he worked at their vaginas, selfishly enjoying the feel of them for himself. He eased off one girl, increased the other, then vice versa, keeping them together, at the same state of arousal. He didn't want one cuming first. It needed to be together. The moment arrived, and he knew the instant when to start strumming their clitties quickly and firmly, bringing them to a new peak in a few moments. What happened next was little short of spectacular. Both girls erupted. Their legs kicked out in the air, far apart, as they jerked repeatedly, responding to the cramps of their overwhelming orgasms, in sensations of wonder, beyond their experience, tensing and releasing their muscles in a climax of such pleasure as they'd never imagined in their short lives before. On and on their orgasms continued. Sue squirted cum juice out onto the floor, Elsie released a little urine, which ran down Mike's leg in a warm trickle. So pent up had they become since the lotion had gone into them last night, and their continued inability to relieve themselves since, while in the pool, that it was released in one very long very exhausting discharge of emotion and ultimate muscular pleasure.

Mike knew a lot about little girls and their bodies. He knew they were capable of the full scope and range of pleasures of sex, if given to them in the right way. Children are easily worried. He knew never to push them, always have them wanting, even demanding more. It always paid dividends.

Mike could feel the pulsing of their climaxes against his finger tips, against the sides of his hands, even through his thighs, as they lay on him. Finally they slowed and stopped, remaining still but for the rising and falling of their chests, as they each tried to catch their breath.

"Well girls, that was nice, wasn't it?" said Mike, breaking the silence, trying to make light of what had just happened. "Perhaps we should include that in the programme for your swimming. Well, I suppose I had better clean you both up. We don't want your mum to smell you as you are. She might have something to say about it."

The girls giggled with an embarrassed sound, knowing that what they'd done wouldn't have been approved of by their mother, even if hell froze over. But both girls already knew it wouldn't be the last time, and already hoped it would be repeated very soon. They seemed to enjoy without comment when he brought a warm wet flannel and cleaned up their pussies carefully, wiping away their excretions. "But why," they both thought, "do I feel so horny today?"

They were soon dressed and ready. Mike watched as they climbed over the fence at the bottom of the garden, returning home. They'd return in about an hour or so. Mike went and fixed something to eat while he reviewed the photos of the girls playing on a south sea island beach. He'd let them see them later.

Whiling away the time, he tuned into the hidden camera in the girls' bedroom on the off chance. They'd both gone up, while they waited for Mum to return.

"What do you think, Elz?" asked Sue, "did you have a nice morning?"

"Wow, did I ever," her sister replied. "I'm feeling really horny today, and I don't know why. Did you notice, he made us both cum, just now, and when we did that squeezing exercise, I came then too."

"Yeah," said Sue, "he made it happen both times. At first I wasn't sure, but when we had to squeeze our legs, I felt him touch me with his finger tip. Do you mind him touching you, Elz? If you do, I'll talk to him."

"Oh, no," came the reply, "I liked it. I hope he'll do it some more later, what about you?"

"Yeah, me too, me too. The only thing is Elz, we mustn't seem too keen. He'll think we're sluts, otherwise. If we play our cards right, I think Mike could teach us a lot more than swimming." It was music to his ears. What neither Sue nor Mike realised was that Elsie took her sister's comment about sluts too seriously, and that became a problem later.

= 9 =

Sunday Afternoon
All pretence gone

The girls were chattering away when they climbed back over the fence into Mike's garden. They had enjoyed their morning immensely, and were looking forward to whatever he had planned for the afternoon. Both kept thinking they needed to relieve that itch deep inside them, that just wouldn't go away.

They told him Mum would be out now, until five, but then go out again all evening. Mike decided they needed to put in some serious swim training. So he told them to swim twenty lengths each in freestyle, backstroke and breaststroke. He then told them they would do an easy workout. Afterwards, they had to swim twenty lengths underwater. He told them he would count how many times they came up for air. The target was to only come up ten times. Sue did it in fifteen, Elsie nineteen. He was making them work hard intentionally. First he wanted them fit, and second, the Golden Lotion was working better than usual, and he needed them to cool down a bit.

Finally, he let them play the ball game again. This time, instead of a beach ball, they used a small, soft foam hand ball. He dived in off the side, and took the ball off Sue, before she even knew he was there. She launched after him, but he doubled back, swimming under her, pinching her bottom as he passed. He surfaced as she and Elsie launched their next attack, taking the ball by Sue coming at him in front, Elsie from behind. And so the game continued. This was very tiring for the girls, who couldn't touch the bottom and rest most of

the time, as he kept the play in the deep end. They would be very fit after a few days of this.

At last, he had the ball, and the girls both grabbed him, Sue in front of him, Elsie behind and hung on to him around his neck. They gripped him around his waist with their legs, hanging on tight. He walked them towards the shallow end of the pool. Elsie grabbed the ball, and swam off with it, but Sue hung on. As he rose in the shallows, she slipped down him, and almost immediately felt his hard, erect cock press into her pudendum. She moved her bum back a fraction and forward, feeling his crown press now into the entry to her vagina. Their eyes locked, neither sure what to do. Suddenly the ball hit Mike on the side of the head, breaking the spell, sending him after the ball, before Elsie got there.

Sue remained standing in the shallows, watching Mike. A new realisation flowing through her. Her pussy was tingling in a way that almost drove her mad, and in the last minute, she had realised a way to stop it. But she didn't know how she could make Mike do it to her. She would have to talk to Elz. She would have to agree to do it too.

They had been in the pool over two hours. Mike felt he had worked them hard enough for one day. "OK," he said, at last, "time to get out now. You've both worked really hard and I am very pleased with you. Shall we go inside for an ice cream? I'll show you the results of the last photo shoot we did. I think they came out really well."

The girls had a quick shower after Mike, and as they stepped out, walked over to him to have their backs dried. He quickly rubbed them down, and dried their hair, enjoying their, now regular, sitting of their pussies on his knees. He stood, saying he would go and plug in his laptop, and they could come through when they were ready. They watched as he walked to the door, clad in his towel, turned, and tossed it onto the chair. The girls glanced at one another. They had seen him naked in the pool, but this was the first time, other than in the shower, he'd been naked in the house. After Mike left, Sue had a quick word with Elsie, and explained what she wanted. "I dunno, Sooz," murmured Elsie. "What would Mum say?"

"I think you already know the answer to that one Elz, but it's something I have to do. Maybe not today or even tomorrow, but soon. I can't stand this feeling I keep getting, you know, down there. But I need you to go along with it too. Would you?" She saw the doubt in Elsie's face. "Think about it, please Elsie?"

"OK, I'll think about it, but like you said before, we mustn't seem like sluts." They went out to join Mike in the sitting room. He was sitting in the middle of the settee, the computer on his lap, hiding his nakedness.

"Right," he said, brightly, "firstly, here are the pictures of you on the beach."

Immediately the first photo appeared, the girls both took a sharp intake of breath, because there they were, in swimsuits that were so revealing, it would have been less erotic if they had been naked. Sue in the white one-piece looked as though she was wearing cling film, which apart from being almost transparent, stuck to her form as though she had been painted with it, rather than wearing it. But the costume split her labia, forcing them outwards, bulging under the pressure. Elsie's pussy and bum were both visible, because

the tiny blue panties only came half way up her mons and bottom. But even the hidden part showed off the deepest sexiest camel toe possible.

Apart from the odd photo, which displayed the whole scene with the sandcastle and it's builders, every picture seemed to be a close up of the girls pussies, boobs and bums.

"I don't think we should show these to my mum," quipped Elsie, with a grin, "She might get the wrong idea"

"She might get the right idea, you mean" responded Sue with a laugh.

"Do you mind if I ask you a question, Mike?" said Elsie with an open faced expression.

"Not at all," Mike retorted. "Fire away."

"Are you a peedeyfile?" she asked. "You know, one of those men who likes little girls more than someone older." Mike blinked at her directness

"Have I ever done something you don't like, or not want me to do?" he asked.

"No, of course not," she replied quickly. "You've only done things I like."

"So you didn't mind when I touched you before and made you feel nice?" he asked.

"Of course not....." she started.

"Or let you slide your self up and down my knee because your pussy felt itchy when I dried your hair."

"No, I....." she tried again.

"Or let you touch my cock when we were in the pool, playing ball, and you didn't think I felt it."

"No, that's not what I wanted to say," she protested.

"OK," he offered, "what did you want to say?"

"Well Mum says peedeyfiles are dangerous and should be locked up," she stated.

"And what do you think," he asked reasonably, "now that you know me? Have I done anything to frighten you? Or, forced you? Or made you do something you didn't want to?"

"No, I suppose not," she said.

"Can I ask you something, Mike?" asked Sue.

"Sure, poppet, what is it?" he asked.

"Do you want to do stuff to us," she stated, "you know, make out and, you know, do stuff?"

"Would you want me to, Sue?" he asked, already knowing she was desperate to do exactly that.

"Maybe," she said in as innocent a tone as she could muster, "it depends, I suppose. I just wondered, that's all."

Mike let the conversation drop there, knowing more would be said in time. He also knew that unless Elsie came round, Sue might hold out, despite how horny he knew she felt. He also knew there were two more applications of the Golden Lotion to go yet. Time was on his side.

"What would you two like to do now?" he asked, changing the subject. "Your mum won't be home for another hour and a half. You can go back in the pool, do some modelling for me, order in some pizza and watch a movie, or go home early."

Elsie surprised him, though when she said: "Could you show us all the naughty pictures you've taken of us since yesterday, Mike. I'd like to see those. Can we have some more ice cream, while we watch them?" The girls scampered off into the kitchen to get another tub of strawberry Häagen-Dazs ice cream, while he clicked the mouse a couple times, selecting the files to show. They included the hidden camera shots when they were punished yesterday, looking up through the paving slabs, and their workout. Some close up underwater photographs, and finally, the set, when they sat on his knee in the utility room, as he masturbated them, and their subsequent spectacular orgasms. As they came and sat down either side of him, he clicked slideshow, and let the show run. He put the laptop on the coffee table and leaned back. Both girls were almost as aware of his huge erection, as they were of the salacious scenes flashing up on the screen.

It was Elsie, who again surprised him, when she cuddled into his side, her hands around his waist, before she said, "I do like you, Mike. Please don't stop what you've been doing to us, I like it really. I just don't know how far I want it to go....yet." What he didn't know was the short but frank words Sue had said to her, when they went into the kitchen. He felt the tension go out of her, as he put his arm around her like he'd done before. Sue also cuddled into him, when she felt his strong arm encircle her once more. She didn't know how much longer she could hold out. She was really cross when Elsie started asking those questions. For a moment, she thought Mike was going to ask them to go home. She'd had to speak to Elz in the kitchen, quite firmly.

It was Elsie, who once more surprised Mike, while the slideshow continued. She'd been clasping his hand with both of hers, as it rested on her naked tummy. Casually, she pushed his hand down over her mound, moved her knees apart, and pressed his fingers into her pussy. Sue had seen the movement, and smiled to herself. Elsie had finally got the message. She too pushed her hands down, taking his with them, opening herself to his searching fingers, pressing him to her, her arousal becoming almost more than she could cope with.

The sensational photographs, the Golden Lotion and Mike's now gentle, almost featherlike, caressing of their clitties took Sue to a new level. She finally couldn't control herself, any further. The Rubicon was crossed. Without turning her head away from the

screen, she reached across, and grasped Mike's cock. Her palm and fingers fully enclosed his crown, gripping him surprisingly hard.

He turned to look at her. Seeing him move, she faced him, looking into his eyes, a half smile appearing on her beautiful face, framed with her long blond hair. He leaned forward and kissed her on her forehead. She beamed at him, her skin seeming to burn where they'd touched.

They all settled back to watch the photo sets and video clips. Mike gently masturbated the two little girls, being careful not to be too vigorous, or make them cum too soon. Despite this, he felt Sue pulse on his finger several times, as she gently climaxed in a petite release of her pent up desire. Elsie seemed, unaware of her sister's condition, in a world of her own ecstasy, as her arousal grew higher and higher. She realised she'd been silly earlier, upset Mike and annoyed Sue. She would apologise to Sue later, and show Mike how she really felt about it. She hadn't meant her words to sound so harsh, but as this very intelligent child knew, once said, words cannot be unsaid. Yes, of course he was a pedo, she'd realised that nearly from the start, the way he'd looked at her, but with the way she felt inside, it suited her well enough. She knew he wanted to fuck them both, but she wasn't sure about that yet. In the meantime, she would take whatever pleasure he would give her.

Mike's relationship with the two little children had evolved as the day had progressed and the Golden Lotion had slowly taken effect inside them. It was more overt now, and there was little pretence in what he was doing and where it would probably lead.

The pictures on the big screen had now changed to the sequence from the day before, when they were being punished. The two cameras pointing up from beneath the flag stones, as the girls had exercised above, had produced some of the most erotic hidden camera photos possible. When the full screen shots of their pussies opening and closing came up, Mike felt both girls move against his fingers, trying to increase the pressure and pleasure they got.

They started to breath in shorter pants now, like they'd been running. Suddenly, Mike felt a second hand grab the shaft of his cock beneath Sue's fist, still grasping his crown. All pretence from the little girl abandoned. It was only a few seconds later that he felt them tense up. He'd felt it a thousand times before in hundreds of girls, and in moments, they fell into their orgasmic climaxes, their calls of ecstasy and moans of desire and gasps for air mingling together. Without even knowing they did it, the girls, grasping his cock tightly in their fists, moved their hands up and down him, making Mike cum at that moment too. Sue's hand was covering his crown, and as he exploded into her palm, all his semen was contained, as he pulsed and pulsed his blissful ecstasy. Both girls knew what was happening, as they felt his cock swell massively every couple of seconds in their hands, both now feeling his semen running between their fingers, in it's warm, wet, slippery, lubricious journey down his cock, which they had suddenly both come to desire. It was very carnal, very animalistic. This was not passionate, but very much licentious. Each of them taking their pleasure in their own self gratification.

Calm slowly came upon them, as their pulses slowed below one hundred. This time, however, there wasn't any embarrassment, no uncomfortable looks. The girls knew something special had just occurred. Mike had cum all over their hands as they

themselves had cum in the most intense orgasm of their short lives. Sue was the first to move, and brought her hand in front of her face to study it. She carefully smelled it and rubbed her fingers together, feeling its texture. But what stunned Mike was when she tentatively stuck her tongue out, and tasted it. He held his breath, waiting to see her reaction. She smiled up at him, before licking it again, savouring it, pondering. She stunned him again, when she then put her fingers into her mouth one at a time, and sucked them clean.

Elsie, watched, fascinated, as her sister made a noisy meal of Mike's semen, as she slurped away at her hand. Eventually, Sue turned to Elsie, pointing at her semen covered hand and asked: "If you don't want that, I'll have it," as if she was talking about the last slice of delicious pie at a family meal.

"No," replied Elsie, "as you obviously enjoy the taste, I thought I might give it a try." Like Sue, at first, she dabbed her tongue into the glutinous pool in the palm of her hand. She looked blank for a moment, before doing it again, as if unsure and then brought her palm to her open mouth and sucked the semen in. Mike could see, as she took her hand away, a long string of mucus stretched from her lips to her hand, now a couple of feet away. Both girls looked at Mike's cock at the same time, the same thought occurring. They looked into each other's eyes, and as if a word had been said, they both leaned in to lick the semen from his, still, tumescent cock. In moments, they were going at it like two starving animals fighting for the last scrap of food. But it was Elsie who made the final play, when she opened her mouth and sucked Mike's crown right into her mouth. He could feel her tongue rubbing all round his rim and underneath, as if she'd done this a hundred times before. He was amazed..

At last, they both sat up, and leaned into his side once more, as if nothing had happened.

"Have you heard about the new Lion King movie?" Elz, asked Sue. "Disney have just released it. Could we watch that when we come back after dinner, Mike?"

"Sure we can," he said "would you like to do some more photos for me as well?"

"OK," said Sue, "do you want us to bring round some special things to model for you?"

"Yes," he said, immediately, "bring your school uniforms."

"Why do you want us to wear those?" asked a bemused Elsie.

"I don't," he smirked, "I want to photograph you taking them off for me. Would you do that?"

Sue and Elsie glanced at each other for a moment, before grinning and nodding at him. "You're a real perv," said Sue, with a grin, "you know that?"

"Yes I know," he grinned back, "we suit each other very well, don't you think. Anyway, it's time you got home, your mum will be back soon."

It was six o'clock, when the tap on the door came, followed by the girls walking in before Mike could get to open it. They raided his fridge and grabbed another Häagen-Dazs ice cream, but lemon flavoured, this time. Mike stood transfixed, though, because both girls had come round already wearing their school uniforms. They were identical to Sammy's. He'd not thought to find out which school they went to. They each wore a purple 'V' neck jumper, over a white shirt, top button undone, regulation school tie hanging loose, like all kids, and a pleated skirt in blue and green, which came to a couple of inches above their knees, below which were a pair of white calf length socks under black regulation shoes.

Mike had the movie set up ready to play. The girls sat down on the settee, either side of him in their, now, habitual positions, cuddling into his sides. They enjoyed the new movie, and apart from a nature break half way through, watched it without interruption.

As the closing credits played, Mike said: "I have just realised, we have a small problem, girls." They both looked at him, puzzled. "The studio is still a beach. I need to bag the sand up, before we can use it for anything else. I'll do it first thing in the morning. Do you want to do another beach shoot instead? We can do the school uniform striptease tomorrow, if you like."

They looked a little disenchanted, they'd practiced a couple of moves, in their bedroom while they'd waited for Mum to leave for church. Mike seeing the disappointment in their faces said: "I'll tell you what, after the shoot, to make up for it, I'll let you both play with a special surprise toy I've got."

"What is it?" asked Elsie, excitedly.

"I can't tell you," he grinned, "it wouldn't be a surprise then, would it."

"What would you like us to wear on the beach, Mike," asked Sue. "We already put on those uncomfortable swimsuits you had. I don't want to wear that again."

"Where would you like the beach to be this time?" Mike asked. "Do you want it in England, or somewhere deserted, or a crowded beach in the sun. What would you like?"

"How about a resort in the Mediterranean?" asked Sue.

"I know," said Mike, "we could go to a resort I visited a couple of years ago in Croatia. It's a naturist resort. I'll bring some pictures up of the place." He clicked the mouse a few times, and up on the screen appeared a beach, with several families in the background. There were children playing in the water and sand and chasing each other around the place, having fun.

"They're all bare," commented Elsie. "They're not wearing anything."

"That's right," he confirmed. It's a naturist resort. No one wears any clothes there at all. It's a lovely feeling of freedom. A bit like how you feel, when you're swimming here without a costume. You must go and try it. Perhaps if your mum lets you come with me, I'll take you." The girls both rolled their eyes, knowing that wouldn't happen any time soon.

"Alright," said Sue, "we'll dig sandcastles on the beach in the nuddy then." Both girls giggled.

"But let's not waste the trouble you've taken in putting on your uniforms," Mike said, with a smirk. "Why not do a dress rehearsal striptease for me now? We'll film the real thing tomorrow. What do you say?"

Both girls laughed at Mike's lascivious expression, unable to conceal his lust.

Sue looked at Elsie and taking her phone out of her pocket, pressed an icon, bringing up a very tinny recording of the stripper music. The girls stood side by side, and started to sway to the tempo of the music for a few seconds. Then, they both pulled their ties up over their heads and swung them around on the end of a finger, before sending them flying into Mike's lap. Next, the buttons of their blouses seemed to undo at lightning speed together, and before Mike knew it, the garments were slipping slowly down their arms, before being swung around their heads, also landing in Mike's lap. They surprised him, though, when instead of moving to the next piece of clothing, they both brought their fingers up to their nipples, and squeezed them between their fingers and thumbs, making them pucker up in a sexy, little girl display. Their shoes and socks went next, the shoes almost hitting Mike's balls, and then the buckles at the side of their waists went, their skirts making the pile on his lap even higher. It was just their panties now, and Mike was leaning forward in anticipation, no pretence of what this was really all about. Finally as the last sequence of music played, they turned their backs on him, hooked the thumbs into the elastic waist bands, swept them down and off their feet, bending double now, moving their feet wide apart, letting their peach shaped pudenda peep out between their thighs. Then as the music came to an end, they brought their fingers up and pulled their pussies wide open, right in front of Mike's face. It was a stunning performance, and his applause and praise told them so.

"Well done girls," he said warmly, "I'm looking forward to filming that dance tomorrow. It was really sexy. Shall we go and play in the sand now."

They walked through to the studio, where Mike's cameras and lights, were all ready to go. The girls suddenly stood still, arms folded, looking at him.

"What?" He asked, "Go on, out with it!"

"Didn't you say this was a naturist resort?" asked Elsie, "Everyone goes nude?" He nodded in reply. "Well, then, why've you got clothes on then?"

He laughed, as he stripped off, watched closely by the pair of preteen imps, keen to see if he'd got another erection.

The sandcastle they'd built before was still there, so they just carried on extending and elaborating it. Mike spent a lot of time zooming into their bottoms, when they were bending over, with their thighs far apart. He noticed, though, that both girls kept squatting down, to show him their open pussies, or angled themselves so he could see into their bottoms. Nothing was hidden, and as the nude sequences continued, they showed off their bodies, like experienced professionals, to him. They themselves were so wet with arousal, every

time they sat on the sand, their cavities filled with it, sticking to the greasy moisture, like iron filings to a magnet.

He had a raging, painful, woody, dripping pre-cum on the studio floor in long strands. Every time he turned, it waved around, more web like strands running down from it. The atmosphere was charged with sexual tension. As the shoot came to a close, Mike thought he would push the boundaries a little further and asked them to lie on their backs, spread their legs, and open their pussies for him, like they'd done the previous day during the punishment. There was only a moment hesitation, before the girls were in his favourite pose. They all knew this very openly sexual situation they found themselves, was going to develop further in the next day or two. And none of them regretted that possibility.

With their sweat and arousal running between their legs, by the time the session ended, they were covered in sand, sticking to, and into them. It was obvious they needed a shower. Mike had said he would go and find the two special toys, he'd promised them, while they went and had their shower. When he returned, they were standing, wrapped in the big fluffy towels waiting for him. He quickly rubbed them down, and dried them off.

“Come into the sitting room,” he invited, I’ll set the photos running in the naturist resort for you. By the time he’d got it ready, they appeared, and sat on the settee. “Right this time, girls, I want you to lie down. Put your heads on my lap, if you like, your feet away from me.” They were in position in moments, lying slightly on their sides, so they could see the screen. He clicked the slideshow to start.

“Here are your presents, girls,” he explained, “because you’ve tried so hard all day. Let me show you how they work.” He pulled a standard vibrator from behind his back, and held it up to show them. Sue knew what it was, although Elsie didn’t. He flicked the switch, and they could hear a low buzzing sound. He pulled the second toy out from behind him, identical to the first, and handed it to Sue. She switched it on, and as he placed the tip to Elsie’s clitoris, Sue did the same to hers. Both girls tensed up instantly, stimulated, unexpectedly, intensely. Both girls very quickly got the hang of how to pleasure themselves with the little toys, and judging by their movements and moans, it wouldn’t be very long, before their climaxes arrived. Even Mike was surprised just how soon, and just how intensely. The air was filled with:

“Nnnggghhhh, aaahhhhhhhh, ooohhh, yyyeeeessss, jeeeeeeeessss, fuuuuucccckkkk, there, yes there, ohgodddd, ooohhh, nnnggghhhh,” as their orgasms flowed through and over their preteen bodies.

At last it was over. They had enjoyed yet another orgasm on this day of many orgasms. They were sated, completely. They didn’t know it yet, but they were shattered and ready to go to bed. Mike wondered if they would complete their homework later.

“Right we need to make sure you don’t have any sand still sticking to you inside,” I’d better check. This time there was no hesitancy, as they both, still lying on the settee on their backs, lifted their legs up, back and outwards, tucking their feet behind their shoulders, before pulling their pussies open. At a glance, he could see they both had sand stuck inside them. He grabbed a towel, before saying:

"Who's first," he asked the rhetorical question, as he plunged his tongue straight into Sue's pussy, catching her off guard, sending her immediately into another pinnacle of pleasure. She grabbed his hair and tried to push his face harder into her, trying to extract every ounce of gratification she could, as he pushed his tongue again and again against her barrier, which they both now knew would be gone this time tomorrow. He allowed her to slow, and pulling away, looked into her. He wiped the towel into her open vagina, clearing the last traces of evidence that she'd been playing on the naturist beach.

Mike sat up, and looked at Elsie. She knew what was coming, what to expect, and gave him a slight nod of acquiescence. He plunged his tongue straight into her, as he had her sister. It took a few seconds more, but she too quickly rose to new heights, as he rubbed his tongue back and forth across her hymen, her clitoris, her bum hole and back again. He especially spent time on her bum, knowing what he was going to do to her in a few hour's time. She too crashed into her orgasm, moaning out her pleasure, her delectation, until, at last, she pushed his head away, gratified, fulfilled, just the panting of her breaths breaking the silence. Mike wiped the sand from his tongue with the towel and removed the last traces from her cavities .

He looked at his watch and gasped. Time was short, but he needed to get the drug into them before they left, so he sounded casual when he asked: "What would you like to drink, chocolate, orange, semen?" They both laughed at his silly joke and settled on chocolate. He prepared it, putting in the same dose as the previous night.

"Don't forget your homework," he reminded them. "You use the squeeze ball, tonight Sue, and you the pen and clench exercise, Elsie, OK?" They both nodded. They were getting tired now, and Mike soon escorted them home to their back door. When he returned, he went to his laptop, and tuned into their bedroom hidden camera. They were stripping off.

"What did you think, Elz," asked Sue. She didn't have to elaborate, they both knew what she was talking about.

"God it felt nice Sooz," came the reply, as she wiped the Vaseline off her fingers and shoved the Sharpie pen into her anus. "I gotta do that again."

"Elz," came the loaded question, Mike had been waiting for, "if I let Mike, you know, fuck me tomorrow, would you be willing to do it too?"

"I dunno," replied Elsie, "as I already told you, I like what he's doing, but he hasn't pushed it further. Perhaps he doesn't want to yet."

"He wants to alright," said Sue with conviction, "he just hasn't forced us, or pushed us against our will. So what do you think?"

"I'll see how I feel tomorrow or Tuesday. But Sooz, you do it tomorrow, if you want to, I won't mind, or say anything." There was silence, while the girls did their exercises. Eventually, Elsie called out, "I got a problem here Sooz. I can't get the pen out. Could you have a look for me?"

Sue leaned over her sister, pulling her bottom open as far as she could. "I can just see the end of it, Elz. Looks like you pushed it further when you went to pull it out. I'll try.....no, it's no good, I can't get a grip on it, I'm just pushing it in further still."

"What will I do?" asked Elsie plaintively.

"I know," said Sue, "take one of those laxative tablets Mum gives us when we can't go. It will work by the morning and make you go about the time we wake up. That'll push it out alright."

"Oh, OK, that's a good idea, Sooz, you're a great sister," said Elsie, as she went to the bathroom to find the tablets.

Margaret had texted to say she would be back at nine thirty, and when her car pulled up, instead of heading into her house, she knocked on Mike's door.

"Hello, Margaret," he greeted her. "Would you like a nightcap? I'm just about to have one myself."

She nodded and sat down on the settee. Mike hoped all the semen, pre-cum and little girl arousal juices had been cleaned off, and that the room didn't still smell as if an orgy had taken place in here, half an hour ago with her two naked daughters.

She accepted the gin and tonic he handed her. The little pill in it wouldn't kick in until about the same time as the girls' ones.

"So to what do I owe this pleasure?" he asked.

"I just came round to say thank you for being discreet. You know what I'm talking about," she said, looking him in the eye, taking a sip of her gin.

"He's a very special man, you know, the reverend," she said, trying to convince herself almost as much as him. "You see, I'm a sinner, and he knows how to purge sin from people like me."

"I understand exactly what you mean," he replied, remembering the beating the Reverend had given her.

"You do?" she asked, "that's wonderful. You see, I know I'm a very naughty girl, and the Reverend punishes me when I need it. But, I was wondering if you would be willing to help me. I like being punished, err I mean I need to be punished when I have sinned."

Mike decided this conversation had gone on long enough. He'd seen how she liked to be punished. Neither she, nor that type of BDSM was up his street at all. He knew people looked on pedos with despair and harsh judgement at their desires towards little girls, but in his book, it was nowhere nearly as perverted as what he'd seen her doing with the Rev Fuckup, the previous night.

"Let me think on it, Margaret. Remember Alex is my partner, and I expect she'll be home any day now."

"Oh," was her disappointed response, "OK give it some thought. You know where I am if you change your mind."

They went on to talk about the swimming lessons and how they were progressing. When he looked at his watch, meaningfully, an hour had passed. She took the hint, and soon headed home and to bed.

= 11 =

Early hours, Monday

Mike entered the house a little after midnight. He already knew who was in the house, but he always took the precaution of wearing the black cat suit and mask, just-in-case. He bolted both outside doors and climbed the stairs. Looking in on Margaret, he checked she was asleep. Her snore suggested she was, a pinch on her Achilles heel confirmed it.

Closing her door and entering the girls' room, he listened a moment. He then made sure the curtains were shut fully and lifting the corner of their bedding, like the night before, pinched their heels, making sure they were out cold. He then switched on the light and stripped off his clothing. He opened the zip on his bag, and pulled out the various items he needed, laying them on the bedside table, between the girls. Next, he removed and rolled up the duvets covering the girls, placing them on the chair, again noting which was which. Turning back to them, he realised, unlike last night, neither was wearing any pyjamas, only panties. But not only that, the panties they both wore were tiny threadbare ones, ready for the bin. They seemed to accentuate the otherwise naked girls, rather than cover them. Their mother obviously economised when it came to her daughters' nightwear. He ran his fingers over each girls' mounds, feeling the thin cotton press into their clefts, enjoying their shape. Just so erotic.

He stood and gripping Sue's waistband, pulled them down under her bum and legs. Like last night, he then took hold of her ankles, and spread her legs apart, until her knees were hanging over the edge of the bed. She was in a one hundred and eighty degree splits. Crawling onto the bed, on his front, he worked his way up to her, on his elbows, until his face was just an inch away from her pussy. He leaned in, his nose just touching her cleft, and inhaled, long and slow. He repeated it, and again, savouring her wonderful little girl musk, her unique preteen odour, which was lost after puberty. He pulled her vagina carefully open with his thumbs, watching as she peeled apart, her mucus, from her earlier arousal still thick inside her, strands of which stretched across her widening gap, as he pulled her open as far as possible.

Her taste, as he got his tongue right into her, was utterly exquisite. It compared with nothing else on earth. When he savoured all little girls' flavour, he simply could not understand why every single man in the world wasn't a pedo. Perhaps they were, and good at hiding it. More likely, they'd simply never had the opportunity. He was glad he'd shoved a small hand towel under him, as he lay on the bed, because his cock was flooding pre-cum now.

Tonight, though, was Elsie's night, so after five minutes of oral molestation of the beautiful Sue's cunt, he got off the bed, and stood over her sister, looking down and admiring her. Last night, he'd buggered Sue, by getting her in a crouched kneeling position. Tonight, he

had other ideas for Elsie. It was a bit of a trick, though, but he was in no hurry. And sometimes he found the more trouble he went to, the better the results. In his pack, were some very long webbing straps with loops at one end. He pulled out a couple and taking one, looped the end over one of her feet. He did the same with the second strap on her other foot. He then passed both the ends, from each side, under the bed and passed the loose ends up and across her naked body. Next, he got onto the bed lifted her legs up and back, bending them further and further away, until her knees touched her pillow, either side of her head. He then took the slack in on the straps, and tied the ends off on her legs, just above the knee. The strap fixed to her left foot was thus tied to her right knee and the right leg to her left. So as he tightened up each strap, it pulled her feet and legs further and further outwards and upwards.

By the time he'd adjusted the tension a few times, she was trussed up like a turkey. Her knees were a foot away, either side of her ears, her lower back curved upwards, so her bottom stuck pointing up into the air. Her pudendum was parted so far, there was almost no cleft remaining, of her bottom or pussy. Her vagina was a gaping hole, her hymen stretched wide, it's membrane tight, pale in colour under the tension, the little hole near it's centre also pulled open. Had she been awake, it would certainly have been in a very uncomfortable position.

Mike looked down at the child, so young, so small, so vulnerable, so beautiful, so very fuckable. She was ready. Mike, though had one more duty to perform, before he enjoyed himself. The Golden Lotion needed applying.

He climbed off the bed, and pulled the polythene bag out of the pack. He lifted out the plastic tube, dropper bottle and a clean long cotton bud, together with a tube of KY Jelly. He moved over to Sue, and found the hole in her hymen had dilated considerably since he'd spread her out, and although he smeared some KY on the leading few inches of the tube, he found it slid into her with no resistance at all, feeling it bump into her end, about five inches in. He then dipped the cotton bud in the Lotion, and pushed it into the tube, further and further. He knew he'd got her G spot, when she lurched upwards, her bottom lifting off the bed a good inch or two. He rolled the cotton bud around, ensuring she had a good coating. He knew, in her case, it had worked very quickly. She might not need all three doses if she carried on like she had today. Elsie on the other hand had strongly resisted the urges the Lotion had inflicted on her. Mike had seen it before with other girls. Sometimes they needed four doses. It had never failed yet, in the end.

Pulling the tube from her, he moved back to Elsie. He sat and admired her body and the position she was bound up in, before pushing the tube in through the little hole in her hymen. Again, like with Sue, it slipped in easily, bumping into her end at last. Taking the cotton bud, he dipped the dry end into the fluid and pushed it down the tube, again seeing her jerk, as it hit the sensitive spot on her cervix. To make sure, though, he pulled it out, dipped it in the Lotion again and then back into her. He pulled the plastic tube out a fraction, then pushed the cotton bud in further, feeling it nudge into her softness, and rolled it around, swivelling the angle of the tube at the same time, thus ensuring she had a thick and generous coating all over where she needed it most. Job done, he put his items back in the polybags and into the pack. Reaching into the pack, he pulled out a pair of medical forceps, and dropped them onto the bed beneath Elsie's bottom.

Time for action. He got onto the bed, and knelt down, his knees either side of her hips, his cock almost under the small of her back. He looked down at her bum, and prised her anus apart. Being in the position she was, she was almost fully dilated anyway. He squinted into her, and could just see the end of the Sharpie pen, a good inch inside her. He picked up the forceps, and pushed them carefully into her, until he felt them bump into the pen. He then opened them up, pushing in further at the same time. He could now see the pen more clearly. The tips of the forceps went in about another inch, before he stopped. He then put his fingers into the holes and squeezed the forceps, feeling them grip the pen, before pulling it slowly and carefully. As it cleared her anus, he took hold of it with his fingers, and pulled it out. He held it up for inspection, looking at the brown greasy marks along its length, the warmth of it, the gorgeous smell, as he brought it to his nose, relishing her tart odour. He placed the pen on the bedside table, and dropped the forceps back into his bag. He pushed his middle finger into her rectum, judging her dilation and lubrication. She was still coated in the Vaseline, but needed a little extra. He picked up the KY Jelly, unscrewed the lid, popped it into her and squeezed. Putting the lid back on, he tossed it into his bag. He was ready.

His cock couldn't have been harder, as he leaned in and bent it to her tiny, but dilated asterisk shaped anus. He pressed into her, amazed when his crown popped straight in. She'd been loosened up well by the pen, it would seem. Mike simply kept the pressure up and watched, transfixed, as his cock sank deeper and deeper into the child. She was much tighter than her sister had been. Fuck, she was tight. He loved 'em tight. He hit bottom, literally. Pausing a moment, savouring the exquisite feel of his cock being squeezed seven and a half inches up the rectum of this beautiful blond nine year old.

Mike pulled back a couple of inches, and pushed in once more, and back out, five inches, this time, and in again, building pace and scope. God how he loved buggering little girls. They were so tight, so soft, just perfect. He upped his pace more, really getting into this. She had resisted him, and he wanted to rape her pretty bum, before she offered herself willingly, as he knew she soon would. His crown was now popping out of her each time, before he slammed back into her, smacking loudly against her bottom. By now, his hips were swinging back and forth fast, his cock so hard, pistonning in and out of her, his balls swinging back and forth, slapping against her lower back. But he soon felt the signs in his prostate, and sure enough, he knew it would be a biggy, as he felt the pressure charge up his shaft and into her. He held himself pressed as deep into her as possible, as he blasted again and again into her bowels. He finally stopped, his semen still spurting into her in small diminishing pulses, until his dry pulses at last ended. Still he remained pressed hard to her, enjoying her warmth, softness, and her vulnerability, which he'd abused.

As soon as he finally pulled out of her, she let out a long, loud, wet fart, as her bowels partly deflated, from the pumping he'd given her. He took his small towel, and wiped her up, although there wasn't a lot to clean. His semen was still far inside her. He grabbed the Sharpie pen, and pushed it back into her rectum, but leaving just enough for her to be able to grip in the morning. He quickly released the bindings holding her legs in such a widely spread position. Getting off the bed, becoming business like, he slipped their panties back on, lay them in the positions he'd found them in, and replaced the duvets. As he always did, he dressed again in his black cat suit and mask, just in case, and making sure everything was as it should be, left the house.

Monday Morning

Trouble Looms & Sue Succumbs

The following morning, Mike took his morning run, just after dawn, then bagged the silver sand, taking it back to the garage, and tidied up the studio. Next he checked the gynaecologists inspection table, and moved it away from the wall. He found a small cushion for the table and placed it at the head end. He then went outside and cleaned the pool, nipped to the local 24/7 supermarket for supplies and had breakfast by the pool by 8 o'clock. He heard the commotion next door, as Margaret told the girls to do their chores and she'd be back for lunch at one. She was off to the women's group at church.

It was only a matter of minutes later that he heard the chit chat of their voices, as they walked down their garden. They soon appeared at his fence, and hopped over.

"Hi, Mike," they said in unison. Clearly they were both in very good moods. "How are you today?"

"I'm very well, thank you, and looking forward to whatever you two are going to do for me today." The innuendo wasn't missed by the two preteens, who grinned. "And, how are you both? You up for the challenges of the day, Sue? Your bum not too sore Elsie?" She winced at the reminder. First thing this morning, she'd had to dash for the loo. She'd pulled the Sharpie out as she sat, just in time, as the laxative took violent affect. She sat there idly for several minutes, as her bowels had emptied. She'd looked down at the pen, turning it in her hand, wondering why it was all slippery and dripping with white gooey stuff. It vaguely reminded her of semen, which she'd only seen for the first time the previous day.

"This morning girls," he said, "I want you to do twenty lengths to warm up first, then we'll do a short workout, before you do some training lengths for me, including some underwater. After that we'll play a ball game, then have a break. OK?" The girls were already undressing as he spoke. Elsie was one side of the glass topped table, Sue the other. They were almost naked, now. Mike was standing behind Elsie, as she bent to undo her shoes. He was just admiring her bum, as she suddenly farted loudly. Even from here, Mike could see her orifice vibrate with the trumpet sound.

She jumped up, blushing at him, her hand on her mouth. "Sorry," she said, "it's been happening all morning. Dunno what's caused it."

Mike grinned, "It's OK, Elz, you nearly got me in the eye." They all laughed. "I'm going to film you again, when you do your lengths," he stated. "I want to see how you've improved over the last couple of days." The work of the day started in earnest.

They were just starting on the warm-up lengths, when Mike's phone rang. Call identity: 'Harry'. "Hi Harry, what's up?" Mike enquired. Harry never made social calls in work hours.

"We may have a problem with Bollockov," Harry responded. "We had him covered. He and his two goons were prowling around following Alex's trail. They must have had inside information, again, Mike, because we had to pull them out of the new safe house yesterday morning. It's the first time the place has been used. I had to put them up at my place last night. Katrin slept well though, you'll be glad to know." Mike and Harry were old

friends, having shared a flat together, in which Harry still lived. They also shared an interest in young girls. Knowing the service's phone calls were all monitored and recorded, they had a code between them for certain messages. Harry had just told Mike he'd fucked Katrin last night. Mike was a little surprised though, because Harry's tastes were usually for much younger girls. He was into toddlers especially, certainly nothing over six. "Anyway," he continued, "they can't stay here, Mike. Alex's debrief is more or less done, now. It's too dangerous for them to stay. They'll have to come to you later today. Hide them where no one knows. There's definitely a leak somewhere, Mike. I'll tell Eagle Eyed Industries you're on special assignment for us." Mike was alarmed, because the only person who knew all the details, other than himself, was Harry. Someone either had access to his laptop, which he knew didn't contain all the information, or there was a leak from Harry's office.

"Put 'em on a train tonight, Harry. I'll send you details by Whatsapp. At least that's encrypted." The call ended. Mike cradled the phone for a few moments, while he pondered over what Harry had said. He clicked on the icon, brought up the train timetable and selected a suitable train time. He messaged Harry, with the details. Harry acknowledged in seconds.

"How you getting on girls?" he asked brightly, his mind, though, still churning over the events in London. "Let's start your proper training, now." He picked up the camera and filmed them as they commenced their lengths of the pool, filming their movements and racing turns. After the twenty lengths, they changed to backstroke, and likewise, he filmed them. Finally for the breaststroke, he used the waterproof cover for the camera, stripped off, and got in the pool with them. He stood in the middle, focussing on them, underwater recording their every move. "OK," he said, "ten minute break in the hut."

They all got out and sat on the wooden bench seat inside the hut. Mike placed the laptop on the small table, inserted the SD card and they watched the recording. "There, look see," he pointed at Sue's bum dimple. You've cracked it. Well done. And here, Elsie, you're reaching much better, excellent." They moved on into the breaststroke recording. "Again, well done both of you," he praised. "You have really straightened those legs Elsie. You can always tell when it's being done right."

"How can you tell, Mike?" asked Elsie innocently.

"Your pussy opens and closes much more than before."

There was a second or two's pause, before they all burst out laughing.

Elsie sat there, laughing with the others. She had woken this morning with two strong feelings burning within her. Firstly her bum was burning, like she'd eaten a really, really hot chilli the night before. It was on fire. She was puzzled how the Sharpie pen, which she'd pushed too far in to pull out last night, was almost half out of her, this morning. How had that happened?

Secondly, her pussy was burning. She was so aroused, she could hardly stand up. As soon as she'd woken, she'd had to masturbate vigorously. When she'd finished, she already wanted to do it again. As they sat on the bench, she couldn't help herself from staring at Mike's cock. It had taken an attractiveness on, which she'd never noticed the

day before, or at least, not to such an extent. She was glad they were all wet from the pool, because she could feel the damp flowing out of her pussy. Sue had already told her, when she too was playing with herself, first thing, she intended to make a move on Mike. The way Elsie felt now, she might well do the same. What on earth had come over her or even cum over her?

“Your swimming has improved remarkably, girls,” Mike said truthfully. “You’ve both improved on the little errors you were making, and I am certain your speeds will have increased the next time your coach does a time trial with you. When is that, by-the-way?”

“Either tomorrow, or the day after. They said they’d let me know,” answered Sue. “I feel really fit, now, and want to stay on peak form ‘till then. Can we carry on coming round to practice in the pool, Mike,” she asked.

“Of course,” he said. “I might need to advise you on little techniques, or video you underwater. You might also need a muscle toning massage from time to time.”

“What’s that, Mike?” asked Elsie. She was wriggling a little on the seat now; that itch inside driving her to distraction. It was all she could do to keep her fingers away. “I’ve never heard of that before.”

“Oh yes,” he answered. “Every professional athlete has regular massages. It tones their muscles. Really helps their performance. You should try it. You’ve probably heard of physiotherapists. Athletes work with them all the time.”

“Do you know how to do it, Mike?” asked Sue, realising it may be a way of getting his hands on her body once more.

“Sure,” he said, “I can do the basic stuff. Perhaps we should always start the day with one. It unwinds all the knots in your muscles, and prepares you for your exercises. If you like, I’ll give each of you a massage, while the other does their workout.”

The girls grinned at each other. They’d both been having the same thoughts, and looked forward to what was to follow.

He closed up the laptop, stood and said: “Well, no time like the present. Let’s go inside. I have a couch in the studio, which would work perfectly for this.” They trooped inside. “I’ll be with you in a moment,” Mike said, heading for the bathroom upstairs. He returned seconds later, clutching a large bottle of baby oil in his hand. The girls were waiting for him. Mike pulled the cover off the gynaecologists inspection table. With all the arms and attachments folded out of the way, it looked to the girls like a padded four foot long table.

“Who’d like to go first?” he asked, knowing there’d be an argument now. Before either could say a word, he added: “Shall I toss a coin? Sue, heads or tails?”

“Tails,” she responded.

“It’s heads. Elsie, do you want to go first or second?” By way of answer, she hopped up onto the table. “Sue, you’ve got the rest of the studio to yourself, you can do your workout

here, or go into the sitting room if you prefer." She opted to stay, wanting to see what happened.

"OK, Elsie, lie down on the couch. Rest your head on the cushion. Swimming is mainly about your limbs; strengthening them and toning them. Your torso needs strong tummy muscles, but it's shoulders, arms, hips, thighs, calves and most importantly buttocks, that do the work. We have to concentrate on those, OK?" She nodded. "Right, mostly I will be working with you lying face down, but we'll start with you on your back." As she stretched out, her thighs hung over the end of the table. Mike unclipped the leg extensions, swung them on their hinges, extending the table well beyond her feet. "Make yourself comfortable, Elsie. Here we go. I'll start with your arms."

Mike took the oil and poured a generous amount into his palm. He lifted her left arm and placed her hand on his shoulder, then massaged the muscles of her forearm down to the elbow, and onwards to her shoulder, working the muscles in a skilled thorough but rapid manipulation. He repeated with her right arm. Next, he moved to her legs. He swung the supports for both her legs out, about 45 degrees, then taking her left leg, he manipulated the muscles of her feet and ankles. Her calves he would do when she turned over. Starting at her knees, he worked the muscles in the front of her thighs, until he reached the crease line, where the delta of her pubis met her thigh. Elsie had to keep her eyes screwed shut. The effect this was having on her was beyond what she thought it would be like. Already, she could feel dampness trickling down through her bum crack and onto the table. She'd already nearly cum twice. It was only great concentration which stopped her. He moved to her right leg and repeated the treatment.

He pushed the leg supports together again. "Would you turn over, please Elsie," he asked, watching the incredible flow of mucus running down, over the table. He knew the Golden Lotion had really worked on Elsie, this time. He could even feel her quiver, as his fingers ran over her silky soft skin. As soon as she had rolled over, he parted the leg supports once more, and stood in between her knees.

He kneaded her left calf methodically, slowly working up to her knee, then moved to the other. Starting just above her knee, he pulled and pushed the muscles of her strong left thigh, working slowly upwards. He knew she had cum, when a little jet of juice shot out of her gaping pussy. She was trying to hide it, control her breathing, keeping her head down, but she couldn't hide the opening and closing of her tiny vagina, as it moved like the mouth of a fish breathing. He pretended he'd seen nothing. His fingers were just nudging the crease line where her bum and vulva met her thigh, when he moved to the right leg, repeating the same.

"I'll finish with your bum, Elsie, OK?" he asked. No reply. "Is that OK, Elsie?" he repeated. She shook herself from her reverie.

"Oh, oh, yes," she stammered, "yes fine."

Mike had been anticipating this from the start. Placing his hands on the globes of her bum, he pushed his thumbs up from the base of her buttocks, just outside her beautiful valley, up and outwards. As he did so, she opened up, then closed. Moving down and inwards slightly, as he pressed and lifted upwards, her vagina opened and closed too. He worked

all across her bottom, round the side of her hips, and back inwards. He'd finished the job in hand.

Placing his thumbs immediately either side of her pussy, he moved her plump firm labia back and forth. "Would you like to stop now, Elsie, or would you like me to finish you off for a few minutes?"

Elsie had lost all control of her conscious, rational thought long since the massage had started. She'd never felt so aroused in all her life. As his hands had moved towards her pussy, she'd cum several times. She was sure he didn't know, or at least she hoped so. But when he asked that last question, her body overruled her mind, and she parted her knees a little further, and just said: "Mmmmm, yessss please,"

Sue had long since stopped her workout. With what was happening on the couch, she somehow, just could not concentrate. She was standing behind Mike, looking over his shoulder. His thumbs were now working their way deep into Elsie's cleft. One moved up as the other moved down. The poor girl was so far into her arousal, she wouldn't have known what day of the week it was or where she was. Mike and Sue watched as her pussy opened and closed now in big gulps. The table top was covered in an enlarging pool of pearlescent mucus, spreading from under her bum. Suddenly, she went rigid, her eyes opened wide, she called out something neither of them understood, and she passed out.

"Well that's something you don't see every day," quipped Mike, as he checked her pulse and breathing. "I'd better lay her down, until she recovers." He picked her up, and carried her over to where he stored his rugs, and laid her down on the pile. "She'll be OK in a few minutes," reassured Mike, "would you like your massage now?"

Sue grinned and hopped up onto the table. Mike tried to be professional for a while, and actually gave Sue the full massage she needed. However, neither of them were fooled as to what this was really all about. She came just as much as her sister had throughout the exercise, and couldn't wait for the same question he'd asked Elsie.

"Would you like to stop now, Sue, or would you like me to finish you off for a few minutes?"

She rolled over on to her back, folded her arms behind her head, pulled her heels up under her bottom, before parting her knees as wide as she could.

"I don't think it's time to finish me off," she said in a coquettish voice, "I think it's time to do what you've been wanting to do for the last three days. I so need this."

Mike was slightly taken by surprise. He knew she had reacted to the Golden Lotion more quickly than most of his girls did, but he'd expected her to cave about this time tomorrow, after her third dose, not just yet. Having said that, he wasn't slow on the uptake and said his usual 'are you absolutely sure this is what you really want' and 'please don't feel I'm forcing you into doing this', as he positioned himself ready to thrust into her, pulling her labia apart with his thumbs and watching his pre-cum covered crown sink into her equally wet recess. He never found taking a girl's virginity in any way repetitive. Every one excited him as much as the first one he took. Maybe more so. His crown was now pressing hard

into her hymen. He watched as it stretched under the pressure. His fingers were strumming her clitoris, bringing her to a new high.

Sue lay there in a world as close to a fantasy as she'd ever experienced. She watched her sister massaged and aroused and pleasured to such a degree, she'd passed out. It had then been her turn, and she too had enjoyed pleasure beyond anything in her experience. Her orgasms had merged one into the other. She couldn't understand why her body was driving her like this, how she had allowed this man, whom she'd only known for three days, to look at her, then touch her, then molest her and now fuck her. And, she couldn't believe she'd even asked him to do it. She could now feel Mike's cock at the entry to her eleven year old vagina, pressing to her. She could feel him stretching her more, so good. He was playing with her clit, making her feel even better. Then she felt herself tumbling into yet another climax beyond her control. It was just so good.

The flashing lights dancing all around her slowly cleared, her tingling sensations of overwhelming gratification gradually subsided. She realised he had stopped, his rhythmic pressing easing at her entry had ended. She then realised something else. He was inside her. At least halfway in. He'd bust her cherry and she'd not felt a thing. Then she felt him pull back. She worried for a moment he was going to pull out, but then he pushed gently in again, going a tiny bit further. Again he pulled back and then thrust deeper, faster, firmer, thicker. She knew she was going to cum again. Whatever was the matter with her. She'd played with herself often enough over the years, like every girl does, but she'd never cum like this, again and again, and with such intensity. She knew this wouldn't be the last time. She was so glad he was her new neighbour.

Mike knew when he hit bottom, because she erupted once more into another spectacular climax. God this girl could cum. Not many found such pleasure, certainly not on their first time. Perhaps he'd used more Golden Lotion than he should. Certainly he could feel a tingling sensation on the tip of his crown, as he pushed into her G spot.

Mike took it steadily then. He wanted it to last, and she was gaining as much pleasure as it was possible to achieve. Pounding away at her wouldn't make it better. Why curtail it? So he got into a nice steady pace, almost coming out, before pushing deep, bouncing off her cervix, repeating the cycle, enjoying hearing her grunt as he pressed to her deepest part. He just so loved deflowering a virgin. He loved her tightness, as her hairless labia clung to his cock as he slid in and out of her. He watched, as her clit got dragged, by his cock, into her own vagina when he pressed in, before pulling free when he pulled out, the lining of her cunt now almost turning inside out as it clung to his shaft, red and pink, and coated in their slippery juices, tinged red, with her virginal blood.

Mike loved making a really good fuck last, but twenty minutes later, despite every technique he knew, her constant clamping on his cock took its toll, and he felt the unmistakable signs that he was going to cum, as his prostate clenched, his shaft swelled, his balls tightened, and the glorious feel in his crown, as he blasted deep into her pussy. He spurted and spurted, feeling his semen shoot out into her. Sue was crying out now, whimpering almost, as he throbbed repeatedly inside her, against that most sensitive part which until minutes ago had been so demanding for release, dominating her mind, for the last couple of days.

Finally it ended. They both remained still, a sheen of perspiration covering them both. Mike looked into her eyes, reading contentment there, happiness, pleasure, knowing she would be coming back for more before long, and knowing he would be there to give it. He slowly pulled back, feeling his cock slide out of her, watching the pearlescent fluids of her lubrication and his pre-cum and semen, all mixed with her virginal bleed flow from her inflamed, gaping vagina, down through the crack of her bottom, dripping onto the floor below. He reached for a hand towel, and pushed it against her, this simple act waking her from her reverie.

"Is Elsie alright?" she asked, looking across at her sister, who she hadn't thought of this past half hour.

Mike glanced across, seeing Elsie's naked chest rising and falling. "She's fine. I think she fainted, but I'll bet she then fell asleep, after all that exercise this morning." He glanced at his watch. "You two will need to be getting home before too long, your mum will be back in forty minutes. Better have your shower and wash your hair. I'll wake Elsie and send her through to you. Do you feel OK, Sue, Was it good for you? Your first time, eh?" he smiled reassuringly, as she nodded shyly at him. "Can I tell you something, Sue," she looked up at him wondering what he'd say. "It was special for me too. I really, really enjoyed it. I can't wait for us to do it again."

"Do you mind if I ask you something, Mike?" she asked, as she moved towards the door.

"No, shoot," he replied."

"Have you fucked many little girls like me and Elsie? I mean do you prefer us to grown-up girls?"

"Yes, Sue, I do, if I'm honest with you. I do much prefer little girls. You feel so much nicer inside to me. I don't see physical age as a barrier, only what's inside someone's head. And in answer to your other question, yes, I have fucked many dozens of girls, hundreds, in fact, before they grew any hair. Does that answer your question? Does it shock you?"

"Thank you for being honest with me, Mike, no it doesn't shock me. In fact I found it exciting," she said. "I'm glad you were my first. You made it good so I will look back and remember it. Thank you. I think I had worked you out by yesterday morning." She moved over to him, and putting her arms around him, cuddled into him. They stayed like that, until he lifted her to her feet, and gently slapped her bottom, telling her to get into the shower.

Mike moved over to Elsie, and gently shook her awake. She opened her eyes in sleepy slits, stretching and yawning. Suddenly her memory kicked in, and she smiled brightly up at him, as she recalled what had put her to sleep.

"Hello, sleepyhead," he smiled at her, "how do you feel?"

"I feel great," she answered, looking around. "Where's Sue?"

"She's just gone for a shower. It's time for you to go home soon," he said looking at his watch.

"Mike, do you mind if I ask you something?" she asked.

He grinned to himself, thinking "there's an echo in this room."

"No, shoot," he replied, repeating what he'd said to Sue less than.

"Would it be alright if you could finish me off, you know," she hesitated, "what you were doing before?"

"You want me to make you feel good again, huh?" he asked. She nodded. "Was it nice, Elsie?" She nodded "Say it Elsie."

She blushed as she whispered "Yes it was nice. Do it again, would you?"

"What do you want, Elsie?" he teased. "Do you want me to massage your legs again?" She looked bewildered. "Do you want me to touch you somewhere, Elsie? You have to tell me what to do. Exactly what to do."

Elsie was an intelligent girl. She knew what game he was playing. But she was also needing to cum again. She was desperate. So for once in her life, she was bold and said, as she looked him in the eyes: "Put your fingers back in my pussy and make me cum again."

He was surprised, but pleased at her boldness. "OK, but we can't be long, as I said. This might help." Mike reached up to the shelf and pulled down the vibrator, he'd last used on Sammy. "Hop back up onto the table, would you and spread your legs for me."

Her engorged, reddened vulva opened up, displaying her wet pearlescent mucus seemingly filling her cleft from top to bottom. Mike touched her clit again, making her jerk in response. She was still highly sensitive. He massaged her for a few seconds, watching as she started to hump against his finger pad almost immediately. Switching on the toy, he pressed it to her mons, moving it down towards and then into her dimple. The instant it touched her clitty, she exploded into another massive climax. Considering how little he'd done to set her off, it was spectacular.

Elsie thought she was going to pass out again, so intense were the feelings running through her body at that moment. She could hardly breathe. She didn't realise she was panting in shallow breaths. The itch deep inside her was scratched, but demanded more, so much more. She knew she had to do more, needed more, but she was in such a state of uncontrolled spasms, completely overwhelming her, she couldn't say or do anything to tell him. Her mind was simply overloaded, and she passed out again. Mike realised he perhaps shouldn't have added the extra Golden Lotion last night.

Mike had seen his girls faint in the past, but with this one it was amazing how she'd gone off like a light switch, when she reached a certain height. He wiped her arousal off the vibrator with a towel, put it in his pocket, and picked up the naked child. He carried her through to the utility room, where Sue was just getting out of the shower, picking up a towel to dry herself with. He grinned at her, saying: "She asked for a little more fun, and passed out again. Just too good for her I guess." Mike stepped into the cubicle and carefully placed Elsie on the floor. As he stepped back out, he switched the water flow on.

Elsie immediately woke, when the water splashed across her body. She sat for a moment, coming to, before standing up. She looked out at Mike and Sue, and grinned sheepishly.

“Some people can’t take too much drink,” he quipped. “It seems, some can’t take too much sex, either.” They all laughed.

= 13 =

Monday afternoon
Meeting the train

When the girls were dressed and ready to go back over the fence, he told them that Alex and Katrin were returning home this afternoon.

“I’m going to collect them from the station, but I will probably be out for a couple of hours at least,” he explained. “I’m sorry, you won’t be able to use the pool. I need to add some chemicals. I will see you both tomorrow morning.”

“Oh, no,” squealed Elsie, “I was hoping, this afternoon, you would fu....” She lapsed into silence, embarrassed by her outburst, realising what she’d nearly said.

“Don’t worry Elsie,” he said reassuringly, knowing what had nearly escaped her pretty lips, “I will make it up to you, I promise.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out the vibrator. “Take this home with you, perhaps it will help. Make sure your mum doesn’t see it, though.” She smiled and took it from him, tucking it into the pocket of her skirt. They were soon away home. Mike now had a lot to get done, before he set off to the station, and worked in an efficient manner, organising his surveillance cameras before packing a lot of personal items, in case they were displaced for any length of time. He primed and placed a remote controlled device in the utility room. He hoped not to need to use it, but it was insurance.

He drove down the road in deep thought. He’d not quite worked out who was playing games, but he knew things didn’t add up. How had Sergei Bollockov managed to find out Alex’s moves and location. How had he tracked her so easily. And how had he found out they’d been in Andalusia, when only Harry had known? Harry was his best friend, but he was now having suspicions.

He didn’t go to the local station, as arranged, but to the next down the line. He parked in the short term car park, then walked across to the taxi rank, and asked the cabbie to take him to the next station down the line. There, he went to the machine and bought a ticket for one stop. Twenty minutes later, the train pulled in. It was a local ‘slow’ train, with just four carriages, stopping at every station. He had waited at the end of the platform, and got into the front carriage as it halted. Before the train moved off, he was working his way down the aisle. He spotted them in the second carriage.

Alex was in the seat facing him, Harry was sitting opposite her, beside the blond, nine year old Katrin. As Alex spotted him, she was about to react, when Mike put his finger to his lips to silence her. To hide her movement, she made some comment to Harry about the weather. Mike held in his hand the asthma inhaler knock out dispenser, and as he got to the back of Harry’s seat, reached around, and blasted him with a whiff of the gas, sending him under in less than half a second. He slumped in his seat, as if asleep. Katrin’s

face lit up when she saw Mike. He waved her down, not wanting to draw attention to other passengers.

"Alex," said Mike, "the next station is just a couple of minutes from here. Grab your things, we're getting off."

"But I thought we got off at....," she started.

"No," he cut in, "change of plan. I'll explain in the car. Quickly now." He ignored the glances of the other passengers wondering why this man appears from nowhere, spoke to the very pretty lady and her sister, (not knowing, of course she was her daughter), in Russian, then leaving the man who had clearly been accompanying them before, asleep in his seat.

The train slowed. Harry was still asleep, as they alighted and the train pulled away again. They ran out of the station, to his car and drove off. Mike wanted to check something before the train arrived where they should have got off. He drove fast. Fortunately, there was little traffic in the countryside road, and managed to get there a minute before the train. Mike slowed down and managed to park in a shady corner, between two tall vans, out of sight.

Sure enough, the train arrived, and a drowsy Harry walked alone out of the station building, up to a Silver BMW, parked in a disabled parking spot. Mike could see three men were in the car, who got out as Harry approached. There was a heated exchange, as Harry obviously explained the situation that Alex and Katrin had vanished. But it was Alex's reaction that caught Mike's attention.

"That's Sergei," she said in a frightened tone. "What's he doing here. He's got Olav and Dimitri with him too. Mike, let's go, I'm frightened." Mike started the car and took the exit out of the station forecourt, heading home. He unloaded their luggage, parked the car in the garage and went inside.

"Right, Alex," he said in an urgent tone, "the first place they're going to come and look for you is right here. We need to move, quickly. Follow me."

He led them out of the back door and across the patio, carrying their bags. He moved to the loose fence panels between his property and Sammy's. He pushed their bags through, onto the lawn the other side, before ushering them to follow. He quickly made his way to the back door, unlocked and pushed it open. Waving them in, he dead bolted the door behind them. Inside the kitchen, were piles of all sorts of supplies. He'd spent the time after Sue and Elsie had left in moving food, clothing and other things he thought they would need.

Mike now knew for sure Harry had betrayed him. He didn't know why. But he knew where he would bring Bollockov to find Alex and Katrin, which is why he decided to hide them in a safe house. Sammy's house. She and her mum were both away for the moment. When Harry found Mike's house empty, he would assume he'd fled. The last place he'd look was next door. It was perfect.

Sure enough, it was only minutes later a silver BMW pulled up on Mike's drive. The three got out and went down the side of his house to his back door. Mike had left it unlocked. Sitting at his laptop, he now watched as the three men systematically searched his house. Mike had removed every trace of Alex and Katrin's clothing; anything in fact which may indicate they'd ever been there.

"You keep lying to us, Englishman," said Sergei, to Harry. "First you told us they were in Andalusia, but too late for us to get there. Then you said they'd be on the train. We only have your word they were ever in Spain or on the train. Now you tell us they'd be here. I am tired of your games. I should never have trusted you. I should never have paid you all that money. I think it is time we ended our arrangement."

Suddenly, a look of fear appeared on Harry's face. "I will find them, Sergei," he said desperately. "Give me a few days, I will find them for you."

"I don't have a few days," he nodded at Olav and Dimitri and in Russian said: "you know what to do. Make it quick and clean. No blood, understand?" They nodded.

Mike watched in horror, as Harry was killed in his lounge with two blows to the side of the head with short lengths of lead pipe, they'd pulled from inside their leather jackets.

"Put him in the boot of the car," commanded Sergei, "I'm going to look around this house. There must be something. Come back and help when you've done."

A minute later, the three started to take Mike's house apart. "Enough," Mike decided "that's my home." He waited until they went into the utility room. Olav and Dimitri started searching the cupboards, Sergei watched, standing in the doorway. Mike pressed an icon on his laptop, and saw the flash, as the gas canister exploded. The two fixers died instantly. Sergei, however, recoiled backwards, somehow avoiding the full impact of the cyanide gas. He staggered backwards, chocking, falling out of the back door, tripped on the sill, down the step. He fell awkwardly, sideways, hitting the ground hard. There was a loud crack, as his arm broke. Sergei slowly got to his feet and staggered back to his car, still coughing heavily. He climbed in and drove off. Mike knew he wouldn't trouble them for a while.

Returning alone to his home, he quickly saw the mess the three Russians had made in those few short minutes. Olav and Dimitri lay on the utility room floor, expressions of surprise on both their faces. He went back to Alex and Katrin and explained to them what had taken place.

"So Sergei got away," Alex stated.

He nodded, "yes, but he is injured. He had a whiff of cyanide and broke his arm. He will head back home now. It will take him a few weeks to recover. We'll hear nothing from him for a while."

Mike typed up a brief succinct report and filed it to his boss, Roger, at Eagle Eyed Industries, copying in his old head of department in MI5, Robert Dobbinson, who had the sobriquet of Bob-Dob, for obvious reasons. He'd included his video film proof of what had just taken place, and it was only an hour later a team of cleanup agents arrived and

removed the bodies of Olav and Dimitri. Bob-Dob himself had come too and took Mike to one side.

"We've been suspicious of Harry for a little while," he explained to Mike. "We knew he was your mate, so never gave you the heads up, as, for all we knew, you might have been involved. Anyway, Bollockov has legged it now. We'll keep an eye on ports and airports, but I think it reasonable to assume, he'll be back in Mother Russia in a couple of days. He has very good contacts in the embassy. I don't suppose Harry's body will ever turn up."

"I'm going to need you to go to Russia and finish this, Mike," said Bob-Dob. "You realise that don't you?" Mike nodded unenthusiastically. "You take a few days off, Mike. I'll give you a call when we've tracked the bastard down and formed a plan. I'll call Eagle Eyed Industries and square it with them. In the meantime, you stay here and look after Alex and her girl. She's been incredibly helpful in her information. It isn't just Bollockov's outfit we've got a handle on, but their links into the Kremlin and who's involved there."

Bob-Dob's team discretely bagged the bodies, and after getting Mike's car out, backed a small van into the garage and loaded them in so no nosy neighbours would see. They spent a few minutes straightening the house, and were gone, less than half an hour after they'd arrived.

Mike went back into Sammy's house, where he found a frightened mother and daughter waiting anxiously for him.

"They've all gone, Alex," explained Mike, "you can come back home now. There's no danger. I'll explain later what we're going to do next, but meantime, let's have a drink and put this all behind us."

They spent the next twenty minutes taking everything back to Mike's house and leaving the Bennett house as they'd found it. Mike decided Alex and Katrin deserved a night in with a take-away meal and a soppy movie on TV.

= 14 =

Tuesday Morning

Catching up with Katrin

Mike woke at dawn as usual. The first thing he registered was the weight of Katrin on his chest. Her knees pressing against his hips, her cheek against his blond hairy chest, his flaccid cock still impaled slightly inside her, now growing.

They had made love long and hard, as if his cock could somehow drive away the demons of her fright the night before. The first time, she had straddled him on the settee as soon as he'd finished eating. Mike couldn't stretch full length on the cushions, because Alex was still sitting there, openly watching them. Katrin and Alex had clearly come to an understanding since he'd last seen them, because there was no embarrassment or attempt to disguise what they were plainly doing.

He remembered how they'd had a shower together, and how at one point, after they had soaped and rinsed each other down, she'd dropped to her knees and grasping his rampant cock, sucked him into her mouth, letting him nudge the back of her mouth, at the

opening of her throat. There was no gagging. She'd been practicing while she'd been away. He'd explore those possibilities another time. She'd sucked him to a very nice cum, making his legs wobble at the end. He remembered taking her to bed, and spreading her out, giving her as much pleasure as she had just given him, his tongue working hard to find all her sensitive places, while her hands tried to pull his head harder into her pudendum, extracting every ounce of gratification she could.

They had talked, and shared their individual bits of news. Katrin explained that she'd been assaulted by Harry two nights ago. "At first, I thought, as he was a friend of yours, I would let him do stuff," she explained. "But then he became demanding and forced me. He hurt me Mike, but I'm OK now. I didn't like him at all. I'm glad he's dead." She shuddered as she said those last words.

"I'm sorry he hurt you darling," he soothed, surprised how matter of fact she was about the experience. "I'll try and protect you from now on, OK?" She nodded and smiled, resting her face against his arm.

There was silence for a while. Changing the subject, Mike explained he'd got new neighbours next door, who he'd been coaching in their swimming.

"They're eight and eleven," he explained.

"Have you fucked them yet?" she asked, matter-of-factly.

He never thought to conceal his relationship with Sue and Elsie from Katrin.

"Yes, I fucked Sue this morning in fact," he said "I would have had Elsie this afternoon, but, as you know, I had to meet you at the station. She wants me to do it as soon as possible. I will introduce you to them tomorrow, if you like, I think you and they could become good friends. Perhaps we could have some sleepovers. Do you think we could all fit in this bed together?" She grinned at him.

"I hear you've made some friends with the girls over the road," he said.

"Yes" she answered, "they're really nice. Sarah and Jenny. They're seven and eight years old. They've been helping me learn words in English. Their mummy lives on her own. They don't have much money. They have two boys as well. Ten and eleven, I think. They've been with their father through their school holiday.

"Are they nice?" he asked.

"Do you mean, do I like them, or do you mean would you like to get inside their panties?" she grinned again.

"Both, I suppose," he responded, with a laugh.

"Well I really like them," she continued. "They've made me feel welcome, even though they can't understand much of what I am saying. I think you would really like them too. They're very pretty. Do you want me to help you?"

"How do you mean?" he asked, unclear what she meant.

"You know, help you get to know them, so you can do stuff to them," she rolled her eyes, as if he wasn't keeping up with her.

"That would be brilliant, Katrin, thanks, yes please. Perhaps we could have a pool party and sleepover, what do you think? You and your mum can help me, if you like," he suggested. He cuddled her close, as she swung her leg over his thighs, nestling down onto him, feeling his rising cock settle between her labia, nudging into her entry. Although still a little sore, from what Harry had done, she needed him inside her for her own security. It was about that time the pill he'd given her kicked in, and she fell into deep unconsciousness.

Mike rolled her off to the side, and slipped out of the bed. He quickly donned the black cat suit and mask, picked up his backpack and left the house silently. He knew the girls and their mother next door could wake, so he was extra careful to be silent as he entered their house and crept upstairs. He silently entered the girls' room and taking the inhaler, puffed some gas under their noses, as they breathed in, rendering them unconscious for five minutes. It was all he needed. He pulled down the duvets, and smiled as he saw they were both naked tonight as they slept. Elsie was holding the vibrator, still buzzing in her hand, held between her thighs, her red labia indicating the amount she had used it. Sue looked red and inflamed too, but that was due to his long cock earlier in the day.

He extracted the tube, cotton bud and Golden Lotion. He pushed it into them one at a time, applying the lotion coated cotton bud, watching them both jerk as it contacted their 'G' spots. He replaced the duvets and was out of the room in less than three minutes. He was in his own bed two minutes later, rolling Katrin back on top of him, pushing his cock back into her, and falling asleep himself.

And so it was at dawn, he lay there feeling himself growing inside the nine year old child, her breathing ruffling his chest hair, her warm bum in his hand, her smell gentle in his nose, as he listened to her mother snoring in the next room. He touched her cervix with his tip, feeling the pressure as his tumescence increased quickly. He pulled back, humping his bum into the mattress, almost coming out of her. He pushed back in, his pre-cum now freely flowing, his cock sliding frictionless, almost. He speeded up and in four or five thrusts was at full pace and depth. He knew this wouldn't take long and as he rose, he felt a clamping suddenly grip his cock, as she too came, before she even came too. Her eyes blinked open and her head lifted from his chest, her radiant smile lighting the room up, wiped away, as she took a long gasp, her eyes closing to slits, as her climax hit her while Mike's first spurt shot to the depths of her vagina, washing her cervix, and again, he blasted into her, and again.

Soon it was over silence reigned, except their heavy breathing, as they calmed, cuddling, caressing. Mike let his cock shrink within her rather than pulling out, feeling it slip as it diminished, but in the end, she squeezed, expelling him. They lay for a moment longer, both needing the bathroom, neither wanting to leave the bed, while she leaked a gentle flow of his semen onto his pubic hair. All the while, their eyes were locked together. Neither speaking, both knowing the other's thoughts.

In the end, he carried her to the bathroom, she clinging round his neck, his hands supporting her under her bottom. He stepped into the shower, switching the water on, both gasping as the first blast of freezing water hit them. He felt the warmth flow down his legs, knowing it wasn't water. A moment later, she felt his warmth squirting up the front of both their tummies. Neither cared, preferring to stay together than use the toilet. They remained under the shower until it eventually ran cold, washing each other the best they could without parting. In the end cold drove them out, grabbing large fluffy towels to get dry and warm again.

= 15 =

Tuesday Morning

Spreading the net wider

"What, today, we doing?" asked Katrin. Mike was impressed how she kept practicing her English, and the speed she was picking it up. He always repeated her sentences back correcting her errors. His language ended as a strange mixture of both Russian and English.

"What are we going to do today?" he corrected. "Well, I have to give Sue and Elsie a swimming lesson this morning. I know Elsie is going to want me to fuck her later. Sue will also need one, but she may have to wait. But I have a plan." He grinned at her, knowing it would pique her interest.

"What plan," she responded, "you do?"

[Author's note for the flow of the story, I will write the text in corrected English]

"You said last night the woman across the road has two daughters and two sons," he reminded her.

"Yes, two girls, Sarah and Jenny, aged seven and eight, and two sons ten and eleven," she confirmed, looking puzzled where this was leading?

"Do you think your mum would like the boys?" he asked. "Have you met them?"

"Yes, I met them a couple of times, but why do you ask if Mum would like? Oh, I see," she said, realisation dawning. She grinned and nodded. "Yes, I think she would like them very much indeed. I quite like them myself," she added teasing him with her coquettish glance. "What's your plan?"

"Well," he said, lowering his voice as if someone were listening, "what if we let those boys have a little fun with your mum, then I think, when they say they like coming over to use the pool all the time, their sisters will want to come too, right?" she nodded. "Now, Sue and Elsie always swim in the pool nude, so we could suggest a girls only time for swimming, OK?" she nodded again. "Now if they come over often enough, we could make sure they 'accidentally' find out what their brothers are up to. That will keep the boys quiet. That's when I get you and Sue with Elsie to team together and persuade Sarah and Jenny to join our little group. How's that sound?"

She sat there open mouthed. "Yes but how do you persuade them not to say anything and then let you do stuff to them?" she asked.

"Ah well," he mused, "I have all sorts of tricks up my sleeve. Perhaps, that's where my Golden Lotion comes into it's own."

"What's that? Golden, ... what?" she asked.

"One of my little tricks," he said obscurely. "I think I should start their course of treatment tonight."

"So," he said brightly, "I must get out for my run. I will be back in half an hour. Would you clear the dishes for me? Your mum should be down before long. You might tell your mum about those two pretty little boys across the road and bounce the idea of what she might like to do to them." He left her with a bright grin on her face, humming to herself, while she cleared the kitchen. The best laid plans! Mike's plan took a different direction, almost from the start. As it turned out, all the subterfuge had been unnecessary.

When Mike returned, he found Katrin and Alex in deep excited conversation. He needed no prompting to know what they were discussing.

"I was saying to Katrin, before you came down, why don't the two of you pop across the road and see if their children would like to come over for a pool party tomorrow afternoon," he suggested. "have you met them yet?" he asked.

"Oh yes," Alex replied, "While you were in Ukraine last week, I went over several times. Katrin and the girls over there played quite a lot together. You'll like playing with them too, Mike, they're ever so pretty, just your type," she said echoing Katrin's words, "you'll enjoy getting inside their panties." She enjoyed teasing him. He'd done it to her often enough over her attraction to little boys. "The girls are called Sarah and Jenny. Sarah is seven, and Jenny eight, nice and young, I think. Their mum is called Alice. I don't think they're very well off, Mike. The childrens' father was violent to her and the kids. Kept hitting them, and she had to apply for a, do you call it, restraining order? Anyway, he left home, but doesn't send them any money. She's applied to the court for help."

"So why were the boys with him through the holiday?" he asked, knowing full well the truth.

"It was only Alice and the girls he was hitting, not the boys," she explained, "I think she is so short of money, she saw it as a way to keep her food bills down a bit." What she said was correct. Mike knew there was far more to the story though.

"I've got something that will help you when you're over there." He went to a drawer and pulled out what looked like an old phone. "Take that with you, it will translate for you. I know your English is really improving, but you might find it useful. OK, well you go and enjoy yourselves, both of you," he looked at her with a twinkle in his eyes. "Don't make any play on the boys yet," he said conspiratorially, "leave that to me, when I meet them." She blushed and nodded. In fact, Mike knew the full story of why the boys didn't live at home, and would use that knowledge to his advantage when the time came.

Mike went out and cleaned the pool, checked the chem levels and swept the area clean. He heard Margaret Henderson's car start and drive off. Sure enough, moments later, he heard the chatter of Sue and Elsie as they hastened to the end of their garden, soon appearing at the bottom of his. Moments later, they were stripping off their clothes, both chirruping away at him simultaneously, so he didn't hear what either was saying. One thing was clear, they were both in very good moods. He only needed to look at their swollen, reddened vulvas, as they both stood, feet well apart, to see they had been exercising their fingers continually already this morning.

"So, how do my two favourite swimmers feel, this morning?" he asked, interrupting their happy verbal diarrhoea. Not waiting for an answer to his rhetorical question, and being unable to help himself, he stepped forward and cupped both girls' mons's, his fingers slipping through their slits between their bloated labia, feeling dampness, a slippery dampness. "As I said," he chuckled, "I wanted to know how you feel?"

Both girls jerked, bending over forwards, pulling their bums back as they did, away from him in reaction, but quickly straightening up, thrusting forward again. He soon pushed his fingers back, feeling them sink into their clefts again. He curled them up and back, feeling the hardness of their swollen clits, making them jerk again. He pressed once, twice, three times. Both gasped, deeply, and again, on the point of cuming. He pulled his hands away, seeing them gasp once more, this time in disappointment, taking a step forward.

"Time to start your training, girls," he said quietly. "Quick now. Twenty lengths freestyle, please. I'm going to time you. Then backstroke and finally breaststroke. Then ten lengths underwater and a workout."

"But.." hesitated Elsie, "I thought we would....."

"I didn't say what sort of workout, now, did I?" he grinned, as she turned crimson. He held his stopwatch up. "But only if you beat your previous time. Ready, go." The girls dived in, knowing there would be a reward later. They swam as if their lives depended on it. Mike watched, as their little bums broke the surface, rolling from side to side. They each completed the twenty lengths three seconds faster for Sue, four for Elsie, than their previous best.

They moved onto the backstroke, and again Mike enjoyed watching their lithe bodies, as they rolled and tensed, their mounds forming bow waves as they ploughed through the water. Next the breaststroke, and Mike got in the water to watch this, wearing a mask, and his camera in it's waterproof case, zooming in between their thighs, as they performed the best style he'd ever seen them manage. They rested for a minute, before swimming the ten lengths underwater. To Mike, this was the ultimate test of fitness, how much oxygen they needed. Both only surfaced five times. Their best ever.

"Fantastic," he praised, telling them their results, as they moved over towards him. "Well done, you were brilliant. Do that in your time trials, and you'll be in the county team for certain." He held his arms out and they both threw their arms around his chest.

"Are we having that, errrr, workout, now?" asked Elsie, as she moved keenly to the steps. When her bum cleared the water, Mike could see her swollen peach shaped pudenda was pushing out between her thighs. It looked inflamed.

"Sure," he said, "it's your choice this morning, Elsie, you decide when, where and how, OK?" There was no misunderstanding his meaning. "Do you want a shower first? You go on in, I'll be with you in about ten minutes. Take your time. I want a word with Sue and be with you, in a few minutes."

"How do you really feel this morning, Sue, OK?" he asked. "Not too sore?" She shook her head.

"No I'm fine, but I just tingle so much, you know, down there," she glanced downwards, "it's driving me mad, It's been going on for the last couple or three days," she replied. He took her hand and tugged her towards him. He put both hands around her waist and cuddled her into his chest. He slipped his hands down, encompassing her buttocks, one in each hand. She threw her hands around his neck, and as he lifted her up, she encircled him with her legs, immediately feeling his cock slip along her cleft, nudging at her entry. So good. For days now, she'd felt so inexplicably horny, helped yesterday when he'd fucked her properly for the first time. Sue knew Mike was going to fuck her sister in a few minutes, Elsie had finally caved and said that she wanted it, and as soon as Mike would do it, she wanted her turn. It was only fair. Sue hadn't dreamed though that Mike would give her any attention today, knowing Elsie was waiting for him. She wondered what he wanted to say.

Mike looked into her face, as he said: "We'll go inside in a minute and give Elsie as nice a time as we can. I want you to be there for her. It will make it better for her. I am conscious she's only nine..."

"Only just nine," corrected Sue.

"So," he continued, "I will need to take my time and not hurt her. But she's the same age as my Katrin, she was only just nine, a couple of weeks ago, and she loves to be fucked a couple of times a day, now. She and her mum got back home yesterday, by the way, they're across the road with the new neighbours. But I can tell you are about to burst, aren't you?" she nodded, understanding what he meant. "I mustn't spoil it for Elsie, but if it helps you...."

He curled his hips up, feeling his cock press between her labia, imagining them parting, as he slowly slipped in, feeling the ring at her vagina entry stretch around him, for the second time in less than twenty four hours. Suddenly his crown popped in. He paused, as he felt her finger nails dig into his shoulders. Then she surprised him. He thought she would pause for a few minutes, but instead, she pushed herself onto him, his cock slipping in deeper into her slippery wet warmth. Deeper, feeling her passage peel apart as his crown penetrated her. In all the way. She grunted as he nudged her cervix, swollen with arousal, inflamed with the lotion he'd put there. Just one touch, and suddenly she came.

They paused a moment, as she regained her composure. Her climax had surprised them both with its spontaneity and intensity. It ebbed away as quickly as it had arrived. Her breathing settled. He pulled back and slipped in again, pressing harder. She gasped, right

on the cusp again. Mike pulled back once more, almost coming out, before thrusting harder into her, hitting her 'G' spot. She exploded into another crashing orgasm, her breath coming in gasps, she squeaked and squealed, unaware she was doing it. Mike started to pound into her now, increasing the pace and force each time, feeling her rubbery cervix dip as he thumped into it. Knowing he had to get out of the pool and go to Elsie, he upped the speed, giving as much pleasure to Sue as he could in the time available. She was almost incoherent, with the intensity of the gratifying feelings, flowing like waves through her lower body over and over. Her vagina clamping continuously on his cock. He kept it up for about five minutes, but knew if he carried on much longer, he would cum too and that wouldn't be fair on Elsie. In a lull in her continuous climaxes, he slowed to a stop, letting her calm, her breathing easing off, and lifted her off.

Mike walked to the steps, and carried Sue up and across the patio and into the house. They could hear the shower still running, as they entered, Sue still clamped around his torso, his erect cock sticking out under her bum.

"You're just in time, Sue," said Elsie, still facing away from them. "I've just finished."

Mike lowered Sue into the cubicle, holding her for a moment, while she became steady on her feet, and reached out for Elsie, who took both his hands in hers. He lifted her out of the shower, cupping her bum, as he had her sister, less than ten minutes before, his finger tips straying into her cleft and the valley between her gorgeous buttocks. Slowly, as he caressed her, he slipped his fingers forward through her slippery cleft, towards her clitty, feeling the soft skin of its cowl, and the hard nub of her clitoris. He gently molested her, bringing her up in teasing light touches. She responded, ineffectively, by trying to push herself down against his fingers, to increase the friction between them.

Mike, knowing that Sue was having the fastest shower of her life, kept Elsie as high as he could, without letting her cum. Sue switched off the water and stepped out, smiling at them, rubbing a towel across her face.

"Sue, could you dry Elsie off, while I have a quick shower? Take her through to the studio. Find out how she would like to have her first time. I'll be with you in five minutes."

= 16 =

Tuesday

Elsie learns about herself

He smiled, as he heard Elsie gasp, hearing his words. "Sue, I don't know if I can last five minutes. What do you think I should do for my first time? Tell me. I want to remember it all my life."

"If I had my first time again," said Sue, as she towelled her sister dry, "I would want it to be in a way I would never forget. Something special, something I might not want to do again, but I would always remember, forever. Let's go through to the studio and see what's in there."

They walked into the room, seeing the familiar screens, lights, tripods and cameras. Then they moved over to the gynaecologists inspection table.

"What are all these straps and buttons and levers and arms and things?" asked Elsie.
"See what it does."

In a few moments, they had worked out the table could extend with leg and arm supports. These could move outwards, up, down, all directions. There were Velcro fastened straps everywhere.

"Would it be special enough for you, Elsie, if I tied you onto to this table and spread you out for Mike, when he comes in from his shower? You'd remember that alright." The two girls looked at each other, for several seconds, as if processing the idea in their minds, before bursting into fits of giggles.

"OK," said Elsie, nervously, "you know how mum used to get Dad to tie her to the bed and then whip her? Well I've always wondered what that was like. She must enjoy it, like she did with Rev. Fuckup." Both girls giggled again, but this time, knowing it was not a joke, Elsie was serious.

"Are you asking what I think you're asking, Elz?" asked Sue.

"I guess so," she answered in a shy tone, "I would certainly remember it wouldn't I?" Both girls laughed again. "You tell me what to do and tie me onto the table." Both girls knew this was really erotic, really kinky, but at the same time, they had such a heightened level of arousal, there was little they wouldn't consider doing at that moment.

Elsie lay on the table face down, while Sue worked out how to swing the leg and arm supports round, and lock them into position. She pulled Elsie's feet down, so she slid down the table, her hips now over where the leg supports hinged. Sue quickly slipped the Velcro straps around her sister's ankles and thighs. She did the same with straps around her arms chest and waist. Next, she unclipped the locks, and swung the arm supports outwards, ninety degrees to her torso. Going to the leg supports, she unclipped the locks, and slowly pushed them further and further apart, until she was in a wide splits, well over a hundred and twenty degrees.

"What do you want to do now, Elz," asked Sue, "I can still hear the shower running. Mike will be a few minutes, I think."

"Sooz," said Elsie, "I want to know why Mum likes it when she is smacked. Do you know?"

"I guess it's like why some people like strawberry ice cream and someone else likes chocolate. Everyone's different. Want to try it? I won't do it hard."

"OK," said Elsie, "if it's not hard."

Sue, bent down, and pulled a lever at the side of the table. It tilted the top, so her head went down and feet up. Next, she lowered the leg supports, so Elsie was now bent in the middle, her little bottom sticking up. Sue came round to the side, and gently smacked her sister on the bottom, with her flat hand.

"What was that like, Elz?" asked Sue. "Hard enough?"

"Do it a few times, Sooz," wheezed Elsie, "but a bit harder though."

Sue smacked her sister on her buttocks quite hard several times, expecting her to tell her to stop, but Elsie remained silent. Sue stopped again and repeated her question.

"It's sort of nice, Sooz", gasped Elsie, through short breaths. "It makes me really tingle, you know, down there. Can you do it hard, Sooz, it's OK."

Sue was a bit reluctant, but she realised her sister might actually like doing what Mum did, and it was her first time, so let her do it any way she wanted. Sue's hand was stinging now, though, so she looked around for something to smack Elsie with. She spotted, leaning against the wall, a two foot length of thick flat plastic, about two inches wide. It was an off cut from a trim off one of his ceiling mounted screens. She swung it down onto Elsie's bottom, surprised at how loud the crack was as it connected. She'd hit her harder than she'd intended.

"Ohhh, yes", gasped the child, "do it again, nice and hard."

Sue repeated it, bringing the heavy plastic strip down, seeing the red lines appearing on Elz's buttocks. What she also saw was the flow of pearlescent mucus running from her pulsing vagina, through her cleft dripping onto the floor. Elsie, who had climaxed almost from the very first smack, was cuming hard, now. Her bum was moving up and down quickly, her mound smacking into the padded table top. Sue could see her vagina opening and closing like a fish's mouth. Each time it opened, her doomed hymen stretched taught, the little hole in it leaking yet more of her runny arousal.

Sue didn't want to bruise Elsie too much, so after a few more swings of the plastic strip, she stopped, looking at her sister in awe, seeing a side of Elsie, previously unknown to her

Mike walked in, still rubbing his hair with a towel, making out he'd just finished his shower. In fact, he'd been watching the proceedings for the last ten minutes on his laptop. His studio cameras recording everything. As the beating ended, he went and switched off the shower and walked into the studio.

"Hello girls," he said brightly, "it looks like you've started without me. I'm glad to see you're enjoying your first time Elz. Sue, I need your help, because Elsie likes a little pain to enhance her pleasure. I'm going to need you to hit her a few more times at the start, OK? Many girls like that. Isn't that right, Elz?"

"Hmmm, yeah, I guess," murmured the nine year old, not knowing if it was true or not.

Mike positioned himself quickly between Elsie's thighs. He pressed the foot pedal on the table, bringing it up a few inches, to the desired height. He grabbed his cock and pressed it to her opening, watching her labia bulge out slightly under the pressure. He pulled his foreskin back, releasing yet more pre-cum directly into her. He paused and looked at Sue and nodded. Sue immediately swung the plastic strip down, connecting hard onto Elsie's red and swollen buttocks. Mike felt her flinch against his cock. He felt her vagina dilate and shrink again, the early signs of another climax. He nodded to Sue, and as the plastic

struck her bottom with a loud thwack, Mike shoved his cock hard into her. Four inches deep. Immediately, he felt the clamping of her incredibly tight passage on his shaft, her orgasm overtaking her consciousness, her incoherent mutterings impossible to understand. The pain of his sudden penetration, right where she needed it, had increased the intensity of her orgasm.

Mike pulled back, almost coming out of her cunt, before pushing hard into her once more, going in another inch, hitting her cervix hard, her grunt heralding a cry a second later, and her climax increased to a level almost overwhelming the child. Mike now pulled back and thrust in, getting harder and faster each time, knowing this one needed pain to make it good. He rested his hands on her buttocks now and every time he thrust in, he pinched her hard, seeing red marks appear over the lines, where she'd been hit only moments before.

Elsie was muttering: "ohmygodd, ohmygodd, ohmygodd," over and over, interspersed with gasps, as waves of bliss swept though her, over and over. Mike, who'd been holding back, having fucked Sue in the pool for ten minutes and then witnessed Elsie's early discovery of her masochism, while he fucked her tight virgin pussy, couldn't hold back any longer, and let go in a series of mini explosions deep inside her, feeling his crown pulsing against her cervix, spurting his semen deep into her womb.

Elsie had gone quiet now. Her breathing was steady and deep, her eyes closed. She'd passed out again. It was just too good. Mike stood there for a few minutes longer, letting his pulses fade away, enjoying the last sensations of this terrific fuck. He felt Elsie stir, as she came to again, smiling at Sue, who'd bent down to check on her sister, making sure she was OK. Mike's cock slipped from her and he stepped away.

"Jeez, that was good," were Elsie's first words, "I've got to do that again. Wow, fucking wow. God I'm sore!"

They laughed. The laughter spread. Mike and Sue looked behind them seeing Alex and Katrin had entered the room without them realising.

"It looks like you have enjoyed yourselves," said Alex, startling Sue, who didn't know what to say. She was very shocked, though, when she watched, as Alex stepped forward, pushing passed her and knelt between Elsie's thighs, whose sore pussy was oozing the pink semen of her virgin bleed, pressed her open mouth against the whole of her pudenda, and sucked noisily, licking and swallowing Mike's cum, relishing it like it was pure ambrosia, hearing her groan with pleasure. Elsie's bottom once more rose up, as far as the bindings would allow. She finally enjoyed one more crashing climax, wonderfully completing the first, and possibly best, fuck of her life.

= 17 =

Tuesday

"So," Mike exclaimed, "let me make the introductions. Sue, this is Katrin and Alex, Elsie, this is Katrin and errr, you've already met Alex, of course." The humour broke the stiffness. They all went through to the kitchen. Mike quickly explained to the girls who was who, while everyone grabbed an ice, or coke, or coffee.

"The girls across the road are delighted to have been asked over to the pool party tomorrow," said Alex. "I know it was girls only, but the boys are at their fathers tomorrow anyway. Their mother said they could sleepover here, if I'm there with Katrin. I told her we would be and that Sue and Elsie would be invited too. She wants to meet you first though, Mike. I said we'd go around in an hour or so." Alex turned to Sue and Elsie, "If Mike and I go round to your house," she asked looking at the two, "do you think your mum will let you stay over too?" Sue shrugged.

Mike chipped in and said: "Alex and I'll come round and have a chat with your mum at lunch time, and see if she's OK for you to stay over tomorrow. Talking of which," he glanced at his watch, "she'll be home soon. You two had better have a quick shower and get home fast. Katrin," he said, handing over the little gadget, "take the translator with you and keep them company, while they shower. Get to know one another."

The three girls scampered out, leaving Mike and Alex alone. "Well?" he asked, not needing to expand.

"Alice's in big trouble, Mike," said Alex plaintively " I really like her. She can't afford to feed the kids, pay the bills or even feed the pay as you go meter. I had to put a few pounds in it for her. She said she'll get State Aid, but she has to wait six weeks for it. We've got to do something for her. I know you have ways of finding stuff out, Mike, can you, you know, fix something for her?" He looked at her steadily. One of his golden rules was to keep his skills for personal ends to a minimum. Sneaking into neighbours houses and molesting their children at night was of course the main, understandable, exception.

"I'll see what I can do, Alex. No promises, though." Mike had long since done his thorough homework on all his neighbours. He knew exactly how to get what he wanted from across the road.

She smiled and leaned in kissing him on the cheek, knowing the job was as good as done. "And I'll see if I can groom those two little cherubs a little, for you," she said patting him on the other cheek. "We should have a little bet, you and me," she simmered, grinning. He raised his eyebrows in question. "How long will it take you to fuck the two of them." She burst out laughing when he made a rude sign. "Let's have a quick bite to eat, Mike."

A few minutes later, Sue and Elsie left for home, just in time, because Margaret, in her car, returned about ten minutes later.

Half an hour later, Mike and Alex, accompanied by Katrin went and knocked on Margaret Henderson's door. They immediately realised that there was an atmosphere of excitement in the house. "Come in, come in," ushered Margaret. "The girls are upstairs. You must be Katrin," she said, looking at the child. "Do you want to go up and see them? It's the second room on the right." They watched, as Katrin ran upstairs following the squeals from above.

"Come through to the kitchen," Margaret invited. "Would you like some tea, or coffee?" They sat at her table and listened as she talked while making their drinks. "The girls have been invited to do their time trial this afternoon. How good are they, Mike? Truthfully, are they good enough?" She looked at him, hope in her face.

"No, Margaret, they're not," he said with a sad expression. Then he grinned at her. "They're much better than that, They're the very best. You wait and see. They'll fly the trial."

"Thank you so much," gushed Margaret. "Don't say anything to them yet, about me knowing you were coaching them, we'll wait until after the trial, OK?"

Mike nodded. "Come round as soon as you get back, would you? I'd love to know how they get on. Oh, there's something else we wanted to ask you, Margaret," said Mike. "Alex, here, is organising a pool party tomorrow. We thought Sue and Elsie might like to come over, for Katrin tomorrow, to meet the neighbourhood kids. Then, later, they'll have a barbecue and a sleepover" Margaret's face darkened. Mike saw a refusal coming. "Perhaps you could have a night out or go see a show. You know, perhaps meet up with your friend, Reverend Fuckup," he suggested, looking at her steadily. He could see her mind working. She understood what he implied alright.

Her face suddenly brightened, she smiled and said: "Yes, of course, why not. What time?"

Mike and Alex wished Sue and Elsie good luck for their time trial, and headed across the road with Katrin still calling best wishes to her new friends, who understood her meaning, if not her Russian words.

They knocked on Alice's door, which opened a moment later. Alex introduced Mike to her. She invited them in. They sat down in her sitting room, an awkward silence followed. She was clearly embarrassed at having nothing to offer her new guests. Katrin, hearing Sarah and Jenny moving around in the kitchen, asked if she could go and join them. In a moment of inspiration, Mike suggested they all go over to his house, and let the girls all have a swim in the pool, while the adults got to know each other.

"I'll sort out their costumes," said a relieved Alice. "We'll be over in five minutes."

"Clever boy," teased Alex, as they walked back to the house, "you just wanted to see as much of their skin as you could, I know you." They went inside, all three grinning.

Shortly after, there was a knock on the door, and Alice came in, carrying a bag, followed by Sarah and Jenny, who went over and started chatting to Katrin. Katrin asked her mum if she could borrow the translator. The three disappeared into the kitchen, escaping the boring conversation of the adults. Mike, on the other hand was processing his thoughts. He'd just had his first sight of two of the cutest little girls walking into his sitting room. His cock had stirred and would be leaking pre-cum soon, if he didn't get his mind onto other things.

Sarah, the, only just, seven year old, was raven haired, with a short cut hairstyle, just above her shoulders. She had deep green eyes, which dominated her face, with their intensity. Her face was rounded, not with fat, she had not an ounce of fat on her whole body, but with the shape of her head, the cut of her hair, and her high cheek bones. Her mouth was wide, but not too wide. Just enough, he thought, to be able to suck his cock. She was gorgeous. Her body was that of a typical seven year old, parallel sided, not curves, with stick like legs projecting out from her tiny short, blue thin, terry shorts. She was wearing a small red T-shirt, sporting a picture of Mini Mouse, which was too tight and

too short, leaving a gap of two or three inches above the waist line of her shorts, showing her perfect flawless skin, and an innie belly button. When she turned to the side, she had the usual stance of all girls this age, where their tummies stick out forwards as far as their little bottoms stuck out backwards, in a sort of letter 'S' shape.

Eight year old Jenny had a similar shaped face as Sarah, with the same beautiful, penetrating, green eyes. Her hair colour differed though, as although it was dark, there was a deep auburn colouring to it, giving it a lustre many women would die for. Her cheeks were fuller than Sarah's, and her body, although not shapely, was more curvaceous. Again she didn't have an ounce of fat on her. She was wearing a crop top, which did little more than cover her completely flat chest. She had a short blue skirt on, which occasionally flashed her little pink panties beneath, when she moved around.

"You'll trip over your tongue if you don't put it away," teased Alex in Russian, "I told you they were pretty, didn't I?" he just nodded. She went into the kitchen to make some coffee, and ask the girls what they would like to eat or drink. Sarah and Jenny both asked for ice cream, not having had any recently. In fact they'd not had many treats for a while.

"Would you like to stay for tea," asked Alex, in her poor, but improving English, helped by the translator, "I'm going to make some special Estonian teacakes. They have honey and raisins in them. They're lovely, My mother taught me to make them when I was your age. You are both very pretty," she soothed, gently stroking both their heads. "We're having a barbecue and pool party here tomorrow, would you like to come?" she asked. "Then afterwards, we're having a sleepover, if you like. Sue and Elsie are coming."

"I can't swim," said Sarah, "I don't know if I will be able to come to the pool party." There was a look of disappointment in her face.

"Of course you can come, darling," said Alex. "Mike is a swimming coach, he'll teach you to swim. Perhaps, if you ask him nicely, he could make a start this afternoon. You never know, you might be swimming by tomorrow. He's very good, he's been coaching Susie and Elsie, next door. They're going to a swimming speed trial this afternoon, to join the county team. Maybe one day, you'll be as good as them, if you let Mike help you. The only thing is, you have to do everything he says, or else he won't teach you. And his hands have to hold you up, under your tummy, so you don't sink. Are you OK with that?" Alex could see the little girl processing this thought. Mike would have his hands on her sooner than he'd thought.

Alex left the girls eating their ice cream, and some lemon pie she'd found in the fridge, and went into the sitting room, where Alice and Mike were in deep, serious sounding conversation. She knew he'd fill her in on the details later.

"I was just saying to Alice," he said, "we're having a pool party with sleepover tomorrow, and Sarah and Jenny are invited."

"I was just telling them about it," said Alex, "but Sarah says she can't swim."

"No, neither can Jenny, or not very well, anyway," added Alice. "They've never been taught."

"I told Sarah, you'd teach her, Mike," said Alex. "I hope it's OK, but I've also invited them to tea this afternoon. I've promised to make my grandmother's recipe of Estonian teacakes for them. Perhaps you could give them a swimming lesson today, Mike." She turned to Alice. "Mike used to coach swimming, and has helped Sue and Elsie over the last few days. They want to get into the county team."

"I don't want to put you to all that trouble" Alice responded. "You've both been so kind to me. I'm not sure about this afternoon, though, I have to go and see my solicitor about my alimony payments in an hour."

"Don't worry," said Alex, "I'll look after them until you get back. Mike can start the swimming lesson, and they can get to know Katrin a bit better, before tomorrow's party."

"Well, if you're sure...." Said Alice, "I'll get along then. What time shall I call in to collect them?"

"Why not join us for tea?," suggested Mike. "What time do you get back from the solicitors?"

"Oh about five thirty," she replied.

"Great, come round then."

Alice went into the kitchen and had a quick word with her daughters, and returned minutes later. She smiled, as she picked her handbag up. Mike took her to the door.

In a low tone, so the kids in the kitchen wouldn't hear, he said "Alice thank you for being open and honest with me earlier. As I explained, I work for the security services and can find out things. I don't want to hear you've been going on the street again." He looked at her meaningfully. "You're too nice and too old for selling yourself, and besides, you'll get yourself arrested and where will that leave your girls? I also know one or two other things about you, you wouldn't want the girls to learn about. Petty theft and shoplifting. But I do draw the line at drugs. Do not, I repeat not deal in drugs again." She looked shocked at the truth he spoke of. Mike had easily followed her through street surveillance cameras, most of which he, or his company had installed. She'd been a one person crime wave, but all minor, all easily traced, and earned her almost nothing.

"But Mike," she sobbed plaintively, "I haven't any money. I have to feed the kids. How else can I do it?"

"There are plenty of jobs going, Alice," he said firmly.

"Yes, but I have to look after the kids, mind them in the holidays, then take and collect them during school term," she stated, "how would I fit in a job as well?"

"You get that job, Alex will look after the kids, Alice," he said. "I'll help her. You'll be on your feet again before you know it. I want you to take this." He handed her a wad of cash. She went through the motions of trying to refuse. "Call it a loan, call it what you like, but I promise, I will help you sort this out. Go and see your solicitor now, we'll look after the

girls, and we'll see you later, OK?" He smiled at her reassuringly. She gave him a kiss on his cheek and left.

Mike went back into the sitting room and saw Alex's expression. "How did you find out all that stuff about her, Mike," she asked. "You never really explained how you found out all the shit on me."

"Don't ask," he said, "You might not like the answers you hear. Let's go and get our hands on those lovely looking little girls, shall we?" They walked through to the kitchen, where the lemon pie had all gone, and the ice cream tubs licked clean.

= 18 =

Tuesday late morning

Sarah and Jenny have a swimming lesson

"Who wants a swimming lesson, then?" he asked "Katrín, could you take them out to the changing hut and get ready?"

Katrín took the translator, as the girls picked up their swimming bags and went out to the pool. Mike watched through the window as they went inside.

"Katrín hasn't taken her swimsuit with her." He observed.

"No I told her not to," Alex advised. "She'll swim naked. After a while, it might give Sarah and Jenny some ideas." He looked at her impressed with her forethought.

After less than a minute, the three came out of the hut. Mike watched to see what they were wearing. Immediately he could see Sarah and Jenny were wearing cheap one piece costumes, which should have been thrown out a year ago. They were made of thin material, and were at least a size too small. Sarah's pink in colour, Jenny's white. Katrín, of course walked ahead of them to the steps, naked, as though she always dressed that way.

"Don't you mind Mike seeing you bare?" asked Jenny.

"No, why should I", she replied confidently. "He's like a daddy to me. Do you let your daddy see you bare?"

"Yes, of course," Jenny answered, "or we did, when he lived with us. He always liked to see us that way. He said it was natural."

Katrín led the way, stepping down the steps into the shallow corner of the pool, where the water came up to Sarah and Jenny's chests.

"Stay in this corner," she instructed, "it gets deeper the further out you go."

Mike had changed in the utility room, and came out of the house, dropped his towel on a chair and dived into the deep end, surfacing near the three girls.

Katrin threw her arms round his neck, grinning at him. He cupped her naked bottom, her legs wrapped around his waist, his fingers visibly cupping her whole pudenda. Jenny's eyes went wide.

"Right, I promised Sarah a lesson," announced Mike, "but I understand you need a lesson too, Jenny." She nodded, still looking at his hand and where it was. "OK, there are some floats and rings in the hut. Katrin can show you. Why don't you two play together for half an hour, while I start Sarah's lesson?" He released Katrin, who led the way up the steps. As he'd hoped, he saw that Jenny's over tight suit, was now clinging to her thin body, forming to her shape, sinking into all her recesses. It was white material, and almost see through. There was no gusset liner. The camel toe at her crotch was spectacular, where the material had sunk deep into her cleft, giving Mike a boner. The two went into the hut.

"Don't you mind Mike holding you, you know, down there?" she asked.

"No, not at all. I love Mike, and he loves me," Katrin said reasonably. "If you love someone enough, it doesn't matter at all, does it? But," she said in almost a whisper, "even if you don't, it's rather fun, don't you think, if you, kinda like him? Anyway, it makes me feel nice." She looked at Jenny carefully measuring her response.

Jenny was pensive, thinking about what Katrin had said. Certainly it made her think about Mike in a different way. Katrin's comments had made her pussy clench and tingle. The process of her seduction had already started. They selected some rings and arm bands for Jenny, a ball and some floats, and took them out to the pool, got in the water and started to have fun splashing around.

Meanwhile, Mike was assessing Sarah's ability and confidence. She was nervous, and essentially needed teaching from the basics upwards.

"Hold onto the side of the pool," he instructed. "Kick your legs, they should come to the surface." He watched as she tried to kick her legs. "Think of a frog wagging his legs," he suggested. Her movement altered slightly, and slowly, her legs rose to the surface of the water. He placed his hand under her tummy and told her to stop kicking, he'd hold her for a moment.

Sarah looked at him. She could tell he was pleased with her. "Well done," he praised, "you're learning fast. Now try just kicking your legs from the knees down. Keep the tops still," he instructed. "Good. That's right. Now later, try and remember that, when you're swimming. That's a start. Now I'm going to put both my hands under you to support you, then I want you to let go of the side of the pool. OK?" She nodded.

He slipped the hand under her tummy lower, so he could now feel her mound, through the gossamer thin costume, filling his palm. The suit was so tight on her, her camel toe was very pronounced, the material had pulled deep into her slit, he could feel her labia, as though she were naked, as she moved in the water. He let one of his fingers trail into her recess, feeling the little nub of her clitoris. He watched, as her bottom rolled from side to side, her crack opening and closing with her movement. It was so erotic. His other hand was under her chest. Although she had no boobs yet, he could feel the tiny hard pin heads of her nipples pressing against his fingers. At this stage, he didn't want to push his luck; he had weeks and months to do that. So he just taught her the freestyle windmill arm

strokes, pleased at how she listened and did what he told her. Soon, he could support one end, while her legs or arms supported the other.

By the end of the lesson, Sarah was ready to try. Placing a hand lightly under her tummy, he encouraged her to swim herself. He couldn't actually remove his hand, because as he did, she lost confidence and put her feet down, but she was nearly there.

"I think that's enough for one lesson, Sarah," he said. "You've done ever so well, you're nearly swimming. We'll try again later or tomorrow morning, if you like and hopefully you'll be away swimming properly." She grinned at him in thanks, and threw her arms around his neck, and kissed his cheek. He, of course, cuddled her delightful little bottom, feeling every curve and crack under his fingers. He couldn't resist letting his fingers slip underneath a little, between her thighs, her labia pressing either side. She either didn't notice, or perhaps care.

"We'd better let Jenny have her lesson now," he said, letting her down. "Jenny," he called, "do you want to come down to this end and let Sarah have your arm bands, while you have your lesson?" The girls quickly changed over, Sarah paddling off to join Katrin.

"What can you do at the moment, Jenny?" he asked. She outlined that she could do basic doggy paddle, but little more. "That's good," he said. "It means you are confident to swim and take your feet off the bottom, even if just for a few seconds. We can build on that. So show me how you do it now."

For the next few minutes, she demonstrated what she could do. So Mike said he would show her the correct leg and arm movements for freestyle first. In just a few minutes, she was doing a rudimentary crawl. She loved the praise he poured on her. He loved holding her under her mound, the same as he'd done to her sister, feeling her lovely shape through the thin white material.

"Just practice that, Jenny, when you're on your own. I think you'll find you can do it with just a little practice. It will soon improve. Let's move onto breaststroke now, shall we? I will support your weight with my hands. Let's start with your arm movements." He explained what she needed to do, and soon she had mastered it. "Now your leg movements. This is more complicated," he stressed. Again he outlined what was needed. "Think of that frog. Squeeze the water between your thighs, push it backwards."

His hand was taking her weight under her mound, and as her legs moved out and inwards, he could feel her labia opening and closing. He let his thumb settle into her cleft, and up between her thighs. Her costume was so tight, and so thin, she felt naked under his hands. Her pussy was now squeezing his thumb, rhythmically. His erection solid now, pre-cum flowing. He wondered if she was even aware where his fingers were. After half an hour, she could swim the crawl and breaststroke to a degree, and would be able to get better with practice.

"I would like to perfect your leg movements, later, Jenny," he said. "As long as you don't mind me holding you underneath, you should be as good tomorrow as any of the swimmers here," he praised. "We'll have a break now, and another lesson later, OK?" Like her sister, she too thanked him with a cuddle, and he too, cupped her bottom, his fingers drifting under her. She seemed not to mind at all.

They all got out of the pool. The three girls sat around in a huddle, chattering. Eventually, Jenny went over to Alex, who had been sunbathing, pretending not to be watching Mike molest the little girls.

"Please Alex," asked the child, "my costume is ever so tight. I'm getting sore, you know, underneath. Would Mike mind if I took it off?"

"Mike wouldn't mind at all," replied Alex. "He will understand. Katrin doesn't wear one when Mike is here. He makes sure no other boys can see her. Just don't say anything to anyone else, OK, they might get the wrong idea." The little girl smiled a thanks, and was already pulling the shoulder straps off and sliding the swimsuit down and off her legs in seconds. Sarah, seeing what had happened had her costume off in moments too. In a few minutes, the three naked girls were playing a game, running round the pool.

Mike, who'd been into the house for a minute emerged, saw what had taken place, and smiled. He sat down beside Alex and said: "Reminds me of all the girls on the beaches of Andalusia." After a few minutes, Katrin came and asked if they could all have a drink. "Of course, darling," you know where they are, go and help yourselves." They came out a few minutes later, each sipping a fizzy drink, burping for the fun of it, every now and then. Sarah and Jenny sat on the two remaining seats, while Katrin sat on Mike's lap, her legs spread outside his knees, leaning back against his blond curly chest. His fingers were soon interlocked over her tummy, just an inch above the dimple of her cleft.

The three girls carried on chatting. Already, Mike heard Katrin using almost as many English words as Russian. The translator struggled to keep up. Jenny, meantime, watched, fascinated as Mike's fingers were idly playing with Katrin's clitty. She wondered if either of them even knew what they were doing. After the recent behaviour of her own father, she wasn't about to say anything. Katrin, she knew, was one of the happiest girls she'd ever met. Perhaps if she got to know them better, she too could find some of that happiness for herself, through these new friends. Already she knew they'd helped her sister and herself to swim, invited them over for a party, and helped Mummy, somehow. She didn't know the details, but Mummy had looked so much happier when she'd left. They'd all been so kind. She didn't want to spoil it. Already, she knew she liked them a lot. The last two hours had been the best she'd known for some weeks. She glanced at Katrin's pussy again. Her hands were now on top of his. He was still gently playing with her. Watching them, made her tingle down below in her coochie. She was sure Katrin was pressing him to her. She was a little shocked, when she realised what was happening. She looked up, and saw Mike was staring at her. Not unkindly, but with a gentle, warm smile, which told her in an instant, she too could be happy, if she wanted to be.

"Would you like to have your second swimming lesson now Jenny?" he asked, still looking her in the eye. Jenny was only eight, but like her sister, she was intelligent and insightful. His innocent question hid a much deeper meaning, she knew instinctively. She paused, thinking for a moment.

"Yes, please Mike," she replied, "if that's not too much trouble." It seemed to her that Alex, Katrin and Mike were all looking at her, in an expectant way.

She got up and walked back over to the shallow end steps, still naked, and walked down into the water. She suddenly felt very warm. The cool water welcomed her. Katrin, her new best friend, joined her, her arm going round Jenny's shoulder. She put the translator to her ear and whispered. "If you let him, he's a very good teacher. He will teach you whatever you want to know and more. He will do things for you and your mum, if you do things for him. He has made me so happy, I could cry," she said. Her last words making Jenny wonder if somehow she'd read her mind. "He saved my life, and my mum's, twice, Jenny, I promise you, he did," Katrin continued. "I would do anything for him. Anything he asked. It's up to you, Jenny, If you want Mike to help you and your mum, well, it's up to you." Jenny didn't know whether to believe her. But what she did know, was that Katrin meant every word. Jenny knew what would happen now. She could get out of the pool and make some excuse, or she could stay in. She looked at Katrin's face. She looked at Mike, walking towards the steps. She stayed.

Mike walked slowly into the water, as Katrin went to sit with Sarah, beside Alex. Jenny could see the bulge in his speedos. He was becoming erect.

"Well, Jenny, let's see how your breaststroke arm motions are. I do like a really good breaststroke, don't you? I will support you, keep you afloat. Don't move your legs yet, let me see how you move your arms."

He soon had his hands underneath her, where they'd been before, but this time, they felt hot on her skin. Her mind was in a spin. One hand under her mound, the other covering her tiny titties, which suddenly seemed so sensitive to his touch. She felt his fingers gently pinch her nipple. At first she thought she was mistaken, but then the same happened to her other one. Then she felt him rub them both, again and again. He was stroking them, as her arm movements rolled her chest from side to side.

"That's good, Jenny. Rest your arms now, and start moving your legs, the way I showed you before."

Jenny started to move her legs apart, stretched, pushed, together again, in the movement of breaststroke. She was immediately aware, his palm was back on her mound, but this time, his fingers were slipping into her cleft. They touched her clitty and instantly, a bolt shot through her like an electric shock, making her bend, her knees coming up to her chest. The tingling eased off, and she straightened out again, resuming her movements, feeling his fingers exploring deeper, down towards her vagina. She so wanted this, and yet she knew it was wrong. He was teasing her down there. She loved it, and yet it worried her, but excited her, thrilled her. Suddenly it ended, just as she felt the tingles increase, getting nice, better.

"Now, Jenny, I want to see you swim on your own," he said. Start at that side, and swim to me, over here." It wasn't far, but enough to show she could do it. She had a hand on the pool coping. A look of determination on her little pretty face. She pushed off from the edge. At first, she sank just beneath the surface. Then she took her first strokes and surfaced, moving forward, now. She took another and another. She was swimming. Her breaststroke not very coordinated, but it was a start, a very good start. She was puffing by the time she reached him the other side, but a look of triumph on her face. She grabbed his offered hand, and immediately threw her arms around his neck, cuddling him to her. She'd done it. She kissed his cheek.

Mike, now cupping her bum, let his fingers explore through her crack. He touched her rosebud, feeling her clench as he did. She glanced at him, her smile of triumph changing to something else, a smile of a secret shared between them. He felt her legs part a fraction. Not a lot, but enough to tell him much more. His fingers continued their journey, slowly over her perineum and dipped into her cleft, feeling her vagina entry clasp the pad of his finger tip. He didn't push hard, but he let his finger dip in a little. She was slippery there. Definitely slippery. He knew another red dot would be tattooed on his cock in a few days time, She would be his.

His finger carried on, inching towards her clit, and found her cowl, the protective flap of skin, covering her hard nub poking through. He touched it, and felt her jerk in reaction. He caressed it again, now feeling her pressing her mound against his tummy. He continued a slow gentle motion, strumming her clitoris with feather light touches. Her breathing, now through her nose, shortened in little puffs. She was going to cum. He was surprised it would be so soon. Then she snorted, her cheek pressed against his chest, her eyes screwed tight shut. She snorted a second time, then she came in a most spectacular way, her soft calls of delight and gratification, told the spectators how she felt at that moment, while her strongly clamping pussy told Mike there was more to this child than he'd at first realised. She was going to be one of those that wanted him to assist her regularly from now on. He would have to talk to Katrin. He watched as she got out of the pool, on wobbly legs, to sit with the others, near the hut.

"Well, Sarah," he called out, would you like another practice swim, before your mum arrives, so you can show her how well you've done?"

The beautiful little seven year old walked over and down the steps, Mike stood in the pool, watching her little slit rock back and forth with her leg movement. She lowered herself into the water, and pushed off, swimming the crawl in a most basic fashion. But it was swimming. She swum twice round Mike in a large circle, then back and sat on the steps with a huge smile on her face. She'd done it. She could swim. She walked back up the steps, and ran to her sister, who'd watched the whole thing, to tell her. Both girls would now enjoy the pool party.

= 19 =

Tuesday Afternoon

Sammy returns – Alice is given a choice.

It was about four in the afternoon, Mike heard noises next door in the Bennett's property. He wasn't sure if it was a delivery, or burglars, or the bin men. He went to the fence, and looked over, just as Sammy's face popped up looking over. She grinned and kissed him.

"Mum's home," Sammy said, excitedly. "She's home. She's well too, I think. The carer is with her now. Can I come round and see you. Oh, you've got some friends with you. Who are they?" she asked, quizzically.

"Come round, Sammy, I will introduce you to everyone," he said. "You'll know some of them, but you won't know Katrin and her Mum. They're from Estonia. They live with me for the moment."

There was a scraping of the fence boards, and Sammy appeared through the hole the swinging planks had made.

"Hello, Sarah and Jenny, nice to see you," she said. "We only met once. You were just moving in across the road, last time I saw you." She looked at the two naked girls, and realised Mike had been up to his old tricks again. She smiled.

"This is Alex and Katrin," Mike said. She smiled at them, they looked friendly. "Katrín is beautiful," she thought to herself, as she looked at Katrin's lovely naked body, her full mound, her deep cleft so pronounced. "I wonder if Mike will prefer her to me?" Her expression wasn't missed by Mike, who had half expected something of the sort and had been watching Sammy.

A few minutes later, Mike heard a car pull up next door, and Sue and Elsie's excited voices could be heard moments later. He walked down the side of the house and looked over the fence, as they collected their belongings from the car boot. "How did they get on?" he asked Margaret Henderson. She turned towards him, her beaming smile answering his question.

"They got into the county team, Mike," she gushed. "Not only that," she continued, "They both came first in their respective age groups. Their coach was amazed. He told me he'd no idea they had improved so much. He'd expected them to fail. He wanted to know how it had happened. Anyway, the girls and I have been having a little talk." Mike looked at the two sisters, who looked back a little sheepishly. "I told them I knew they had been coming round to use your pool and get coached by you." She smiled again. "You should have seen their faces, when they realised they'd been swimming nude in front of you, unnecessarily. Anyway, Mike, I want to thank you, because not only have you helped them get in the team, you've helped me see how I haven't been the mother I should have been recently." She put a hand on his shoulder. The touch spoke far more than any words would have done.

"Would you like to join us for some tea?" he asked. "We are about to have some. We're round the back on the patio. Alex and Katrin are back home, and Sammy too. I am sure they would love to hear how Sue and Elsie got on. Alex has made some Estonian teacakes."

"I'd be delighted," said Margaret. "You girls go through with Mike. I'll just put your swimming costumes and towels into the washer. I'll be five minutes."

Mike led the girls down the side of the house to the back. He introduced Sue and Elsie to Alex and Katrin, although they had seen each other in passing, when Mike had been away. They already knew Sarah, Jenny and Sammy from school. Mike got some picnic chairs out from the back of the changing hut, and set them up round the table. They'd just sat down, when Margaret appeared. Mike made the introductions. He saw the raised eyebrows, when she saw Sarah and Jenny sitting chatting to Sammy, without a stitch of clothing on. Alex saw the look too, and said: "Alice, the new lady across the road, asked Mike to teach her girls to swim. In less than an hour, he got them both swimming. He's a very good swimming coach, isn't he? The only problem was, their costumes were far too small, and made them sore, so they took them off. You don't mind do you?"

"Oh, no," spluttered Margaret, hearing the words from the translator, "not at all." Suddenly she grinned. "In fact, Mike saw my girls naked most of the week, didn't he, you two," she peered at her daughters, frowning, but with a kind smile. They giggled back.

Alex got up and announced she would put the teacakes into the oven. "The mixture will be ready by now. They will be about half an hour. Alice should be back about then. Why don't you girls have another swim while you're waiting?"

Sammy jumped up, and started to undress. "I'm so hot," she said, "we've been in the car all day. I'd love a swim." In moments, she too was naked. She ran for the pool, jumping in, her little bottom wobbling as it disappeared into the water. Sarah and Jenny and Katrin were right behind her. The four were splashing about with each other in no time. Sue looked at her mother enquiringly. Margaret nodded. She too soon stripped off and joined the others.

"What about you, Elsie?" asked Alex. "Don't you want to go in?"

"Maybe," she said carefully, "I want to use the loo though. Perhaps I'll go in later." Margaret shrugged, and assumed her daughter didn't want to be seen naked in front of all these adults. She realised she was making excuses for some reason.

Alex went into the kitchen, followed by Elsie. "What's the real reason, Elsie, darling? Why won't you go in?"

"It's because my bum is all sore," she said, knowing Alex was one of the few people she could have confessed this to, "with lots of red marks across it from this morning. If I strip off Mum will see it, and ask questions. She might find out what Mike did to me."

Alex thought for a moment. She'd been a hairdresser and beautician before she'd worked for her brother in Tallinn. "Quickly, let me pour this mixture into the moulds, then we'll go upstairs. I think I can help."

A minute later, upstairs, Alex had got her bag out and asked Elsie to strip off, and lay face down on the bed. "I have some very good makeup. They use it in theatres. It's waterproof, so when actors sweat, it won't run. We'll use that. The only thing is, it has to be rubbed in well. Let's give it a try."

Alex scooped a dollop of the pinkie brown grease, and spread it across Elsie's buttocks. She heard the child groan, as her sore marked lines were manipulated with the rubbing. Soon the red lines started to disappear, and her bum looked quite normal. Alex pressed her fingers inside the girl's thighs, where some bruising remained. She could see the soreness of her swollen vagina, where her cherry had been taken only a few hours ago. "Do you want me to put some on there," she asked, dabbing her finger to Elsie's entry. "It still looks quite red."

Without waiting for a reply, Alex started to rub a little of the makeup around Elsie's entry. She could see she was sore, so was gentle. The girl closed her eyes, and almost immediately rocked her hips up to meet Alex's fingers. The Golden Lotion was still working, and the smallest touch on her pussy, set the nine year old off again. Alex, of

course, didn't know anything about the Golden Lotion, and was surprised when she realised she had a climaxing child on the end of her fingers.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Alex said, taking her fingers way.

"No, don't stop," gasped the child. "Please don't stop. She crashed into a deeper orgasm when Alex's experienced fingers resumed their massage of Elsie's clitty. Elsie shuddered on the bed, while Alex administered some very expert manipulation to the girl. Katrin loved it when her mum did this to her. After about five minutes, they heard Margaret calling from downstairs.

"I'll go and stall her," said Alex, "you come out and join the other girls when you're ready. The makeup has covered the marks. If you ever want to come round and let me err," she paused, smiling, "put more makeup on you, just let me know." Elsie grinned back at her.

Alex walked down the stairs, finding Margaret standing in the sitting room. "Is everything alright," she asked. "It's just that I thought I heard Elsie cry out."

"No," said Alex, "she wanted to use the toilet. She was embarrassed because everyone is using the one downstairs. She didn't want to stink it out, so she went upstairs. She might have dropped something." A moment later, a naked Elsie ran down the stairs, in between Alex and Margaret, carrying her clothes. When the two women walked outside, there were now six naked preteens in the water.

Mike looked at the scene. He would have loved to have dived into the pool and join all the little girl flesh, but his enormous bulge, was only covered with his thin speedos and a casual towel in his lap.

Alex sat down, thinking. Some things which Mike had said, and other comments the girls had made were running through her head. She had a germ of an idea. She would need Mike to do his investigating thing for her, to get some answers, but the idea stuck in her mind. She would think on it. Mike would know what to do. She'd bounce the idea off him later.

Just then, Alice appeared. She was smiling. Quick introductions were made as she sat down. She glanced at the naked girls in the pool and simply said: "They all seem to be enjoying themselves. I didn't think those undersized swimsuits would stay on long. I really must buy them some new ones."

Alex got up, saying she would make the tea and prepare the teacakes. Margaret, who was interested in cookery, asked if she could come in and help. Mike and Alice were left alone, watching the girls playing in the pool.

"Your Sarah can swim now, Alice," he said. "She needs a lot of practice, but she's OK without armbands, as long as someone is watching her. Jenny can swim much better too. Again, she can now do the breaststroke and crawl, as you can see, over there. She also needs lots of practice, but essentially she's there. If they come over a few times a week, I'll teach them how to improve their style. They'll be proficient in no time at all."

"I'm so grateful," Alice said. "You've been very kind to me and my girls. The swimming lessons, and the loan, even your advice. I don't know how to repay you, Mike."

"Well there is a way," he said, looking meaningfully at her. The way it came out, she immediately assumed he wanted to have sex with her. Her eyes clouded over. But instead, he continued: "I want to know you are looking after those girls, Alice, I want to see you drive your life forward in a positive way. You've had a bad knock, with your husband abandoning you without any income. Tell me, Alice, what is the most valuable thing you have?" he asked unexpectedly.

"Err," she started, thinking it a strange question.

"Well," he interrupted, "I would say it's your girls, right?" she nodded. It was true. "I don't have any children yet, but what I do have is close friends of all ages. Like you and Alex, and your daughters. I see them as family. They are my most valuable asset. Without them, my life would be empty."

"But we only met today," she interspersed.

"So what?" he responded. "I probably know more about you than people you've known for twenty years." What he didn't say was that before he moved to the neighbourhood, he'd done extensive research into the people immediately around his house. He had looked at, and rejected ten other possible places to live. This one was ideal.

She gave him a condescending smile. "Don't be silly what do you know about....."

"You were born on 7th June 1986 in Carlisle," he rattled out from memory. "Your father was an engineer, your mother a teacher. I won't bore you with what your grandfather did in the war, other than he deserved his award for bravery. You have a degree in social sciences, taken at Newcastle University. You married at St.Peter's Church in Upminster on Saturday 15th July 2006. I'll skip the boring background, shall I." He glanced at her. Her mouth was open astounded. "Your sons were born in the next couple of years, both at Manchester Maternity Hospital, while you were living in Sale, Cheshire. You had a conviction for prostitution a year later. The magistrate believed your husband had coerced you into doing it, and was lenient in his sentence of a year in prison, suspended for a year, plus a fine and costs totalling £1200. You moved twice since, finally moving here last month. You paid £230K for this house. You have no mortgage, as you sold your last one for more. Unfortunately the house is in your husband's name, so all assets are tied, hence your need to seek alimony and a job. That's all stuff you know about. I won't go into the list of crimes your husband has committed, at this stage."

"Let me fill you in on some bits you don't. Last week, you were recorded on C.C.T.V. on the street in Millington Road. You know as well as I do that's where girls go who want to work the street. You didn't know where the cameras were. Didn't you wonder why the other girls were up the other end? Anyway, you had five clients. One was violent, one wanted things you wouldn't do for him and the others all wanting anal sex, hoping you didn't know any of their wives. You earned £120. Then you used that to buy drugs to sell from the local wholesaler, Leroy Smith. You made a few sales. They were all recorded by the same cameras. Then to cap it all, you got turned over by another vendor, at knife point, and lost your stock and the little cash you'd made. If the police see the video

evidence, you will lose the girls, because you will be deemed an unfit mother. Prostitution and drug dealing. Very serious, if you're a mother."

By this time, Alice was sitting shaking. She'd known Mike knew a lot about what she'd done, he'd said as much this morning.

"But I have some good news for you. Look." He spun his laptop around, pressed a few icons, and a clip showing her nefarious activity of a week ago appeared on the screen. The microphone had clearly picked up the various conversations.

"Why is this good news, Mike? You have cast iron video proof of what I did last week. If the police got hold of that, I would lose the kids and possibly end up in jail."

"That's the point, Alice," he said quietly. "I have the proof, not the police, or the local authorities, or the child welfare department," he added unnecessarily. "I have wiped their files. I have the only copy, right here," he added, pointing at his laptop. "If we're a close knit family, your secret's safe with me. As I said a few minutes ago, I see you and the girls as my family, the same as Sue, Elsie and Margaret, or Sammy and her mum. Did you know she's just come out of rehab? Guess who arranged for that to be funded?"

"But, there's something else I know about you, Alice," he went on, "why you had to move away from Sale in Cheshire a couple of years back." Suddenly she went deathly pale. "The social services report ..."

"There was never any proof about that," she stuttered.

"Maybe not," he continued, "but a sworn affidavit stating you'd been having an incestuous relationship with your two boys is pretty strong stuff. That's why your husband has custody of them, not you. The social services seem to have lost their file on it. Oops, it must have happened when I went into their secure system for a look around! It seems I have the only surviving copy of that as well. So more good news."

"What are you driving at Mike?" she asked in an inquisitive tone, "I mean, if you were going to report me you would have already done it, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he agreed, "but as I said, I want us all to be one happy family. So, Alice, I've got a proposal for you." He looked at her steadily. "What if I could fix it for you to have your boys back, so you can fuck them as often as you, and they, like?" She licked her lips. Mike let that one sink in for a moment. He could see he'd scored with that idea.

"But what about my husband?" she asked, reasonably. "He won't just hand them over because you happen to have deleted a social services file. Will he?"

"No, that's true, unless there's something in it for him too," he explained. "What if he came and lived here too. He would be able to support you again."

"God no," she hissed. "Look what happened to me last time. I ended up in hospital. He nearly killed me, Mike. I couldn't go through that again."

"Of course not," he continued, "that's why we give him what he wants. He needs a special type of woman. A woman who likes being hit, or tied up, or dresses up and gets all kinky for him, and plays dangerous games with polybags. And I know just the person."

She sat, wide eyed, her mouth open. He knew everything smutty about her and her husband, John. He must know about John's conviction for grievous bodily harm, when he nearly killed his first wife, by tying a polythene bag over her head during sex. He'd passed out and when he came round, she was unconscious.

"Who have you got in mind, this special woman?" she asked.

"Margaret, of course," he answered. Alice gasped.

"No, she's a church goer," she stated. "I've seen the vicar here visiting her."

"Guess what they do when he comes round, Alice? It sure isn't bible reading and prayer! It's more like biblical retribution. Anyway," he went on, "I know things about Margaret that would make your hair curl. She's not the saint you think. She'll agree alright."

It took her a moment to digest all this. Finally, she looked at him and said: "OK," she paused, "I get my boys back. My husband gets a whipping woman and sticks around paying the bills. What do you get, Mike? I mean in return for your silence, about my naughty past, what is your proposal?"

"Oh, two things, really," he said brightly. "Firstly, Alex would like to join you and fuck your boys as well. She's very fond of little boys and I did promise to see if I could find some nice cock for her. Perhaps you could have a foursome with her. And secondly," he continued, "I want to do to your girls what you're going to do to your boys, from time to time."

Alice was stunned. At first she didn't believe her ears, then she couldn't process the information. Then she went through a series of emotions, all in less than a minute. She was horrified, then revolted, then angry, then calm, and finally excited. She just sat there thinking it through, and realised his proposal wasn't as outrageous as it sounded. It would solve all her problems. Every way she looked at it,

"How often, you know, how often would you want them?" she asked. "I mean, they're only seven and eight." Mike already knew from her choice of words that she had agreed, even if she didn't realise it herself, yet.

"Oh not very often," he said gently. "I have my Katrin and Sammy and Emma to look after, as well as Elsie and Sue. No it won't be too often, maybe just three or four times a week each. But, Alice, I promise you this, I know exactly what I'm doing with little girls, so I will make it good for them. They will want to do it. It will be nice for them, I promise you."

"Do you want me to talk to them?" she asked, her words finally confirming her agreement, "you know, explain what will be happening."

"Only if you feel you want to, Alice," he replied, "I wouldn't bother, let things run their course. You can perhaps let them know you're happy with things, after their first time. I will

get to know them, make them feel comfortable with me, work on them slowly. I won't force them in any way. We'll only do it if they want to, OK?"

She felt happier with that. Her girls wouldn't be forced, raped, or traumatised. He would seduce them gradually. But to be able to fuck her boys again, she would have agreed to him doing anything to the girls.

= 20 =

Tuesday late Afternoon
Margaret is saved and agrees.

A few minutes later, the gate to the side of the house creaked open, and Emma came trotting through. Her brown tan spoke volumes about her recent holiday in Andalusia.

"Hi, Emms," cried Sammy from the middle of the pool, "come on in and join us, this is Katrin," she made the introductions, "she's from Estonia, after you, she's my new bestest friend. You already know Sue and Elsie from school. These two are Sarah and Jenny. They've just moved in across the road. That's their mum with Mike. She's nice, her name is Alice. Hurry up and jump in."

Alice watched, as the girl stripped off her clothes right in front of Mike, then came and kissed him full on his lips, turned, gave her bottom a seductive wiggle, and jumped into the water.

"Another of your conquests?" enquired Alice, with a smirk.

"Not yet, but she will be in a day or so," he confirmed. "She's also going to model for me in the studio. She's very pretty without her clothes on, wouldn't you agree?" She nodded absently. "I'll get her to teach your girls how to model their bodies for my camera." A fluttering tingle passed through Alice's pussy at those words. She wondered if he would be willing to photograph her boys as well.

Alex and Margaret appeared from the house, carrying trays, loaded with drinks and teacakes and sat around the table. The girls, seeing the food, scrambled out of the water, and ran to the table, showering the seated adults in water. Each of them grabbed a teacake and they sat cross legged on their towels, on the floor, giggling together, as little girls do.

The teacakes were a resounding success. The mixture had ingredients no one could identify, but the honey and raisins gave them an exquisite flavour, and the girls kept coming back for more. They were soon all gone, and the girls craved for more. Mike watched, as their little pussies opened and closed with their movements. All of them saw him looking, none of them minded at all.

Alex asked Mike if he would help clear away some things, while she went to the kitchen to check on the next batch of teacakes in the oven. These had chocolate and cinnamon in them. He entered the kitchen, and Alex beamed at him.

"Mike I have the most wonderful idea." She'd been bursting to tell him all afternoon. "Listen, why don't we get Alice's husband, John, paired up with Margaret? That would solve two stones with one bird, isn't that right?" She smiled as he grinned at her misquote.

He quickly explained he'd had the same idea, and already spoken to Alice. "She's happy to let you have her boys, Alex." She went still, listening intently to what he said. "She likes to fuck them both too, though, so you will have to share them. Fancy four in a bed?" he teased.

"So, back to your idea, what about Margaret?" he asked, "have you said anything to her?"

She nodded, smiling a cheeky smile. "Oh yes, she agreed alright, but I managed to get her to agree to more." He raised his eyebrow in question. "I asked her if she'd ever fancied having sex with one of her girls in the bed with her. Her reaction told me she'd like that very much, but wasn't that illegal? Only if someone finds out, I said. I told her that John liked smacking little girls, as well as big ones, and perhaps Elsie might like to join in. She asked me how I knew, and I said you'd worked in the security services, and knew all sorts of shit on everyone. I asked her if she would like me to speak to Elsie, which she agreed to. When she asked me why I had gone to all this trouble for her, I told her it was simple, it was so you could have Sue and Elsie round from time to time for a nice little fuck. It didn't seem to worry her in the least. She agreed immediately, as long as she got John to spank her bum. She said one other thing, though, which worried me, I thought you ought to know."

"What's that, Alex?" he asked.

"Well she told me she'd made a transfer to Rev. Phuqup from her bank today. She's mortgaged the house and given him the lot. After I told her about John, she realised she might have made a mistake."

"Of, fuck," exploded Mike. He grabbed his laptop, and ran for the table. He opened, and signed into the secure part of the Minskyovski Bank. The pass codes, fortunately, still worked. He was into the bank system. He drilled down, across, sideways, working his way through the international banking networks, into London, then her bank, until he finally found her account. The transfer had been completed, totalling £225K. He dug deeper, and found the Rev. Phuqup's recipient account. It had been closed already. Five other large amounts had been transferred today also. Other female victims, he assumed. The whole lot, valued at over £1.5M gone, puff. Next he drilled further into the network, and saw there was an incompletely transferred in place to the Caymen Islands. Without a moment's hesitation, he clicked on it, froze it, then diverted it into an account MI5 used when they found laundered international funds. He quickly e-mailed Bob-Dob, with an explanation of what had happened, and signed off.

"How are those teacakes coming along, Alex? I'm famished. Do you know, I really, really need a long fuck with at least two or three of my little girls." They both laughed.

Mike and Alex went outside and joined the others, watching the girls still splashing in the pool. "More teacakes, girls," called Alex. "Come and get them!" There was a rush as the seven beautiful, naked girls flew from the pool for the treat Alex had created for them.

They'd so loved the first batch, they wanted to try the next. They weren't disappointed. They were delicious. Soon, though, they were back in the pool.

"It looks like our pool party has started a day early," said Mike. "It's good to see the kids enjoying themselves." They chatted for a while. During a pause, he said: "I see your friend, Rev. Fuckup has done a runner with well over a million in other people's money, Margaret."

She went deathly pale at his comment. "You don't mean..." she asked.

"Yes," he confirmed with a nod, "including your quarter of a million, Margaret." Alice and Alex were listening in closely.

"Oh my god," stuttered Margaret, covering her face with her hands. "What am I going to do?" The tears were pouring down her cheeks now.

"What you're going to do Margaret," he looked at her steadily, "is thank me for being able to intercept it for you. A few minutes later, and the money would have been in the Caymans. I managed to redirect it to a safe account in London. There will be a few day's delay, while true ownership is verified, but it will be returned to you in due course."

A look of relief washed over her face. "Oh thank god," she whispered. "How will I ever thank you."

"Let Sue and Elsie do that for you, Margaret," he said, giving her a meaningful grin.

She rolled her eyes, and nodded, smiling now. "For a quarter of a mill, that's the very least I can do."

A few minutes later, Margaret looked at her watch and said she needed to go. Alice echoed her comment and in a few minutes, they had corralled and dressed their girls, and left. Mike noticed they both went across the road to Alice's house. He assumed to discuss how to deal with Alice's ex, John.

Alex and Mike sat, watching Sammy, Katrin and Emma splash about, but soon they came out of the water. They'd been in most of the afternoon, and time was getting on. They stood round Alex and Mike, chattering, as they dried off their naked skin.

"What time do you have to be home, Emma?" asked Alex. Sammy and Emma glanced at each other and giggled.

"Go on," smiled Mike, "what have you two been up to?"

"Err," said Sammy, "Emms told her mum she's having a two night sleepover with me, tonight and tomorrow." She grinned at Emma as she continued: "And I've told Mum's carer I'm having a sleepover at Emm's."

Mike grinned at Alex. "So what you're saying," he looked at them, "is you're both having a two night sleepover here."

Both smiled again, and nodded their heads, "uhh hah."

"Mike," said Sammy, "do you still like me?"

"What sort of a question is that, my darling," replied Mike., "Of course I do. Whatever made you ask such a thing."

"You haven't kissed me, or cuddled me, or touched me, ever since I got home," she said plaintively.

"Oh darling," he said, reaching his hands out towards her. "Come here." The truth of the matter was, he hadn't touched her, because previously she'd had the Golden Lotion inside her, pushing her sex drive. He wasn't entirely sure how she now felt about him. She shuffled forward, her legs either side of Mike's knees, before she sat on him, her arms now around his neck, cuddling him close. Mike reached down and cupped her bottom in his hands, feeling her well formed buttocks, his finger tips straying into her valley, her rosebud spread by her open legs.

Sammy leaned back a few inches, and looked him in the eyes, and then slowly moved her lips to his, their mouths opening in a loving kiss, which went on and on, their tongues intertwining. Sammy reached down, and without any preamble, pushed her hand into his speedos, grabbing his cock and pulling it out. Her other hand pushed the material down out of the way. She tried to lift herself off him, so she could push him under her, but her little legs weren't long enough. Realising what she wanted, he lifted her bodily under her bum.

She pushed him back, feeling him nestle into her entry. Gently, he lowered her down, feeling his cock dip into her, ripping his foreskin back. Suddenly, they were wet and slimy, as his pre-cum was released into her passage. He lifted half an inch and lowered her again, feeling his crown start it's journey into her vagina, her tight, tight, vagina, her passage parting, peeling open, welcoming him in, where she'd wanted it all these weeks since she last saw him.

He hit her end, his crown pushed against her cervix. They paused for a moment, while she adjusted, dilating, enjoying. He then slowly lifted her up with his hands under her buttocks, until she almost popped out of him. After a moment, he let her down again and she slid smoothly the length of his rock hard cock, her perineum resting firmly on his pubis. Up she went again, easier, quicker, slipperier, nicer. Very soon, she was bouncing up and down his shaft. She had long since descended into a crashing climax, while her vagina clamped again and again on his cock.

Mike, who was still locked mouth to mouth with Sammy, opened his eyes, and looked passed her. Katrin and Emma were both sitting in one of the chairs together, watching him fuck their friend. They had their hands in each other's pussies, rubbing gently, encouraging arousal, climax and deep pleasure. Both knew that before the day was out, they too would be offered their turn. Both knew their lives, and the lives of their neighbour friends, had changed today. They were going to be happy and contented, and it was all because of Mike. Alex too was so happy. She had lived in terror for many years. Her life in Tallinn one of constant fear. She had met Mike, and from that day, her life too had

changed and only for the better. He'd fulfilled her dreams in Spain with some little boys for her, and now Alice's boys would be available. Life was good. So too were the feelings inside her, as she masturbated herself, while she watched Mike's cock slide in and out of the nine year old. The only thing she found more exciting, was when it was Katrin he was fucking.

It wasn't long, before He felt the early signs of his orgasm approaching in a rush. He felt the pressure deep down in his prostate, then his lower cock and balls, then his crown and suddenly he exploded deep into Sammy's womb, pulse after pulse. The child was moaning continuously a language even she wouldn't have understood, her breathing a series of little pants, through her nose, where a trail of runny snot slipped down her cheek. They finally finished. Neither wanting to end it, neither moving, while they felt his tumescent cock slowly wither and shrink.

At last, she expelled him with a little clench. Mike immediately lifted her up, one hand on each of her hips. "Put your knees on my legs, Sammy," he instructed her, "kneel on me." She adopted the position, her hands on his shoulders for support, not knowing why, and was taken a little by surprise when Alex's mouth clamped over the whole of her pussy, and started to suck her. She could feel Alex's tongue delving into her, reaching in as far as it could, scooping out the nectar of love, before diving back in for more. Certainly Sammy and Emma looked at each other, a silent communication passing between them. They both knew they loved this brave new world they'd discovered together, and wanted to learn all it could teach them.

= 21 =

Tuesday Evening

A quiet evening in – Emma finally loses her cherry.

A little later, the evening air getting cold, they went inside. Mike got the pizza menu out, and they ordered in. It arrived half an hour later, and they enjoyed their feast, while watching Frozen 2 on his huge screen. As always, he was amazed how the Disney artists got away with making their little girl heroes look so sexy. He remembered their namesakes, Elsa and Ana in Minsk and wondered how they and their mothers were getting on now that he'd improved their lot. He hoped one day to see them again. Certainly he looked forward to being inside them again.

As soon as the food had gone, Katrin had sat on Mike's lap, leaning back against his chest, holding his hands with hers, pressing him to her naked mons, feeling his finger tips gently dip into her dimple and play a tune on her clitty. So good. She sighed with contentment when she gently came. Just a gentle one. She leaned back, turning her head and whispered into his ear in Russian, not wanting the other girls to hear. He nodded. She knew what to do.

Returning a minute or two later, she resumed her seat in his lap, and slipped the vibrator onto the seat beside his leg. No one else had taken any notice of her. Neither did anyone notice Mike lift her gently, while she positioned his cock at the entry to her anus. The KY Jelly she'd just squirted into her bum and the added pre-cum from his cock ensured she slipped down his cock without friction, although she was as tight as fuck, especially when she clenched, which she did often just to tease him.

The movie continued until the cold adventurers beat all the baddies and won the day. In a distinctively typical Disney ending. Mike leaned forward, and whispered into Katrin's ear. She nodded and grabbed a cushion in one hand, the vibrator in the other. Clasping one arm around her tummy and the other across her chest, Mike stood up and walked across the room. At this point, none of the others knew what they'd been doing throughout the film. Moving to the table, he waited while she placed the cushion over the end. He lowered her down, her belly resting on the cushion.

Then, without a pause, he pulled out and thrust back into her, his thighs slapping into her buttocks, his balls swinging up, under her, into her mound, Out again and back in. In three cycles, he was at full pace, the slap, slapping getting louder, her grunts deeper, his long thick cock filling her. She then reached down, the vibrator ready, and pressed the tip to her cunt. Each time he thrust into her, it pushed her forward, slipping the toy little by little into her, further and further. She felt it hit her end, an inch from full depth. She found the switch and flicked it on, immediately jerking with the stimulation. Katrin enjoyed the joys of sex and certainly she enjoyed variety. She knew she loved it when he fucked her pussy, or gave her a sixty nine, or, like now, buggered her up the bum. But, she also was becoming aware of something else. It was something she'd heard Sammy and Emma talking about what they'd done that had sparked her interest. She asked them, and rather than being coy, had immediately invited her to join them in some of their girl on girl action, which they'd been doing for two or three years. "Mike won't mind," Sammy had said, grinning, "In fact if he can photograph it, he'd probably encourage it."

Just then, Katrin felt the signs inside her. It was going to be a goody, but she didn't want him to cum in her bum. Not this time, anyway. She told him in Russian what she wanted. She quickly pulled out the vibrator and dropped it onto the floor. Mike pulled out of her bum, and almost without pause, thrust straight into her cunt, full depth. Two thrusts later, Katrin erupted. "oooohhhh, aahhhhhh, nnngggghhhhhh, daaaaaaaaaa," she uttered. No one needed to speak Russian for a translation. But at the same time, air escaped from her rectum in a long sounding fart, which could have warned shipping in thick fog.. Mike was not put off his stride. Two strokes later, he blasted into her, his hips thrusting slowly back and forth, as he pulsed out his orgasm, his cock still squirting into the child. She farted several times in time with his thrusts. They paused for a minute or two, and eventually, he slipped from her. She immediately rolled over on to her back, clutching her knees to her chest, her swollen pudenda thrusting out between her thighs, now pulled apart as far as she could. Another little wet "pharp" came from her, as her bum had the last word.

Alex stepped forward, and again encompassed her daughter's pussy with her mouth, a sucking sound, interspersed with lapping, the only noise, while her tongue excavated the juices she so desired from her little girl. Mike now understood why Katrin had turned over at the last minute. This had been pre-arranged. Emma had been dumb struck several times in the afternoon, particularly the last couple of hours. She'd seen her best friend fucked, not for a new mobile phone or financial inducement, but because she simply wanted to do it. She'd then seen the Estonian girl, Katrin fucked in her bum, and she even looked like she'd enjoyed it too. Emma was eight, nearly nine. She knew she was precocious, but this group were showing her things beyond her experience and imagination. She knew she had a choice to make. She could join in, or make her excuses and go. But she already knew which choice it would be, and something inside her, told her it would be tonight.

They had a really relaxing evening, watching some movie, they'd all forgotten about by the morning. Perhaps it had been eclipsed by what happened later on.

No one had said they were all going to sleep together in Mike's huge bed, neither had anyone said Emma was going to lose her virginity. But everyone knew both would happen as night follows day. As the forgettable film drew to a close, Mike found he had Sammy's head in his lap, her feet at one end of the settee, and Emma's, her feet at the other. He gently caressed and fondled them, almost absently, feeling them quiver from time to time, as they gently came in quiet little shudders, each of them holding his hands, pressing him to them, in case he might take them away. Katrin was cuddled up in a single armchair with Alex, naked, mother and daughter both asleep, contentment on their faces. Neither stirred when Katrin let go a bubbly, loud, smelly fart from time to time. A small pool of semen dribbling onto Alex's lap.

Mike shook awake the two little girls in his lap. They too had drifted to sleep. He lifted them into a sitting position, while they came to and stood to wake Alex. They made their way upstairs, and into the bathroom, each brushing teeth, washing faces, having a pee, while chatting about the following day's pool party, BBQ and sleepover.

"Mike," Sammy said, suddenly, as they were climbing into the big bed, "could I ask a friend to come over to the party tomorrow? She lives next door to me, on the other side. She's only eight, but she is so lonely, she doesn't have many friends at school. Her name is Lucy. Her mum's not very well. She has a five year old sister called Linda."

Mike knew all about Lucy and her sister. His research before moving in had placed her as his final target in his web of little girls. He'd not made any move on her yet, as he'd had plenty to do with the others. Lucy Hunter, shy, very small for her age. Only 3 ft 6 inches tall and 42 lbs weight. She'd been tested for growth hormone deficiency, which had been negative. She was just small. She had a deceptively plain face, with mousey brown hair. Given the right hairdresser and makeup, Mike knew she could look a beauty. Sammy had confirmed what he'd suspected, she was bullied at school, making her quiet and insular. A perfect paedophile's target. Mike had wondered how he was going to be able to suggest Lucy might like to come round and meet his cock. Sammy had kindly offered to do it for him. It wouldn't be too long before Linda became a focus of his attention, either. In fact short of fucking her, just yet, on account of her age, she already qualified for most of his other interests.

"Sure, Sammy," said Mike casually, as he lay down in the middle of the bed, pulling Emma in to his side. "If she's a friend of yours, she would be very welcome. Do you want to ask her mum to come round for coffee in the morning, so she can meet us all? Maybe she'd like to stay on for the sleepover."

"Thanks, Mike," said Sammy, while she watched Mike roll Emma, face down, on top of his chest. She could see the tip of his cock sticking up in the air, between the cheeks of her bottom a couple of inches. "Everyone at school is so unkind to her. She needs some friends and I hope everyone will like her tomorrow."

"Do you think she'd like to do what we're doing?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered seriously, "she's only eight, but she's ever so small. There are six year olds at school bigger than her."

"Yes I know," he said pensively, thinking her pussy would hopefully be that of an eight year old, but the rest of her body that of one much younger. His cock surged at the idea, pre-cum running down his cock into the valley of Emma's bum. He knew now he was definitely going to have a go at Lucy. He'd find out for himself, soon enough. "Maybe, she's too little," he continued in a neutral tone. "We'll wait and see."

Mike had his hands clasped over Emma's buttocks, his fingers exploring her crack continuously, from the dimple at the top, down over her anus, making her clench nicely, then over her smooth perineum, on across the dip of her vagina, now waiting for him, through her slick cleft, her labia pressing against each side of his fingers, and teased her clitty, making her clench, yet again, before commencing the slow return journey.

Emma had always thought of herself as a clever girl. She'd always tried to manipulate Sammy into doing whatever she wanted. She'd observed a different Sammy, though, when she'd taken the lead, and got her phone from Mike, did all those nude modelling sessions, let him tie her up in a really kinky sexy session, and finally let him fuck her. Emma had wanted one of those phones too, and would have let Mike have her like Sammy had done, before she realised, with a shock, that in fact Sammy hadn't done it for the phone at all, although she did want one. She'd done it, because she wanted Mike to fuck her and let him think it was just for the phone. She realised there was more to Sammy than she'd previously thought.

By now, Emma was beyond rational thought. Certainly not about Sammy or phones. She could feel Mike's crown pressing into her entry. She could feel her pussy bulging, as his hard cock tried to slip into her. She could feel the slipperiness of his pre-cum mixing with her own arousal, his tip slipping a fraction into her, a tingle shooting from deep inside her up to her tummy. She felt herself ease slightly and him push to fill the void. And again, then it was very tight in her entry, almost painful. She thought he would split her. Then the pressure went, as he popped inside her, his rim nestled into her. Suddenly sooo good. He paused. She thought he was going to stop there, when she felt him pull back a fraction and push again and back. Micro thrusts, building up. Suddenly, she felt her clit being dragged along by his shaft. Her tingling increased, so nice; better than when she played with herself. Much better.

Emma always took a long time to cum, but when she did, it was always intense, worth the wait, and that was the case now. She had felt the tingles and occasional spikes of pleasure, but knew her climax was almost here, just not quite yet. Mike pushed into her again and again, her clitty telling her it liked this, a lot. Her cherry telling her it didn't, as he bounced off it hard now. Suddenly she was cuming. Everything tensed up. Amazing, wonderful feelings swept through her tummy, pussy, bum and thighs. Coloured lights flashed behind her pretty, screwed up eyes. Then he paused once more. But this time, she was aware he was inside her. All the way inside her, nudging her deepest part which just now had itched so much, and now felt good, so very good.

She opened her eyes, and looked at him, seeing him smile back at her, knowing he'd just popped her cherry, and he'd not hurt her at all, and now it was going to be so good, she just knew. She looked to the side, where her best friend, Sammy was cuddled up to her

and Mike. She could see he had a hand between her thighs, his fingers exploring her, making her feel good too. Sammy smiled back at her friend, both girls knowing how important this moment was.

Emma looked the other way, where Katrin was also cuddled to her and Mike; his hand also between her thighs, moving rhythmically, she humping her hips in time. Behind Katrin, her mum was cuddled into her daughter. There was movement between them. Emma couldn't see exactly what was happening.

It was then, that Emma felt Mike start his thrusting. He pulled back, she needed him in her, then suddenly she was full, then out again and back. In moments, he was pounding into her, and as he did, so the feelings deep inside got better, stronger more... more.... "Ahhhhhhh," she uttered through cleched teeth, "nnnnngggghhhhhh, yyesssssss, ahhhhhhh, ooohhhhhhhh, ffffffuuuuuuuuuuuuck me. Yeeeessssss." The intensity and magnitude of her climax overwhelmed her. She was swept along on a tide of pleasure for minute after minute. So good. Her climax had taken her completely by surprise. They had always been long in coming. She always knew they were approaching, and yet she'd just cum in moments of him starting to fuck her properly. Not just that, but it had been the best cum of her life, by a mile. Fuck she wanted that again. Mike had slowed, almost stopping, as the final tingles of her colossal orgasm eased off. Then he started again. Slow at first, building speed as he went. To Emma this felt nice, comforting almost soothing, as his nice long cock pushed in and out of her, nudging her deepest part. She was sure she wouldn't cum a second time, but she knew he must cum too. It was only fair.

He got quicker and harder, more insistent. She felt his throb once, twice. Then she felt him pulse into her deep, deep into her. And again, then, without any warning, a massive orgasm, much bigger than the first overwhelmed her. The surges of pleasure which swept through her over and over, were beyond her wildest imagination. As he thrust into her, so another surge of delight swept through her muscles, and again and again. It just kept coming as she kept cuming. She almost passed out, it was just so good. So fucking good. Now she understood what Sammy just couldn't explain to her all those weeks ago. Emma didn't remember anything after that. She fell asleep. Mike was still inside her, his final little dry clenches still feeling good. At last, it ended.

"She's asleep, Alex," he said quietly, "do you want to take over? I'll look after Sammy now, it is her turn."

There was some shuffling around, as they manoeuvred Emma off Mike, and across, Katrin to Alex, where she spread eagled the child, still sound asleep, so she could get her mouth right across her whole pussy and suck her out with her mouth and tongue. Meanwhile, Sammy climbed on top of Mike, cuddled in to him, and fell asleep, knowing she would be able to fuck him herself in a few hours. Katrin who had watched all this from the side, still had a tingling in her bum. She could feel semen seeping from her pussy even now. It throbbed again. Her arousal building. She was nine years old. She had just watched Emma her eight year old best friend lose her virginity to him. Another girl, who she also counted as a good friend, now, was lying on him, her pussy pressed to him, waiting her turn, and here she lay, already waiting for him too. As far as Katrin was concerned, life was good and getting better.

"Are you still awake?" Mike asked Katrin, his hands resting on the globes of her bottom, her buttocks clenching when his finger tip passed over her rosebud, pressing in. "Sammy and Emma are out for the count. You looking forward to the sleepover?"

"Hmm," she said, "I can't wait, why?"

"Well, I might need your help," he went on, "looking after the little ones, you know, Lucy, Sarah and Jenny, the seven and eight year olds. And even little five year old Linda"

"Do you want me to keep them out of the way, while you do stuff to the older girls?"

"No, not at all, quite the reverse," he grinned, "I want you to help me get between their legs, and into their panties, all of them, as soon as possible. Now let's get a couple of hours sleep, we've got a long night ahead of us, if you're up for it." Katrin grinned in the dark, he was such a perv. She liked Mike a lot. He was real fun. She knew the following day was going to be incredibly good fun too, sexy and exciting. All the girls knew it.

= 22 =

Wednesday Early

Sammy woke at dawn. She wasn't sure why. She always slept until much later. Then she felt it. Mike's cock twitched, then again. He was deep inside her, where he'd been when they'd finally fallen asleep after that wonderful long, long fuck they'd had in the middle of the night. Sammy had woken when Katrin had cried out, as she'd had the most intense climax. When the Estonian girl had slipped out of the bed to go to the loo, clutching her pussy, Sammy had taken her place on Mike, falling quickly to sleep again, as she waited for him to recover enough to give her another great shag.

Mike loved looking at, molesting and fucking sleeping girls. He always had. It just rang his bell for some reason. It was one of the reasons he'd wanted the sleepover, so he could sneak in and do whatever opportunity presented. He knew Sammy was fast asleep now. She'd fallen into a deep sleep the moment her climax had waned, even before he'd finished cuming inside her himself. He hunched his hips a little, feeling his cock grow again inside the nine year old, stretching her, filling her. He hadn't needed to hunch his hips a second time, his cock didn't need waking up.

Sammy felt him growing inside her. He felt so good. He twitched a couple of times, his end swelling inside her. Pushing against her itchy spot, stretching her. So nice, so good. It was all she could do, not to move, or clench, or breath differently. Sooo gooood. Then it got harder. Both his cock, and her ability to hide that she was awake. He nudged her microscopically then again and again, moving against her end, his thick crown pushing against that itch. So good.

Mike was having trouble holding back. She was so tight on his cock when he grew in her. He so wanted to thrust, but she was asleep. It made it so much better. Her cervix was pressing against him, it's rubbery texture enveloping his end in such a sensual caress. This one wouldn't take long, nor did he want it to. It was time to get up. Much to do. He reached out and soon found the spread thighs of Katrin and Emma. He slipped his fingers into them both. Emma's pussy and Katrin's bum. Both were still sticky with semen, but

now nearly dry. But it was enough to send him over the edge and in a moment he was spurting over and over into her immature womb, pulsing deep into her. "Why wasn't every man in the world a pedo?" he thought, "cunts squeezing cocks as tight as this one did, just made it so good, there was simply nothing to beat it."

Sammy had to hold her breath when Mike suddenly blasted into her. She pretended she nearly woke, by snuffling and stirring, but putting on a heavy breathing act afterwards. She had cum, but not like before. She was so sensitive down there now. She felt Mike pull from her, just as she was about to really cum properly, roll her to the side, and slip out of the bed. She needed the vibrator urgently. Where had Katrin put it? Of course, she remembered, it was on the bedside locker, just in reach. By now, Mike had pulled on his running kit, and the moment he was out of the door, she grabbed the toy, switched it on, and shoved it into her pussy. Mike having just pulled out of her, she didn't need to work it in. Her dilation and his semen ensured it slid slowly but surely all the way in. She fumbled for the switch, cursing herself for taking so long. Then the instant it started to buzz, she came. Oh how she came. She couldn't remain quiet, and her muffled moans woke Alex, who instantly realising what was happening, took charge. She pushed Sammy's hand out of the way, and holding the toy, moved it expertly round, rotating it back and forth and pushing it in and out, gently.

Sammy gasped. She had only ever previously had a lesbian experience with her best friend, Emma, and somehow that didn't count. Nevertheless, she rolled towards Alex, and without thinking, reached for her pussy. The next twenty minutes would remain in her mind for the rest of her life, and repeated from time to time with both Alex, and then other older women.

= 23 =

Wednesday Morning

Meeting Jane and her daughters Lucy and Linda

Mike returned from his run forty minutes later. He waved at Margaret, who was looking out of her upstairs window. She waved back and smiled down at him. A very different woman to the one he'd met just a few days ago. He filled the coffee machine and switched it on, then went out and swept around the pool and did the regular pool maintenance. When he went inside, and started breakfast, he could hear movement upstairs. The ladies of the house were awake.

Shortly after they'd eaten, Katrin and Alex, together with Sammy, went to speak to Lucy's mother, and invite her round for coffee. She, Lucy and little Linda returned with them a few minutes later. It was obvious the woman was as nervous as Lucy. A real church mouse. Her name was Jane Hunter. She was plain, like her child, a real plain Jane. She wore no make up, or hairstyling. And yet, she had good skin tone and bone structure. She could make something of herself if she chose to do so. Mike got the impression that although she'd lived in the road a few years, his was the first neighbour's house she'd set foot in.

Mike's research had told him her bully of a husband was in prison for fraud just now. He was the sort to continuously tell her how useless and ugly she was. The Hunters had some money, from a legacy her mother had left her, but not a lot for luxuries. He knew Jane had been seeing a self-esteem counsellor for a couple of years. He also knew why her husband had been caught by the police. And, she didn't actually need a councillor.

This was the first chance Mike had had to study Lucy closely. She was indeed tiny. Eight years old, and yet had he seen her in the street, he would have put her at no more than six, possibly seven. And Mike was an expert. She looked like she was on the point of developing slight curves, but she was so small, it might be his imagination.

Sammy and Emma already knew Lucy and Linda from school. After raiding Mike's fridge for the stock of ice cream, they went outside into the garden. Alex told Jane a little of herself, how she had moved to England from Estonia recently, after she'd met Mike and then they'd set up house together. They explained that Katrin, who was now enrolled to join the same school, which started back next week, wanting to get to know the neighbourhood girls, was having a pool party, BBQ and sleepover, later that day. Sammy had suggested her friend would like to join them. Jane fidgeted with her hands for a minute, clearly trying to think of a reason to refuse.

"The new girls across the road, Sarah and Jenny as well as Sue and Elsie will be there," added Alex. You are welcome to join us for the afternoon and BBQ, if you like. Bring Linda as well." Not being able to come up with a plausible excuse, she agreed they would come.

They sipped their coffee and chatted. Slowly, Jane relaxed and told them a little of her past. She said she had studied accountancy at college, whereas Mike knew she had in fact studied algorithmic computer science. She had a cover job as a bookkeeper. She had a hobby as a watercolour artist. She showed some interest in Mike's hobby as a photographer. He showed her some examples of his competition entries.

"I'm very keen on portrait photography," he said, at last. "If you would like me to take Lucy and Linda's portraits, there'd be no charge."

"Thank you," replied Jane, "that would be nice."

The conversation carried on. About an hour later, Alex came out of the house with some snacks. As if by magic, the four girls reappeared and tucked in to the food. "I thought we would have an early light lunch," said Alex, "so the girls don't eat too much before swimming."

"Oh," said Jane, startled when she looked at her watch, "I had no idea of the time. I must go and let you eat."

"Don't worry," said Mike, reassuring her, "there's plenty. You're here now. You might as well stay and join us. The pool party starts in about an hour anyway. Tell us a little about Lucy. What's she good at in school?"

By this stage, Jane had relaxed, and was enjoying chatting to her new neighbours. Like Lucy, she had never found it easy to make friends, so she was surprised how easily she engaged in conversation with Mike and Alex, talking about photography, Tallinn and her own watercolour painting.

It seemed like just a few minutes later, that Mike heard the side gate swing open, and Sue and Elsie scampered on to the patio, followed by Margaret.

"Hi Mike," she smiled, "hi Jane, how are you? Lucy and Linda joining us today?" Then seeing Lucy, Linda, Emma and Sammy, playing on the grass down the garden, she added: "Oh, there they all are. Alice will be over soon, with Sarah and Jenny." And so it was. Sarah and Jenny never paused to say hello, as they ran through the gate, they were running down the garden to join the other girls in their game. A moment later, Alice appeared round the corner, smiled and came and sat with the other mothers and Mike. Mike went inside and got some glasses and popped a bottle of Prosecco. He brought out some crisps and cheesy biscuits too, in some small bowls. It didn't take long for the girls to spot the snacks and home in on them, stealing a few each. It was at this moment, Sammy asked Mike if she could look at his phone for a minute. He thought nothing of it.

The girls were walking back down the garden, by the pool, when suddenly Sammy pointed into the water. "What's that?" she said, bending slightly, to get a better look.

"It looks like a frog or something," said Emma in reply.

"It's right in the deep part," said Sue.

"Do you think it's still alive?" asked Elsie.

Mike walked over to see what they were looking at. "Where is it?" he asked.

"Right down, near the side of the pool at the bottom," said Jenny.

Mike looked down, where they pointed, and realised his mistake just too late. Four girls rushed at him, giving him a coordinated shove. He lost his balance, falling. At the last instant, though, he swept his arms around, and managed to grab Jenny's wrist and Sue's T-shirt. All three fell headlong into the pool, in a great splash. The other six girls were roaring with laughter, as were all the mothers, even Jane.

The first thing Mike saw as he surfaced, was the great mop of Jenny's beautiful auburn hair, covering her face. He already knew she wasn't yet a strong swimmer, and she panicked slightly at the sudden immersion in the pool. He put an arm around her waist, and held her to his chest. She calmed almost at once, when she felt Mike's hand slip up under her T-shirt, and cup her tiny breast in his palm. Her own hand pressed her T-shirt to the back of Mike's hand, feeling her nipple firming under his touch. So good.

Sue, of course, was an expert swimmer, and was already at the poolside, climbing out. The other girls were still all laughing, bending over the pool edge, pointing. It was the movement of a second, as Sue ran along the line of her co-conspirators, and gave each a shove, except Linda, sending them all into the water. The next ten minutes was bedlam, as each girl tried to duck each other, and Mike. The four mothers were still laughing at what had happened.

Mike pulled off his T-shirt, shoes and sweats, and threw them up onto the pool side. He was still wearing his speedos, though. As if a signal had been made, the girls, finding swimming in their day clothes and shoes, difficult, moved to the shallow end and started to strip off their clothing. Sneakers, socks, T-shirts, leggings, leaving just their panties.

The girls, of course, ganged up on Mike to dunk him, splash him and generally harass him. He, in turn, took the opportunity of groping the girls whenever opportunity arose. He was a little cautious when he touched Lucy and little Linda, who was now in the pool with armbands on. At this point, he didn't need them screaming to Mummy. But, without question, he knew he wouldn't be able to get out of the pool without questions being asked. His cock hurt it was so stiff. It was bruised from being grabbed over and over. Feeling little girl's pussies through their thin wet cotton panties, underwater, had to be one of the most erotic pastimes in the world.

Eventually, Alex called time for drinks and some cake. Mike had to declare he would catch up on a few training lengths in the water while it was empty. The truth being, of course, his tumescent cock needed deflating. It was no better when he did get out, though, because eight little girls sitting around in wet panties, clinging to their form, not hiding anything, made life difficult. It was made even worse, when Alex then told Katrin to go and get dry and hang up her wet clothing on the line, and she returned, having taken off her wet panties. She grinned at him. She knew she was teasing him. Her pussy, seeming to bulge out as she walked towards him, taunting him. But, the final straw was when the other girls all followed suit, except Lucy and Linda, who looked enquiringly at their mother, before she nodded to them. Suddenly, Mike had eight naked pre-teens sitting around him, not a pubic hair between them, in various postures, showing off their pussies; some knowingly, some accidentally.

He was intrigued to know what Lucy's pussy looked like, and over the next half an hour, he stole enough glances to build up a picture. She was indeed very small for her age. She had the build of a five or six year old. She and her sister could have been the same age, by looks. But when he looked closer, her pencil thin legs were slightly fuller, slightly more curved than Linda's were. Her mound was more pronounced, her cleft deeper. When she sat with her feet on the edge of the chair, her knees parted, he could see her vagina was that of an eight year old. He'd fucked enough to know. She excited him beyond measure; the thought of fucking a little girl who looked so very young.

At one point, she caught him staring at her pussy. She blushed, being the shy girl she was, and clamped her knees shut, lowering her feet to the ground, her hands clasped in her lap. Five minutes later, though, her feet were again on the seat edge, her knees parted slightly, her little pussy just on display. This time, he looked her in the eye. She was blushing again, but not scowling. He glanced down for a second, openly looking. Their eyes met once more. The blush still there. Again he looked down, her knees further apart, staring longer this time. When he looked at her face this time, he saw a half smile now. There was the beginning of an understanding between them. The shy little girl wasn't so shy after all.

Mike suggested a game of water polo. Adults against children. The eight girls could have the shallow end, the adults the other. The four mothers quickly went to fetch their costumes, and having changed, the game started. Jane wasn't a strong swimmer, Margaret had little ball coordination, and Alex couldn't get to the ball to save her life. The result was the girls won hands down. It's a tiring game, polo, and after twenty minutes they called it a day. Now in the pool, the mothers sat on the steps at the end, enjoying the sunshine, chatting. Mike was about to join them, when Katrin asked: "Mike, would you give me, a ... katanyrbtbl? What is it in English?"

"A catapult," he replied. "Your English is getting very good Katrin." Then in Russian he said: "OK, you can do a somersault, like you and Lucia did in Spain."

Mike stood in the shallow end, just where the water got deeper. He cupped his hands, Katrin put her hands on his shoulders, her feet into his hands and as she pushed against him, he launched her high into the air. She performed the somersault, landing with a splash a few feet from him. Mike, of course, got an eye full of her spread pussy as she went up. As expected, all the other girls wanted their turn. One by one, he launched each of them high into the air, getting a close-up look at each pussy, several times. The girls found this such fun. Mike found it even more so.

"You'll tire yourself out, Mike," called Alex, "what use to me, would you be then?" The women all laughed, only Jane not understanding the irony.

The women stayed in the pool with the girls, while Mike got out, dried off pulled on a pair of shorts, and set the barbecue up. He preferred cooking on charcoal, although it was lit by a small gas cylinder, and soon had a blaze going. After ten minutes, Alex joined him and brought out the prepared food, plates, cutlery, condiments etc. She brought out a large selection of children's drinks and put them into a cool box. Soon he was cooking the burgers and steak and corn.

When the food was ready, the girls quickly got out of the pool and picking up plates, queued for their food and sat on a large rug, Alex had spread out on the grass. They were having a great time, just being kids. Every time Mike looked across, though, he noticed Lucy always seemed to be sitting or lying in position, showing him her pussy. He fully intended to find out what her thinking was, and push the boundaries as far as he could. Maybe she was a secret teasing, exhibitionist, pretending to be the little shy eight year old. Certainly he'd come across those before, but not this young. He reckoned he'd got her measure, though.

Mike opened some red Malbec wine, and poured the ladies each a generous glass. For himself, he opened a beer, to re-hydrate while slaving over the hot coals.

The girls finished their burgers and soon dived into the selection of ice cream and other sweets, which Alex had laid on. Afterwards, they played swingball for a while, then rug races. Using two rugs, one person sitting on each, and their team pulling them along the grass. They had a tug of war, with no sisters on the same team. Then a wet sponge throwing battle. Of course, the adults ended up being the target of both teams. Last of all, Mike got out his childrens' garden paints. These were a series of water based paint pots in very bright colours. He spread a large sheet of plastic on the grass and invited them to paint pictures on the sheet. Almost immediately, it descended into them painting each other. The mothers were beside themselves, laughing. The kids were having such fun. Every inch of their skin and hair was covered in paint. Mike found the naked little girls covered in multi coloured paint, incredibly erotic, especially where they'd painted faces on their mounds. He sneaked into the house, grabbed a camera and managed to capture a good range of shots of the girls, through the window, without their mothers' noticing, using his 700mm telephoto lens.

When they'd finished, and covered half the patio in paint, as well as themselves, Mike said: "Girls, when you're ready, use the shower on the corner of the shed, would you?"

Rinse off as much of the paint as you can, before you go back in the pool. I'm going in for another dip."

Mike dived into the empty pool, and swam a length underwater, surfacing at the shallow end. "Come on ladies," he called to the four mothers, pointing at the girls, "this will be your only chance of a quiet swim, before that lot are showered off and back in here." The women looked at each other, and realised he was probably right. They got up as one, and dived into the water in one line, like racers given the start gun.

What surprised Mike over the next few minutes, though, was how often he noticed Jane brushing passed him, with 'accidental' touches. She was shy, plain, didn't pretty herself in any way, and yet, she was making moves on him. It struck him as such a contradiction. Then Mike realised. She wasn't making moves on him, she was catching 'feels', so she could go home later and replay it all, in her mind, perhaps with a little toy in bed. Well you live and learn. But Mike knew a lot about her, as he did Margaret and Alice. When the time was right, he would explain to her why she would be happy for him to do very illegal things to her two children.

Soon, the girls were all back in the pool again, playing their usual games, splashing each other, swimming between each other's legs, pinching bottoms, tipping each other off the floats, having a great time. Mike saw that the girls had drifted towards the deeper water, leaving little five year old Linda, the only non swimmer on her own in the shallow end, splashing around, kept afloat with her inflatable armbands.

"Jane," he called to her mother, "would you like me to give Linda a quick swimming lesson for twenty minutes?"

She turned, looking doubtful, when Alice cut across her thoughts: "He taught my Sarah to swim, yesterday," said Alice, "now look at her. She's swimming with the rest of them. He helped Jenny improve as well." Jane glanced across at the two dark haired pre-teens, who were now looking so confident in the deep water.

"OK," she said, reluctantly, "but don't let her go, Mike. I was pushed into a pool when I was her age. It took me years to build my confidence."

"Don't you worry," he said reassuringly, "I'll hold on to her alright." The three other mothers looked at each other, smiling knowingly.

He held his arms out to Linda, who splashed her way towards him, supported still with the armbands. He held her hands with his, arms out straight and told her to kick her legs. "Straighten your arms and legs, Linda, stretch your body, don't curl up. See if you can be as flat as the water surface. I'll hold your hands, you won't sink. Now kick your feet, up and down, up and down." And so the lesson started. Mike watched as her tiny naked bottom wiggled and rolled, on the surface of the water, with her movements. Jane watched anxiously, until the other mothers took her away, suggesting they used the shower in the utility room, before all the girls got in there and flooded the place. Mike smiled to himself, his hidden surveillance cameras in there would show him if anything interesting happened.

"Now, Linda, let's take off the armbands. I want you to try moving your arms doing breaststroke, this time" he explained. "I will put my hands under you and make sure you don't sink."

Mike moved her, so she was across, in front of him, one hand under her tiny bee sting nipples, the other cupping her mound. If she noticed where his hands had been inappropriately placed, she didn't show it. Mike found, when molesting little girls in a swimming lesson, all he needed to do, to distract them, was to reduce the support under them, and their panic always took their mind off what he was up to.

Quite soon, she got into the idea of sweeping her arms back in the breaststroke style. "That's very good," he praised. Now, move your legs like a frog. Don't worry about your arms for a minute." He guided her for the first few kicks, then she got the idea. "Excellent, now try moving your arms and legs together. You're learning really quickly, Linda. You'll be swimming in no time." By now, she was practicing the movements he'd explained, her legs opening and closing as he'd hoped. Mike's fingers slipped down over her mons, into her tiny dimple and cleft, feeling her clit against the pad of his fingers as he went deeper. Further on, the dip of her vagina entry was opening and closing with the movement of her legs. The one thing Mike adored above all things, was molesting a child without her knowledge, and now was one of those times. She was trying her best to pick up what he was teaching her, and he was trying to feel between her legs for as long as he could get away with it. At last, knowing he'd pushed his luck as far as he could, he said to her: "Would you like to try it on your own, Linda?"

"Do you think I can?" she asked nervously.

"Yes, I do," he said reassuringly. "You have the right movements now, give it a try. I will have a hand under you, to make sure you don't sink, OK?" She nodded.

Still holding her mons in the palm of his hand, he followed her across the pool, as she took her first swim.

"OK, do another width of the pool," he instructed. "This time I will lead you. If you struggle, I will be right in front of you." She set off, staring Mike in the eyes, while Mike held out his hands, his fingers just out of her reach. She wasn't fast or elegant, but she was swimming. His back nudged the side of the pool, and in a moment, she was in his arms, cuddling him to her, laughing with her sense of relief and achievement, her legs wrapped round his waist, her arms round his neck. His fingers, of course, now pressed into the valley of her bum, his palms both squeezing the globes of her bubble bum, feeling her exquisite, tiny shape, smooth skin and muscles moving underneath.

= 24 =

Wednesday Afternoon
Linda has a Shower

It was getting late, and Mike called to the girls that it was time to wrap up and have a shower. He walked up the steps, still carrying Linda in his arms, his fingers firmly encased between her thighs. He was aware he was tumescent, his cock bulging his speedos out, but decided he no longer cared. Inside the house, the women were now dressed, and using his hairdryers in turn in the kitchen.

"Mummy, Mummy," cried Linda, "Mike taught me to swim, I can swim! I can swim!" She leaned into him, and kissed him on the cheek.

The four women all grinned, chorusing "ahhhh." Jane smiled, with the others at her daughter, but the smile vanished when she saw where Mike's fingers were pressing.

Mike, moved towards the utility room. "I'm going to take a shower before the hoard come in and use up all the hot water. Do you want me to sort out Linda at the same time, Jane?" he asked, calling from the room. Jane, given little choice, called back: "Err, yes, I suppose so." Still holding the naked girl, Mike stepped into the shower, his back to the open door. He pushed down his speedos, letting them drop to the shower cubicle floor.

Mike, knowing there wasn't much time, lowered the tiny child down, until his rampant cock nestled into the gap between the top of her thighs.

"Would you like a special cuddle before I wash you, Linda?" he asked.

She giggled and nodded. He didn't waste a moment, and immediately started to hump her, letting his cock slide back and forth between her legs, pressed hard to the underside of her soft, warm pussy. He made sure his shaft rubbed hard against her little clitty, now slightly hardened and engorged. There was no pretence, he was using her as a tiny fuck toy, without compunction or scruple. She had no idea what was happening to her, which somehow made it even better for him. Knowing that someone might walk in at any moment heightened Mike's arousal further, the adrenalin coursing hard through his veins right now. Knowing it had to be a quickie, he let all his usual restraint go, and very quickly knew he would cum fast, and cum he did. It wasn't a big one, there'd been no build up, but it was incredibly satisfying, nevertheless. The end came as quickly as the start. Slowly he calmed, his eyes, for some reason, focusing on the semen slipping down the back wall of the shower cubicle.

He heard footsteps along the corridor, leading to the kitchen. He dropped her to the floor, grabbed the shampoo from the wall rack, and squeezed out a dollop onto her head, and in less than a second was working up a lather, when Jane's head peered round the door. He could feel her eyes feasting on his well toned buttocks.

"How are you doing, you two?" she asked. Mike, pretending to be embarrassed and entirely caught by surprise, grabbed the five year old and spun round to face the woman, with her daughter in front of him, shielding his nakedness and embarrassment. He then put his hands back on her scalp and carried on massaging her hair, all the while, his half tumescent cock was pressed firmly between her shoulder blades, semen still dripping from his tip.

"Fine, thanks Jane," he replied with a grin, "just washing the chlorine out of Linda's hair. We'll be finished in a minute or two. Are the other girls ready to come in yet?"

"Sure are," she replied, "they're emptying your fridge at the moment. Here are Linda and Lucy's nightclothes," she explained, putting a small bag on the seat. "You're not doing anything to my little girl, you shouldn't be doing I hope." She asked, her tone not entirely suggesting she was joking.

"Like you wouldn't believe," he quipped back. Not finding an excuse to remain, Jane left Mike to it. He rinsed the shampoo off, and quickly washed himself and the child down. He was just stepping out, when the other girls trooped in, ready for their shower. He noticed Sarah, Jenny and Lucy staring openly at his long cock, still half erect from his actions with Linda. He hoped they would each have a much closer introduction to it very soon indeed.

He rubbed Linda down, with a towel, and pulling the bag open, encouraged her to get into her little short cotton nighty. He never suggested she should put panties on. He was aware, the other girls were now crowded into the shower, but watching him while he finished drying and finally got dressed, and went to join the women.

He walked into the kitchen, and pulling a bottle of Chardonnay from the fridge, uncorked and poured out a glass for each of them. Alex got some snacks out and, and putting them into small ceramic bowls, went through with Margaret and Alice to the sitting room, leaving Mike and Jane together.

"I wasn't kidding when I asked you what you were doing to my Linda," she stated, coldly. "I saw a reflection in the shower cubicle. You were rubbing yourself up against her. I saw you. You're a pedo. That's what you are. You disgust me." Mike noticed that she kept her voice down, ensuring only he would hear what she said.

"Oh, err, sorry about that Jane," he said putting on a meek voice, "so, err, where do we go from here?" Mike already knew she was playing some sort of game, otherwise she would have screamed the house down. But what she didn't realise was, it was Mike who was playing the higher stakes game. He'd placed the self adhesive wall mirror there, earlier. He'd left the door ajar intentionally. He'd flirted with her a few times, and then when he'd carried her five year old daughter into the shower, it gave her the excuse to walk in on him. What she saw instead, was what Mike had planned for her to see.

The woman, clearly thinking she'd got Mike at a disadvantage, folded her arms, trying to look commanding. "Where it leaves us is this: you are going to pop to your bank tomorrow morning. You are going to draw a couple of grand out, in cash for me. That will do for starters, then we'll see how we go from there. I might need you to provide some, err personal services." Her mouth smiled, her eyes didn't.

"Oh," said Mike, "I have a far better idea than that."

"Hmm?" she questioned. "What's that?"

"What does the name Gilt Edge Finances mean to you?" he asked. Her reaction was instantaneous. Her face paled, her jaw dropped open and in moments, there was a sharp intake of breath. "I thought so," he continued, seeing her reaction. "My company provided all the security for that outfit, a few months before your little sting."

"What are you talking about," she demanded, "you don't know what you're saying."

"Oh, I think you know exactly what I'm saying, Jane, and I think you know what I'm driving at. Your husband took the wrap for a little scheme you masterminded, defrauding Gilt Edge out of, what was it? Just under £50k. While, unbeknown to him, while you were busy

setting up that bully of a husband of yours with a nice long spell in jail, you were engineering a much more complex fraud. A clever little algorithm skimming off tiny amounts off huge transactions, millions of them, on the international foreign exchange markets. Pounds to Dollars, back to Euros and then Yen. Who would ever notice. Last time I looked, you'd clocked up £3million. Not bad, when it comes in tiny amounts, less than one tenth of a penny at a time. No way anyone would notice, or so you thought. I noticed. What you also don't know, is that the money which should have gone into that fat little bank account you set up in the Caymans, didn't."

"But," she stuttered, "how did you.....when did.... Oh fuck..."

"Yes, exactly, oh fuck. Now, Jane, I have some good news and some bad news. Which would you like first?" He didn't wait for her to answer his rhetorical question. "The bad news is that I set up a shadow account which clocked up the money. You kept looking at the balance, thinking it was in the Caymans. In fact, it is in London, an MI5 safe account, waiting to go back from whence it came. The good news is, I removed all the evidence linking it all to you. The only thing is, though, if I don't keep updating the files, the links to you will re-appear. My boss has already given me a bonus for the recovery of the funds," he said in a neutral tone. "He's promised me a bigger one if I can point the finger at who did it. So, Jane, let me ask the question again, where do we go from here?"

She was still looking ashen, visibly shaken. How had he known? The fact that Mike had known what she was up to for over six months, would never cross her mind. It was another reason he'd moved here.

"So what do you want?" she asked. "If you were going to turn me in, you would have already done it. If you know all about my little scam, you must know I don't have much money, I was counting on going to the Caymans so it isn't that. What do you want? It isn't sex, I know that? No one's made a pass at me for years. So what is it, it must be something else?"

Mike knew Jane was intelligent. Her summary demonstrated that. "Oh, I don't want much, Jane. I'm a pedo, like you succinctly put it a moment ago. Whether or not I disgust you is irrelevant. All I want is for your Linda and Lucy to come round so I can fuck them."

She sat there stunned for several seconds, just staring at him, her blinking eyes the only sign of movement. It was as if she'd been instantly paralysed. "But that's obscene," she started, "It's awful, you might hurt them. Linda's only five." He could see she was processing this through her mind, weighing the alternatives. Then she said the words he'd been waiting for, the words telling him she'd accepted the inevitable, the very same words Alice had uttered only yesterday: "How often would you want them?" His reply was the same too.

"Oh not very often," he said gently. "I have my Katrin and Sammy and Emma to look after, as well as Sarah, Jenny, Elsie and Sue. No it won't be too often, maybe just three or four times a week each. But, Jane, I promise you this, I know exactly what I'm doing with little girls, so I will make it good for them. They will want to do it. It will be nice for them, I promise you."

Wednesday Night The Sleepover

Mike went to the cupboard, and poured Jane a large gin and tonic and handed it to her, before he wandered back into the sitting room. "Ladies," he asked, "Jane's having a little tipple, would you all like a drink too?"

"Yes, please," answered Margaret, waving the empty chardonnay wine bottle at him, "where is Jane, by-the-way? Is she joining us?"

"Yes," he replied, brightly, "We were just chatting. I persuaded her to let Linda and Lucy come round with your girls a few nights a week. She's just thinking it through. I'll go and send her in, while I fix that drink." They smiled at his casual comment, wondering how he'd put such a thing to someone like Jane. He returned to the kitchen, where he found Jane remarkably composed. "Could you take a few snacks with you, through to the sitting room, Jane?" he asked. "I'll be with you in a few minutes. I just explained to Alice and Margaret that your girls will be here with theirs. They seemed pleased at the idea. Go and join them, talk it though with them, if you want."

Alex came into the kitchen to join him a few minutes later. "Well, you've caused a stir in there," she said, speaking in Russian, "the three of them are comparing notes as to how you've entrapped them all. It sounds as though they're going to go along with it, though. Well done."

"That's great, Alex," he replied. "What else did they say?"

"Alice had a word with me, while you were in the shower, molesting that tiny child," explained Alex. "She said her husband is bringing her sons over later. She invited me to go over and stay the night. You'll be alright with all those girls, all on your own, will you? Oh, and she said John, her husband, was going to stay with Margaret tonight as well, and see how things went. She said 'they would have a spanking good time'. What did she mean? I don't understand English enough."

"I'll explain some other time, Alex," he said. "But I think you'll see a happy Margaret from now on. When are you going over to Alice's?"

"In a couple of minutes," she replied. "That's what I came in to say. We'll go as soon as they've finished their drinks. I just wanted to ask three things before I go." She gave him a coquettish look. "How many are you going to fuck tonight, Mike? And how many will be new red dots on that cock of yours? And finally," she paused, "would you let me tattoo the new dots on it for you?" She was still laughing, as she went back to join the other women.

It wasn't long, before Mike was left alone in the house with the nine little girls. He ordered in Pizza, and they settled down to watch the new 'How to Train Your Dragon' on his huge wide screen TV. While the film was running, he quietly went and switched the central heating on. The girls had spread out their duvets across the floor, and were laying on them. After the movie had finished, he told them to all get ready for bed, brush their teeth and wash, before he played the new 'Aladdin' movie.

He noticed all the girls, starting with Sammy and Emma, immediately began to undress in the sitting room. He supposed that because they'd all swum naked in the pool through the day, they weren't too bothered if he saw them nude now. They all put on their nightys, one or two pyjamas. They all lay sprawled out on the duvets, watching the film, sipping drinks and nibbling at some snacks he'd brought in. Mike meantime watched their movements, getting glimpses of little girl thigh from time to time, as they moved about.

When the show had finished, he let them put some music on. By now, they were beginning to nod, and in less than twenty minutes, they had all fallen asleep. Because it was warm, with the heating on, none of them had wriggled under the covers.

Mike had intentionally not used any of his large array of sleeping drugs tonight. The more likely he was to get caught, the more buzz he got from molesting sleeping girls. He'd already fucked five of them, and used Linda as a very nice fuck toy in the shower, but he was keen to see what he could do with the other three. Eight year old Lucy and Jenny and seven year old Sarah. He'd already made a play for Jenny and Sarah, in the pool. Eight year old Lucy, on the other hand excited him, because her body and looks were that of a six year old, even though he'd seen her pussy was perfectly normal for her age.

He turned the dimmer switch down low, bringing the lights to a dim glow. He then cast his eyes across the sleeping girls, just admiring their cute looks, as they lay in their colourful nightwear. After looking at them for a few minutes, he slipped off his clothes, dropping them onto one of the chairs. These girls had had a very active day. They would be very tired, he hoped. But he always liked the adrenalin rush of hearing them nearly wake when he touched and moved them.

Nearest to him was Katrin. She was lying on her back, a gentle snore coming from her, as her chest rose and fell. She was wearing a plain white, knee length nighty. He carefully lifted the hem up, further and further, watching her body exposed to his gaze as he did. Katrin never wore panties in bed. She found it inconvenient when she needed to get his cock urgently inside her. He stooped down, and lifted each of her calves carefully up and outwards, spreading her legs as far as space would allow. On one side, she had a chair, on the other, was Emma. There was space enough, though, as Mike crawled between her thighs. He spent a moment savouring her smell, pungent, female, definitely female. He brought his fingers to her damp pussy and gently pulling her vulva apart, he watched as her labia opened, peeled apart, fine strings of mucus joining each side. The dark passage of her vagina, which he had fucked so many times, became completely exposed. But, especially, he remembered that time, the night he'd met her, when he'd knocked her out and raped her by buggering her in the aircraft. He dipped his tongue into her opening, immediately getting her familiar tang, so tasty, so good, so arousing. Knowing he could fuck Katrin as often as he wanted, he decided to take this no further. He'd had some fun with her.

As Emma was beside Katrin, he moved to her next. She too was lying on her back, and was wearing a pink satin babydoll nighty, with cartoon characters printed across the front. Because it was so short, she had a matching pair of frilly knickers on, printed in the same pattern. Mike loved a challenge, and wanted to see if he could get them off her without her waking up. He had a technique for this, which he'd used many times before. He pushed her legs apart, enough to kneel between them. Then, spreading his knees, he lifted her calves up, so his knees slipped under her thighs, just above the knee. Then as he lowered

her calves, it had the effect of lifting her bum, just enough to slip her knickers down under her bottom. After that, he moved backwards, and pulled her knickers down her legs. Now he could spread her properly and get at her treasure.

After quickly spreading and tasting her, as any self respecting pedo should, he got onto hands and knees, leant in and brought his cock to her cleft. He very carefully pressed against her, before grasping his shaft with one hand, and moved it up and down, spreading pre-cum along the whole length of her valley, from her clit to her anus. He brought his crown to her vagina entry, and slowly, gently pressed in. He felt a very slight movement. His body weight was still on one outstretched arm. He wouldn't be able to hold this position for long. Suddenly, his crown popped into her, the tight muscle at her entry snapping over his rim. She stirred, taking a long deep breath. She went to roll over, but entangled her legs with his. Mike quickly pulled back, his cock slipping from her cunt, leaving a thick line of pre-cum in a curved arc, from his tip to her entry. She muttered something in her half sleep. He just moved out of the way in time, as she finally rolled onto her side. He wondered about spooning into her from behind, but decided there were other girls waiting for him to molest, or even rape them.

The third girl in line was seven year old Sarah the raven haired beauty, with deep green eyes, which dominated her round face, with their intensity. She was lying face down, her hands folded under her pillow. She was wearing pale pink pyjamas, decorated with pictures from the Disney's 'Frozen'. He wondered for a moment how to tackle this one. He put his fingers under her waist band, but realised immediately that her PJ bottoms were held, not with elastic, but with a cord. The end of the bow could just be seen poking out under her tummy. He reached under and took the end, and slowly pulled, feeling the bow slip undone somewhere beneath her, out of sight. Then, he put his fingers back inside the waist band, at her hips, and gently pulled outwards, loosening the cord, feeling the garment slacken as he pulled it open. He carefully slipped them down over her bubble bum, watching her beautiful, small, silky buttocks slowly appear. Next, he reached either side of her tummy, and grasping the waist band, as close to her as he could, he pulled outwards, tensioned it and then slowly, slowly, pulled them downwards, feeling a slight resistance, as they pulled across her mons. Suddenly they were slack and slipped easily down her legs to her ankles. Again he stood and admired her tiny body for a moment, looking at her nakedness, her long pencil thin legs, her tiny, exquisite bottom.

Getting onto one knee, Mike carefully placed his palms on her buttocks, and gently pulled them apart, watching her little anus pop into view, and open slightly. He then needed to try the difficult part. Would she wake up? He wanted to get her into a kneeling position. So taking one leg at a time, knowing little girls' legs could move in, what to him, looked impossible ways, he swept her legs outwards, bending her knees, pushing them close to her tummy. As he pressed her knees towards each other, it had the effect of lifting her bottom up. Finally, taking a leg in each hand, he pulled her feet downwards, lifting her bottom even higher up. He made sure her thighs weren't too close together, so when he looked down, her pudenda bulged between her thighs in a spectacular display. Her bottom was curved, in this position, tightening her skin, parting her buttocks, opening her crack wide.

Mike now pressed his thumbs against her labia, pulling them apart, watching as her cleft opened up, suddenly exposing her hidden delights inside. Her tiny clitoris appeared, partly hidden in its cowl. Then her vagina slowly peeled open, her damp pink interior widening,

showing more of her little tunnel, as she dilated, letting his starving eyes, feast on her interior, his, now, fevered mind knowing what he was going to do to her next.

He positioned himself, so his knees were outside her legs and shuffled forward, until his cock nudged into the valley of her bum. The little girl was still fast asleep, snoring gently. She hadn't stirred at all, the whole time he'd moved her around. It built his confidence in what might be possible next. Mike rubbed his crown up and down her cleft, applying gentle pressure, watching his pre-cum spread into her, between her buttocks and thighs. He pressed into the entry of her beautiful vagina, watching his crown and her labia bulge under the pressure as they squeezed together. He pulled back a fraction, and, lifting his cock half an inch, pressed to her anus, enjoying his molestation of the sleeping girl immensely.

For a moment, Mike wondered whether he should put her back as he'd found her, or push his luck a bit more. It was a no brainer! Mike very carefully, very slowly applied pressure, watching his cock slip between her buttocks, while his crown pushed a fraction into her tiny anus. He paused, hoping he would see her dilate, enough for him to penetrate her. Mike stayed there, his cock pressing against her for several minutes. He watched, fascinated, as the tension between their point of contact, was like a silent battle. Who would win, the attacker or defender? Then he knew, for suddenly, he felt it. The tightness on his crown eased a fraction, and again. Then he felt movement, he was slipping into her. Time seemed to stand still, as his crown couldn't quite force it's way into her, then suddenly there was a popping sensation, when her sphincter snapped over his rim. He was in! He was anally buggering and raping a sleeping seven year old.

Then, it all went wrong for Mike. He felt movement. She stirred in her sleep, straightened her legs, moving away from him, pulling him out of her in the process, and flopped down on her tummy once more, letting out a small, but smelly, fart. She muttered under her breath. She was only just asleep. Mike decided to let sleeping girls lie. He returned to her, half an hour later, to wipe some pre-cum off and pull her PJ bottoms back up, but meantime, he decided to move on to the next girl.

He was at the end of the first row of girls. So, he shuffled along the room, to the next line. The first girl was blond, blue eyed, eleven year old Sue, who he'd already fucked, following her experiences with his Golden Lotion. She was lying on her side, facing towards the other girls. She was only wearing a T-shirt and panties. Mike decided he would simply spoon into her from behind. He was so pent up, so aroused from having nearly penetrated Sarah, he was on a hair trigger. His cock like a steel rod, so needing relief.

Mike didn't even attempt to remove her panties. Instead, reaching down, he simply slipped his hands under her elastic waist band, cupped the globes of her buttocks, feeling her full shape, her silky soft skin. Twisting his hands, he pushed her panties down with his wrists. Letting his fingers roam into her valley, he felt her little rosebud and vagina entry and her clitty. He wasted no more time. He pulled her buttocks apart, and dipped his cock straight into the entry of her vagina. He applied inward pressure. He was so pent up, he wondered if he would cum before he was even inside her. He eased and pressed, eased and pressed, feeling a slight movement, each time. Knowing she could take him, knowing if she woke, she would willingly let him fuck her, but at the same time seeing if he could do it without waking her, made this so exciting, so arousing, so illicit.

Little by little, he felt her warm, succulent body let him in, until the elastic ring of her entry snapped over his cock head. There was a sigh from her. Other than that, she didn't stir at all. He paused, feeling her tightness on his end. Then she dilated a tiny bit, his cock slipping a fraction more into her. He continued to apply pressure, and suddenly, he started the slow, excruciatingly, wonderful, journey into her. Her passage reluctantly peeled open, as his cock glided into her interior. The ribbed undulations of her vagina, so good to feel, rubbing along his shaft. Who wouldn't be a pedo?

He paused, when he nudged her end. He pushed a little further, feeling the rubbery flexibility of her cervix, pushing back against him. He then slowly withdrew from her, until just his crown was in her, and reversed into her again. He repeated and repeated the movement, speeding up and increasing his depth each time he plunged into her. Because he was so pent up, though, he quickly felt the first signs of his climax crashing in on his pleasure, and suddenly, he was blasting into her, such bliss, such ecstasy, washing her cervix in his sperm laden semen. She never flinched throughout the whole fuck. And what a fuck it was. So good.

Mike pulled out of the girl and getting up, went to the utility room and found a small towel to clean her up with. He wetted one end with warm water and went back to clean her up, before pulling her panties back into position again. He slumped into an armchair, and fell asleep almost immediately. A couple of hours later, he awoke, needing a pee. Returning from the utility room, now having shaken off his drowsiness, he surveyed the scene again.

Next to Sue, lying flat on her back, snoring quite loudly, was eight year old Jenny. She wore a plain, heavy cotton ankle length nightdress. Before he did anything, he placed his hand on her tummy. Then slowly, he moved his hand down over her mound, feeling the cotton of her gown, form to her shape. She had a large mound, divided by a deep cleft, which he already knew from when he had molested her during her swimming lesson. But the key thing he found with his explorations was that she was wearing no panties. All he had to do now, was get the damn nightdress off her.

He thought, rather than dragging her nighty all the way up, under her legs, he might try something simple first. "You never know, it might work," he thought. He knelt at her feet, and gently grasped her calves, just above her ankles. His fingers underneath her legs. Then slowly, very gently, he lifted her feet upwards, further and further. Gradually, her nighty started to slide up her shins, pausing at her knees. Then as he carried on, lifting her legs to the vertical, suddenly her nightdress dropped down around her hips, leaving her whole pudenda exposed. He again paused, ensuring she didn't wake. Then he gradually spread her legs outwards, in a splits, watching, as her pussy opened more and more.

Mike ogled her for a minute, then he bent forwards, and pushed his tongue into her cleft, savouring her delightful flavour. He licked her up and down, her anus, her perineum, her vagina, cleft, clitty, dimple and mound all received his attention. He pressed his mouth over her whole vagina, and sucked quite hard. Nothing happened for a while, then he was aware of a slimy mucus oozing from her and instantly started to taste the most exquisite flavour. To Mike, nothing in this world tasted nicer than preteen arousal.

Next, he shuffled forward, so his knees pushed under her buttocks, supporting her present position. Gravity held her legs outwards, so now he had both hands free to molest her and

work his cock into her cavities, which he did for several minutes, getting her really coated in pre-cum. There was little more he could do to the girl, unless he woke her, or came over her. There were more girls in line waiting for him, so he spent the next couple of minutes putting her back in the position she'd been in before he started.

Elsie, Margaret's blond haired, blue eyed nine year old daughter, who'd resisted his approaches, until the overwhelming power of the Golden Lotion defeated her in the end, was the next. Mike discovered, though that she was an incredibly light sleeper. Every time he touched her, or her nighty, she stirred. This was a challenge to Mike, who although he had nine girls to choose from, always wanted the unobtainable. When he was a toddler, at nursery, he always wanted the toy the big five year old bully had wrenched from some three year old girl.

So it was, he lay beside her, waiting for her breathing to settle. He pinched the hem of her nighty, and slowly pulled it upwards, with both hands. She immediately stirred again, so Mike flipped the hem up, quickly, revealing her soft blue cotton with printed red hearts, panties beneath. Again she settled. Mike's heart was now pounding. To him, this was far more exciting, trying to steal a glimpse of illicit pre-teen pussy, than having a girl willingly spread herself in front of him.

Pinching a fold in the cotton of her panties, he carefully pulled her leg elastic away from her. Again she reacted, but soon settled. But Mike had maintained his hold, and with his finger now under the elastic hem, lifted the material a fraction further. Once more she took a deep breath, her hand reaching down, but getting tangled in the piled up hem of her nighty, gave up and once more she slipped into her light sleep. Using two hands, now, Mike pulled the leg hole sideways, trying to expose her pussy completely. He could clearly see her bruises, where Sue had whipped her, just before he'd taken her virginity.

Every time he touched, or moved the panties, she moved. This went on for at least twenty minutes. Such a light sleeper. But he persevered, and at last, had pulled the leg hole of her panties right across. Had he thought he could have moved her legs apart, without her waking, he would have tried, but there was little prospect of her staying asleep. So after admiring her for a few minutes, remembering what she'd felt like when he'd fucked her, he left her alone, and moved on.

There were only three girls left, now. Because of the restricted space between the furniture, they were separated from the other girls by a few feet. Lying in a row were, Sammy, five year old Linda and her tiny eight year old sister Lucy, who appeared no bigger than Linda. He smiled, because all three of them were snoring loudly. One thing was sure, he thought, they were deep sleepers, unlike little Elsie. Mike wanted to finish with the two tiny girls, so he moved over to where Sammy lay. He'd decided he would just give Sammy a quickie. A chap needs his beauty sleep after all.

Sammy was wearing a crop top and matching, frilly panties, pale lime green, with some blue and red printed cartoon characters. He pulled her legs apart, then lifting her knees, he pushed her feet towards her bum. Her knees bent outwards, under their own weight. Mike, on hands and knees, hoped not to wake her, but wasn't too worried, if he did. So, pulling her panties across, he curled his hips, bringing his cock to bear against her pussy. The pussy which was the first one he'd conquered in this street. He pressed gently, letting his pre-cum and crown, both nestle into her entry.

After five minutes, he pushed softly, feeling his crown start to sink into her, finding her tight ring of muscle, now resisting him. He pressed harder, then felt the distinct movement of his crown slipping into her, before her tight entry snapped over his rim. So good, so tight. Again he paused. He'd done this a thousand times with pre-teens, and knew patience always paid off. And it did, because suddenly, his cock started the long, wonderful journey into her, feeling the contours of her passage rubbing against his sensitive crown and shaft, until he bumped into her cervix.

Again he paused, then pulled slowly back, and thrust in and back, building a rhythm and speed. Sammy never flinched, never stirred, never stopped snoring. This was just what Mike always hoped for. Fucking a little girl, quite hard, with full penetration, while she slept. He upped his pace, and at last, he felt a clench deep inside. Then again, and again. She was cuming. But was she awake or still asleep? Her clenching continued, squeezing his cock rhythmically. Her face was serene, she never moved, her snores continued and so did the clenching. Amazing. Mike was so aroused by this, he came suddenly, blasting deep into her, feeling her clenches increase in speed and intensity. He remained there, until her spasms eased off and finally stopped.

He pulled out of her, and as soon as he was clear of her, she rolled over on to her side, still fast asleep. But what made him smile was when she muttered: "Fuck, that was nice." He was just about to move, when he realised he was being watched. Two little glinting eyes were peering from the shadow where Lucy was curled on her side watching him. There was no point in pretending. He was stark naked, and she'd just watched him fuck a nine year old girl, not two feet from where she lay.

"Hello Lucy," he whispered, looking directly at her. "Can't you sleep either?" He saw a silent movement, as she shook her head, blinking at him. Mike decided to take the bull by the horns. "If I can't sleep," he continued, "I always enjoy having a nice fuck, don't you? I find it makes me sleep much better."

"But I haven't ever done, what you just said before," she replied, shy to use the rude word.

Mike smiled at Lucy's reticence. "Oh," he said, sounding surprised. "If you like, I could teach you. Would you like that?"

"I can't," she whispered back. "What would my mummy say. She would be really cross. I know she would."

"I don't think so, Lucy. I taught you to swim today, didn't I? I think, if you ask your mummy she will say it's OK for me to teach you to fuck as well. You're eight now. You're a big girl now, like Sammy here. Would you like that, Lucy, would you like me to teach you?"

"Well, I suppose," she said uncertainly, "if Mummy says it's alright...."

"Good, that's settled then," he confirmed. "In the morning, just ask your mum. We can do it tomorrow. Would you like me to kiss you goodnight, Lucy?" he asked.

"Yes, please," she answered automatically.

"OK," he went on, "would you like me to kiss you the way people do when they like each other and sometimes fuck together?" He knew his words would shock her, but also excite her. She nodded in reply.

"Alright, darling," he instructed, "slip you PJ bottoms off for me, then." She looked shocked, wide eyed, but had already agreed. She slowly slipped the loose garment down her legs and off her feet.

"Now, Lucy, I want you to enjoy your kiss, alright," he asked, his eyes never leaving hers, giving her reassurance. "Hold your ankles in your hands, and let me kiss you down there."

She adopted the position he'd described, her knees naturally parting. Mike moved between her thighs, and without delay, cupped her tiny, tiny little bottom in his hands, his thumbs pressed to her labia, which he gently pulled outwards, and encompassed the whole of her pussy in his mouth. He knew he could frighten her, if she didn't get pleasure from this quickly. So he concentrated all of his expertise in giving her clit and vagina the most sensuous tongue massage he could manage. Mike had eaten hundreds of girls, over the years, and almost without thinking, knew how to give the utmost sensational pleasure.

Lucy was too young, and anyway, too small to have had a boyfriend. She'd always wondered what sex would be like. The only knowledge she had, was what her friends, with older sisters, had told her. Then she'd watched Mike, just now, fuck her friend and next door neighbour, Sammy. He hadn't even woken her. He seemed to be very gentle. She'd felt a tingling inside her, as she watched his cock slide in and out of her friend. It made her tingle even more. She wondered what it would feel like. She was so small, could she even do it?

So when he'd offered to teach her, and then suggested her mum would say it was OK, her tummy lurched. She realised a whole new world was opening to her, if she wanted it. She did. And now, Mike was licking her between her legs. She had always been told it was dirty down there, and to wash her hands if she had to touch down there. And yet, Mike was licking her there. It felt so good. His tongue pushed at her clitty nicely, then dipped into her hole, then he even licked her bum. Her bum! Wow! But it did feel nice.

And then it got even nicer. She didn't know what was happening to her, as she became more and more aroused. She found herself pressing herself against his tongue, trying to make it go in harder, deeper. So nice. She was tingling all over, but specially down in her coochie. Then something happened. Something she'd never felt before. It was that tingle, but it got bigger, harder, better, nicer....."Nnnggghhh, aaaahhhhhhh, ohhhhhhhhhh, yyyeessssss," she stuttered, through clenched teeth. Over and over, her climax rolled, while Mike mashed into her pussy, trying to keep her orgasm going as long as he could. Then she grabbed his hair, and pushed him away. "Enough," she whispered, "enough."

Mike pulled away from Lucy's pussy, a string of clear mucus curving up to his lips from her arousal confirming to him how much she'd enjoyed herself. He knew her virginity was his the following day. He smiled though, when her heavy breathing turned, suddenly into snoring, she was already asleep again. He looked across at little five year old Linda, who he'd used so nicely as a fuck toy in the shower. It would be two or three years before she

would be ready for his cock. He noticed, though she was lying on her back, in an unusual position. Her pillow, instead of being under her head, was under her shoulders. Her head bent back over the edge, resting on the duvet, her mouth, wide open, was the source of the loudest snore in the room.

Mike went back to his armchair, and having had a very nice, one sided, fuck in Sammy, was asleep himself in moments, waking two or three hours later. When he opened his eyes, the very first grey tendrils of dawn were showing through the blinds at the windows. There was just one more girl to molest, and Mike had something special in mind for five year old Linda.

= 26 =

Thursday early hours
Linda gets an early breakfast.

He picked up his camera, and moved back over to where the child lay, still in the same rather uncomfortable position, which she'd been in all night, her shoulders high off the floor, on a pillow, her head bent back. She still snored loudly from her wide open mouth. He put the camera down, out of the way, but in reach. With practiced fingers, Mike unbuttoned her PJ top, and let it fall open to her sides. He spent a moment looking at her tiny mosquito bite sized areolæ, only a shade darker than the surrounding skin. Her petite nipples were no bigger than pin heads, but they still puckered up when he leant in to them and licked them, hardening in reaction. Moving lower, he grasped the waist of her PJ bottoms, and slid them down quite easily to her knees. She wasn't wearing panties underneath. He looked and admired her diminutive body for a moment, looking at her mons standing proud of her belly, before it curved down and into her most private place between her thighs, split with a deep cleft, making her puffy labia look like two folded wings. He lifted her legs up and outwards, spreading her wide open. He saw her puffy pudenda almost looked too large for the gap between her thighs.

Mike next knelt at her head, his knees either side of her ears, just touching her shoulders. He looked across the array of girls in the room, in their varying states of undress, as he had left them, thinking it had been a great night. One he intended to repeat regularly. Beneath him, was little Linda, spread out, waiting for the depraved act he was going to perform, right away.

He bent forward, and reached with one hand down to her mound, and slipped his fingers across her cleft and down between her legs. He felt her warmth, and firmness and softness and sexiness. While he felt her, he started to masturbate himself with his other hand. Soon his fingers were coated with pre-cum, so he simply changed hands, feeling her pudenda was now very slick.

He continued to masturbate himself, taking his time, while he thought of all the adventures he'd had with these and other girls recently and how being a pedo was such fun. Soon, he felt the signs, as his orgasm approached. He needed to do this carefully. He took his hand away from her pussy, and picked up the camera. He switched it to video, and started recording.

He was about to cum. He brought his cock right up to her wide open mouth, and as his first small squirt spurted out, it hit her nose. He adjusted his aim, just as the second blast

shot directly into the back of her mouth. She gurgled in her throat, swallowing automatically. The next two spurts followed directly where he intended, making her swallow again, each time. Then, he lifted his cock for a moment and watched a string of cum, arch over her chin, leaving a pearlescent line across her little chest, ending at her tummy button. He lowered his aim again, but instead of shooting into her mouth, as intended, he splattered her lips. The last couple of squirts went cleanly into her mouth as he'd hoped. His climax finally ebbed away. He watched, fascinated, as the trail of cum on her lips dribbled downwards. He used a finger, to scoop it up, and push it into the corner of her mouth, scraping it off his finger, with her teeth. She swallowed a couple more times, before her snore continued.

= 27 =

Thursday Morning
The Girls make a Secret Pact.

It was after seven, when Mike woke up in his bed. He got up quickly and dressed, and went for a short run. He cleaned the pool, before starting to cook breakfast for the nine girls. The smell of bacon soon had them up and about, and in a few minutes, they were all sitting around the table eating like they'd not had anything for a week.

Lucy took another bite and looked at her friend, Sammy, who had stood up for her at school, and had invited her to come to the party and meet all these other nice girls. She'd had a lovely day yesterday, and Mike had even taught her to swim. She then remembered, during the night, how Mike, without any clothes on, had come over to Sammy, pulled her pale, lime green frilly panties to one side and fucked her while she slept. Sammy hadn't even woken.

When she'd told her friend about it as they all lay in bed, just after Mike had set off on his run, first thing this morning, Sammy had shrugged and said "That must be why I feel so good this morning. What did he do?" Lucy then gave Sammy a detailed account, and even added how Mike had then kissed her own coochie and made her feel really good, too. By the end, all the girls were listening to what was being said.

"Were you shocked, Lucy," asked Sue, "or did you like what he did?"

"Well, I suppose I was shocked, at first," said the diminutive, mousey haired girl, "but then he licked me, you know, down there, and it was nice. Really, really nice. Then afterwards, he said I should ask my mum if it was alright to, you know, do it with him."

"Would you like to do it, Lucy?" asked Sue, kindly. "He was very gentle with me and Elsie."

"Yeah," echoed Elsie, "I really enjoy doing it with him, you want to try it. I want it all the time, now."

"Sammy and me are the same," said Emma, joining the conversation. "Remember how horny you got Sam that time when he tied you down to his table in the studio, and did stuff to you?"

"God, yes," said Sammy, "that was real cool. I want to get him to do that again soon. You want to try it Lucy."

"Why was it nice, if he tied you down?" asked Lucy, innocently.

"Because you can't move, and you know he could do anything he wants to you, and you can't stop him. It makes it exciting, and Soooo goooood." They all giggled.

"It is nice to be tied down," chipped in Elsie, making the other girls look at her in surprise, "especially when he fucks you," continued Elsie. Sammy and Emma, who knew nothing about Elsie's experiences, now looked at her with more interest and some surprise.

"Yeah," Elsie went on, "Sue tied me to that inspection table and when Mike came in, he fucked me for the first time. It was so exciting, knowing I couldn't stop him; I couldn't move. It made it really good." None of them noticed Jenny listening more carefully than the others, her interest piqued.

"What else has he done to you, Sammy?" asked an amazed Sue.

"Well he's photographed every inch of me, doing striptease and up close, really close," she started her list. "Then he licked me all over. He stuck a plastic toy in my pussy, you know, one of those one's that vibrate. When he tied me down, he put it in my bum. Then after, he stuck his cock in there as well, you know, up my bum. That was nice. But best of all, is when he fucks my pussy. Do you find that, Katrin?"

Katrin, who'd been silent throughout the conversation, nodded. "Yes," she confirmed, "he's done all those things to me as well. It's always so good, so nice. You must try it Lucy, Mike is gentle and kind. He's the right person for your first time. He saved my life, twice, and my mum's, you know. I can't tell you about it, I'm not allowed to. But I would do anything for Mike, anything he asked me to do, whatever it was."

Sue turned to the dark haired sisters, Sarah and Jenny. "What about you two? You've been very quiet."

Jenny, who was already thinking about being tied to that table, glanced at her younger sister, then grinned at Sue. "We both knew yesterday what we were going to do, Sue. Mike made us feel so good in the pool, we just knew we wanted more. So yeah," she looked at the others with a little cheeky smile, "we're up for it, if you all are."

And so it was agreed, over the next few minutes, not only what they were going to do, but that the girls would form a secret group of friends. They all knew what Mike was. He was a paedophile. He molested and fucked little girls. But they also knew they enjoyed what he did to them. They knew that he'd helped each of their mothers in different ways. So, if and when they had the chance, yes, they would fuck him. Even little Linda, who needed it explaining a little except, of course, they also knew the little five year old was just too young, too small.

Then Linda said: "But when we were in the shower yesterday, he lifted me up and put his thingy between my legs and rubbed himself against me lots, and squirted some stuff out. My mum saw him do it. Afterwards she said it was OK, so I suppose I won't mind if he wants to do it again."

"In that case," said Sue, asserting her authority as the oldest girl in the group, "we all know what we're going to do, then, yeah?" They all nodded. "Good. If any of us blab, Mike gets in trouble, and our fun ends, so we keep quiet. Also, Mike looked after each of our mums, and he's helped each of us in different ways too, so we look after him, agreed?" More nods. "And another thing," she added, "We look out for each other in the future." There were puzzled looks. "For example," she continued, "Sammy's friend Lucy, she gets bullied at school for being small. We've all seen it, and pretended we didn't. Well that stops now, agreed?" Again they all nodded. "I think we're going to have a lot of fun, us girls and Mike, don't you?" A little cheer went up at that comment.

"Oh my god," Sue suddenly exclaimed, making all the girls look at her in alarm. She put her fingers inside her panties and fumbled around for a moment, before pulling her hand out and inspecting it. "Look," she said, "it's semen. Mike must have fucked me in the night as well." They all burst out laughing.

So, as Mike cooked some more egg, bacon and sausages, he was taken by surprise, when Lucy said: "Mike, last night, you know, on the sleepover, did you come round and mess about with all of us, you know, touching us and stuff, while we slept, or just one or two of us?"

Mike was surprised at the incisive question, but answered by saying: "Yes, of course, Lucy, you're now all my special girls. You wouldn't want me to treat one or two differently from the rest, would you? I treat all of you the same. Of course I came round and touched each of you."

There was a few seconds pause, before Lucy then said: "Oh, I just wondered. Do you want to fuck Sarah, Jenny and me all together, or one at a time?" The girls erupted with laughter. The question, of course, had been pre-planned. But it apprised Mike that they had been talking together, and each knew about the other. He was happy about that.

"Oh," he said, turning the eggs over in the pan, replying as if discussing a trip to the zoo, "one at a time would be really nice. Who wants to go first? The others can all watch if you fancy that. Would you like that?" He asked, looking across at them. The three virgins blushed. Mike had taken the initiative from Lucy, and turned the tables in a moment. "Another thing," he continued, "each of you will be doing it for the first time. You can decide how you want to do it. Talk to Sammy and Katrin, they'll give you some ideas, you know, underneath, on top, from behind, whatever. They've tried them all. Right," he said, brightly, "who's ready for some more grub?"

Mike put down his phone. He had just spoken to Alex. She was still across the road at Alice's. It sounded as if she was in no hurry to come back for a few hours yet. The two boys, it would seem had kept her and Alice very happy, all night, and were still doing so. She'd spoken to Margaret, who was also happy to stay with John, Alice's husband for some time yet. They were having a slapping good time.

Lucy had gone round to see her mother, as Mike had asked her to do. It had been an unusual conversation for the eight year old child. "Mummy," she'd started, "Mike has said we can stay at his house this morning, if we want to. Is that OK?"

"Yes darling, that's fine," replied Jane, with a smile. "Stay as long as you want to. Do you want to?"

"Want to what, Mummy?" Lucy asked.

"Fuck Mike, of course, darling," she stated. "It's alright if you want to, I won't mind. But, only if you want to. Now, don't let him hurt you, will you. If he hurts you, I will be cross. But if he's gentle with you, then that's fine with me. Make sure he's kind to Linda, will you? Now, you go off and have a nice time. You can tell me about it when you get home." As she walked back up the road, Lucy couldn't believe what her mum had just said. She was so excited, she tingled inside.

= 28 =

Thursday mid morning

Jenny's first time.

"Who would like to go first," asked Mike, as he cleared some of the bedding from the floor of the sitting room, expecting reluctance, nervousness and uncertainty, "you decide between you." What happened surprised him, because three hands shot up, with "me first, me first," cries from each of them.

"OK," he interrupted, before it ended in an argument, "I'll just get a pack of cards." He opened a drawer, and pulled out a well thumbed pack. He pulled out the ace, two and three of hearts. "Very appropriate," he thought. He shuffled them, then placed them face downwards on the table, and shuffled them around again. "Pick a card, keep it hidden for now," he said. Everyone watched, as Sarah picked a card and pressed it to her chest. Even she didn't peek. Then Lucy chose hers, and finally Jenny. "Right, lay the cards on the table, face down," he instructed. He waited while they did so. "Now when I say three, turn them over.... One, two three."

The three cards appeared together, showing that Jenny had number one, Sarah two, and Lucy was three. Eight year old Jenny held the ace card up in triumph. "Yay!" she said, her auburn hair swishing across her face, as she turned her head, her beautiful green eyes sparkling.

"Well done, Jenny," said Mike smiling, "have you thought about how you want to do it?"

"Oh, yes," she replied immediately, "Sammy and Elsie told me about when you tied them up on the table in the studio, and how good it was and exciting, and naughty, and thrilling, and wicked and, and.....," she'd run out of adjectives, "can you do that to me? I want to remember it for ever."

Mike was taken aback at an eight year old asking for her first time to be done in such a way. Certainly his cock was reacting. It liked the idea a lot. The girls had obviously been talking. He wondered what else they'd discussed.

"Well I don't know, Jenny," in a doubtful tone. "You see there are conditions if you opt for being tied down. Ask Sammy, she'll tell you. let's go into the studio, we can talk about it. The first condition is....." they all looked at him inquisitively, "everyone going through that door has to be dressed exactly the same as Jenny. Otherwise you have to stay outside."

"What does he mean?" asked little Linda. "I don't have a pair of jeans on and a red top."

"No," explained Sue, putting an arm around the five year old, "he means everyone has to take everything off, you know, be bare."

"Sammy," he said, winking at the girl, in a way the others didn't see, "why don't you tell Jenny what happens if she opts to be tied to the table."

She smiled, winked back and said: "You have to let Mike do anything he wants to do. Once you're on the table, he'll give you a last chance, to untie you. After that he won't untie you for any reason, until it's finished. For me it was two hours. He might tickle you, he might lick you, he will certainly touch you everywhere, and I mean everywhere. But at the same time, it's the most exciting thing I've ever done, 'coz I knew he wouldn't stop, whatever I said, and I didn't know what he would do to me next. That's the exciting bit, Jenny, not knowing! But remember once he starts, he won't stop."

What Sammy, her best friend had said, excited and alarmed Jenny, who'd thought she would just lie there and he'd fuck her. But this sounded sooo naughty. Her pussy was tingling, really tingling. She wanted to scratch herself there. She looked at Mike and the group of her new friends, all waiting for her decision. At last, she nodded to Mike.

"OK," she said quietly, "what do I have to do?"

"You don't have to do anything, Jenny," he said, kindly. "I will do everything for you. But you heard what Sammy said, Once I start, I won't stop for any reason at all, understand? Are you sure you wouldn't prefer me to do it to you in the bed, upstairs?"

Jenny was now very aroused. The thought of him tying her up, and doing stuff to her, without her being able to stop him excited her more than she thought possible. What he'd done to her yesterday had felt so good, and Sue had told her several times that fucking for real was ten times as good.

"I'll do it, Mike," she said calmly.

Mike already knew that everything was set up ready. The baby oil, the KY Jelly, both vibrators, the cameras and lighting. The table was in position. He'd even cleaned most of the stains off the black padded top from when Elsie had used it the other day.

They all went into the studio. Jenny stood by the table, waiting, anticipating, while Mike walked slowly towards her. He knelt in front of her and while he never took his eyes away from hers, he slowly unbuttoned her red top, letting it fall open a tempting inch. He reached the last button, moving his hands down a fraction, and unclipped the gold button at the front of her jeans. Grabbing the tab of the zip, he slowly lowered it, feeling the tension of the material slacken. Still looking into her eyes, he tugged the jeans down, feeling them catch on her slightly wider hips, before dropping to the floor. Next, he pushed the red top off her shoulders, it too dropping to the floor. Finally, he gripped the sides of her little panties, and tugged them down her thighs and calves. She was naked now, but for the knee length white socks she was wearing.

Still, his eyes remained fixed on hers. He brought his hands up and round her, and cupped her little bottom, feeling the firmness of her youthful muscles. He leaned forward a couple of inches, and kissed her. He opened his lips and touched hers with his tongue. She took the hint and opened her mouth to receive his tongue in. Her hands were now locked tightly behind his neck, holding him to her. Mike's hands lowered a few inches, cupping the back of her thighs, before his fingers slipped between them. She thought and hoped he was going to start caressing her then, but instead, he suddenly stood up, and lifted her. Her legs naturally clamped around his waist.

He lowered her gently onto the end of the table, their on going kiss unbroken. He turned his hands a fraction, feeling her dampness on his fingers. She stiffened at his touch. She was so aroused now. He circled the pad of his finger around her clitty for a few seconds, and already she started to gyrate her hips in response.

“Sammy,” he said, finally breaking the kiss, “would you swing out the arm and leg rests for Jenny, please?” He returned his lips to hers, his fingers probing between her labia, being careful not to let her rise too high. Her breathing shortened into pants, her heart rate over one hundred.

When he heard the final extension click into position, he told her to lie back on the table. Sue placed a cushion under Jenny’s head. Mike made sure her bottom was well over the edge of the table, her legs now supported on the pivoted leg extensions. He quickly attached the straps around her ankles and thighs, another around her waist, and her arms were held around the wrists and elbows. She couldn’t move at all.

“I’m going to make a start now Jenny, OK?” he said, “I will stop after a few minutes. And ask If you want me to untie you, that’s fine, if you want me to. But if you tell me to carry on, after that, I won’t stop for any reason, understand?” She bit her lip, and nodded.

Mike put his foot on the pedal, and lifted the table up a few inches. Then, unclipping the vertical lock on the leg rests, he lifted them upwards, so her feet were pointing at the ceiling and locked them there. Then unlocking the horizontal pivot, taking the weight in his hands, he let the leg supports now swing outwards, slowly spreading her thighs apart, further and further, until they were pointing in opposite directions. Her whole pudenda opened up. Nothing was hidden. Her vagina was open and dilated, her hymen stretched across her passage, tight like a drum, a little hole just below centre showing the dark shadows of her interior, as she moved and clenched. Her asterisk shaped rosebud was spread, it too slightly dilated, showing her brown passage into her rectum.

He had a wooden stool, and after sitting on it, he shuffled forward, bringing his nose to her pussy. He slowly inhaled, his eyes closing in ecstasy and anticipation. He could see her engorged labia swollen now with the blood of her lust. Her pink interior glistening with her arousal. The nub of her clitty poking out of its cowl, hardened, ultra sensitive to the touch of the tip of his tongue as it teased her for the first time, before sweeping through her cleft and vagina, tasting the child’s mucus, now oozing from her in quantity.

She was panting with short breaths. Jenny had never felt so aroused in her life. Even yesterday in the pool was as nothing to this, and Sue had said fucking was ten times better. She started to lift and drop her pussy, as far as the restraint around her waist allowed, trying to increase the pressure between her and his tongue. She started to rise

and was right on the cusp of her climax, when suddenly, he pulled away and stood up. She opened her eyes in frustration.

He smiled down at her. "Did you enjoy that Jenny?" he asked. "It looked like you did."

She nodded to him, not trusting her voice, her panting now like an over heated dog.

"Would you like to carry on Jenny, or would you like me to untie you, now?" he asked. "It's entirely up to you. But remember what I said."

Jenny didn't have to think for a moment. The last few minutes had been so good, so nice, so intense so rousing she had to have more. "Please carry on Mike. Don't wait any longer, please do it."

"OK, Jenny, if that's what you want," he confirmed. "I promise you when I untie you afterwards, you will be glad you chose to do this. Ready to go?"

The little eight year old nodded, her deep lustrous auburn hair shimmering, her green eyes glinting in anticipation.

Mike unexpectedly moved away. She had thought he was going to push his cock into her and fulfil her needs. Instead he was fiddling with his camera tripod. At first she didn't know what he was doing, then when the bright studio lights went on, and he peered through the viewfinder, adjusting focus, she realised he was going to film her, as he set the camera to video and pressed record. "You can't do that. Don't photograph me." It was to no avail, Mike ignored her. He then took his other camera and spent a few minutes photographing her up close, all over her body. He made sure he'd got plenty of 'face and pussy' shots for his album.

Reaching for the shelf, he lifted down a small bottle of baby oil. "Would you like a nice body massage, Jenny?" he asked. Without waiting for an answer, he unscrewed the top and poured some oil onto his palm. Rubbing his hands together, he started to apply the oil to her chest, quickly covering her in the glistening coating, her areolæ receiving particular attention, her tiny nipples stiffening. Her arms, then neck and shoulders, before starting at her knees, he worked up her thighs, stopping just short of her pussy. Next he rubbed it into her tummy, moving down over her mons, cleft, and between her thighs. She started to rise again, and tried to thrust her pussy into his fingers.

He wiped his hands on a towel, and quickly removed his T-shirt, sweats and boxers. Stepping to the table, he grasped his cock, and teased her again, when he rubbed his crown up and down her cleft, applying a little pressure, watching her labia bulge out as he ploughed through her. She thought this was the moment, but she was to be disappointed once more. He stepped back lifted a small sized vibrator from the shelf, with a tube of KY. Holding it low, so she couldn't see what he was doing, he smeared some of the fluid onto his crown and the tip of the vibrator, before he used two fingers to prise open her anus, put the nozzle into her and squeeze the tube. She squeaked at the feel of the cold slime squirting into her rectum.

"What's that?" Jenny asked, "what you doing to my bum. You can't touch my bum, that's not fair."

"Oh it's fair enough, Jenny," he replied, as he brought the vibrator up to her anus, touching her entry, making her clamp for a moment, "you were told I would touch you, everywhere. You were warned" He gently twisted the thin toy, and pressed into her without any force, watching it slip in half an inch, an inch, two. He paused for a few seconds, listening to her protests of "you can't, please don't, untie me. I don't want you to do that." All ignored by Mike, who carried on pressing the white plastic further and further into her, twisting it all the time as he went. At last it was in, all the way, six inches into the child, just the wider rim, nestled around her rosebud showing where it was. Then, he switched it on. She jerked hard at the unexpected stimulating. She gasped, "oohhgodd, oohhhh."

Mike reached once more to the shelf, and picked up another toy. It was the one with a flat base and a flexible shaft, and round vibrating tip. He placed it on Jenny's mound, and bent the shaft down, until the tip only just touched her clitty, and switched it on also. Again she jerked, but as she did, her mound tensed and the tip lifted away from her. As she relaxed again, it touched her once more. Again she responded, making the tip move away in a frustrating cycle for the little girl.

Jenny lay on the table. Her mind in a turmoil. One part wanted this to end, another was so excited, she needed to know what would happen next. This last thing he'd put on her lower tummy felt wonderful, but every time she got pleasure, it moved, it ended. It was so maddening. She needed it more, but she couldn't control it. Only Mike could do that. Then she felt him start to pull out the thing he'd shoved up her bum. It had started to feel nice, so she said "Don't pull that out, I've got used to it now, it feels nice, push it back in, Mike."

But still Mike ignored her. He left it a couple of inches inside her bum, while he reached for the other, thicker, longer, vibrator. He smeared more KY Jelly on it's tip, and as he pulled the small one out, he pushed the larger one in, twisting as it went. He watched while the toy, like the other, slowly sank further into her. She grunted several times as she felt it forcing it's way into her bum, passed a bit of poo. It took a couple of minutes, but once it started to go, it slid the whole eight inches into her bowels without pause. She was about to protest again, at the discomfort, when he switched it on, once more making her cry out. He adjusted the flexible vibrator, still sitting on her mons, so it pressed harder into her clitty. Feeling the change, she knew she was going to cum now, for sure. Everyone in the room held their breath with the girl, until she suddenly whooshed out her gasp of orgasmic climax. They all did too. By now, several of the naked girls were frantically rubbing themselves, feeling the pleasure they knew Jenny was about to experience and exceed. But just as she came, Mike took away the little flexible vibrator. The poor girl was left hanging, her vagina opening and closing on fresh air.

"Oh nooooo," she cried out, "put it back, please put it back." Mike continued to ignore her, while he now leaned forward, and nibbled her nipples while his cock just brushed through her cleft. Her areolæ engorged further. Her little ring of goosebumps darkening, hardening. The poor child was now sobbing: "please, please, please." And on her torment went.

Mike stood between her thighs, his balls resting on her mound, his cock settled on her lower belly. "Would you like me to put my nice long cock in you, Jenny? Would you?" he teased.

"Yes, please, put it in," she pleaded, "please."

"OK," he said, "if that's what you would like, I will put it in you."

He reached down, and slowly pulled the thick, long vibrator from her bum. As soon as it popped out of her, his cock was there ready, and slipped into her with almost no resistance at all, a full seven and a half inches into her in one movement.

"Ohmygod, Ohmygod, what have you done to me?" she cried out.

"It's OK, Jenny," he said, smiling down at her pretty face, "I put it in you like you asked me to. Here, let me show you." He pulled his cock back three or four inches, and pressed in again, repeating it several times. But simultaneously, he slid the flexible shaft vibrator back against her clitty once more. Instantly, she jerked in reaction, taking a sharp intake of breath. He almost pulled right out of her and pushed back in harder, his pubes scraping against her buttocks. Out and in, out and in, getting quicker each time. Soon, he was slapping against her bum, his balls swinging up under her. The vibrator was doing the trick, and very soon, she was rising again, her breath getting shorter.

The next bit needed good timing, and picking up the large vibrator once more, he pulled himself from her, and shoved the toy into her, the buzzing clearly audible, while he lifted his cock an inch and pushed into the entry to her vagina. Her eyes popped open, when she realised his crown was pressing in. Her labia squeezed outwards, turning pale as her blood was pressed from them, before he eased. He pressed again, and again. Pre-cum and Jenny's own wet mucus was flowing from her vagina down into her bum crack in a steady stream.

Suddenly, the rim of his crown popped through her entry, the pressure easing momentarily, while his tip pressed against her hymen. The vibrator on her clitty continued its stimulation of her most sensitive place, and moments later, she came once more. Mike took the opportunity at that instant, to shove in through her barrier. She squeaked, but the climax she was enjoying soon swept away any discomfort she might have felt. Mike held still for a few seconds, before commencing some micro fucks. Each push, he slipped in a tiny amount more. All the while, she clamped on his crown, with her ongoing climax.

Jenny lay there, the most wonderful feelings washing over her again and again. She couldn't believe how good she was feeling, and she knew the best was yet to cum. When she'd agreed to be tied to the table, she'd been so nervous. She'd nearly not done it. It was the embarrassment of backing out in front of all her new friends had made her agree. Then he'd rubbed oil all over her. That had felt really sexy, so grown up, his hands had felt all over her body.

But then he'd started to mess with her bum, pushing things into it. At first, it felt uncomfortable, and she'd told him to stop, but he'd ignored her, and she was glad he had, because after a while, it started to feel really good. And then, he'd pushed his thing into her, his cock, all the way in, right inside her bum. That also felt wrong, and she'd told him, and again he'd ignored her, and again after a while it started to feel nice, especially when he put that buzzy thing against her clitty. She'd cum then, really cum. But now, here she was tied down, unable to move, her legs spread as wide as possible, with a man's cock deep inside her pussy, getting deeper still, and all the while she was cumming.

All the girls were crowded around the table, trying to see clearly where Mike and Jenny were joined. She was so stretched, it looked an impossible fit, and yet they could all see she was enjoying this immensely. Lucy and Sarah couldn't wait for their turns, but both wondered how something so large could possibly get into them, knowing they were even smaller there than Jenny. While they watched, he started a fucking motion, his cock starting to slide slowly in and out of her. The girls could see that as he pushed into her, her clitty seemed to dip, kiss his shaft, and get dragged into her vagina too. Then when he pulled out, her whole pussy seemed to turn inside out, her wet red and coral coloured interior pulled out with him, before the cycle repeated. It was just so sensual, so erotic.

Mike upped his pace, knowing she was cuming continuously now, her passage clamping rhythmically on him, her breathing irregular pants. She was grunting and crying out in her pleasure. Mike had fucked many, many girls, and knew some got great pleasure from it, while others went much further, and got such immense sensory overload, they couldn't give any coherent expression, until their gratification ended. Jenny certainly was one of these, like Elsie had been too, when she'd passed out, more than once.

"Ohhhgawwdd, ohhhgawwdd, ohhhhhhhhh, nggghhhhhh, aagghhhhhh, yeeeesssss, ohhhgawwdd," she mumbled, loudly, her body straining against the restraints, while he started to fuck her properly, his pace increasing again. His balls were swinging up under her, slapping into the valley between her buttocks.

Mike, who found tying up little girls, before he fucked them, just so erotic, knew he would cum any moment, and soon felt the telltale signs in his prostate and balls. He managed to hold back for another few seconds, but the dominos of his orgasm were already tumbling, unstoppable, and suddenly he exploded deep into her, his crown pulsing, swelling as he blasted his powerful ejaculation deep into her. So nice, so good. Feeling his crown swell, and the warm wetness deep within her coating her insides, Jenny gasped, her incredibly powerful climax suddenly increasing. She could feel his thighs slapping into hers, his cock banging into her deepest part, her wonderful sensations.....

"She's fainted," said Mike, smiling. "I think she enjoyed that a bit too much." By this point in time, he was slowing, his spurts turning into dry heaves, his pulsing slowing, his own breathing calming again. He was about to pull out of her, when she opened her eyes again, immediately smiling at him, and her friends around the room.

"Fuck, but was that good," she stuttered, "oh, fuck me."

"I just did," he quipped, "or did you faint sooner than I thought and miss the fun." Jenny laughed, as did all the other girls.

"No, of course not, silly," she giggled, "but can I do this again soon? I gotta do it again, please."

"Sure," he replied, "perhaps tomorrow. But next will be little Sarah's turn, then Lucy's. It will be a while before I'm ready to go, so what do you girls want to do, shall we all have a group photo session here in the studio? I think you're all dressed ready, hmm?"

The girls looked at each other, and giggled, as they realised Mike intended to take photos of them all naked together.

= 29 =

Thursday late morning
Grooming Linda

“Right,” he said, reaching up above him, “let’s just pull down the green screen background cloth.” He spread the cloth down and across the floor. He selected some music on his phone, and relayed it through his blue tooth speaker. “OK, girls, let’s start with some dancing.” They got onto the green cloth, and started to dance in various styles. Using the camera hand held, he soon started to capture their movements.

“That’s great, now try dancing in pairs, would you?” he asked. They paired off quickly, roughly matching heights. The music came to an end, and the next piece started. But Mike had put on a very slow piece. “Put your arms around each other,” he instructed. “Cuddle in close to each other. Sammy and Emma, try being a bit more adventurous, would you? You know what to do.” The two girls, had been friends for many years. They’d experimented on each other lots of times, and had confided in Mike about some of the things they’d tried, before he’d come into their lives, and taken their pleasure to a new plane.

They didn’t need telling twice, Sammy and Emma started kissing one another intimately, their tongues wrestling, while they placed their palms between each other’s thighs, and curled their fingers up into their clefts, quickly finding their clitties, massaging, caressing, masturbating, pleasuring. The other girls, watching, one by one, followed suit, experimenting. Jenny and Elsie were paired together. Suddenly, Elsie held her hand up, looking at her fingers, now coated in semen, which had seeped from Jenny, while she’d been dancing.

“Ew,” said Elsie, grinning around, catching everyone’s attention, “my hand’s all sticky.” Then slowly turning, she sucked her fingers, one by one, tasting the semen, licking herself clean. Mike caught it all on camera.

“Line up, backs to me,” he asked. “Now bend over, feet as far apart as you can. That’s fantastic girls pussy galore. OK, one more, everyone lie on the floor, side-by-side, feet up and apart, and hold yourselves open. Oh, Lucy, could you show little Linda how to do it, please? Well done.”

The photography continued. Mike got the girls to rub each other, some would even lick, but not all, yet. He’d work on that. “Who wants a swim, now?” They had got quite hot, under the studio lights, and welcomed the idea, and trooped out.

Soon, they were all splashing about in the pool. They could all swim, now, except little five year old Linda. So Mike let her hold on to his shoulders, as he swam around the pool. After a while, he stood where the depth started to increase, watching the girls playing. Linda clung on to his neck, her tiny legs wrapped as far round him as they would reach. After a while, she looked at him, obviously wanting to ask him something.

“What is it squirt?” he asked, kindly.

"Mike," she said in a quiet whinny voice he almost missed, "you know I'm only lickle. But I want to be a big girl, like my sister, and Shammy, and Ka'rin, and the ovvers. They shed I was too little for you to want me. Is that true?"

Choosing his words carefully, he looked at her, eye to eye and said: "No, darling, it isn't. Do you understand what I like to do with little girls?" he asked.

"Yesh," she said, confidently, in her little girl voice "Loothy told me. She shed what you did before to Jenny is called fucking, and you're going to fuck her next, she shed that you would put your big thing in her and squirt stuff into her, and make her squawk and squeal like Jenny did, and that I'm too small, and you wouldn't want me anyway."

"Yes that's partly right," said Mike, rubbing her bottom in a reassuring way, his finger tips slipping through her tiny valley, feeling her silky soft skin. "But only partly right. You see, I really like doing things to little girls like you. You might not be big enough for me to go inside your little pussy, but that doesn't mean we can't enjoy other things."

"What short of fings?" she asked immediately.

"Well, I can play with your little pussy, if you like, to make it feel nice, and if you're very good, I'll try and see if it will go in your bottom, as well. I can rub it, or use that toy which buzzes, like I used on Jenny. You can touch me too if you wanted to. Or, I can kiss you down there, it will feel really good, or you can kiss me too. We could even do it at the same time. Then if you are a very good girl, I might even let you put my little man in your mouth and suck it, while I play with your bottom..."

"Would you want to put your little man in my bottom too?" she asked. "Like you did to Jenny," she interrupted, "sticking it in her bottom?"

"Yes, if you wanted to try and be a big girl," Mike suggested, pushing his finger tip against her anus, making her jerk slightly. He knew those words would work, when she'd had time to think it through. He'd had his cock in five year old bums before, but they'd all been Vietnamese or Cambodian, trained in doing it. Linda would need great care, if he was to try it. It was probable it wouldn't be possible for some years yet. "So you see, Linda," he continued, "there are lots of ways we can do stuff, if you want to be a big girl. Just not the same as some of the older girls, just yet."

She smiled at him, his words reassured the child. "That'sh good," she lisped. "When can I try to be a big girl?"

"Whenever you want, Linda," he answered, "but first I have to fuck Sarah and Lucy, don't I?"

"Yesh," she said, after thinking about it for a moment, "you promised them you would fuck them firsht. I remember. Can I be next?"

"Yes, poppet," he chuckled at her enthusiasm, "you can be next, if you like." Mike smiled to himself, as he walked away towards the steps of the pool, sometimes it was just so easy to groom the little ones.

= 30 =

Thursday Mid morning
Sarah finds an addiction.

The girls were still playing around in the water. Mike had dried himself, and was sitting on one of the patio chairs, idly watching them all. His cock was stirring once more, readying itself for the hard day ahead. He looked at Sarah, and wondered what she would feel like inside. He'd fucked quite a few seven year old's before, but he always took great care, because he didn't want to hurt or damage them, which could easily happen if he rushed things. It was to his huge advantage that his cock was so thin, although long. He noticed she was watching him from the water, while the others played their little girl games. He gave a slight nod, and waved the fingers of his hand to indicate she should come over to him. She climbed the pool steps and ran round the side of the pool to him.

"Did you want me?" Sarah asked, "is it my turn yet?"

"Would you like your turn now, darling?" he asked in return.

"Uh huh," she answered, smiling, her hips swaying from side to side in the way little girls do, when they're unsure or embarrassed.

"Would you like all the other girls to watch you, Sarah," he asked quietly, "or would you rather we went inside without them knowing?" She nodded.

"Just us," she confirmed.

"OK," he said, "you go in now and get dry. I'll stay here for a couple of minutes, then I'll tell the others I need to check my e-mails, or something." She grinned and nodded, and scampered off into the house.

Mike had noticed Katrin was watching him talking to Sarah. As soon as the seven year old had gone inside, she climbed out of the pool and walked over to him. He put his arm around her wet waist, his fingers idly feeling her firm pert bottom, slipping into her valley, touching her tight little rosebud. She reached down, and without warning, grasped his cock and squeezed the crown.

"Feels like you're nearly ready for the little one," she stated in Russian, grinning. "Do you want some help, you know, pulling her legs apart, or holding her cunt open for you? I would like to do that."

"No," he chuckled at her levity, "I think I can manage. What I would like you to do, though is tell the other girls what we're doing in about twenty minutes. Get them all dried off, and come and find us. We'll be in my bedroom. But, stay outside the room. Be as quiet as you can, until you know she's getting to enjoy herself, then you can come in and watch, or join in or whatever." She nodded vigorously, grinning again, before running off, her pert little bum wiggling, and jumping into the pool to join her new friends.

Mike went inside, and found Sarah, having had a quick shower, rubbing herself down with a towel. As he turned the corner, though, he noticed her pulling her hand from her groin, a

momentary look of guilt crossing her face, immediately replaced with a blush and slight smile, both knowing what had transpired.

"Shall we go upstairs?" he asked, holding his hand out towards her. She walked towards him, then, unexpectedly stepped up onto the seat beside him, and holding her arms out, jumped onto him, her arms clinging round his neck, her legs wrapping around his waist. Mike in reaction, cupped her buttocks with both hands. He walked through the kitchen, his fingers now blatantly feeling her open pudenda running from her bottom, over her pussy, to her mons and back.

He slowly walked up the stairs, his fingers now trailing through her cleft, pussy and anus, pressing in, feeling her, enjoying her, wanting her. Pushing the door open with his foot, he moved to the bed, and lowered the naked child onto the centre of his wide bed. Mike lay alongside her, looking into her eyes, their noses almost touching. Their fingers explored each other, finding slippery dampness, seeping from the other. They lay there and teased each other for a few minutes, before Mike clung to her, cradling her to his chest, and rolled over onto his back, bringing her up with him. Her knees naturally dropped either side of his hips, opening her up for his exploring fingers. His cock, by now, was as hard as an iron bar, nestled through her cleft and bum crack, his crown sticking up in the air above her buttocks. Pre-cum started to drip down his shaft, into her valley

He knew, from experience, that seven year olds were tight, often too tight and usually too dry. He would need more lubrication, so reached across to his bedside table, and picked up a tube of KY Jelly. Working behind her back, he unscrewed the cap and squeezed a dollop onto his finger and spread it across his crown, both under and over his foreskin. Then, he reached down with one hand, finding her open vagina, and spread her further apart with two fingers. With the other hand, he presented the tube to her entry, and pushing in slightly, squeezed another splodge of jelly directly into her, making her squeak, at the contact of the cold slime.

Mike lifted her hips up with both hands, and moved her up, until he could feel his crown slip down through her bum crack, over her perineum and find the little recess of her vaginal entry. He lowered her carefully down onto his belly, his crown now pressing firmly into her. He could feel her labia flexing either side of his cock, every time she moved or tensed her muscles. He knew now, they were in for a waiting game, dependant on how long, if at all, she would take to dilate.

She was trying to look down her body at where she felt him pressing to her. He put a finger under her chin, and gently lifted her face towards his, and brought his mouth to hers. He kissed her, and she immediately responded in kind, pressing herself to him. He let his tongue emerge, slipping along her lips, exploring. She instantly copied him, their tongues soon enjoying a little game of hide and seek. When he opened his mouth, she was already ahead of him, her tongue diving into him, seeking, caressing his tongue. So sensual.

He reached his hand, palm up, under her belly. Sensing his intention, she lifted herself slightly. His finger tips slipped down over her mons, finding her dimple, and below that, the cowl of her clitty. He pressed further, then drawing back, felt her tiny nub, swollen, hardened, ready. Carefully, he pressed and released and slipped his finger against her, feeling her tense slightly. He repeated it, now feeling her body press back down against

him. She started an, almost imperceptible hip movement, pushing her little clit against his invading fingers. Her breathing too, shortened, as her nostrils flared with the stimulus between her thighs.

All the while Sarah had been staring into his eyes. She liked his eyes, they were kind. In fact, she had liked Mike from the moment she had met him. Her piercing green eyes trying to read his thoughts, while their bodies gave such pleasure to one another. She knew this was illegal, against every social more, but she was loving every moment of it. When Mike had fiddled with her in the pool, she'd cum a bit and knew then, that she'd want him to do it again. She was puzzled, though, that her mum seemed to know about Mike, and what he was going to do to her. All her life, Mum had been so strict, never allowing her the freedoms other girls had. Once, Sarah had unconsciously rubbed her pussy when it itched a bit, and Mum had smacked her hand away. Then suddenly, this morning, she'd said it was OK to do anything Mike asked her to do. Anything at all. Sarah was only seven, but she'd seen and heard a lot from the other girls, and knew what was about to happen would change her life, and for the better.

As Sarah lay there on top of Mike, her knees either side of his hips, his thingy pressing into her secret place, where only she and her mum had touched before, she became aware of his breathing becoming deeper. His chest seemed to be getting hotter, they were becoming damp with sweat. Then she realised with a shock, all that had been her, not Mike. It was her who was sweating, and hot. She leaned into him, and kissed him again, her tongue once more exploring his mouth, as he did hers. She felt a movement. Was she opening up to him, would it be possible, could she? Would it hurt? Suddenly a thousand questions of doubt flashed through her mind. She tensed.

"It's alright, my darling Sarah," he said in a reassuring tone, as if he'd read her thoughts, "just let it happen, don't rush it, relax and enjoy your first time."

She knew he was right, and as her cheek once more rested on his blond hairy chest, she felt the tension ease, the stiffness of her muscles softening. His warm hands on her back, one caressing her shoulder, the other holding her bum, his fingers trailing into her crack. A minute or so later, she suddenly felt movement. Hot, slippery movement, between her legs. His thingy was slipping into her. She'd seen it stiff before, and knew it would never go inside her. It was far too big. When she had climbed on top of him, he'd wanted to rest it there, against her coochie, and it had felt good, nice, so she'd let him. But she never dreamt he would actually try, or be able to push it in. But she sensed it move again, and suddenly it popped inside. She felt the elastic of her entry snap over his wide bit. It was uncomfortable for a moment, then it was OK. Suddenly, she felt warm, and secure, and tingly and wanting more. This was good. So nice. Then it got better.

Mike didn't move for a few seconds, then he slipped his hand under her, his fingers feeling her firm mound, her dimple and cleft, then her cowl, hiding her tiny nub. His pre-cum had oozed down through her cleft. She was very slippery, now. So sexy. So erotic. He let his finger tip lightly play over her slimy clit, moving gently back and forth. It wasn't long, before he sensed a tensioning in her limbs. But this time it wasn't nerves, this time it was her body reacting to the stimulation women have enjoyed for a million years.

Sarah felt the tingles inside her become stronger. She was suddenly hot and sensitive, perspiration beaded on her brow. Every move his fingers made, her pussy reacted to it.

Her own arousal had started to flow. She'd felt it joining his slippery pre-cum, running down between her thighs, making everything better smoother, slipperier. She felt him start to strum her nub. She'd done this herself recently a few times. Jenny, her older sister had shown her what to do, but it had never felt as nice as this. It was getting nicer and nicer, she felt him jerk as he strummed her, and.....

"Aaaaahhhhhh, oohhhhhh, hhaaaaaaaa," she exclaimed, as her climax crashed over her, her tingling suddenly becoming so strong, it made all her muscles go tight, down there. She realised that he'd stopped. Slowly the wonderful feelings eased off. Then she realised something had changed. His cock was inside her now. Several inches. He'd penetrated her hymen during her orgasm, and she'd never felt a thing. She looked up at his kind face, and smiled in reply to his grin.

"Ready for the nice bit, Sarah?" he asked. She remained silent, but nodded, her eyes soon closing with the intense overwhelming feelings coursing through her body, as he started to fuck her in earnest. Mike's cock slowly pulled from her, almost popping out, before pushing all the way into her, nudging her end, and pulling back again. She looked down, and could see her clit kiss his shaft as he pressed in, dragging it into her vagina, before reversing out once more, making the damp, red, coral and cream lining of her cunt appear as he dragged it out of her, before pressing in once more, the cycle repeating.

Mike was in heaven. Sarah had a vagina which clung to him, and yet permitted him to fully penetrate her as far as her cervix, each thrust, he could feel the ribbed contours of her passage massaging his cock, squeezing him, pulsing on him, caressing him. Each time he nudged into her end, she grunted, her clenched mouth twitching in response, a sharp intake of breath through her nose indicating her timing. Her expression suggested she was in pain, but Mike knew better. He'd seen intense pleasure such as this, displayed many times before, but rarely in one so young. Her vagina was now clamping continuously on his cock, betraying just how intense her ongoing climax was, even though she didn't make loud gasping sounds yet.

Then, Sarah's breathing got shorter, and she started to snort through her nose, making little piggy noises, as she grunted out her pleasure, Mike's cock being squeezed even harder. The little seven year old was now cuming like a veteran. She was completely out of her senses, so intense was her continuous orgasm.

Mike had one more thing he wanted to do. He was already holding her buttocks, one in each hand. He pulled her further apart and pressed his middle finger down the valley of her bottom, finding her anus. It was coated with a thick layer of pre-cum. He pushed his finger gently into her, feeling her sphincter clenching with her climax. He timed it, and as she released, he pushed his finger in, slipping passed the first knuckle, before she clenched again. When she released the next time, he pushed again, sinking into her rectum, as far as his finger could reach. So good

As he thrust his cock into her, he could now feel his finger pressing against her rectovaginal septum, the thin skin membrane between the rectum and vagina. And, his finger could feel his cock. Sarah, by now was burbling incoherent mutterings. She was completely in a fantasy world, so far into her orgasm was she absorbed. Certainly even Mike, who had seen and experienced it all, as far as pre-teen sex was concerned was amazed just how much pleasure this child was getting from her first fuck.

It had only been a couple of hours, since he'd fucked Sarah's older sister, and so he was able to hold out and make this last. But, even so, he felt the early stages of his climax building within his prostate. He paced himself, trying to make this fantastic fuck last a few seconds longer, but it wasn't to be. Her clenching suddenly intensified a few times, and Mike knew he had tipped over the edge. There was that half second pause, like the instant before an aircraft touches the runway, and suddenly he was blasting into her, pressing as deep as her cervix would permit, pulse after pulse after pulse, squirting right into her immature womb. Sarah squeaked loudly, as she felt her insides coated with his warm sticky semen.

Then there was a moment of silence, before the room erupted with clapping, laughter, and half a dozen little girl voices, all chirruping together. Sarah was startled, not having known they had all crept silently into the bedroom at the height of her climax. Still lying on Mike's belly, her legs either side of his hips, she turned and looked over her shoulder and grinned at her friends, who were all smiling at her, knowing just how good she felt at this moment. She went to pull off him, thinking it was all over. But, Mike held her tight.

"There's no rush, Sarah," he said soothingly. "Enjoy the moment. Lie still and just feel your body relaxing. Wait until it's all over before you move."

Sarah lay her cheek back down on Mike's chest. She concentrated on the feelings deep within her, feeling little flutterings, as her cervix reminded her of the wonderful time she'd had. She certainly never felt self conscious or embarrassed at the position she was in, with her thighs spread out so wide, as she straddled him with his cock curling up and into her tiny vagina, being watched closely by all her new friends, who could all see his semen and some virginal blood that had seeped from her.

She thought about her new friends she'd only met since they moved here the other week, and knew she wanted to live here forever. She'd moved house four times in the last five years, and never wanted to move again. But above all, she knew what she now wanted. She wanted Mike to make her feel this good again, and again. She was already a sex addict. She wondered why adults didn't allow little girls like her to enjoy the feelings she'd just had. Perhaps they were selfish, and wanted to keep all the fun for themselves. On that thought, she never realised that she fell asleep. She never felt Mike pull himself out of her, roll her over onto her back, or cover her with a duvet. It was hunger at lunch time that woke her, and the smell of Mike cooking downstairs.

= 31 =

Thursday Midday

Lucy takes her turn.

When they came downstairs from the bedroom, they looked out of the window, and were surprised to see sheets of rain pouring down outside, pattering the surface of the pool. Unbeknown to them, it was end of the warm, sunny spell, they'd all enjoyed for the last few weeks, start of autumn and the prelude to one of the wettest winters ever recorded. The following week was the start of the new school year anyway, so the girls weren't too worried about summer finally coming to an end. Besides, they now knew they all had a new indoor interest they wanted to pursue. The girls all knew their lives had taken on a new facet, giving them a fresh enthusiasm in all they did.

"Right girls, take one of these each," he said, as he handed round some chocolate bars. "Would you like to watch a movie on the big screen, as it looks like swimming has ended for the day?"

The girls had a mini conference, and asked if they could see the new Captain Marvel film. Mike plugged in his laptop to the wide screen TV, and in a minute or so, set the movie running.

"While you girls are watching the film, would you mind if you would each come through to the studio, one at a time?" he asked. "It's just that I want to take a portrait of each of you." Whereas this was perfectly true, he wanted a framed head and shoulders photograph of each of them on his studio wall, he also wanted to spend ten minutes with each of them, taking some extremely intimate photographs. The girls all grinned at one another. They weren't fooled at all. They knew perfectly well what he was up to.

"Give me a couple of minutes, would you, while I set up," he asked, "then come in one at a time." Mike went into the studio, and drew down the light blue backdrop screen, then placed a chair in the middle of the room. He adjusted the tripod mounted lights and aimed the umbrella reflectors. He chose the camera and adjusted the settings for the light. Next, he pulled out the inspection table out, and set the leg supports as he needed them. He'd just done that, when Emma pushed open the door, and peered round.

"Am I too early, Mike?" she asked. He grinned at her, and waved her in.

"No, not at all," he smiled, "just in time."

Mike had taken thousands of portraits over the years, and knew exactly what he wanted. Head and shoulders poses, no clothing distracting the eye. The same lighting, camera settings, background, would all make a lovely set of prints for his wall and their mothers'. He took a couple of test shots, adjusting the light angle and aperture, then took half a dozen pictures he knew would be exquisite. Then he waved her over to the inspection table.

"You don't mind if I photograph you for my personal album, do you Emma?" he asked. She shook her head, still grinning. The girls had all been laughing in the sitting room, that this was what Mike really wanted. "Sit on the end of the table, would you, and lie back? That's right, put your legs up on the rests." Mike had set the leg rests, so it was a stretch for her to spread her legs that far. But being the fit young girl she was, she managed it. But her thighs were so far apart, it was right on her limit.

He used a standard camera, fitted with a macro lens, to photograph her closely between her legs, asking her to pull herself open as wide as she could. Then, lifting her face to get the essential cunt and face shot, her green eyes showing so clearly. The lovely dark haired girl was so beautiful, especially her pussy, which seemed to have a beauty of its own. He was really pleased Sammy had introduced her to him.

Finally, Mike wanted the ultimate "inside" shots. He had invented and supplied through Eagle eyed Industries a new colposcope. It is a long, black, flexible shaft. There were some wires trailing from one end, where some black knurled plastic surrounded the end.

The shaft was very thin, less than a ten millimetres in diameter. It could be used with a laptop or standard digital camera. He plugged it into a mini USB port on the side of the camera. Immediately, three tiny LED lights came on at the end of the shaft. Between the lights was a tiny camera lens. The actual camera and lights were inside the handle, everything being transmitted through fibre optics. The clever bit was the lens at the working end. The result was a crystal clear image.

Mike placed the tip into her open vagina, and turned the little gnarled knobs, as he pushed it into her, steering it towards her interior, recording every bump and undulation of her beautiful passage. No wonder she felt so good to fuck. She was barely aware of what he was doing, other than she felt a tickling inside her. He reached her cervix, and twisting the knobs, soon found the little gap, and pushed through into her cervical canal and finally, her womb. He turned the knobs, making the head move around, displaying every corner of her deepest part. He slowly pulled it back out of her, and switched off the camera. He'd got what he wanted recorded for his file.

"That's it, Emma, all done," he said, smiling at her, "would you let the next one know I'm ready. Tell Lucy I want her last of all, as I want to let her have her first time after the photos are all taken." He watched her little bubble bum, as she walked out of the studio. He remembered she would be nine years old in a couple of weeks time. He needed to think of something so the girls could all celebrate it together. A nice birthday fuck was certainly needed for her. He smiled to himself as he considered whether he should tie a red ribbon round his cock. He also wondered if he should invite her mum round to watch.

It only took about ten minutes to photograph each of the girls, and he had finished all of them except Lucy, before the movie ended. He timed her session to start a few minutes before the credits ran. He photographed her exactly the same as he had the others, but when it came to using the colposcope, Mike had a wicked idea. He pulled out his little bottle of Golden Lotion, and using a cotton bud he dipped it into the bottle, had dabbed a liberal coating around the end of the lens. He was careful, as the flexible shaft slipped into her vagina, not to waste the fluid, by wiping it along the sides of her passage. His only worry was that he'd never applied the lotion on a conscious girl before, only when he'd used his knockout drops.

Like with the other girls, he saw her cervix in the camera lens. He looked around for the smooth surface of skin indicating her 'G' spot, and pushed the shaft towards it. When he touched her, she jerked suddenly, her mons lifting several inches, her bum flying off the table.

"Fucking hell," she cried, "what the hell was that?"

"What happened?" asked Mike in an innocent tone. "Are you alright, Lucy?"

"Yeah, I guess so," she responded doubtfully, looking down at her mons, as if it would give her an answer, "I just had an amazing feeling deep inside me," she explained. "At first it was like an electric shock, but now it feels all warm and tingly and nice down there. Really nice. God, it feels nice." She moved her hand down her belly over her mound, her fingers searching for her clitty. Without any embarrassment, she started to strum her nub. "Oh Jeez," she muttered, "when will it be my turn, Mike, I think I'm as ready for you now as I'll ever be. God, I need it now, Mike. What's the matter with me? Oh, god I can't stand it,"

she uttered in a whispered gasp. "Mike do something, please. It's getting worse. Ohh, nnngggggg, aaahhhhhh, fuuuuckkkk, yeessss," she hissed, as she crashed into a spontaneous orgasm.

Mike hadn't expected this reaction from one simple dose of the lotion. He'd always assumed the effect increased in time, over the three days. He now realised it must diminish with time, and she'd had a dose, moments ago, he'd just lit her fuse. He'd lit his own fuse too, because he'd found her reaction incredibly arousing.

"Don't worry, Lucy," he told the child, as he grasped her around the waist, "bend over the end of the inspection table. Lie face down. Let's see if we can sort you out, shall we?" Mike smiled, as she nearly leaped onto the table, and spread her knees outwards in her haste to relieve the incredible sensations overwhelming her.

"Ohh," she stuttered, "here it comes again, I can't I, ohh, nnngggggg, aaahhhhhh," she gasped, as a second climax surged through her. Her body trembling with the sensations coursing through her. Mike could see yellow liquid running down her legs. She had wet herself. As he looked, though, he was amazed to see her gaping pussy was not just opening and closing in time to her pulses, but she was dilated wider than he'd ever seen any eight year old before, her hymen stretched taut. And he hadn't even touched her yet. He knew for sure he was going to use the lotion more often in future. This was just incredible. Still holding her hips, he stepped up behind her, and the moment his crown touched her entry, she came again, pushing back against him. Her cries of pleasure just mutterings now, impossible to understand.

Mike had had some live ones on the end of his cock over the years, but he'd never experienced anything quite like this. She was eight years old, and out of control for the sexual drive coursing through her. Even as he reached down with his fingers, teasing her labia apart and pushed his crown against her, she shoved back against him. His crown popped through her entry without resistance. He started his micro thrusts, working at dilating her, but already, he could feel the slippage, as his tip nudged her hymen. Lucy lifted herself up off the table a few inches, her hands gripping the edges. She looked over her shoulder, before pushing back with her arms, her bum pressing into Mike. His cock tore through her membrane, sinking two inches into her vagina. She never even flinched. Instead, he knew from her clenching and breathing, her orgasm had intensified. He continued his micro thrusts, feeling his cock sink into the child, parting the walls of her passage, inch by excruciating inch.

He was letting Lucy set the pace now, He was thrusting gently, not pushing inwards, but it was Lucy that was pushing herself onto his cock, forcing him deeper. Suddenly he nudged her end. Two things immediately happened. Firstly, Mikes crown came into contact with the Golden Lotion, still coating her 'G' spot, sending sensational shocks, like electricity, up his shaft. Secondly, She erupted with yet another, more intense climax, which seemed to try and pinch the tip of his cock right off. Mike held still, while Lucy enjoyed the biggest orgasm she'd ever had, and was ever likely to in the future. Finally, she calmed, her breathing that of a runner after a marathon.

"Did you like your first time, Lucy?" he asked her. "You know we're not finished yet, don't you?" She moaned. She wondered how much more of this she could take. Mike was aware that not only was she still gently pulsing, squeezing his cock in a most wonderful

way, but that the lotion was burning his crown, making him more and more lustful, and certainly harder, longer, thicker. At last, her climax ended and her breathing calmed, even though he still felt occasional clenches.

Mike had wondered how to end this incredible fuck. Just blasting into her didn't seem to do it justice. "Would you like your first time to end in a special way, Lucy?" he asked her. She again lifted herself up, looking over her shoulder at him, and nodded. Her smile confirming her desire.

"OK," he said, "what I want you to do is turn over onto your back, then lift up, so we are face to face. Do you think you can do that, if I help?" He reached down, and as she rolled onto her side, then her back, he rotated her legs up, until her calves were resting on his shoulders. He then lowered them down either side of him, until her little legs were around his waist. Next he reached forward, and put his hands under her shoulders and lifted her up, cuddling her to his chest. He'd never fucked any child so small. She was just tiny. It was an incredible turn-on for him, and yet, her vagina was the same as any eight year old. Tight as fuck, but able to take his thickness.

"Put your arms around my neck, darling," he instructed. "I'll support your weight under your bottom." She was so small, the top of her head was under his chin, so to hold onto him, she had to reach up high. Mike now straightened up, standing in the middle of the room, feeling her light weight in his palms and on his cock. Positioned directly in front of one of the video cameras, he slowly lifted her up an inch, and lowered her again, feeling her tight cunt walls reluctantly slide along him. He lifted her a bit further and again, until he was almost coming out of her, before dropping her down onto his cock. Lucy had only had three thrusts of his crown pounding into 'that spot' deep inside, before she once again came.

She was so overwhelmed by her orgasm, her eyes tight shut, her mind focussed entirely on the blissful pleasure surging through her body, she was unaware that Mike had walked across the room, out of the door, and into the sitting room, where all the other girls were still watching TV. They stopped and stared at their friend, who was babbling strange sounds. Mike too was lifting and dropping her whilst thrusting his hips into her in what looked like a very uncomfortable way, their thighs slapping together loudly as they made contact. They could all see both Mike and Lucy were so absorbed in their fuck, that they were oblivious of the eight girls now watching close up where he penetrated her tiny body.

But what shocked them even more, was as Mike approached his own climax, and got onto the short strokes, speeding up even more, the tiny shy, quiet girl, leaned her head back and cried out in ecstasy: "Oh, fuck me Mike, fuck me hard. Oh, fuck me harder, please harder, hardddd, aaahhhh, nnnnnnnnggggg, yyeeeeessssss, fffffuuuuuuucccckkkkk meeeeeeee." She'd crashed into yet another cataclysmic climax. Mike had had no idea the lotion could do this. For certain though, he would repeat it.

It was the final straw for Mike, who couldn't hold back any further, and he felt the signs, surging deep in his body, heralding his cum, just before he exploded into the tiny girl, his cock throbbing hard, as he spurted his sperm laden semen deep into her infertile womb. Every throb, she responded with a squeak and a grunt. Even now, their bodies were slapping together loudly, as the final moments of their intense fuck played out. Finally it ended. Lucy had let go of Mike's shoulders, and was flopping backwards in his hands, like

a rag doll. He wasn't sure if she was conscious or had passed out. He looked down where they were conjoined. She was red raw all around her vulva. Blood, semen and her earlier urine release stained them both. She looked a mess, and yet even as he looked, he could still feel and see the occasional clench, while her pussy had the final word, her little purrs confirming she was a very happy little kitten indeed.

Mike sat down in one of the chairs, cuddling Lucy to his chest. She still purred in his arms. He wasn't sure if she was asleep. He suspected not.

Lucy's mind was trying to process what had just happened to her. She'd been a little nervous through the day, as she waited her turn with Mike. Her friends had told her how much they had enjoyed being fucked, but she'd also known she was small, bursting her cherry might hurt, and all the other concerns and worries. Then He'd taken those photographs of her. So naughty, so revealing, so rude. And then he'd pushed that thing into her. She was just going to ask him what he was doing, when suddenly her world had crashed in around her with the most incredibly intense feelings she'd ever experienced. The next half an hour was a complete blur to her, other than the pleasure she'd felt, the wonderful feelings down inside her, were just so nice, so good. She would never be able to describe it to anyone, especially Mum, who would want to know everything, asking questions, while she put her hand inside hers and Lucy's knickers. One thing was certain in Lucy's mind, though. She wanted Mike inside her again, and as soon as possible. This was an experience she wanted to repeat, and as often as she could.

The water from the shower suddenly woke Lucy from her malaise. Her eyes opened, seeing Mike looking down at her, his half smile so warm, reassuring. His hands still cradling her bum and back. She felt his cock, so much smaller now, being pulled from her. It stuck once or twice, making her wince. It was sore down there now, stinging. She didn't mind, though, she had had such a wonderful time, it was worth the discomfort she now felt. She loved the way that Mike didn't put her down, but washed her all over with one hand, while holding her with the other. She especially loved it, when he'd finished, he leaned down and kissed her in a way she'd never been kissed before, their tongues slowly intertwining, caressing, loving. He'd then dried them both, still holding her to him, taken her back into the sitting room, and gently laid her on the settee, where she fell asleep in moments, only waking later, when food was being prepared.

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Thursday Afternoon

The Summons

Mike's phone trilled in his pocket. The ring tone told him it was Bob-Dob. "Hi Mike," came the mechanical voice Bob-Dob used when in business mode, warning Mike that this was no social call. "We got him located, Mike, at last." Mike detected some exasperation. There was no need to whom he was referring. Mike didn't need to interrupt. He just listened. His phone auto-record would hold the details. "He's tucked himself up in his dacha, right up in the Ural mountains. The nearest place with an airport is called Salekhard, which is just over the boarder in Siberia. In fact the Arctic Circle passes through the town. You're booked onto an Airbus A321 with Wizz Air UK 8123 out of London – Luton tomorrow. That will get you into Saint Petersburg. You'll have a long stopover there. Nothing we could do about that. Then you're on the interesting stuff 11:45 Saturday morning, from Saint Petersburg, with Yamal Airlines getting into Salekhard at

16:50 Saturday. I'll text the flight numbers and tickets. We booked a hotel at the airport and a hire car. You'll be travelling as Mikhail Davanov. You're a Belarusian businessman from Minsk, working for the Minskyovski Bank. You know enough about their set up to sound convincing. You're off on a walking holiday, celebrating your promotion for discovering a fraud inside the bank. You're an outdoorsman, a keen wildlife photographer, and a walking nutcase who likes to go up into the high mountains at the beginning of winter. I'm sending a man up with your passport, documents and all your camping gear. He'll be on the five o'clock train. Meet him your end, would you, and put him on the next train back?" Bob-Dob continued with some detail about expenses, Bollockov's dacha, it's security and position right up in the high passes. The call was succinct and concise, but lasted twenty five minutes, nevertheless. Bob-Dob ended the call as quickly as he'd started it, with the comment. "I have a vacancy on the committee of the service, if you're interested, Mike, Director of Surveillance. Sort this out, once and for all, and the job's yours."

Mike's mind was racing, as he ended the call. Bollockov had surfaced, and unusually, let his location be known. Perhaps if he needed ongoing medical treatment, it was inevitable. He had run to his mountain retreat to recuperate, and no doubt plan his next moves against Mike and Alex, who between them were the cause of all his current difficulties. Mike's research on Sergei had revealed that he was a very focussed man. When something needed attending to, nothing got in the way, until it was accomplished. Mike knew therefore that unless he dealt with him first, Sergei would come for them in his relentless way. But Mike also wondered if it all sounded too easy. Bollockov was a pro. Why let his location be known? Why let his guard down? Was he actually trying to draw Mike in, or had he become careless? Never careless. So Mike started to consider alternative strategies. Tapping on Sergei's front door, was not going to be the answer.

He made a coffee, and was looking out of the window at the falling rain, thinking things through, when Sammy and Katrin came into the kitchen, to raid his fridge for more ice cream. While Sammy took the spoils back to the other girls, Katrin sat on one of the stools, looking intently at him.

"He's back, isn't he?" she stated matter-of-factly in Russian. She grimaced as he nodded, still looking out of the window. "You're going to kill him, aren't you?" she said, more of a statement than a question. "I don't want to be frightened anymore Mike," she continued, "I like it here with my new friends, and Mum, and you. Please find him and kill him." He was quite surprised at her passion, as he watched her walk out of the kitchen. No sexy swagger now, her firm buttocks rolling as she walked. Her simple, resolute, uncompromising tone and practical Estonian single mindedness had demonstrated a strength previously unseen.

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Thursday Night
The Leaving Party

Alex had still not returned by the time it got dark. Katrin went across the road to see if she was alright, and returned in a few minutes. In Russian she told Mike he really didn't want to know, when he'd asked her what was going on. He knew Alex would give him all the detail anyway, when she came back. Emma had phoned her mum and got a pass out for

another sleepover at Sammy's. Sammy had spoken to her mother's carer, who seemed not in the least worried that she intended to stop with her friend Emma for another night. Sammy got the impression that the carer was more interested in being alone with her mother anyway. Lady friends staying over with Mum, had happened in the past, before she'd succumbed to her drug habit. It was better than the alternative.

So it was that they decided on having an early night. Or, put it another way, all get naked in bed together. All inhibitions between them had long since gone. The girls even starting to touch each other in intimate ways. He was really pleased with the way they were all relaxed about it. Everyone understanding this was entirely for their mutual pleasure. Mike noticed Linda talking to her big sister. The five year old had not been frightened by what she saw, quite the reverse. But she was obviously making some point to Lucy. As they all made their way upstairs, to his bedroom, Lucy came over to him.

"Mike," Lucy said, in an enquiring tone.

"Yes darling," he replied, "What is it?"

"Linda is the only one you haven't fucked," she said matter-of-factly. "She feels left out. Is there anything you can do for her?"

"She's far too small for that," stated Mike, surprised at the question.

"She knows that, of course," Lucy said, looking at him as if he was stupid. "But she feels you should include her in some way; do something to make her feel she's like us, not left out."

Mike thought about how he'd used her as a fuck toy, earlier. That had been great fun, and might have even put her off. And yet, here was her sister asking him to do more to her. Well, if that's what she wanted.....

"OK," he said, "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll try her with oral sex. Do you know what that is?"

"Yes, I think so," she answered uncertainly. "Isn't that when you use your mouths on each other?"

"That's right, Lucy, you obviously know a lot about this stuff," he praised her, watching her swell with pride. "If she isn't happy with that, though, that's OK. I can always play with her bottom instead. There's lots of things we can try. You have a word with her, and tell her we'll do whatever she wants to try." He smiled, as she went over to Linda, now getting undressed with the others, to explain her options.

As Mike climbed into bed, wriggling in between the various naked bodies already there, Emma said: "Mike, could we watch something on TV for a while?" Mike nodded in response to her innocent question.

"Sure, what would you like to see?" he asked.

"Oh, that's easy," she responded immediately, "the film when you tied Sammy to your table, then did all sorts of stuff to her and then fucked her up the bum. That was really cool. I'd like to see that again."

"OK," he said, "Katrín, could you pass over my laptop, please?" Taking the computer, he clicked a couple of icons, pressed the remote for the television, and watched as the screen flickered to life, showing a naked, blindfolded, Sammy being tied down. He closed the lid and handed the laptop back, letting the scenes on the screen tell their own story. Most of the girls had heard about this, but they'd never dreamed just how erotic it would be, as they watched it.

"I've got a great idea for a game," he said, getting their immediate attention. "Who'd like to win a prize? It will be the first fuck tomorrow morning," he asked, smiling as every hand shot up. "OK, the winner will be the first person who can make themselves cum." Immediately, every girl went to push her hand down between their legs. "Except," he said, interrupting them, "there is a rule. You're not allowed to touch yourselves in any way. How you do it is up to you. You are allowed to touch each other, though. Time starts now!"

Mike smiled, as the girls each thought this through, frowning, working it out. Then one by one, over the next few minutes, they paired up, tentatively caressing one another, kissing, fingers exploring, becoming more daring with each other as their arousal and confidence grew.

"Linda, while the others are doing that, if you would like to come over here, I have something else for you to do, darling." The little naked five year old grinned, showing two gaps in her teeth, and climbed over two of her friends, who were in a tight clinch, to get to Mike. He put his hands under her armpits and lifted her over, bringing her on top of his chest, where he cuddled her for a moment.

"Did Lucy tell you what I thought you might like to try?" he asked. She nodded, grinning again. "OK, what we'll do, then, if you turn around, so your legs are over my shoulders, while you watch your friends for a moment, I'll give you a little kiss, down there."

She scooted round on him, lifting one leg over his face, so her feet were either side of his head. He took hold of her hips, one in each hand, and pulled her, sliding her up his tummy and chest, until her pussy was against his mouth. He immediately gave her a kiss on her cleft, making her giggle.

"Was that fun?" he asked her. "Would you like me to do it again?"

"Mmm humm," she muttered, nodding her head, as she studied his stiff cock pointing at her face, just an inch or two away. She felt him press his face again between her thighs, his mouth encircling her mound and most of her cleft. She felt his tongue press into her, forcing its way between her lips; then he started to suck on her, quite hard. A tingling feeling shooting all through her, like he was using electricity. She liked it though, it made her feel nice. Her sister, Lucy took hold of Mike's cock, lifted it a fraction, and put her other hand on the back of Linda's head, pushing her downwards.

Linda knew what she was expected to do, and after a moment's hesitation, she opened her mouth and let his tip in. She tasted his stickiness, his pre-cum seeming to flow into her

mouth, around her tongue and teeth. She noticed it didn't really taste of anything. She moved a little further, feeling him scrape between her teeth, hearing him take a sharp intake of breath at the same time. She realised she might hurt him, and opened her mouth as wide as she could, letting him in further.

She could feel his rounded end pressing against her tongue. It felt kinda nice, warm and soft. Linda suddenly remembered what Lucy had told her to do, and sucked his end as hard as she could. She heard another gasp from Mike. "He must like that," she thought, as she did it again and again, feeling him respond each time. While she did this, she could feel Mike's tongue sink as far into her coochie as he could. It was nice. She felt his fingers doing something to her clitty as well. That felt even better. It was all tingly now, feeling better all the time.

The other girls were all watching the salacious display, as five year old Linda was orally fucked by Mike, his whole mouth encasing the tiny girl's entire pussy. It was obvious they were both enjoying themselves, as they were also doing too. Katrin now had Lucy in an intimate clinch, their fingers working each others pussies as fast as they could, their lips pressed together.

Emma had paired off with her very best friend Sammy, while seven year old Sarah and nine year old Elsie were linked together, kissing and fondling one another. Beside them Sue was with Jenny, also not holding back. Every one of them seeing if they could win the game.

Mike felt the tiny child suddenly tense up. He sensed she was nearing her climax, as his tongue pressed again and again into her, his suction working in cycles, trying to draw every last bit of pleasure into her. Certainly she was now exuding some slippery damp moisture, which tasted so delicious to him. He'd noticed over the years, the younger the girl, the sweeter she tasted. He'd known five year olds could cum, he'd made it happen many times before, but it always surprised him, when it happened so quickly, like now. But he wasn't too worried, because he could feel the early stages of his own orgasm. He knew he could fend it off for a couple of minutes yet, build it into a biggy.

Across the big bed, the other girls were, by now, beginning to make little moaning sounds, as their arousal climbed and their own cum neared. Mike glanced around watching what happened next. He knew this would be special. He cursed himself for not bringing his camera up to record it all. He was amazed just how uninhibited these girls had become in such a short time. They were naked, and romping on a bed together in intimate ways with other girls, who up until a few days ago, they either didn't, or barely knew.

This was all going to happen at once, Mike knew. The first one to call out was Emma, who snorted, groaned and immediately bucked upwards, her back arched off the bed, her spread thighs pointing straight at Mike, her vagina oozing mucus, encouraged by Sammy's finger still strumming her clit rapidly. Sammy too came a moment later, followed almost immediately by the others over a period of just a few seconds. They were all writhing, grunting, moaning and muttering incoherent gasps of joy and deep pleasure. Linda suddenly jerked on top of his chest, her knees pressed momentarily on his ears, then jerked again. She clamped her teeth on his cock, making him buck in pain. She muttered something, as she unclamped her teeth again, but continued rocking back and forth, her pussy grinding on his mouth, pressing herself against his tongue, lips and teeth.

Mike could hold back no longer, he'd used every trick he knew, but suddenly felt the first tiny squirt, the prelude to the main eruption. There was a second's delay, and then he exploded, his pulse massive, instantly filling the child's mouth with his sperm laden semen. She coughed, but not before the next one surged between her lips, covering her tongue. She couldn't breath and had to swallow, just as the next spurt filled her mouth once more. She snorted, semen spurting from her nose, and swallowed again, now tasting him properly, finding it nice, not yucky as she'd been told it might be. She sucked again, getting more of his tasty stuff. She rolled it around her mouth savouring it, knowing she wanted to do this again. She knew she was a big girl now, not a baby anymore, so proud. She'd heard him groan as he'd filled her mouth once more. She could tell he liked it. She hoped he would want to do it with her again. He'd said earlier that he could always try doing it in her bottom. She wondered what that would be like. Maybe next time, she would ask him to try it. She knew there would be a next time. She could taste him in her mouth still, the last thought, as she slowly slipped into a deep sleep.

Mike rolled Linda off to one side, onto her back. He sat up and looked down at her. Her face and hair were covered in cum. It was all over her lips. Her little mouth was open enough to see her tongue and teeth were coated in the pearlescent cum. As she slept, her mouth closed and she swallowed once more, followed by a little snore rippling the semen in her nostrils. As far as Mike was concerned, they didn't get more arousing to a veteran pedo than this. He lay his head down, and was asleep in moments.

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Friday Morning Early Hours

The Mystery Lover

It was some hours later, Mike woke suddenly. He didn't know what had stirred him. His eyes blinked open, focusing on the bedside clock, which read 3:15. He closed them again, listening, alert. The room was in absolute darkness. The street lights outside had gone off at 1:00. He felt the bed move, someone was turning in their sleep. No, more than that, they were moving across the bed, trying to be silent. Whoever it was had now crawled out of bed, round the side, and back in, crawling up as quietly as they could between him and Linda, until she was pressed against his side.

Mike had no idea who this was. She was small, so it could be Elsie, Lucy, or even Sarah. He could feel her soft skin pressing to his, her silky hair on his arm, her chest beating against his, her heart thumping. He felt the covers lift, as her hand, not touching, moved over him. It stopped and carefully lowered onto his pubic hair, pausing while she worked out where her hand was. She lifted it again, going lower, this time finding his cock, which had grown rapidly in the last two minutes, now hard. She again paused, thinking what to do, perhaps surprised he wasn't small and soft, as she'd expected. He felt her fingers explore, tiny movements, fairy touches. She moved all over his manhood, like a blind person building a picture. Then her fingers slipped south, down over his scrotum, carefully running over his balls, cupping them, squeezing them incredibly gently, trying not to wake him with her, now shaking, hands.

There was another pause, as he sensed she was thinking what to do next. She took her hand away, and he felt her slowly, carefully, wriggle down under the sheet. She leaned on one elbow, lifting herself up and over him. Suddenly, he felt hot breath on his cock, followed by a touch. He thought it was her fingertip, but immediately realised it was a

tongue. It moved up his shaft, exploring, finding his tip, now seeping pre-cum. Her thumb joined the finger, rubbing and testing what she found there. Another pause, and he felt her hand encase his shaft, gripping him carefully but softly. She lifted him up, bending him towards her. He felt her lips against his tip. She kissed him, before slipping him into her mouth, just as far as her teeth, her lips now surrounding his foreskin. Her hand carefully, oh so slowly, pulled his skin down a fraction, just enough to release his pool of pre-cum, which she sucked away as if she'd done this for years. Who was this girl?

Over the next minute, he felt her mouth open a little, her suction on his tip increasing, his pre-cum being milked away. Her tiny fist moving like a milkmaid's on an udder. He could hear and feel her tongue and mouth lapping as she tasted and swallowed. She was pressed to his side, her mound against his knee, before she slid her other hand down, using him to apply pressure, while she started to diddle herself, her fingers pressing against her clit and his knee. This was just so sensual. He didn't want to spoil it.

Then it got even better. After a minute or two, the girl moved carefully back up the bed, her confidence increasing with his obvious unconscious state. She now knew she could do anything to him, he wasn't going to wake up. She raised herself up slowly on to hands and knees, then lifted one leg over him, being careful not to knock him with her foot. Moving her hand over to the other side, she was now straddling him. Her legs were too short to rest on her knees. Her breath was coming in short pants, puffing against the hairs of his chest, she was so excited.

Mike's heart was going ten to the dozen now. This was just so erotic, so sensual. His cock like a rod of iron. It was all he could do, not to just grab her and thrust straight into her, whoever she was. He felt her lower herself, trying to find his tip with her pussy, trying to connect. His crown was pressed to his belly, her cleft rubbing over it, and try as she might, she couldn't get low enough to scoop him into her. She quietly huffed in frustration, as she took her weight on one arm, while the other hand moved between them, seeking him.

The little girl took hold of his cock, coating her whole hand in pre-cum, now pouring from him. She let him go for a moment, while she rubbed her now slick slippery fingers under her, coating herself ready for what she intended next. Taking him once more in her hand, she lifted and guided him, while she lowered herself onto him. Mike felt his tip sink into her entry, her tight lips only resisting for a moment, before he just popped into her dilated vagina. She paused for only a few seconds, adjusting to his thick cock in her tiny passage, before pressing down. Her anxiety and impatience to get him inside her was now almost palpable.

Then she slipped slowly over him, inch by inch. She immediately started to clamp on him, cuming already, her breathing now fast and shallow, as if she were hyperventilating. He couldn't understand the urgency. Why was she so pent up. Who was this girl? Then suddenly he knew. He hit her end, and instantly felt the tingling on his crown, as the electric shock effect of the Golden Lotion set his end on fire. It had to be Lucy. She was the only one who'd had the lotion recently. She must still be on a high, from the effect it was having on her. It was all he could do not to cum there and then, with the realisation of what this stuff would do to a girl, what the possibilities were for girls in the future.

She started to move on him, now, lifting up and dropping down, up and down. The clamping on his cock continued and, if anything, became stronger. He felt her whole body

trembling, perspiring, her breathing frantic, interspersed with snorts through her nose. She was going for gold. She moved faster, pressing hard into his pubic hair, letting it rasp her clitty, his crown pressing into her cervix, before lifting up again, almost coming out and dropping down again. She was whimpering now, trying not to cry out. Her trembling had increased. He felt it in all her limbs. Sweat now dripped from her onto his chest. She muttered "omg, omg," over and over.

Mike couldn't hold back any longer, and suddenly exploded into her, his semen spurting deep and powerfully into her womb. The swelling of his cock against her super sensitive cervix was the last straw, and she cried out loud, her vagina pulsing hard on his shaft rapidly and firmly. She was oblivious to him cumming inside her, the semen coating her cervix and vagina, now running out of her, with her frenetic movements. He finally slowed and the pulsing ended. She too slowed, still breathing heavily. She remained still for several minutes, the tension and shaking of her limbs slowly easing off, her breathing returning to normal.

Lucy thought back. Less than 24 hours ago, she'd been a virgin, more shy than most eight year old girls. No friends at school, just Sammy. Now, she had found a wonderful place to be with lots of friends. Then there was Mike, a man making her feel so wonderful. She knew she wanted him in her again, as soon as possible. She knew she shouldn't have fucked him without his knowledge. She would die of embarrassment if he found out. Feeling his cock had shrunk inside her, she carefully lifted herself off him, feeling him slide from her. She was surprised when she realised how wet and slimy she was, not knowing it was cum, feeling it run from her onto his pubic hair. She lifted her leg back over him, and stretched herself out against his side.

At that moment, Mike rolled onto his side, took her in his arms and said: "that was really nice, Lucy. You know, anytime you want a nice little fuck, you only have to ask." He never saw her face, as red as a beetroot, as he sank back into a deep sleep.

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Friday Morning Dawn
The Buggeration Factor

Mike woke early, and extricated himself from the middle of the tangle of arms and legs. He quickly pulled on his running kit and set off. It was only a short twenty minute jog, as he had much to do today, preparing for his trip. Full daylight had arrived by the time he got home. He looked up at Margaret's open bedroom window as he passed her house. From this angle he couldn't see in properly, but he could see a man's hand, holding a leather belt rising and falling. The thwacks as it made contact with flesh could be clearly heard, as could the mixed cries, gasps and moans of female pain and pleasure. It was nice to know Margaret was enjoying having John stay over. They would make such a happy couple.

He climbed the stairs, and went into his bedroom, finding it exactly as he'd left it, with the nine pre-teen girls all curled up in their sleep. He took a quick shower, and returning to the bedroom, naked, rubbing his wet hair with a towel, he studied the nine sexy pre-teens, thinking how fortunate he was. He lifted the sheet off them, and stood appreciating their natural, but incredibly sexy display they collectively made. Picking up one of his cameras, he took a few shots, before they woke up.

Emma was sleeping on the edge of the bed, almost falling out onto the floor. He put a hand on her shoulder and gently shook her. Her eyes popped open, taking a moment to focus and come to. She smiled up at him, as she yawned and stretched.

“Good morning, sleepy head,” Mike said very quietly, with a smile, “you won the competition last night. Want your prize now?”

She suddenly became alert, her face taking on an enthusiastic look of anticipation, as she nodded in reply.

“You can either have it here, right now or downstairs on our own, if you prefer,” he continued. “It’s your prize, so it’s entirely up to you how, where, and when you want it.”

Emma suddenly took on a very coy expression verging on being coquettish as she levered herself up onto her elbows, swung her legs out of bed and stood up. She grabbed his half tumescent cock, without a word, and walked to the door, glancing over her shoulder, seeing Mike admiring her naked buttocks, as they wiggled slightly with her movement.

Still, she hadn’t spoken a word since he woke her, as she led the way downstairs and into the studio. She finally let his cock go, and went to the gynaecologist’s table, hopped up and sat on the edge, her legs swinging back and forth, as if she wandered round his house, naked, at six in the morning, waiting for a nice fuck everyday. Finally, she spoke.

“Mike,” she said, as if she were about to ask him a huge favour, “you remember when you tied Sammy to this table?” she glanced up at him, her eyes darting away again, her face blushing a little. He nodded in response. “And you remember how you, you know, put your thingy in her bottom and fucked her like that for a while?” He again nodded, wondering where this was leading. “Well Sammy is my bestest friend in the whole world, and she said she really enjoyed when you did that to her, once she got used to it being in there. Would you mind if I tried that, you know, doing it in my bottom, so I can see if I like it too? You did say I could do it any way I wanted.”

Mike’s heart fluttered. He loved anal sex whenever he could get it, but often found little girls reluctant to try it. And here was a nearly nine year old asking if he minded fucking her up the arse. Of course he didn’t fucking mind.

“Sure, Emma, no problem,” he replied, trying not to sound too excited. “Do you want to do it bent over the edge of the table, or the same way Sammy did, you know, tied to the table, lying on your back?”

She smiled, relieved he was willing to do it. She thought he would just want to fuck her pussy again, but it was still a bit sore from the other day, when he took her cherry. And she did want to try what Sammy had done. Every time she thought about it, her heart started thumping.

“Like this,” she grinned up at him, as she moved onto the table, laying her left arm along the extending side piece, strapping on one of the Velcro fastenings with her right hand, before lying back and laying it too on the other side, watching him, as he approached to tie her down.

"You know my rule, Emma, don't you?" he asked, as he quickly slipped the fastenings over her knees and ankles. "Once I start, I won't stop for any reason. Are you sure you want to try this?" He had just finished strapping her waist down, making sure her bottom hung well over the end of the table.

"No, Mike," she said in a slightly cocky tone, "this is what I want. Do what you like, as long as you cum in my bum."

"OK, Emma," he said, "if that's what you want, let's get started, then."

Mike unclipped the horizontal anchors fixing the leg supports, and swung them outwards, further and further. At the age of eight, she was bendy, did gym at school and could do the splits quite easily. Mike watched, as her thighs parted, her plump labia peeling open for him, the obvious damp arousal inside her revealing itself, glinting in the studio lights. When her legs were as far apart as they would go, he secured the locks into position. He did the same with the vertical locks, lifting her legs and as a result, her bottom, upwards.

Next, he reached up to the shelf for several items, including the KY Jelly a couple of his dildos and vibrators, and a small bottle of baby oil. He quickly unscrewed the cap off the jelly, and pushed the nozzle carefully into her anus, which, like her vagina, with the position she was in, was now wide open.

"Hurry up, Mike," she said impatiently, but grinning, teasing him, "get your cock in me, will you? I'll be old and wrinkly by the time you get round to it."

"All things cum to those who wait," he replied with a smile, as he squeezed the tube, injecting a good supply of the cold jelly into her rectum, making her squeak. He picked up the smallest dildo from his selection, and pressed it to her entry, watching it ooze into her. It was little thicker than a felt tip pen at one end, thickening towards the other. He found small dildos always helped to loosen girls up, before he moved up to the larger sizes. He wanted to be in her as much as she did, but Mike knew from experience that the fastest way to fuck a child up her bum, was to take your time and stretch them first, dilating them, until, at last, he could get his cock in, without forcing it. If he tried to rush it, it just hurt the girl, and often ended in tears. He called it the Buggeration Factor. At last, the tapered dildo was in her all the way, just the wide rim at the end still showing.

Emma was looking at Mike with a hungry expression. She knew the next half hour would be one of the most exciting ones of her short life. All this was so naughty, so bad, but, sooo good! Knowing she wouldn't be able to stop him, or making him go quicker, or do it differently. She felt so horny. Sammy had told her in detail how it had felt, the frustration building, the need, the tension, how her body had cried out for release. Then how fantastic it had felt in the end. Better than anything else in her life. "You just gotta try that," she'd told Emma. Jenny had said something similar to her, yesterday, when she'd done the same.

Emma woke from her reverie, when she felt the trickle of oil dripping down her chest and tummy, as Mike poured baby oil onto her. She closed her eyes, as his hands started to massage it into her body, spreading it outwards, over every inch of skin he could access. She was tied down, so he couldn't do her back, but her buttocks and thighs had the most attention, feeling his finger tips caressing, exploring, teasing. Her flesh was tingling. He

came so very close to her pussy. She tried to move towards his probing fingers, but the straps holding her down were too tight. She didn't know how much of this she could take. Sammy had warned her the early part had nearly driven her mad, only made good by what happened afterwards. But she'd said the end made the early torture so worth it.

Mike knew she was well on the way, now, she was trembling slightly, breathing quickly, eyes screwed shut, head moving from side to side. Time to move up a stage. He reached up to the shelf and lifted down his flexible vibrator and a larger dildo. He carefully pulled out the thin one, immediately pressing the thicker one into its place. The flexible vibrator had a flat, square base with a twelve inch flexible shaft sticking upwards, on the end of which was an egg shaped rubber pad, about an inch in length. Placing the device on her belly, he bent the shaft down, until the tip just touched her clitty. He adjusted it slightly, ensuring that the contact was minimal, then switched it on. She jerked at the stimulation, suddenly coursing through her pussy, tensing up, which lifted the pad off her clit, ending her pleasure. As she relaxed, once more, the tip touched her again, setting off the stimulation she so craved. And so the poor child went into a cycle of self imposed pleasure and sudden frustration. The sounds she emitted were a mixture of cuming and crying. He could let this continue for hours.

While this was going on, Mike set up his cameras, running on video, capturing all the action. One capturing the whole scene, another zoomed right in between her thighs, watching her orifices opening and closing. Mike's cock was now pouring pre-cum. A shame to waste it. He was ready, but was she? He moved to her head, and stooping down, brought his face to hers and kissed her on the lips. Her eyes popped open in an expression of surprise, but was replaced with a big smile, almost immediately wiped away, as the tip touched her clitty again. He waited a moment as her convulsion passed.

"Would you like it pressed hard into your pussy, Emma?" he asked.

She opened her eyes again and nodded, gasping, as the pulses of pleasure came and went, "yes, please do it. Now, please now."

"You have to do something for me in return, Emma, if you want me to do that."

"Yes, anything, just please do it," she gasped, as the tip glanced across her sensitive spot.

She blinked up at him, not understanding. "Turn your head to the side, towards me, Emma." She did as he instructed, and immediately saw, resting on the padded table top, Mike's cock, the tip half an inch from her lips.

"I want you to suck it, Emma," he stated. "The harder you suck, the more I'll make it nice for you." He'd expected hesitation, resistance or even revulsion, but instead, she licked her lips, opened her mouth and moved towards him as far as the restraints permitted. Mike's cock slipped between her lips, and grazed lightly between her teeth, which she parted further, to allow him in. He felt her tongue exploring around his crown. That proved she wasn't being coerced here, she wanted this. He reached down, and taking the base of the toy, slipped it up her belly, pressing the pad firmly against her. Instantly, her eyes closed again, she arched her back, the suction in her mouth increased and her jaw clamped. For one instant, he thought she would bite his crown off, but the teeth retreated and her movement communicated she was willing to take more.

The girl was insensible, now. So into her climax, which had been triggered by the toy pressing hard against her clitty, was she, that he found he could thrust his cock quite far into her mouth, and she never gagged once. She just sucked harder and harder, like a baby on the tit. He reached over and took hold of the largest dildo in the set, which was also a vibrator, and while he carried on bouncing his helmet shaped crown off the back of Emma's mouth, he smeared some KY Jelly over it's end. He leaned down, pulled the other dildo out of her bum and inserted the next in it's place. It had quite a narrow tip, with a taper, becoming much thicker down it's length. He applied constant pressure, and watched as it slipped halfway into her rectum slowly, but surely. It was about eight inches long, he could see she was becoming really dilated now. He would push the rest into her in a few minutes.

Emma, feeling the much thicker intruder stretching her bum, lifted her mouth off his cock and looked down her body. Immediately, Mike pulled the flexible vibrator away from her pussy, making her squeak in frustration. She knew what she'd done, and moving her head back, sucked him deep into her mouth once more, immediately enjoying the vibrating pad pressed firmly against her pussy. Mike kept his hand on the end of the half inserted dildo, applying constant pressure, seeing it slip in a fraction more, every now and then. His cock was receiving one of the best blow jobs he'd ever had from an eight year old. It was as if she thought the more she sucked, the better he'd make her feel. She didn't seem to mind his cock hitting the entry to her throat each thrust, nor when it slipped in there a fraction, once or twice. He'd promised her a fuck. It was so, so tempting to see if she would deep throat him. But he knew, if he did, he would cum in seconds, He definitely had unfinished business here. Another time, then.

Looking down, he realised the dildo was now almost all inside her, and one last press saw it slip in the last half inch, the wide rim nestling against her little buttocks. He could see that she was stretched at her entry more than enough to take him, when the time came. The last tease, before he fucked her came, when he switched on the vibrating dildo. It was made for anal sex and to rattle much harder than most. So it was as it started, she arched her back upwards, as far as the restraints allowed. The flexible vibrator fell off her belly with her movement, and needed Mike to hold it in place, because she was convulsing so violently, it would never have stayed in place otherwise. He saw the wet on the table. She'd peed herself too. Not a lot, but enough to tell him she'd lost muscle control.

The effect of the two vibrators was driving Emma mad. She'd never felt anything this intense in her life. It was as if she was experiencing several climaxes simultaneously, like a cum within a cum. She didn't realise she kept biting his cock, but he didn't care, his crown had sunk several inches into her throat when she'd lurched forward. She only pulled back, when she needed to breath. Suddenly, he felt the stirrings deep down. The tell tale signs. He had to pull out now, or it would be too late.

Mike stood there watching the child tied to the table, writhing around in her ecstatic bliss. He thought for a moment what a shame it was that ninety percent of little girls never experience this level of pleasure as a preteen, and then, later, usually have their first, fumbled, experience of sex at the hands of a spotty youth, who cumms too quick, hurts her taking her cherry, and leaves her having had no pleasure at all, and feeling like a slut when word spreads around the school after he tells his mates.

The tide of his, almost, climax ebbed slowly away, his cock swinging back and forth over her face. She tried unsuccessfully several times to lift her head up and suck him back in, but he now wanted her wanting more. Reaching down, he switched off the flexible vibrator and the other up her bum. Her eyes popped open, disappointment on her face. The question "why?" in her expression. In answer, he knelt down at the end of the table and looked closely at her pussy. She was swollen. Partly from her stimulation; partly from having lost her cherry so recently. He placed his hands on her thighs, his thumbs on her labia and eased them outwards. Her legs were so stretched in her spread position, her vagina hardly opened much more at all. But above it, he could now see her urethra, just beneath her clit.

Mike leaned in, and encompassed her little cleft entirely in his mouth. His tongue pressing into her vaginal cavity. Instantly, he could taste the heady mixture of her little girl arousal, mixed with the tart tang of her urine. He savoured it for a moment, before he started to move his tongue upwards, dragging it through her cleft, until it parted her cowl and rubbed over the hard little nub of her engorged clitoris. He flicked it up and down several times, feeling her body stiffen again, as her next climax came crashing into her.

He started to suck her now. Really suck her. He'd always enjoyed giving girls a vaginal hicky, and here was another great opportunity. Her secretions started to flow from her, tasting like ambrosia. Nothing in this world tasted like preteen pussy. He heard her start to moan. It wasn't the moan of her climax, nor a moan of pain. It was something else. Then he knew, he tasted the tartness again. Her bladder suddenly released, and she started to pee. Once she started, she couldn't stop. But Mike was ready. He'd done this before many times to girls all over the world. It was one of his many kinks. He simply swallowed and carried on sucking, sucking and swallowing. She was gasping, knowing what had happened and that she couldn't have stopped it, now enjoying the feeling of relief as the last of her piss was sucked away by Mike.

"You ready for your fuck, Emma?" he asked. It was a rhetorical question, because he was already slipping the large dildo from her bum, his cock ready to replace it as soon as it came out. There was a quiet pop, as the plastic came away. Her anus was gaping open. In the movement of a moment, he pushed his crown into the hole, watching as it slipped through her sphincter with hardly any resistance at all. On he pressed, enthralled to see his cock slipping into the eight year old. He hit a little resistance about half way in. She grunted, but just as quickly, he moved through the resistance, its tightness squeezing along his shaft, feeling her passage peel open. His pubic hair finally ground into her firm but soft buttocks.

"How's that feel, Emma?" he asked the child.

She tried to lift her head to look down her body, as if she would be able to see something. She flopped her head back onto the padded table. "I feel full up, and I think I need to poop," she grinned up at him, a coquettish look on her face. "But most of all, I need to cum again."

"Best if you let your bum get used to it for a minute, Emma," he said. "How would you like it when we get going? You know, do you want it long and slow, soft and gentle, or would you like it hard and fast?"

"Can I see how it feels as we go along?" she replied "But I think I would like to try it hard, if it doesn't hurt. Sammy said how much she enjoyed it once she got used to it."

Mike could feel the tension of her muscles start to ease off, her sphincter no longer trying to pinch his cock off like it would a turd. He pulled back a little and pushed back into her again, the KY and pre-cum easing the movement. His pubis once more pressed hard to her little, soft buttocks. The eight year old felt so warm and tight inside, as her passage squeezed his whole length. So erotic, so sexy, so good. He'd fucked hundreds of pre-teens over the years, but only a few had let him bugger them, and even fewer enjoyed it.

He pulled half out, slowly and pressed in again. She sighed in contentment. She licked her lips. The signs were good. He pulled even further back, this time, and watched as he sank his full length gently into her. She opened her eyes and looked up at him, smiling. Her silent communication instructing him. "Quicker, please." He pulled out almost all the way, but pushed in faster, this time, seeing her body move as he pressed into her bum and the underside of her thighs. They continued to look at one another, she directing him. Again he pulled back and shoved back in. Quicker and quicker. Soon, he was slapping against her thighs with his, a regular gentle clapping sound emerging.

Mike knew she wasn't getting everything from this that she wanted. He could see it in her eyes. So while he continued to piston in and out of her bum, he moved the flexible vibrator back against her clitty and switched it on. The reaction was instantaneous. Her belly arched up as far as the restraints permitted. She took a sharp intake of breath, snorting through her nose, rising very quickly once more. Her mouth opened wide in response. And as it did, Mike could see strings of pre-cum stretch from her teeth to her tongue. So sexy.

Emma's eyes closed again, as she descended into the first of, what would be, a series spectacular multi orgasms. Her sphincter kept squeezing Mike's cock now. It was exquisite pain. He knew he would blast into her any moment, but he also knew she was building up to something special, and he did everything in his power to hold back. He didn't have to wait long, though. She suddenly cried out, her hips thrusting at him, while her contractions on his cock increased in tempo and force. Emma suddenly had a monster cum, making her gasp and cry out. Mike couldn't hold back, and blasted deep, deep into her bowels. Again and again, he pulsed and spurted into her. His ejaculations went on and on. It had to be one of the best orgasms up the bum of any eight year old he'd ever had.

As Mike came back to earth, he felt the dampness of sweat on his brow. It dripped onto her belly, as well as semen running down his thighs, mirrored with smears across her buttocks. What a mess, but what a fuck! They didn't get much better, and he knew it would probably be another week, before he had another.

Mike had a shower with the lovely Emma, both completely relaxed, as they washed each other down. She blushed, when every time she bent over, she farted, especially, when once, he had his fingers in her bum crack, lathering up the soap. He smiled, she was blowing bubbles. After one long loud one, she turned suddenly. She'd heard Sammy's voice across the bathroom. "Has Mike been doing it up your bum? It makes me do that when he does it to me," she smiled as she settled her bottom onto the toilet seat. "Took all morning last time, before it stopped. Nice though, isn't it?" The naked Sammy started to pee, not in the least embarrassed at being watched by her lover and her best friend.

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Friday Morning

A boring morning, or a morning boring.

They all had a long leisurely breakfast, the girls in various states of undress. The rain was still falling hard outside. Autumn had arrived overnight. If it was like this here, Mike wondered what the weather would be like now up in the Russian arctic.

"I'm bored," cried Elsie, half way through the morning, as she watched the rainwater trickling down the window, "let's play a game. What should we play?"

"How about Monopoly?" asked Jenny

"Or strip poker," suggested Jenny, with a smirk.

"I've got a better idea," said Sue, grinning. The other girls all looked at her with interest. "Yeah," she continued, "what we'll do is this. Mike can lie on the floor over here." She indicated an open area of carpeted floor. "Katrín, can you see if you can find something we can use as a blindfold. Then, when he can't see, what we'll do is one at a time, squat over Mike's mouth. He can lick us for a few seconds. Then he has to guess who it is."

"What happens then?" asked Katrin, as she handed over a small scarf.

"Whoever it is, must play with his cock, for say ten seconds," said Sue. "But if he doesn't guess right," she continued, giggling now, "they can tickle him or do anything to him for ten seconds instead."

"He'll just wriggle out of the way," laughed Lucy. "We'll have to tie him up."

"The winner is the girl who Mike guesses correctly most times," continued Sue.

"What's the prize?" asked Sammy.

"I'll tell you in a minute," said Sue, with an evil twinkle in her eye.

Mike was smiling at the exchange between his girls. They talked as if he wasn't even there. His cock was smiling too at the interesting morning it anticipated. Despite his exhausting session with Emma only a couple of hours before, he was leaking pre-cum like a teenager. Lucy disappeared and returned a couple of minutes later clutching some cord she'd found in the garage. By now, all the girls were crowding round now, giggling and chatting.

Mike let them pull his sweats off before looping the ropes around his wrists, while he sat on the floor. They tied them off on the heavy furniture, either side of him, making sure his arms were stretched out. He then felt the loops passed round his ankles, and his legs pulled apart. The ropes were surprisingly taught. He watched with anticipation, as the nine girls started to strip off. His cock grew, as he saw the nine naked girls move around him.

"OK, Sue, we're ready to go," said Sammy again, "what is the prize."

Sue looked down at Mike's spread eagled form, her and replied: "the winner can do anything they want with him. He's tied up isn't he? He's not going anywhere." The others all laughed. "Right tie the blindfold round his head, and make sure he can't see anything."

A few moments later, the girls were squatting on the floor around Mike. Sue had torn up some pieces of paper and written numbers 1 to 9 on them. She folded them and invited them to each pick one. They took one and unfolded the paper. Elsie, having picked number one, silently held it up, grinning. Sue nodded to her gesturing for her to come forward. Elsie stood, and stepped over him, her feet either side of Mike's head, then slowly lowered herself down, until her pussy was hovering just above Mike's face. Mike was very conscious she was there. He'd heard her movements, smelt her arousal, felt her warmth radiating on his face. He tentatively put his tongue out as far as he could. His tongue just touched her perineum. Elsie moved back an inch, and squatted lower, her wide open pussy pressing onto his tongue.

Mike started to lick her in earnest now, tasting the girl's pussy. He could tell, from the size and firmness of her labia, she wasn't eleven year old Sue, but she wasn't one of the youngest either. No, he guessed her to be one of the three nine year olds. Sammy, Elsie or Katrin, possibly even Emma. No it couldn't be Emma, he'd fucked her earlier, and he was sure he would have tasted that on her. Katrin had a very distinct taste, so it wasn't her either. So it was either Sammy or Elsie. Just then, she leaned forward a little, and her long hair just brushed his chest.

"Elsie," he declared confidently, "definitely Elsie."

"How could he have known that?" asked Sue, disappointed her game hadn't quite worked out the way she'd intended.

"I'm right, aren't I?" said a triumphant Mike, as Elsie climbed off his face and squatted beside him. Taking his cock in both hands, she looked at Sue enquiringly. Sue nodded. Elsie, gripping him as hard as her little hands could, started to move her hands up and down his shaft as fast and as firmly as she could. Watched by all the other girls, she could feel just how hard he was, the veins under his skin seemingly solid, as she wanked him hard, with both her fists, for ten seconds.

Lucy was next to go, and having watched how Elsie had done it, was ready. She quickly stood, feet either side of his ears, and squatted down, bringing her pussy to his lips. Mike licked her, tasting her nectar, feeling her firm open labia, her clitty, her cleft and anus.

"Jenny," he said, immediately regretting it. "No, I want to change my mind," he said.

"Too late," said Sue, "wrong."

"It was Lucy, wasn't it?" he stated, as the girls giggled at his mistake. "She is the only one whose clit sticks out like that."

"Right punishment time," said Sue. She leaned forward, and took Mike's cock in her hand. She pulled his foreskin down, exposing his helmet shaped crown. Pre-cum ran down and over her fingers. With her other hand, she reached behind her, and picked up a hairbrush, which she'd borrowed from Katrin, before the game had started. Turning it in her hand,

she lifted it over his crown, and tapped the bristles onto his sensitive end several times, making him cry out in discomfort. The girls were all giggling, but laughed loudly, when Sue leaned forward and said "I'll kiss it better," and kissed his tip, before tapping him with the brush once more.

Next was little Linda, who Mike guessed almost before she squatted over him. She had a distinctive smell of very young pussy, as well as her tiny pudenda could be encompassed by his mouth. But he didn't say who it was, until she'd been thoroughly licked out like the two girls before her.

And so the game went on. Each round, the girls would pick a new number, so the order they had their turn changed each time. He made a few mistakes, and got the rough hairbrush bristle treatment a few times, but mostly he guessed them right, getting a very rewarding hand job each time. In the end, it was a tie between Sue and Linda, whom he'd guessed correctly each time, mainly because one was the largest and the other the smallest in the group.

"We'll draw cards," said Sue, "to see who's the winner." Someone picked up Mike's thumbed cards off the sideboard, and spread an ark of cards across the floor. Each of them picked a card and they turned them over together. Sue had a five of hearts, Linda the nine of diamonds.

"Well done, Linda," said Sue. "You win, what would you like to do?"

Everyone smiled, as the little five year old moved over to Sue, and whispered into her ear. The conversation went on for a minute or so, with Sue making several suggestions, before Linda nodded, and the whispering continued. Eventually Sue looked up and smiled.

"OK," Sue said, "we'll need several of you to help us do this." Mike wondered what was coming next. All he could hear was movement, as the girls positioned themselves either side of him.

Everyone knew that there was no way Mike could penetrate the child, even if she'd wanted him to do so. But what followed, was the very next best thing. Linda stood over Mike, her feet either side of his hips. She squatted down, letting his cock rub along her cleft. Taking it in her hand, she moved it back and forth, spreading his pre-cum all the way from her bottom to her dimple above her clit. Then, she carefully lowered her little cleft onto Mike's hard cock, pressing it against his belly. She moved forward and backwards an inch or two, spreading the viscous slime between them.

Next, Linda nodded at Sue, who took one of her arms in both her hands. One at the elbow, the other under her armpit. Sammy stood the other side, and mirrored Sue, holding Linda's other arm. Katrin stood behind Linda, her feet either side of Mike, and also put her hands under Linda's armpits, helping to support her weight.

Linda, being the age she was, and also a regular gymnast, could do the splits with no problem, and spread her legs straight out sideways. Jenny and Sarah stepped forward, and taking a foot each, lifted her legs clear of the floor. They all looked at Sue, who signalled by nodding. In a coordinated movement, they slid Linda forward a few inches,

and back again. Forward and back, forward and back. Repeating the movement, speeding up each time.

Mike lay on the carpet, on his back, his arms and legs stretched out, tied to the furniture, the blindfold preventing him seeing anything. But the feelings he was experiencing were out of this world. He could feel her cleft pressing his cock into his belly. Her weight, although largely held by the other girls, was still enough to push his shaft hard against her. Because of the way she was spread, her cleft and bum were shallow valleys through which his cock slid. She was now being slid all the way forward, until his crown dipped into the recess of her anus, then all the way forward, until his balls were pressed against her mound. Back and forth the girls moved little Linda, her pussy scraping over his rigid cock.

The five year old had never, in her short life, felt anything like this. Yesterday, he'd rubbed himself against her coochie in the shower. She knew he was being naughty, but she'd started to enjoy it. Then her mum had come in and spoilt it. Now his thingy was pushed hard against her, and her friends were making her feel really good. It was getting nicer and better and, and.... "Ohhhh, ummm, whats happeninnnnnggg, uhhhhhhhhh."

Linda slipped into a nice little climax. By the standards of her friends around about her, it was just a nice gentle cum. But it was the nicest feeling she'd ever felt in her life. Her pussy was pulsing and cramping, pulsing and cramping. Just as she thought it was all over, she looked down, because she suddenly felt Mike's cock swell beneath her. As she did, she saw his white stuff suddenly shoot out from under her, across his tummy. The same as he'd spurted on the shower wall. It spurted and spurted, spreading all over him, and now up into her coochie. Her new friends continued to slide her backwards and forwards along his cock. She loved how it now seemed to slide through her bottom and coochie, so smoothly. She looked again, and realised she was covered in his white stuff. Then, as his throbbing seemed to slow, she felt another lovely feeling deep in her coochie. She knew the other girls called this 'cuming'. "Ohhhh, ummm," she muttered, almost inaudibly, "I'm cuming again, "Ohhhh, ummm."

Mike lay on his back, letting the girls slide the five year old back and forth along his cock. Back and forth, back and forth. It felt sensational. He knew he wouldn't be able to fuck her for a couple of years or so, but he knew in the meantime, he could enjoy a pleasure of a different kind with her. Equally satisfying, just as worthwhile.

He came to his senses, as he felt her weight lifted off him. He looked up and couldn't believe what he saw. Sue, Elsie, Katrin and Sammy were holding little Linda up in the air, upside down. Her legs were sticking out, and one at a time, the four older girls were taking it in turns to dip into Linda's pussy, and lick her clean. The little girl was squealing. It was a sound of pure pleasure. Meanwhile, the other five knelt down, and started to clean Mike's stomach up. Their tongues vigorously seeking his white nectar. He'd wondered how long it would take to debauch these girls. The answer was not very long at all. He already knew he couldn't wait to get back from Russia. His young, willing friends would be waiting for him.

THE END

Find out how Mike gets on in:

Mike The Mechanic – Book 6 – The Walking Holiday.

[Mike the Mechanic - Book 6 The Walking Holiday or Love in a Very Cold Climate \(asstr.org\)](https://archiveofourown.org/users/broadsword1954/works)

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