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## **Book 4 – Sofiya, the beautiful preteen spy**

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Each of these stories may be read in isolation to the others in the series.

### **Keywords:**

Man/young girls 5 - 11, M/g, ped, oral, anal, 1st, Photo

### **Warning!**

This text file contains sexually explicit

Material involving minors. If you do not wish to read this

type of literature, or you are under age,

PLEASE DELETE THIS FILE NOW. If you wish to read material

Of this type, then read on and enjoy.

**Summary:** Mike Robinson, has been sent on a mission to the troubled eastern part of Ukraine, close to the Russian border. Staying with a local farming family, he uses their knowledge of the countryside to enable him to place strategic surveillance cameras overlooking the Russian and Separatist activities. The family's three young daughters, however find the young Englishman interesting and try to get to know him. Mike wastes no time in getting to know them too.

**= 1 =**

### **Monday**

Mike was dog tired. He'd been up all night, flown into Kramatorsk Airport via Kiev and Berlin. From there, he'd driven in a beat up but serviceable, anonymous, embassy car, with licence plates from a rural area, all the way down to Bolotene, which was a Village in the Luhansk Oblast region of Eastern Ukraine. There were several reasons Mike was sent there. Firstly, it was in Ukraine controlled territory, but right on the very edge of the area controlled by the pro-Russian separatists. It was also very close to the boarder with Russia itself and although the population was tiny, there were a number of Ukrainian supporting local people still living there. Donetsk in the Donbas area, where such a vicious and bloody civil war had taken place in 2014, was only a few miles to the south, in the Russian controlled zone.

Mike's mission, was to gather new intel on the movements of the various factions of Russian supporters. Hard evidence of troop movements was also desirable, which was where he and his camera skills came into play. He was to position satellite linked cameras, overlooking roads leading to and from the Russian Federation. Although he had been in Ukraine several times, he hadn't been to Bolotene before. Arrangements had been made for him to stay with a local, pro-Ukrainian family, posing as a family relative.

His Ukrainian was good enough to fool a Russian speaker and his Russian was good enough to fool a Ukrainian.

He finally pulled up outside the ramshackle wooden building at about 22:00 hrs, local time. He parked at the back of the house in an open sided barn, and carried his bags to the nearest door, which opened before he could knock on it. A weather worn faced man looked out beyond Mike, presumably making sure no one else was lurking outside. Mike smiled to himself. It was a jet black night, and any observer would have only seen the move as suspicious.

He was shown into a warm, brightly lit family room, with a few comfortable looking chairs, each covered in hand made multi coloured woollen blankets. At the back was an old oak table, which looked as ancient as the house, where he was asked to sit. A large bowl of food was placed in front of him. He wasn't sure if it was soup or mutton stew, but it tasted delicious, and he said so. The lady of the house, who could have been anything between thirty and sixty, smiled in appreciation. After he'd eaten, he was ushered to one of the chairs, and offered a glass of Varenyky, which is a hot drink, produced locally, made with vodka mixed with dried fruits, raisins, honey and cinnamon. It warmed him, making him drowsy. His hosts nodded to each other, smiling; they recognised exhaustion when they saw it. The man stood, signalling to him it was time to retire, and led Mike to his room.

= 2 =

Tuesday morning

Mike came awake at dawn, as was his practice. He didn't move, or open his eyes. He lay there for a few seconds, recalling where he was and what he was doing here. He had been given a small room at the end of a landing of the wooden two storey house. Below, there was only one large room, incorporating the kitchen, sitting room, dining area and any other activities there may be. Upstairs, there was a small, rudimentary bathroom and three bedrooms; one for the parents, one for their daughters and one for their son, whose room Mike was in now. The boy, now grown, had been drafted into the army, and was away at present.

He heard a noise, a silent whisper, as if a cat had breathed in it's sleep. He opened his eyes, and found he was looking into the eyes of a young child. She was kneeling on the floor, staring at the stranger in her house, curiosity in her face. He guessed she would be about five years old. She smiled at him, realising he was awake, and stood up, looking down at him once more. Her hair was dishevelled, sleep still in her eyes. She had gone to use the toilet, and had looked in to see who was in her brother's room. She was wearing a thin cotton night gown. The sunlight shining through the window behind her turned her garment transparent. Mike could see her naked form beneath as clear as if she had worn nothing. Her mound was only inches from his face, with a beautiful dimple at the top of a tight cleft, a tiny slip of skin hinting at where her clit was hidden.

She saw his stare, looked down and squealed as she realised what he could see. She turned, to run out, showing him her beautiful tiny bum as she did so, her globes rounded and pale, with a deep valley between them. As she moved, the muscles of her buttocks worked up and down in harmony.

He washed, shaved, dressed and was downstairs a few minutes later. He was greeted by the lady of the house, who was called Maryska. She smiled warmly at him, waving him to a seat at the table, where the young girl was already sitting.

"I understand you have already met Oxana, she's nearly six," said Maryska, "she's always the first one awake in this house. Her sisters won't be down for a while yet," she added.

Mike looked at Oxana and smiled. She grinned back. "Yes," said Mike to Maryska, but holding Oxana's stare, winking at her, "I saw Oxana earlier, she's a pretty little girl, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Maryska, "I must agree with you." Oxana, making sure her mother wasn't looking, stuck her tongue out at him, but grinned again.

A few minutes later, Mike could hear footsteps upstairs, followed by the sing song chirruping voices of two young girls, who clumped down the stairs. Both greeted their mother, while, at the same time, both stared at the stranger sitting at their table. Maryska introduced Mike to them. "This is Nataliya, she's eight and eleven year old Sofiya." Both girls were dressed in denim skirts and colourful flowery loose blouse tops, buttoned to the neck

Mike couldn't help staring at the girls. They were stunningly beautiful. Each with long flowing blond hair, combed, but not tied back. Silky, as it glowed in the morning sunlight shining through the window. They had high cheek bones, clefted chins and narrow noses. But their dominant facial feature was their eyes were a piercing deep electric blue, surrounded with a ring of grey. All three girls were identical in every way, only differing with their ages. Mike wasn't often wrong footed by beauty, but these three were just stunning. He knew he had to have them; at least his cock did.

"Oxana," called their mother from the sink, "go and get dressed, now, please."

The child shuffled from the table and as she walked through the pool of sunlight, Mike could once again see her naked body beneath her thin nightdress. Nataliya, seeing his gaze, nudged Sofiya with her elbow. Both giggled at his expression, their hands trying, in vain, to hide their grins.

"What are you two giggling about now?" asked their mother, smiling to herself, loving the warmth her daughters all showed to one another. "Nataliya, this morning, I want you to go and visit Mrs. Bandura. She's been unwell. I want you to take some soup to her for her lunch. Take Oxana with you."

"What about Sofiya?" asked Nataliya, "what's she doing? Can't she go there?"

"Well," replied Maryska, patiently, "first of all I asked you to do it, and secondly, I want Sofiya to show Mr. Petrovich here, around the area," she waved her hand towards Mike. "Your father asked if she would guide him. We don't want him walking into one of the minefields, do we?"

Petrovich was a name suggested that Mike should adopt when travelling in the rural areas. Maryska and her husband both knew his real name. He being here could put them

in danger, and had explained that Petrovich was the name of her cousins living near Kiev, and would provide some cover against local gossips, of which there were many.

“Eat your breakfast, girls,” she continued, “it was time we were getting on. Your father’s finished milking the cows and has gone to the market to see what prices the sheep are fetching, today.”

Mike finished his breakfast of home made bread, honey, yoghurt and fruit, all produced on the little small holding. He collected his camera and phone from his room and putting them into his small walking rucksack, came downstairs again, leaving it in the kitchen, while he went out to his car, where several other items he needed, were locked in the boot. On the back seat, were a couple of boxes of supplies he’d picked up on the journey here. He took them out and at that moment, Sofiya came out to see where he was.

“Could you carry one of those boxes in to your mum for me, please Sofiya?” he asked. “I’ll bring the other.”

Maryska said she didn’t need the items he’d brought, all little luxuries, mainly tinned food, but at the same time she was delighted with his kindness, and thanked him profusely. She had made up some sandwiches for him and Sofiya, and put them and flask of tea into his rucksack for their lunch.

Soon the two of them were walking up a gentle slope at the back of the house, following a track, leading up into the woods which ran along the ridge line parallel to the river at the bottom of the valley below. It had been cold at dawn. There had been a frost on the grass. Autumn was approaching, the long hard winter would be here in a few weeks. But now, the sun was shining brightly, and it promised to be a hot dry day. Perfect for what Mike needed to do.

She was a fit girl and clearly knew her way around the area, pointing things out to him as they went. She stopped, just before they reached the tree line and turned. She pointed to the river. “You see where it curves over there, near that big tree?” she said. “That’s where five dead soldiers were found during the war. One of them had a small Russian flag on his shoulder. There were no other insignia on them. Is that the right word,” she asked, “insignia?” he nodded to her. He knew the story. It was a story repeated over the whole area, where Russian troops, without any identification marks, had slipped over the boarder in support of the insurgents. Many had been caught and killed by loyal Ukrainian forces. This had been one such example.

On they climbed, Sofiya leading the way. At the top of the ridge, Sofiya stopped and pointed to the right. “We now go that way,” she explained, “we can stop for a rest in a while. The highest point is about five kilometres from here. There is a good place there.”

They had been walking for about three hours, when, after the path levelled, following a steep gradient, they came to the top of the slope. Sofiya pointed to a wooden structure which was clearly a watch tower. On the side, was a ladder fixed to the frame, giving access to the platform through a trap door, above. She immediately started to climb, followed by Mike, who, looking up, now had a view straight up between the child’s legs. He could see her sweat stained thin white panties between her thighs. A prominent camel toe emphasised by a dark line had formed from her mons to her bottom. He could see her

vulva fighting the material from inside, as her feet climbed one after the other up the ladder. Her leg elastic was slightly loose, and the gusset narrow, giving him glimpses of her treasure within. Not enough to see, but enough to tempt. Certainly he was tumescent by the time he reached the top, fifty feet up, and pre-cum had seeped from his tip, darkening his shorts at the front with damp.

She indicated he shouldn't show himself above the parapet. "The tower is under constant observation from over the boarder," she explained. "If they see anyone up here, they take shots at us." She pointed to various splintered bullet holes in the woodwork. They squatted on the wooden floor, keeping their heads down.

Although built amongst the trees, the top was a few feet above the leafy canopy affording amazing views all around. Certainly, as Mike peered through gaps in the planking, he could see back to the village, several miles away to the south west, and to the north east, the wooded hills disappeared into the Russian Federation, in the far distance. Mike set up a tripod, and fitted his camera to the bracket. He linked it to his laptop and so could watch on the screen what the lens could see. He slowly turned the camera, recording everything in sight. Just a few miles to the south was the site where Malaysian Airlines MH17 had been shot down by a Russian missile in the hands of separatists.

Before leaving London, he'd been told to investigate an area just over the boarder, which, from satellite observation, looked camouflaged, and therefore possible military activity. From here, he couldn't see, as the location was beyond some hills a mile or two away. He dismantled his camera and tripod and settled down. He poured out two cups of tea from the flask Maryska had given him and they sat opposite each other sipping, enjoying the rest after their long uphill walk.

"Do you go to school nearby, Sofiya?" he asked, making conversation.

"No, I take a bus from the next village," she replied. "I have to walk there, it takes an hour. Then the bus takes another hour. The same in the evening. It makes a long day. My school starts again next week. I always hope we have snow, so my sisters and I can have a day off school." She grinned.

Mike opened up the pack of sandwiches and offered her one, smiling as she tucked into it as if she'd not eaten for days. They were good. Local smoked ham in home made bread and butter. As they sat there, she leaned back against the side wall. She pulled her feet back to her bottom, her knees slightly parted. Her denim dress slipped up her thighs, exposing her panties once more to Mike's gaze. She saw him look, and seemed not to care. She rested her forearms on her knees, interlinking her fingers, in a comfortable repose. Sofiya closed her eyes, not in sleep, just resting. Mike sat there, studying her camel toe closely, enjoying the view. The damp patch on his shorts had spread. He didn't care.

Sofiya sat enjoying the sun, her eyes closed. It had been a long, hot walk up the hill, but she enjoyed the outdoors and the time had passed quickly. The man, Mike Petrovich, Mum had called him was foreign, but she liked him. He talked to her and listened. Not many adults listened, she thought. He'd looked up her skirt as they climbed. She'd seen him, not once, but twice. Funny that. He'd had an erection too, and he was wet. She could see it now, through her squinting eyes. He was still looking at her. She tested it. She

moved her knees apart more, watching his face. There, he twitched, his face tightened. He licked his lips. He was ogling her, but for some reason, she liked it. She relaxed and let him look.

= 3 =

Tuesday Noon

Suddenly, the flask of tea exploded, as a bullet passed through it, missing them both by inches, followed by the distant report of a rifle. Time to move. They were through the trap door in moments. Mike grabbed his rucksack and followed Sofiya down the ladder, as they heard another impact above, showering a few wood splinters down on them.

“This way,” Sofiya hissed, pointing towards some thick bushes the other side of the path they’d arrived on. “If they come up here, they will follow the track towards the village. On the other side, there are mines. This is the best way.”

They ran pell-mell down the tree covered hillside, and were a long way into the forest before they paused for breath.

“We need to go one more mile, that way,” Sofiya said, pointing to the right, “then we are safe.”

Mike followed her through the thick undergrowth, meandering along animal tracks in the direction she’d indicated. She paused after about ten minutes, listening, hearing only silence, other than birdsong. She emerged from behind a large bush, taking his hand, looked left and right and moved forward. Almost immediately, they crossed a narrow gravel road, and were into the bushes the other side.

“We are OK here, now,” she said in a calm tone. Our soldiers have a base over there.” She waved to the left. How far ‘over there’, Mike had no idea. “We go this way.” She took his hand, and they moved in the general direction of the village, which Mike estimated was about three or four miles away. She seemed to know where she was, although they still seemed to follow narrow animal tracks.

“We can rest along here,” she said. “It is safe, now.” A minute or two later, the woodland brightened up. He assumed there was a clearing ahead, but in fact there was a small lake. At one end, a small stream flowed into it, near where they were. The lake was no more than a hundred yards long and twenty wide, but the air around it was fresher, and the sun warmer.

Sofiya, clearly knowing where she was, walked along the edge, where a rocky outcrop stood sentinel over the water, dominating the whole lake. She sat down on a grassy patch by the rock, patting the ground beside her, indicating where Mike should sit.

“My sisters and I come here to swim on hot days,” she said proudly. “No one ever comes here now. It is our place. Would you like to swim, Mike?”

He nodded absent-mindedly. He had no costume and one small hand towel with him. “I’ve nothing to wear,” he said, “nor have you, Sofiya.”

"It doesn't matter," she said, "it is only us here. You'll like seeing me bare. You've been trying to steal looks at me all day." He blushed at the unexpected truth of her words. Without another word, she unlaced and pulled off her walking boots, her socks were rolled up and tucked into the boots. She unbuttoned and pulled off the blouse and then unclipped her skirt and dropped it on the grass. She glanced at him saying to hurry up, swept her panties down her thighs, climbed to the top of the rock, ten feet above the water, and dived in over the other side into the deep water beyond. Mike was left blinking in surprise. The memory of her white bottom, poised in perfection, as she took the dive etched in his mind.

"Come on in," she called from the middle of the pool, "the water's lovely." She swam to the far bank in a few easy strokes, her globular buttocks breaking the surface, as she rolled from side to side in her freestyle motion. She was clearly a good swimmer. Mike, hidden from her now behind the rock, quickly stripped off his sweaty clothes. He climbed the rock, and dived in. Mike had coached swimming at college, and was a proficient swimmer, and looked graceful to the eleven year old girl, despite his rampant erection standing proud of his belly, as he entered the water, making barely a splash.

The water close to the rock was deep, and as he broke surface, he leisurely swam towards Sofiya, his shoulders rolling in an easy action. She admired his physique, something sparking deep within her, something she'd not felt before. Sofiya had seen his erection, so long, so thick, so attractive, before he hit the water. She knew what it was, but why did he have one? Did he find her attractive? He had been stealing looks at her all morning, all men did, she knew, but surely he wasn't actually attracted to her, was he? She was an intelligent girl and kept her thoughts to herself. But, that feeling deep within her kept tingling her pussy. She couldn't ignore it.

Mike came up to her and putting his feet down, could just stand on the leaf mould bottom of the lake. Sofiya, being shorter, had to tread water. He would have loved to hold her, take her weight, feel her body, but he didn't want to alarm her at this stage. He would let her set the pace. Instead, he pointed to one side, making her glance sideways, and splashed her with water. She splashed back, but as she was still trying to keep her head above water, only sent a small amount of water towards him. He splashed her again, straight in her face, then launched himself away from her, swimming down the length of the lake. She was soon on his tail, almost catching him once, twice, before he eased up, and let her grab his foot.

Sofiya held on tight and managed to grab his leg with her other hand. She held on, as he pretended to try and escape. She clung to his calf, then his knee and finally she pulled his wrist towards her, and wrapped her arms around his chest. She had won the game, but suddenly, as they looked into each other's faces, they knew a new game was about to commence, a very different game.

Mike put his feet down again, standing, just able to keep his chin above the water. Sofiya hesitated, wondering whether to swim off and let him chase her, or to follow her desire and cling on to him. She stayed, and in a smooth movement, wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. Mike cupped her bottom in one hand, his other holding her shoulder. They looked into each other's eyes, for many seconds, a silent communication seeming to pass between them. He felt her bottom, hot in his palm, she

feeling his cock poking into her thigh from below. Both aware of her pussy pushed against his hip.

Although Mike was determined to fuck this girl as soon as he could, he didn't know her well enough to be sure he wouldn't frighten her if he pushed his luck too soon. So he reluctantly moved both of his hands, each now cupping the globes of her bum. He pushed her thighs down with his elbows and she thinking he was just adjusting his position uncurled her legs from behind him. In that moment, he used all his strength, to launch her high into the air. She screamed, as she turned in a slow somersault splashing back into the water, head first.

A second or two later, she surfaced like a drowned rat a look of fury on her face, as she swam at him. Mike turned to escape, but not quick enough as she grabbed his shoulders, pushing him down under the water. He was ready, though and had taken a deep breath. He swam down into the cloudy water, made more murky as their movements stirred up the silt. He circled around behind her and grabbing both her ankles, jerked her under the water. Even four feet down, he heard her shriek, followed by a gurgle as she submerged.

They surface together, both grinning now. She moved towards him, her arms outstretched. He thought she was going to cuddle him again, but suddenly, using both hands, she splashed water into his eyes, momentarily blinding him. She was off across the lake, like an otter, swimming as fast as she could, giggling as she went. This time, he was the predator and soon overhauled her five yard start. He too grabbed her ankle, and pulled her towards him. Holding her leg firmly, he swung his other arm around her waist and clasped her to him, his erection was squeezed between them, impossible to ignore. Again she threw her arms around his neck and her legs around behind him, pressing her body to his, his shaft now partly pressed into her cleft. Again they paused, uncertain. He froze all movement, waiting; then he felt it, she curled her pussy towards him in a movement so slight, he might have been mistaken, if he hadn't heard her tiny hiss of breath.

Mike still didn't want to do anything too precipitous, and although he was holding her bottom in his hands, he slowly walked back towards the side of the lake, where they'd left their clothing. He carefully stepped up the bank, still carrying her, and walked along to where their belongings were. He saw the small hand towel was spread on the grass, where he'd dropped it and sat down on it.

Sofiya didn't know what to do. Her pussy was tingling continuously now, as it pressed against his huge cock. She still clung to his neck and pressed her chest against his, her cheek against his ribs, her ear listening to his heart beat. She couldn't help herself, and she curled her pussy once more towards him, feeling his cock against her clitty.

"Do you think this is a good idea?" he asked her, seriously.

She pulled away from him a few inches, so she could look up into his eyes. "I don't suppose so," she answered, "but does it matter? No one else is here and it does feel kinda nice." She wriggled her pussy against him again. Mike was still in two minds. This girl was so beautiful and desirable and willing, he thought. But his life depended on her parents goodwill, and fucking their daughter might, just might cause them a problem.



“What if your parents found out?” he asked, quietly.

She frowned, thinking. “They won’t, silly, unless you tell them.” She suddenly looked alarmed. “You won’t tell them, will you? Oh, please don’t tell them, please, please, pretty please.”

In reply, Mike hunched his cock along her cleft for the first time. She reciprocated, pressing back against him. In moments, pre-cum was running down his shaft, smearing all along her cleft, everything becoming slippery. Mike let the child set the pace, and slowly, Sofiya pressed herself harder against him, moving quicker and with longer thrusts. Mike too moved in a reciprocal movement. Mike heard Sofiya start to breath in shorter pants, as if out of breath. He’d fucked enough girls to know exactly the state of arousal she’d arrived at. She would cum in a minute or two.

He lay back on the grass slope, allowing her to sit astride his cock, now pressed hard to his lower tummy. She put her feet on the ground either side of his hips, and used them to propel herself back and forth on his shaft. Mike’s hands were holding her hips, helping her movements. Sofiya’s climax, when it arrived, suddenly hit her. She arched her back, her tummy sticking out forwards, her head leaning right back. Her lips pursed, eyes tight shut. Her thrusting movements, now were as fast as she could manage, blurring as she moved forward and back. She snorted without knowing it, through her nose, continuously.

Mike expected her to slow, as her orgasm peaked and ebbed away. But she didn’t. She kept moving over him as quickly as before, her climax seeming to go on and on. Mike knew he would cum soon if she didn’t stop, but wanted more himself. He lifted her bodily off him, sitting up as he did. A look of disappointment immediately appearing on her face.

“Would you like me to make you feel even better Sofiya?” he asked, as he placed her on the grass beside him. She was still panting in mid climax, she was putty in his hands. He pressed her backwards, so she was lying down and turning towards her, he lifted her legs over his shoulders, quickly nestling his face between her thighs, kissing her vulva. Up until now, he hadn’t seen her properly, and in that instant before he pressed his mouth to her pussy, he saw her whole pudenda, as if captured in one of his photographs. Her mound was narrow, but long, her cleft running almost the full length of it. She had a dimple at the top, immediately above her clitoral hood, now swollen between her labia, reddened with arousal and the friction of rubbing herself against him. Her cleft was tightly closed and even as he looked down, her anus was hidden between the cheeks of her bottom.

He pushed the backs of his fingers against her inner thighs. She needed no instruction, as she parted her legs outward for him. He pulled his mouth away from her cleft now and watched in awe as her whole cleft slowly parted, opening up to his gaze. She had one of the deepest clefts he’d ever seen, because her labia were so full, engorged. Her vagina, appeared. Her entry was tight shut, but the darker indentation, wet with her arousal signposted itself to him. Further down, her little asterix shaped rosebud half way along the valley of her bottom winked at him.

Pressing his lips back to her, he pushed his tongue into her crack, feeling her tension as he did. Moving up a little, he found her clit, and started to strum it with his tongue. She immediately tumbled back into her interrupted orgasm, gasping out her ecstasy. He knew immediately the intensity she was enjoying had increased. He continued to gently play

with her clitty with his tongue, listening to her gasps and sighs, feeling her thighs thrusting into thin air, her muscles tightening and relaxing.

Sofiya lay there, her mind in a dream. She had never experienced feelings, like those racing through her now, before. She'd diddled herself a couple of times a week. All her friends did. She'd even taught her sisters how to do the same, pleasuring each other sometimes. But never, ever before, had she felt like this. Mike had wanted to do stuff all morning. The damp patch in his shorts told her that much. She'd known even back at the watch tower, but he'd held back, reluctant, never making a move on her. She'd had to lead the way, encourage him. But she now realised, not only was he enjoying this, he was good at it, making her feel special. He'd touched her and aroused her as if doing it to little girls was something he did every day. She didn't care. Life here was dangerous. Many people she'd known had been killed; several of her school friends. Some shot, most had died in the minefields. Taking pleasure wherever, however they could, was something everyone did when they could. Although Papa had never touched her, several of her friends had fathers that did do it to their daughters. It was accepted, almost expected. Any of them might be dead tomorrow. She'd felt the wind from the bullet as it hit the tea flask this morning. It could happen anytime.

Mike used all of his skill and experience to bring Sofiya even higher. He knew he was going to succeed when her thrusts against him increased even more. She'd grabbed his hair by now and was mashing her pussy hard into his mouth. His cock, in turn, was pressing into the grass, under his belly and he knew he would cum any second. Suddenly, Sofiya screamed out her orgasm, her calls of ecstasy echoing through the trees. She squirted her cum directly into his open mouth, firing Mike's own orgasm beneath him. On and on her calls of intense pleasure continued, as the feelings of utter bliss pulsed through her. Several minutes passed, and he could still feel her labia pulsing against his lips.

Finally, she pushed his head away from her. "Enough," she cried, "please, enough." Mike stilled his movements, pulling his mouth away from her clitoris, watching the muscles in her vagina opening wink open and closed a few last times, as her climax dwindled.

He finally rolled away from her, lying beside her, both on their backs, looking up at the tree canopy, chewing over their own thoughts. Mike wondering how soon and when he could fuck her properly, she wondering if her brazen actions in stripping off and seducing him, despite his obvious reluctance, would now get her into trouble. She was worried about what he may say about what she inveigled him to do.

"Mike," she asked suddenly, "do you think I'm an awful person? You know, what happened just now, what I did. I mean, you won't say anything to Mama or Papa will you?"

He put an arm around her shoulder and drew her into his side, comforting her, reassuring her. "I don't think so, Sofiya," he smiled at her, squeezing her shoulder. "You are at an age when you are starting to enjoy things like that. You're not a little girl, now. Let me ask you a question, now," he continued, "did you enjoy it?" she nodded, blushing slightly with an embarrassed grin. "Now tell me," he went on, "what made you want to do it? Why did you do what you just did to someone you only just met?"

She thought about that for a moment, realising it was a good question. "Umm," she stuttered, blushing red now, "I err, saw you looking at me, before, you know, looking up

my skirt when we were going up the ladder and again when we had tea. And whenever I bent over, you always looked at my bottom. It made me feel all funny inside, you know, down there.”

“You are a very pretty girl, Sofiya,” he said reasonably, “why would I not want to look at you?”

“Well, we came down to the lake. I’d been frightened when the Russians shot at us, but now we were safe. I was hot and wanted to swim, to cool down, but there was more, I wanted you to see me. Is that bad?” He shook his head silently. “Well,” she went on, “I saw you on the rock, about to dive in. You looked like so, ermm, nice, and you had an erection, a really big one, bigger than my brother’s, and I thought, maybe, you liked me. And I had to know, so I, well, you know the rest...”

He squeezed her shoulder again, rolled her towards him and put his other arm around her, pulling her naked body tight into his chest. She put her arm over his, pulling him in.

They lay like that for ten or fifteen minutes, letting the sun dry the water from their bodies, warming them.

= 4 =

Tuesday Afternoon

“Are you hungry?” asked Mike. “We didn’t get a chance to eat properly at the tower.” She nodded, sitting up, more business like now. He emptied his rucksack onto the grass, handing the food over to Sofiya. She laid the hand towel out as a table cloth and spread the various items out. Sandwiches, apples, and home made cake. When he passed over a can of Coke, her eyes lit up.

“I’m so thirsty,” she said, “we lost all the tea, and the lake water tastes disgusting.” She held the can up. “You’ve saved my life. Mama never buys us tinned drinks,” she said, “she says we can’t afford it. So if I ever have one, it’s a special treat. Thank you.” She put her hand on Mike’s thigh and squeezed it.

They ate the food. She pulled the tab on the Coke, while he had a beer. She burped loudly, she smiled he burped in reply, making her laugh out loud.

“You have a lot of Cameras, Mike,” she observed, looking at the items spread out by his rucksack.

“It’s the business I’m in,” he explained “I work with all sorts of cameras.”

She picked up his regular camera and inspected it. He pressed the power switch and pointed to the viewfinder. She brought it to her eye and panned around the area looking at everything. He showed her how to focus and zoom into things. She smiled as she handed it back.

“Do you want to take my picture?” she asked, almost shyly.

“Sure, why not,” he responded, swinging the lens up and capturing her head and shoulders. He showed her the result on the little screen. It was good, very good. She loved it. Mike spent a few minutes taking her portrait, asking her to turn this way and that. They sat down again and viewed the results. She realised he was an expert in shooting models.

She slipped on her blouse and skirt and posed in various ways, sitting, standing, kneeling, perched on a tree branch, looking over the water. He smiled to himself, though, when she sat down to look at the results, she slipped the garments off her once more, as if she were more comfortable without them.

They sat silently for a while, enjoying the peace of the woods, the birdsong, the sun dappling on the water.

“Would you like to photograph me bare?” she asked, blushing again. “I don’t mind if you’d like to.” Her pussy was already tingling once more, driving her into actions she would not have normally thought of doing.

He looked at her and smiled. “If you’re sure you’d like me to, Sofiya, I would like that very much. Go and lean against that tree, where you were before.”

A whole series of very innocent shots followed with her looking over her shoulder at him, her beautiful rounded bottom the focus of the picture, or her sitting on the grass, knees together, leaning to the side, propped on an outstretched hand. All the photos were in good taste, none of them could be considered porn. Both of them wanted this to go further, neither quite sure how to take the initiative.

“You are a very beautiful girl, Sofiya,” he said, as they once more sat side by side, scrolling through the results.

“Do you want to take more pictures of me Mike?” she asked, “you know, naughty ones?” His cock lurched at her words. He raised his eyebrows in mock surprise and shrugged. His actions saying “perhaps,” his mind saying “yes, yes, yes.”

“I suppose we could take a few and see what they come out like, Sofiya,” he said, “but your mum might not be very pleased, when she sees them.”

“Oh, she wouldn’t mind, as long as she thinks I was happy. Papa would like them, though, he’s got pictures in his drawer of some little girls in Kiev. They’re really naughty.

“Stay where you are, Sofiya,” he said, as he stood, adjusting his camera, “now lean back on your elbows. Good, now bend your knees, bring your feet to your bottom, excellent and move your knees apart for me, well done. Now roll over, and go on hands and knees for me. knees apart, a bit more, further, good. Bring your hands back and put them on your bottom, that’s right, now pull your bottom open for me. Yes, a bit more. Very good. Now I would like to photograph you close up. Is that alright, Sofiya?”

Sofiya, who had been becoming more and more aroused as the minutes ticked by, would have let him photo anything he wanted. She’d never been so aroused. Her pussy was on fire, and she could feel the damp running down her thighs as her vagina leaked her little

girl juices. Mike fitted the ring flash, to the macro lens. The light was good, but when taking photos deep inside a pussy, extra light always gave better results.

“Lie back again Sofiya. Now, lift your legs up and back, as far as you can, well done. If you want to tuck them behind your arms, it might help. Let me photograph you really up close. You’re so beautiful there.” He looked at the pearlescent arousal juice running down her thighs and bottom, knowing she would do anything he asked, now. “Do you want to do something really naughty, Sofiya?” She nodded gain. “OK, bring your fingers round your legs over your bottom. Put them either side of your pussy, good, that’s right. Now gently open yourself up, so I can see inside, right deep inside. Excellent, you’re good at this, well done.”

Soon, they were sitting looking at the results once more in the viewfinder. They were sensational. The picture quality was brilliant, the poses were good, the light perfect, but most of all, they captured deep, deep inside her, her coral and pink interior glinting with the mucus of her arousal.

Have you had a nice time, Sofiya?” he asked her. “Have you enjoyed it?” She yawned, and stretched, nodding.

“Do you want me to photograph you now?” she asked, giggling. “Do you think I would be able to fit all of that into the frame?” she asked, pointing at his erection, still waving in the air.

“I’m not beautiful, like you, Sofiya,” he replied. “And besides, it’s time we were getting back to your home. Your mum will be wondering where we are.”

“No, she won’t worry, we are out in the woods all the time, all day sometimes.”

They dressed and packed up their belongings into Mike’s rucksack, then ambled, hand in hand along the track, leading to the village a couple of miles away.

= 5 =

Tuesday Evening

When they returned to the small holding, Sofiya’s father was outside chopping wood. As soon as he saw them, he embedded the axe into a stump and walked over to greet them. Mike had learned his name was Petruso.

“How did you get on?” he asked. “Did you get to the tower and beyond?”

“No Papa,” answered Sofiya, “when we climbed the tower, we must have been seen, and they took a couple of shots at us. No harm done, they hit our flask of tea though!” she said triumphantly, as though she had won a prize. Petruso roared with laughter, when most men would have been frightened for their daughter’s close shave with death.

“I didn’t get the cameras into position,” said Mike. “They had us spotted as soon as we arrived. I will have to go back again after dark. I think I know the way, now.”

"I will come with you," said Petruso. "We can go up most of the hill on my tractor, then along the forest road on foot. We will be there and back in three hours, I think." Mike thanked him, before the three of them went into the little house.

Inside, was a scene of domestic bliss. Maryska was standing at the kitchen range, stirring a pot of something, steam rising in a very aromatic cloud. Nataliya and Oxana were sitting at the old table, preparing vegetables. They jumped up and came to welcome Mike in, taking his rucksack and pulling him by the arms to sit with them, the two girls competing for his attention. He looked over his shoulder at Sofiya, who grinned and shrugged her shoulders.

"They think I have had you all day," she said, winking at him, "they want their turn with you, now." Mike wondered if her choice of words was entirely accidental. Mike settled down, and shelled some peas while the two girls peeled potatoes and cut up cabbage. Sofiya stood talking to her father in the far corner, evidently explaining where they'd been and what had taken place.

When they had finished, Petruso came over to the table, with two glasses of Varenuvka. He handed one to Mike.

"So Englishman, how did you get on today, with my daughter?" he asked, clapping Mike on the shoulder with a hand as large as a bear's paw.

"She was very helpful, Petruso," he replied truthfully. "She knew every inch of the forest and where to go when we were seen. I would take her as a guide anytime."

"Good, good," he bellowed, smiling at his daughter in unspoken praise, "tomorrow, she will take you south. It is dangerous there. You can pose as father and daughter, if you are seen, I think. If I came too, it would be more suspicious. So, my friend, let me see the photographs you took today of Sofiya."

Mike had a moment's panic, before he realised Sofiya must have told him about the first group of shots. Fortunately, he had stored them on a different memory stick. His sophisticated camera held three memory sticks and had a selector switch he could flick between them. The clothed pictures of Sofiya were on one, the naked shots on the second. The real porn stuff on the third. He needed to drop them onto his encrypted drive as soon as he could. Being between the two younger girls, he asked Sofiya to pass over the rucksack. He pulled out the laptop, and plugged in the SD card from the camera. He turned the screen so they could all see the photos as he paged through them. Within seconds, Maryska had come over to look at her beautiful daughter in professional quality photographs, standing and sitting by the lake. A tear rolled down her cheek. Quiet had come to the room, as they all looked at the portraits scrolling by.

"Mike," asked Nataliya, "would you take my photograph too?"

"And me," chimed Oxana, "and me too."

"Yes, of course," he said, "all three of you are very photogenic. Even an idiot could take great photos of beautiful girls like you. But I would like to photograph you all. Maryska,

while she cooks; your Papa, while he chops wood; perhaps all three of you girls, while you swim in the lake.”

He saw Petruso look at Maryska, before asking: “Did you photograph my Sofiya swimming in the lake?” Mike glanced at Sofiya, who gave an almost invisible nod with her eyes.

“No I didn’t,” he answered truthfully, seeing the cloud of disbelief shadow Petruso’s face. He knew he would have to fess up, “but I did photograph her when she came out of the water.”

He pulled out the next SD card, leaving the one with dynamite pictures safely in the camera and inserted it in the laptop. He clicked the first icon and sat back, as the photo showing Sofiya’s bottom appeared, with her looking over her shoulder. Again they were superb quality, and as he paged through them one at a time, he realised her parents weren’t fazed in the least. They really liked them.

“I know a man in Kiev who would pay a lot of money for these photos,” said Petruso. Both Sofiya and Maryska looked sharply at him. “But I would never sell them to him, of course,” he added. Mother and daughter both smiled at him.

“Next time you want to photograph my daughter, without her clothes on, young man,” said Petruso, firmly, “you ask my permission. Understand?”

“Yes, sir,” said Mike contritely, “may I photograph all your daughters without their clothes on?” he asked with a grin.

“Of course, you can, you only had to ask,” he bellowed laughing. “Now where is that bottle of Varenuvka.”

The evening was a great success, for it’s simplicity and intimate atmosphere. Mike was treated like royalty, and tried to contribute to the conversation as much as he could. At one point, he went out to his car, and brought in a bottle of Scotch, from his stash to bribe officials, and his little portable printer. He handed the bottle to Petruso to pour some out, while he asked Maryska to point out her favourite photographs. She chose five of her dressed, which he printed for her to keep, and two more of her daughter naked. “Petruso will like those two,” she smiled, “I will let him keep them in his collection, which he thinks I know nothing about. Perhaps before you leave, I will let him have some of the other girls, too.” She leaned in to Mike’s ear. “I always know when he’s been looking at them, he is much, how you say, warmer on a winter’s night.” She giggled, tapping him on the shoulder with her palm.

The meal was exquisite. Mike noticed Maryska had used some of the food he’d brought in the car. They were all glowing with the warmth of a loving family by the time Maryska told the girls it was time for bed. There were the predictable complaints from the girls, but it was obvious they were all tired and though reluctant, went upstairs without argument. “Come down to say ‘good night’, when you are ready,” Maryska called after them.

It was a race to see who would be first back down, arriving almost together. They stood in a line by their mother. “Goodnight Mama,” they said in turn, as they hugged her around the neck and kissed her. Then they did the same to Petruso. Mike noticed mother and

father cupped their daughters' bottoms as they embraced, so when in Rome.... They lined up and first Oxana cuddled Mike around the neck, kissed his cheek, then as Mike cupped her bottom, she kissed him again. Nataliya copied her sister, but as Mike turned his head, she kissed him on the lips. He cupped her bottom, and she, like her sister kissed him again. He was sure he felt her little tongue touch his lips. Finally, it was Sofiya's turn. She used more decorum, and held her hands behind her back, bent over, so he couldn't cup her bum without looking obvious, and kissed him on the cheek. But as she turned to leave, she whispered in his ear: "I will be waiting for you, when you return." His cock jerked, but she was half way up the stairs before he could react in any way.

= 6 =

Tuesday Night

Mike and Petruso climbed aboard the old Massey Ferguson tractor a little after 22:00hrs. It started first time and they trundled up the hill steadily. The only concern Mike had was the din it made in the quiet of the night. Petruso seemed completely unconcerned when he mentioned it. They meandered through the trees, ever upward, until Petruso stopped and manoeuvred into some heavy cover. After the noise of the tractor finally died down, they climbed down. Petruso guided Mike up the hill, and in less than a hundred metres, they came across the forest road which ran parallel to the ridge Mike and Sofiya had walked along earlier.

They set off, on foot, at a fast pace, heading east. The track, although not perfect, provided easy going and they made good time. Mike recognised the place he and Sofiya had tumbled down the hill after being shot at. Off to the left, up the hill, unseen in the darkness, was the watch tower. After a mile or so, the track slowly curved round to the north and started to descend. Petruso held up his hand, they moved forward more slowly.

"We are inside Russia now" whispered Petruso into Mike's ear. "They have a temporary military base ahead. They store much equipment there." They left the track, heading east again, and found themselves on the edge of the forest, looking down into an area covered in temporary buildings, vehicles of every type from huge lorries to Jeep size. Tanks were lined up at one side by the hundred. The whole area was covered in a huge camouflage net, stretched for miles, a hundred feet up, supported by pylons. This was a major installation. With a camouflage net of that complexity, no wonder the satellite surveillance had seen nothing other than tracks leading to and from the site. This was why he'd been sent.

"Petruso," whispered Mike, "I need to set up one of my cameras here. It would be best in a tree. We need to find a suitable place." They moved along, until Mike saw an old gnarled oak tree, covered in lichen, branches spread wide. He was able to climb up, his rucksack over his shoulder and, about forty feet up, found what he needed. A dead branch, with no leaves to obscure the line of sight. He quickly extracted a small jig he had in the rucksack and unfolded it. He'd designed it for this very purpose. He aligned it and clamped it to the branch. Then he took a tiny electric drill out, and mounted it in the jig. He fitted a quarter inch bit, switched it on and watched as the bit sank silently into the timber a couple of inches. He withdrew the bit and moved the drill in the jig ninety degrees to the first hole. Now fitting in a one inch diameter bit, he drilled down into the wood from above, exactly meeting the first hole. He folded away the jig, and put the items back into the rucksack. He took out a small aerosol can and sprayed a dark liquid into the first hole. The newly drilled



wood turned dark brown. Next, he took a small package out and unwrapped one of his tiny cameras. He unscrewed the lens and fitted it to the end of what looked like a piece of tube and pushed the lens into the first hole he'd drilled. He then took the camera body and using a similar tool lowered it into the second hole. He turned the tube and screwed the lens into the camera body. Lastly, he took out, what looked like a grubby piece of tree bark, about eighteen inches long. At one end was a wire with a small plug. He plugged this into the camera, and placed the 'bark' over the hole. The bark was in fact a solar panel, but with the additional ability to transmit to a satellite. It had taken five minutes to install the camera.

"This way," whispered Petruso. They moved round the perimeter of the complex, fitting two more cameras along the way. Petruso then led Mike further to the east and soon, they came to a main arterial road. This was the road NATO suspected was used during the uprising four years before, to supply the rebels with equipment and men. If Russia intended to stir up more trouble, then it would undoubtedly be along this road that trouble would come. Mike fitted two more cameras, one either side of the road to show what traffic was travelling along it. The cameras had the ability to store the photos taken when movement was detected, then transmit them in a burst, just as the satellite passed overhead.

It was two in the morning when the two men arrived back at the farm. It had been a successful trip and both men knew it. Petruso got Mike's bottle of scotch from the cupboard and poured two generous tots into some glasses. They raised their glasses and downed the fiery liquid in one gulp. Before heading off for bed, Mike sent an e-mail to Harry advising where the cameras were, their serial numbers and frequencies so he could monitor what they captured. Mike quickly washed stripped off his clothes and fell into bed, needing some sleep.

It was an hour later, he stirred in his sleep, suddenly aware of movement, he came awake. He wasn't alone. A small hand suddenly, but gently, took hold of his cock and squeezed it. The feeling was exquisite. Mike had endured the tension and the adrenaline pumping through him, had crashed out, and now suddenly, he found an incredible feeling tingling through him. Sofiya had said she would join him. In his tiredness, he'd put it out of his mind.

She started to move her hand up and down his, now tumescent, cock, stroking him, squeezing him, enticing him. He reached out and ran his hand across her naked body. She was flat chested, as he already knew, but he felt the hardness of her areolae. His hand travelled lower, dipping down over her chest, dipping over her tummy, finding the harder rise of her mound, so small in his palm, so perfect. Her cleft opened to his touch. He felt movement, as she parted her thighs, giving him room. He felt the nub of skin of her clitoral hood. He tenderly rubbed it, feeling it harden under the pad of his finger tip, felt her lift her mound to meet him, encouraging him. She felt so small, so delicate, so vulnerable, and yet here she was in his bed, wanking his cock, offering her pussy to him to molest.

He delved deeper, feeling the entry to her vagina under his finger tip. She was so wet, so slippery to his touch. He pushed in carefully, feeling her dilate as he penetrated just beyond the first knuckle. He felt the elastic barrier of her hymen pushing against him. He felt the little hole in it's centre, and pushed through, feeling beyond, her interior, so hot, so sexy, so forbidden. Mike started to strum her clit urgently with his thumb, feeling her rise,

feeling her tension building. His own climax was approaching too. It was all he could do to stave it off, until she came. Suddenly, she did just that. She took a deep, deep breath and held it for what seemed ages, then suddenly she let it go with a whoosh, turning into deep pants, as she tried to catch her breath. Her vagina started to gently clamp Mike's finger, as she pulsed out her climax. Her jerking, breathing and clamping pussy and thighs all in harmony. She suddenly let out a whining noise, high pitched, loud. He had to clamp his hand over her mouth for a few seconds.

Mike's orgasm suddenly overwhelmed him. So fast did it arrive, it surprised even him. It certainly surprised her, as semen spurted across her tummy, as her hand continued to pump his cock. She was covered in it, but still she kept pumping him, as his orgasm gradually slowed and finally stopped. They lay still for several minutes, before he felt her move. Her semen covered torso would be uncomfortable. She got out of the bed and left the room. He heard the bathroom door click, water running and the toilet flushing. He heard the girls bedroom door across the corridor close, followed by silence.

= 7 =

Wednesday Morning - Dawn

Mike woke with a start. It was dawn, his usual waking time, but something had alerted him. He opened his eyes, and once again, he was staring into Oxana's bright blue eyes. She was kneeling beside his bed, exactly like yesterday. She grinned, when she saw he was awake.

"You had my sister in bed with you last night," she stated matter of factly, "I can tell."

"Hello Oxana," he said, smiling. "Good morning to you too. What makes you think that?"

"Weelllll," she said, as little girls do when thinking what to say, "I can smell her on your pillow. I can see some of her hair there too. And anyway, we could hear you. She always makes a whining noise when she, you know, when she" she pointed at her own pussy, "... down there."

"I think you were dreaming in your sleep, Oxana," said Mike.

"Oh, no," she responded, "I know I'm right, you ask Sofiya, she heard it too, ask her." Mike was stunned. What Oxana had just said meant only one thing.

"Do you mean Nataliya....." his voice trailed away.

"Yes silly," she said, "who else makes that noise? It's cold today, brrrr," she said suddenly shivering. "Move over, I need to get warm." Before he knew what had happened, she had wriggled under the duvet, and her cold body was pressed to his.

"You're all bare," she said mater-of-factly, "Do you always sleep like that?"

"Yes, I do," he answered, "but not always. Depends how I feel. Why, do you?"

She giggled at him. "Sometimes," she said, "if me and my sisters get into one bed, then we do. That's how I know Nataliya whines."

“Do you like getting into bed with your sisters?” he asked, “Do you do things to each other?”

“Oh yes,” she said, as if it were perfectly normal, “we do it at least once a week, sometimes twice. Mama always tells us we can only do it when Papa is in the village, visiting the pub, or away for the night. She says it might excite him otherwise. What does she mean?”

“Oh, I think she will tell you that when the time comes,” he evaded the question. “Do you want a cuddle, Oxana, or did you just want to get warm?”

“Let’s have a cuddle,” she giggled, “why is your thingy all stiff?” she asked in surprise, “Papa’s isn’t like that.”

“That’s because you’re a very pretty little girl, Oxana. My little man likes pretty little girls like you. When one comes near him, he gets all excited, perhaps like your Papa might, like your Mama said.”

Mike cuddled the girl into his chest, he rubbed his hand up and down her back, encouraging her hem to lift each time his hand went upwards, until after a minute or two, he could feel her tiny bare bottom under his hand. Both cheeks fitting into his palm.

“Are you warm enough now, Oxana?” he asked, as he squeezed her buttocks gently in his fingers. “Do you think you should go back to you own room now,?”

She shook her head and pouted, obviously disappointed. “Last night, you know with Nataliya, what did you do to make her whine? She only whines sometimes.”

“I played a game with her. She played with my little man.” He suddenly looked at her, as if an idea had just come to him. “Did you want to play with my little man too Oxana? He likes plying games with little girls like you. If you want to stay, I suppose you could play with him like your big sister did.”

She knew what he’d said was naughty, but at the same time, it had excited her. A strange feeling deep inside her tummy started to tingle. She’d only had it a few times before, when Sofiya touched her, when they were in bed together.

“How old are you Oxana,” he asked, knowing full well the answer.

“I am five,” she said proudly, “I will be six in eight weeks and three days time.”

“Really, I am surprised,” he said in false amazement, “I thought you might be seven, nearly eight, or even older.”

“Naa, you’re just saying that,” she said, giggling, but secretly pleased with his words.

When Mike knew without any question that penetration was either impossible or unwise, usually on account of a girl’s age, he enjoyed them in a way impossible with bigger, heavier girls, like her sisters. He used them as fuck toys, like he had Lucia, in Andalusia,

last week. Oxana was perfect for it. She was small, very light, innocent, beautiful and seemingly pliant. He almost always found that if he made a game of it, the girl would enjoy it and often let him repeat it another time.

Mike casually stroked the child's thigh, as she lay on her side. She giggled again, as he slipped his hand down the valley of her bottom, and pushed his fingers over her anus and into her cleft from behind. His other hand ran down her mons, over her clit, and dipped into the depths between her labia. His finger tips met half way. He drew his finger back, scraping the pad of his finger tip over her clit, then reversed and forward. He felt her jolt in response. He didn't want to frighten or alarm her, and gently diddled her clit, feeling it slightly harden with the stimulation. This went on for about five minutes, then he was rewarded by feeling a slight rocking motion, as she pushed against him in response to her rising arousal.

He heard her breathing shorten, little snorts through her nose. Her eyes closed to slits, her mouth tight lipped. He'd got her just on the point of no return.

"Do you like me doing this to you Oxana?" he asked as he pulled his fingers away, her mons following him trying to reconnect. "Would you like me to make you feel really nice?" She couldn't bring herself to speak. She simply nodded at him.

Mike turned her over, so she was facing away from him, then held her tightly to his chest, and rolled onto his back, bringing her with him. Her feet fell either side of his thighs, her legs spreading far apart, as she was so small compared to him. The back of her head rested half way up his chest. He brought his fingers back to her vulva, caressing her clit and vagina, using all the skill he had. Within twenty seconds, she was rising again, her bottom pressing up and down on his lower belly in response to the feelings now coursing through her tiny body.

Mike having done this many times before, knew the exact moment to choose, and as she reached the cusp, he reached down and pushed his cock away, so it flipped up between her soft, silky thighs, pressed hard into her cleft. Looking down, his cock was standing like a lighthouse four or five inches over her mound. He used one hand to press his cock tight against her, and with the other he pulled his foreskin down a fraction, feeling his pre-cum released, running down his shaft and between her labia, so sexy, so slippery now, so illicit.

Mike only bucked his hips up and down two or three times, before she crashed into her first orgasm at a man's hands. He played her as long as he could, letting her climax roll on and on. He knew his moment had now come. He used his hands to press her thighs together, trapping his cock tightly against her pussy. He then lifted her up, sliding her along his whole length, before dropping her again and lifting, in a series of cycles, just like fucking. He pressed her thighs hard together, increasing the pressure they exerted on his crown as it drew through her wet, slippery legs, up against her pudenda. So sexy.

Quickly, he was moving with all the speed he could manage, the little five year old bouncing up and down on top of him the perfect fuck toy. So good. What sent Mike over the edge, was when he heard and felt the girl cum again, her muscles spasming against him, her little squeaks and snorts and waving arms indicating her tension. All girls can cum, but the younger they are the less intense it is and sometimes slow to happen unless carefully administered.

Mike couldn't have held back, even if he'd wanted to, which he didn't. He was suddenly spurting up the girl's body in ropes of joy. His semen hit her face and chin several times, a trail of several lines of his pearlescent seed all along her body, from her mons to her nose.

They were both breathing hard, as he clung to her little body, as they calmed, their breathing slowing. Finally, he lifted her up and turned her, so he could see her state. He reached across and picking up his camera, took one of the most arousing photos he ever took, of the five year old, covered in cum, grinning up at the camera.

"Did you enjoy that, Oxana?" he asked.

She nodded, as she used his hand towel to wipe the majority of his semen from her face and body. Then she said something which surprised and shocked him "Sofiya said I would, if I let you do it." She headed for the door, still naked, carrying her nightgown. But the next thing she said shocked him even more as she closed the door behind her: "Good morning Papa, have you been there long?"

= 8 =

Wednesday Morning

Mike wasn't sure what sort of reception he would get when he had washed and shaved and gone down for breakfast. Would Petruso take him outside at shotgun point or hand him to the Russians or what? As it happened, nothing. Petruso was sitting at the table eating, Oxana sitting beside him, Maryska, as always, standing at the stove.

"Good morning, my boy," welcomed Petruso, "I hope you slept well, with not too many disturbances in the night." He looked at his wife, with a grin, who frowned at him, but smiled back after a moment. "Today I go to see my friends in the village. Every Wednesday we meet. Maybe we even have a drink together." He roared with laughter. His wife rolled her eyes, she knew he would return home drunk as a lord tonight.

"Today, Sofiya will take you south. You will come to the river before too long. Luhansk is on the other side. Many people die there in the war. Very dangerous place. Many mines. Sofiya knows where to take you. Be careful, my friend. Anyone wanting to kill you could easily do so there." He roared with laughter again. Both men knew to what he was referring.

Like the day before, Nataliya and Sofiya clumped down the stairs together, wearing similar clothing to the day before, blouses and skirts. They were chattering away as they came to the table, and only then seemed to notice Mike, greeting him with a harmonious "Good morning Michael, did you sleep well?" before bursting into fits of giggles.

"That's enough, girls, chided their mother. Let our guest eat his breakfast in peace." A short silence followed, before the three girls started chattering away again. Mike sat thinking, smiling to himself. In the last twenty four hours, he'd cum on or over all three of these beauties. The little fun they were having at his expense was well worth it. Today he intended to fuck Sofiya, if he could. He also knew, after what happened in the night, he was going to do Nataliya as well.

Mike had noticed before how open minded Ukrainian people were towards children and sex and porn. To them it was perfectly normal, nothing to get exorcised about. It was one reason, he assumed so many Ukrainian girls modelled for some of the web sites he'd frequented in the past, before he'd created his own collection. Certainly in this home, they didn't openly talk about it, but a complete acceptance of what any of their girls might choose to do, surprised and pleased Mike.

Sofiya and Mike set off soon after breakfast, heading down over the meadows, towards the distant river. As they went, she pointed out a few points of interest; their church, now ruined from shell fire; the tree stumps, where a small tank battle had taken place; the field full of sheep, where no one could go as it was mined. She met a few people she knew from the village on the way and introduced Mike as her mother's cousin, Mikhaila Petrovich, from Kiev. Soon they were beyond the village community area, and she was more watchful. At length, they came to a main road, which ran east-west. There was no traffic at all on it. "Russia is that way," she said, pointing left, "and that way," she pointed right, "is Luhansk, across the river. It is ruined now. Many militants there. Bad place."

On they travelled along the track, which clearly had very little traffic now. Grass now grew across it, weeds slowing their pace somewhat. Eventually, they saw a strip of trees across their path. Mostly poplar, with some maple, sycamore and oak.

"The other side of the trees is the river," she explained. "We mustn't be seen near the river. The people the other side will shoot at us, if they do."

The line of trees was about half a mile wide. They walked on until they could see a gap in the trees ahead and turned to the right, off the track into the woods, heading west, walking parallel to the river, a couple of hundred yards away from the bank. Holding hands, they walked through the open woodland, enjoying the sun dappling through the canopy above, in a million tiny dancing Tinkerbells of light.

"That was a naughty trick you played on me, last night, young lady, wasn't it?" he asked. He felt her hand tighten slightly in his in response.

"I thought you might like her," she stated. "You did like her, didn't you?" She asked teasing him.

"Of course I did, she was wonderful," he replied wistfully, "but why did you do it? I thought it was you."

"My sisters and I have a pact," she said, seriously. "We don't have any money. We are a poor family. The only thing we do have is our love for each other. Mama taught us, when we were very young, that everything we had belonged to all of us. She taught us to share our toys, our food, our clothes and ourselves. Everything we do, we do for and with each other. You made me feel so wonderful yesterday, Mike. I couldn't keep you to myself. I had to share you with them. It never occurred to me not to tell them. And as soon as I had told them what we had done, and how wonderful it had felt, they both needed to share you too. Do you not understand?"

Mike blinked at the simplicity of her philosophy “Yes, Sofiya, I understand exactly what you are saying. I am just amazed that’s all. It is such a mature view on life. And what of your parents, What do they think?”

She laughed. “Mama, of course knows. Nothing ever happens in our house without her knowing, so we always tell her everything. Papa thinks he knows more, but in fact he knows less. Mama loves him, she always looks after him. Many papa’s in the village touch their daughters and do stuff to them. My Papa doesn’t. But Mama lets him look at pictures of little girls, and then afterwards, we hear them in bed. It is as it should be. That is why Mama is going to let you photograph Oxana and Nataliya like you did me, yesterday. I told her you took really naughty pictures of me. She will want you to print them, so she can give them to Papa.”

They had followed the animal tracks through the light undergrowth and made good progress. After an hour or so, they could see the trees came to an end in the distance ahead. They proceeded more cautiously now. Mike had two capes in his bag, made of very light weight camouflage netting. They draped these over their heads and walked carefully on. The last few yards were done on hands and knees, as they crept up to the river bank, hidden by a large tree and some bushes at it’s base.

A mile or two to the west was the town of Luhansk, right on the frontier between the two warring halves of the country, where some of the most bitter fighting had taken place so recently. Even today, the tension was still very high. Across the river ran a road, on which the occasional military vehicle moved, as they observed from their cover.

Mike wanted to install one of his cameras, to observe the road, like the ones he’d set up the previous night, but climbing a tree and working out on a branch in daylight would be suicide, so instead, he selected a piece of fallen timber and set the miniature spy camera into it. He then positioned it against a tree, and using a small screw, fixed it into position, so it wouldn’t fall over accidentally. Their work was done, so they crawled back into the depths of the wood and safety.

“We can go a different way back,” she explained. “Instead of following the river and then moving north, we go north here, then turn right after we cross the old road. There is a beautiful place there I like to visit. I would like to show you.”

They made good progress north, through the wood, then along a disused sunken farm track with high hedges either side, providing good cover, until they were well away from the river. The ground started to rise, and after crossing the disused old main road, they soon entered an area of heath land, wooded in parts but mainly open grass and bracken, some areas with a few trees. There were some wild deer roaming and grazing, as well as rabbits and other animals, unused to seeing humans in their territory.

Sofiya meandered through the maze of tree clumps, bushes and open grass, unerringly heading onwards. Mike would have been lost in this maze without her knowledge. Suddenly, the ground levelled off and they found themselves in a glade, surrounded at a distance by a ring of ancient fruit trees, mostly apple, some pear, plum and oranges. Once it must have been tended long ago by someone living here. The only reminder of their passing, the trees, still fruiting to this day. The glade was perhaps an hectare in area. In the centre was a pool, fed at one end by a low waterfall, flowing from a stream coming

from higher up. Drinking at the pool were several wild ponies, which cantered off on hearing their approach.

“This is my most favourite place in all the world,” said Sofiya. “I needed to bring you here today,” she added.

“It’s lovely, Sofiya,” he admired, looking around the beautiful scene, set so close to the scars of war. “But why did you need to bring me here?” he asked.

“Because you want to make love to me, don’t you?” she answered, “And, so do I; and I want my first time to be here in my special place.”

Mike was stunned as she looked at him with such passion in her eyes. Passion he hadn’t realised before was burning so bright. She had planned this.

“Would you like a drink, Sofiya, or would you prefer to have a swim first?” he asked, completely unsure how to respond to her words. Mike Robinson, the confirmed and ardent pedo, wrong footed by an eleven year old beauty, who was seducing him before he could seduce her.

She smiled at his words, knowing they were just words. “Let us sit for a while,” she said quietly. “Let us drink some of Mama’s tea. She made it specially for today.”

They sat on the dry grass, side by side, while she poured out two cups of the hot sweet brew. As soon as he tasted it, Mike realised there was something very tangy in the mix. “It’s a tiny drop of Varenuksa,” she explained on seeing his expression. “Mama made it for us.”

The tea was very good, Mike admitted to himself, very refreshing after their long hot walk. Sofiya pulled Mike’s rucksack to her side and pulled out her own little canvas bag, containing various things, including the packet of food her mother had prepared for their lunch. There were some sandwiches, but there was also a small leather pouch containing a pottery jar. Inside was a small quantity of caviar, hardly enough to bother with..

“Do you like this?” she asked, holding the pot out to him. He nodded and grunted, “yes.” She smiled, but then put the pot to one side, as she reached again into the small canvas bag. This time, she pulled out a tiny glass bottle. She looked reverently at it, before placing it alongside the pot. The last item to come from the bag was a short length of red silk ribbon. This too was laid with care by the other items. Mike looked on in puzzled curiosity.

Sofiya looked at him and smiled. “We are ready, I think, but first we will swim.” She stood and quickly pulled her boots and socks off, followed by the rest of her clothing and was soon naked. She waited while Mike too stripped off, before taking his hand and walked into the clear warm water. When they were thigh deep, she turned towards him and holding both his hands in hers, at arms length said: “today is special for me, I want to remember it for the rest of my life. I want to remember you, all of you.” She stood and looked at him, as if seeing him for the first time, studying every inch of him.



Mike too looked at Sofiya. Her long silky blond hair flowed all the way to her tummy over her shoulders. She had a fringe, cut just above her thin blond eyebrows. Her eyes were cerulean, intense, with a thin ring of grey surrounding her irises, giving her look an intensity, drawing his own eyes to them. She had a rounded face, with a short narrow nose, turned up slightly at the tip, Her lips were full, her chin clefted, giving her a more mature look than her years. She had a long neck, above wide well formed, strong looking shoulders. Her breasts were starting to form, her little cones pushing out from her otherwise flat chest almost an inch, perhaps more. Her areolae were dark against her pale skin, a ring of goose bumps surrounded her pinky-brown peanut sized nipples, which were standing proud, partly from arousal, partly from the effect of the water. Lower, her waist narrowed inwards, in the prelude to the tiny waist she would one day have. Her belly dipped inwards, rippling with her heart beat and excited breathing. Below, her magnificent mound rose prominently out in a beautiful curve. Filling the delta above the point where her thighs met below. It looked as though it was under tension, so smooth was her skin. There was not a hair to be seen on her. Her cleft, so tightly closed, as he'd discovered the previous day. Only a slip of skin hinting at where her clit lay hidden, swollen, aroused, ready. A wide gap between her thighs, showed how toned her legs were, only filled above by her vulva pushing downwards, as her labia swelled, flushed with anticipation. Her perfect athletic legs disappearing into the water.

Mike pulled her to him. His erection so hard, almost painful, the centre of her attention, pressed now between their tummies. He wrapped his arms around her shoulders, hers around his waist. He looked down at her face, angelic, half a smile, nervous, unsure. He leaned down and kissed her lips. She immediately opened her mouth, welcoming his tongue in, both now lost in the passion of the moment as their tongues wrestled, their hearts seemed to beat together, almost loud enough to hear. In moments, his hands were cupping her bottom, and hers on his. The kiss went on for what seemed like minutes, finally ending in a breathless parting, their saliva still joining them in a thin spider web, reluctant to break. Their eyes had never left each others, as they'd kissed, and didn't even now, as they sank slowly into the water, sitting on the mud beneath.

Mike took her hand, and leaning sideways, kicked out into deeper water, both swimming awkwardly on their sides. They made their way towards the little waterfall a few yards away, and moving under it's flow, allowed the water to cascade over their heads for a few moments. They kissed again. This time caressing each other more intimately. He cupped her mons and pussy in his palm. She spread her thighs to give him room. He drew his middle finger pad through her cleft, feeling it reluctant to part to his intrusion. Her clitoris, when he nudged it, was firm, almost hard, swollen. He caressed it, making her jerk in reaction to the electric shock feeling which shot through her. Sofiya feeling the tingling increase, like yesterday. Her legs trembled, her thighs spread wider. She didn't realise she'd moved them. She arched her head back, the water now falling directly onto her face, as she suddenly came. It was quiet, warming, sweet and short, but it was a cum. She reached down, and grasped his cock, feeling it's tension in her fingers, knowing where it would soon be, where she needed it to be, wanted it, so good, so sexy, she couldn't wait much longer.

Yesterday had been fun, splashing, playing games, exploring. Today was far more intimate, more sensual, more solemn, more important to Sofiya this felt right, as she'd always dreamed it would be, special. Just as Mama said it would be.

She gave a little shudder. Not with cold, but something else, from deep within. She knew she was ready. Hand in hand, they made their way back across the pool to where their belongings lay. Mike spread the camouflage capes on the ground to stop their wet bodies becoming muddy. Sofiya unfolded and opened out her skirt and laid it on top. Mike took out his small hand towel and rubbed water from Sofiya, before rubbing himself down. They weren't dry, but the sun would soon complete the job. They lay side by side, as they had done the day before and stared at the small clouds, drifting across the blue sky, watching the occasional bird as it crossed their line of sight.

After some time, Mike reached over and putting his arm around her shoulder, pulled her in close, her boobs pressed against his side. He turned slightly and put his other hand on her hip. He brought his face down to hers and once again kissed her neither urgently nor ardently, but lovingly, softly. She responded in kind, and when he moved down to take one of her tiny breasts into his mouth, and caressed it with his tongue, she again arched her head far back and gently came. Mike realised she was one of the most sensual pre-teens he'd ever encountered. He knew she was right at the pinnacle of arousal and the smallest thing would set her off. His cock was leaking pre-cum continuously between them.

Mike made a move to rise up on his hands and knees, before getting into position over her, but she opened her hitherto closed eyes and pushed him back, saying: "No, not yet, I'm not prepared. Please be patient." Sofiya, now sitting up with her back to him, picked up the few items she had brought with her and was doing something he couldn't see.

Mike lay back down and wondered what to do, thinking it best to go with the flow, while he once again looked up at the clouds. Sofiya turned and lay back on her skirt. She placed a hand on his stomach, inviting him to her. He rolled over, looking at the beautiful girl. Immediately, he noticed two things. Firstly, she had tied the red ribbon around her neck. It was plain and simple, but somehow it looked incredibly beautiful on her. Secondly, she had put on some perfume. It wasn't strong, but very subtle. It was fragrant in a sensual, old fashioned way. He remembered the little bottle she'd taken from her canvas bag earlier.

"You smell wonderful, my darling, absolutely delicious," he said truthfully, "I could eat you all up."

"Good," she replied, "because that is what I need you to do." He wasn't quite sure of her meaning, until he saw her recline, her upper body raised on her elbows, her thighs spreading wider, her knees raised, but dropping outwards, her heels nudging her buttocks. "Please eat me," she repeated.

Mike shuffled down, and moving up between her thighs, immediately saw something amazing. Her cleft had turned black. All the way from her dimple to her vagina, and again in her bum crack, she was black and shiny. He looked closer and suddenly realised what she'd done. She had used the caviar in the pot to fill her cleft. When she asked him to eat her, she had really meant it. Mike moved closer, and lowered his face to the ground. He pushed his tongue out and started to lick her between her buttocks. He was almost at the small of her back, and licked her hard, working slowly along her, where her valley became deeper, towards her anus. There he tasted the first grains of the fish eggs, salty, sexy. He pressed his tongue back and forth over her rosebud, until he'd licked and sucked every

last little black egg from her brown hole. He didn't need to be an experienced pedo, to know she was cuming. This girl was cuming good, very good. She was gripping his hair in her claw like fingers, trying to maximise her own pleasure, already beyond anything in her prior experience, by pressing him harder against her.

Mike moved a little higher and found the next particles of caviar filling the recess of her vagina. He dipped his tongue into her, trying to scoop up the tiny globes, but only getting a few. He persevered, and soon was moving his tongue along her cleft, pressing onto her as hard as he could. Sofiya, by now, was out of her mind. Her orgasm had risen to new heights, and her calls of delight had turned into screams. Screams of utter pleasure, bliss, and total gratification. And Mike hadn't even reached her clitty yet.

He used his thumbs, to gently prise her labia apart, raking out, with his tongue, the little black pellets as he did so. Suddenly, he made contact with her clit, and, as he did, she erupted, her hips rising and falling, her breathing just snorts through her nose, grunts now replacing her screams, her pulling of his hair as she pushed him into her, painful. He scraped over her clit and finally reached her dimple, where she'd pushed more into the little round recess. The last single egg took him a few seconds to capture, but finally he was there. Sofiya's breathing continued as heavy snorts for a minute or two, as slowly, she calmed from the best climax of her life. Mike, who thought he knew more than most about kiddie sex, had learned a lot today. Lessons he would remember and repeat. He lifted himself up, poised for a moment on his knees, looking down at the exquisite sight beneath him.

Sofiya in her recumbent position, looked up at him, her knees far apart, her heels still tucked against her bum, her arms stretched out to him in invitation. He bent forward, his hands either side of her, his arms supporting him, as he lowered himself onto her, his body pressed to hers. His elbows now pressed to the ground. He cupped her shoulders in his palms and kissed her once more, slowly, sensuously, warmly, their tongues touched, lightly, this time.

His crown nudged into her labia. More pre-cum running down her bum crack onto her skirt beneath her. He pressed to her, feeling her warmth, as her cleft enfolded itself around his tip. She reached down, pushing his cock towards her entry with her thumbs, peeling herself open for him, with her finger tips. Mike had done this enough times to know he was there, and applied the smallest pressure, feeling his crown slip between her labia, nestling in. He kept the pressure constant and waited while her vagina adjusted. He kissed her again, longer this time, just letting their bodies merge. The rim of his cock started to slip inwards and suddenly popped through the elastic ring of her entry. Her eyes popped open in surprise. He smiled at her, and she immediately smiled back and gripping his buttocks, pulling him in, in invitation. He slipped in another fraction, immediately nudging her hymen.

They looked at each other, eye to eye, both knowing this was the moment, her moment, their moment. They remained still for nearly a minute. She curled her hips back, him following her forward, the pressure remaining constant. They both knew what she was doing. She paused and took a breath and thrust her hips up at him, forcing his cock through her barrier, her virginity swept away in a second. Her cry of pain tore his heart. Her eyes now screwed shut, a tear in a corner. It was the last thing he wanted for her, at this special moment. He froze, still, unmoving, waiting.

Her eyes opened after a short time and focused on his once more. She blinked and the tear drop rolled down her cheek. She smiled a watery smile. "it's OK, I think," she whispered, "I just need a moment."

Several minutes passed, before Mike felt her gently pull on him with her hands again. He could feel his cock, now two inches into her, being squeezed by the tightest vagina he'd felt in a long time. She felt like some of the eight year olds he'd had, in the past, not an eleven year old. He pressed forward. Feeling his pre-cum easing the way into her, as his cock parted the walls of her vagina peeling open for him. So tight, so sexy, so good.

Mike finally bumped into her cervix. What surprised him, though, was how deep he was inside her. He was over six inches in. He paused, pulled back a fraction and bumped her cervix again, and again. Each time, she grunted, a sound of pleasure. He didn't want to get too vigorous, because he knew she would be sore. He slowly pulled back. He looked down and watched as five inches of his cock slid from her, before he reversed and pressed back into her. He repeated it, increasing his scope and pace, but trying to be gentle with her this first time. He was enthralled as he watched his shaft entering and exiting her. She was so tight, every time he pressed in, her clitoris and labia dipped against him and were dragged into her. Then as he reversed, she seemed to turn inside out, the walls of her vagina, pink, coral, cream, all covered in bloody pre-cum, wrapped around his shaft, then dipped back in as the cycle repeated.

He found her perfume intoxicating. Where had it come from, why had she brought it? He wondered too about the red ribbon around her throat. And the caviar, what was that all about? This girl was unlike any other pre-teen he'd ever fucked.

There was a change in tempo. Sofiya started to pant in short breaths again. Her continuous climaxes had been curtailed at the moment the pain of her tearing hymen had shot through her body, but now she was rising again, and quickly. Suddenly, her fingernails were clawing at his back, urging him on, encouraging his pace. This girl was remarkable. He upped his game, and almost immediately, she came. But, this time, her climax was stronger than anything which she'd experienced so far, and her calls of utter joy echoed back from the woods. They went on and on. Mike could feel her vagina clamping on his cock, almost painful, so tight was she squeezing him. He knew he would cum any moment. He tried to hold off, but to no avail, and when he did, he shot his load deep into her, sending her into a higher plane. He pulsed and pulsed into her, and in turn her climax went on and on. Finally, they were both spent, lying together, panting, catching their breaths, waiting for their hearts to calm once more.

Mike rolled off her, without withdrawing from her. They lay face to face for several minutes, before either of them spoke.

"Are you going to tell me about the perfume and the ribbon, Sofiya?" he asked quietly. "And the caviar," he added, smiling, "whose idea was that?"

"You won't be cross with me, if I tell you?" she asked. "Promise?"

"Of course not," he replied, "why would I be cross. It was your first time."

“First I have to tell you a story,” she said mysteriously. He nodded encouragement. “Many years ago, my great grandmother lived near here. She loved the man, who became my great grandfather. He planted all these fruit trees here. They were to be married, they were both seventeen, but the Germans came and he was called into the army. The day before he left, she brought him here, to this special place. He gave her a gift of the bottle of perfume. He tied the red ribbon around her neck and they made love. He was killed in the war. She never saw him again, but she was pregnant with my grandmother.”

“The years passed,” she continued, “and my grandmother grew up, and fell in love. This was during the time of Stalin. It was difficult for everyone then. She knew what had happened when she was conceived all those years before. She brought grandpa here. Her mother knew what they were going to do and had given her the bottle of perfume and the ribbon. They made love here for the first time.”

“My mother herself grew up and came here also for her first time with Papa. Grandma had given the perfume and ribbon to her in her turn. And now, it is my turn. So now you understand why I wear the ribbon and perfume and brought you to my special place.”

“When did your mother give you these things?” asked Mike. “Was it long ago?”

“Oh, no,” she answered, “she gave them to me this morning.”

Mike sat stunned at her answer. “But,” he stuttered, “does she know what you were going to do today?”

“Of course,” answered Sofiya, with a bright smile, “My mother, and my sisters, we hide nothing from each other. It is why we are happy. The caviar was her idea too. Did you enjoy it? Anyway,” she added, “it is time we had another swim and ate our sandwiches. But before that, there is still a little caviar left, did you want some more?” They grinned at each other.

After a twenty minute spell in the pool, they both climbed out and lay in the sun, eating their lunch. They were in no rush. Later, they made love again, leisurely, taking their time, letting Sofiya experiment and explore their bodies and the pleasure they could enjoy.

Something she'd said earlier disturbed Mike, though. He needed to know more. “Sofiya, this morning, you said you had a pact with your sisters. You share everything with each other. Last night, after what happened yesterday, they both came to my bed. After today, what happens now?”

She grinned again. “That is up to them, and up to you, too. Do you want them? If you don't, I will tell them, but if you do, then Nataliya will come to you in the night and Oxana at dawn.”

“Oxana?” he stuttered, “she is too young!”

“Of course, she is” she answered as if he stated the obvious, “but she is my sister and we share everything. What you do is up to her.”

Wednesday Afternoon

They returned to the little farm mid afternoon, walking hand in hand across the fields. Petruso was away with his friends, in the pub, and wouldn't return until late. Maryska was in her kitchen, preparing something for their supper. She smiled as they entered, wiped her hands on her apron and gave Sofiya a warm embrace, her big arms enveloping her daughter.

"The perfume smells lovely on you, child," she said, "and the ribbon, you look pretty in it. Take it off before it gets soiled. When we are alone, you must tell me about your day."

Natliya and Oxana, hearing voices, came rushing in. They both threw their arms around Sofiya, excitedly firing questions at her, so fast Mike couldn't make out what they said.

"Get out of my hair," said Maryska, after a minute, "I am busy, you girls go outside and play, let me do my work." The three ran off, hand-in-hand, out into the yard. "Thank you," Maryska said suddenly.

"For what?" Mike asked.

"For being kind and gentle with her. It was so important to her, and to me," she added. "She hasn't said anything to me yet, but I know she will when the time is right." She looked at Mike's puzzled expression and smiled. "Oh, Sofiya didn't tell you. Nataliya and Oxana told me how kind you were. They were there this afternoon. They wanted to see, and my girls share everything. It was important to them. I had told them to stay hidden and not get in the way."

Mike blushed. Seemingly there were no secrets in this house, none at all.

"Now, I have work to do, young man," she said, as if her previous words had never been spoken. "I think you and the girls should go up to the meadow. You promised you would photograph all my girls for me. It's a nice sunny day, why not go now. They'll show you the way. Dinner will be ready at six o'clock. You can show me the photographs then."

Mike walked out into the sunshine. He had his rucksack over his shoulder, containing his camera, some cans of Coke and some sticky, sweet homemade honey biscuits Maryska insisted he took, wrapped in greaseproof paper. The girls were expecting his suggestion of going to the meadow. Their mother had clearly already primed them.

They walked up the grassy slope, and through the wide line of trees. After about twenty minutes, the ground levelled in a beautiful meadow, full of flowers and tall grass. They were all sweating a little by the time they arrived and sat in a circle, while Mike unpacked his rucksack. Their eyes lit up, when they saw the cans of Coke roll out onto the grass. He handed one to each of them. Sofiya took the pack of biscuits and passed them round. Mike was amazed at how delicious they were.

He got his camera out and started to snap some shots while they were sitting, eating and drinking. They were lovely warm children's portraits. Next, he took each of them in turn and got them to pose for him. Like Sofiya, the previous day, Nataliya and Oxana also seemed to pose naturally, and he knew the results would be excellent. The three of them

seemed to work in harmony, resulting in fine, well balanced pictures, which their parents would be proud of and love.

Soon, though, their clothes started to come off, the girls egging each other on, until they were all naked. Mike photographed them together, then one at a time. They were so beautiful, his work was made easy. It was almost impossible to take a bad photo. They rolled in the grass, peered from behind trees, hung upside-down from branches, ran about, their hair flowing behind them. Every photo was in "good taste" and couldn't be considered porn in any way. But Mike wanted to move onto those next.

He called a break, and gave each of the girls another can of coke. He walked a short distance away and gestured for Sofiya to join him. "Do you think your sisters would be up for some of the more adventurous photos, like you posed for yesterday?" he asked. "They wouldn't be frightened or anything, would they?"

"No," she replied without hesitation. "I told them about how you liked photographing my pussy up close, and got a boner. They thought it really cool. They'll do it, don't worry. I'll tell them what we're going to do next. If they don't want to, they'll say."

A few minutes later, Mike said to the three girls: "Ok, would you like me to take some sexy pictures now? Really sexy ones?" They nodded. He might as well have been asking if they wanted ice cream.

"OK, I already took some sexy ones of Sofiya, yesterday, so I would like Nataliya to model first, then Oxana, then we'll do some with all three of you together, shall we? Sofiya, would you help them get into the positions I need? That would be really helpful."

"Nataliya, come and stand here. Hands on hips, now feet apart. More, further, a bit more. Good, excellent." The camera clicked a few times. "Now turn around, same position, but with your back now facing the camera. Feet further apart. That's it. Now, right hand on your left shoulder and look over that shoulder at the camera. Good, well done." She was beginning to relax into the poses. Sofiya encouraged her now and then by telling her to hold her chin up, or bend a knee, or smile. "Ready for a sexy pose, Nataliya?" She nodded. "Right here we go then. Keep your feet as far apart as you can get them. Hands on your thighs. Now bend a little, hands on knees, keep going, run your hands down your shins. Keep your knees straight. Hold onto your ankles. Good. Can you stay like that for a minute?"

Mike quickly changed the lens for his macro lens, fitted with the ring flash. And moved in to capture the exquisite sight before him. She was standing, her legs far apart, bending far over, looking back at him from between her knees. Her whole peach shaped vulva was standing proud, bulging out at him, her cleft splitting it in a wide valley. At the top, her anus, a brown wrinkled asterix shaped recess between the globes of her bottom, was open enough for him to see into her about half an inch. Below, her perineum, smooth, but stretched taught, because of her position, then her vagina, open a little, it's pink and coral interior damp with arousal, teasing and exciting him, as it would anyone looking at the photos. Her cleft, spread wide with her legs so far apart, revealed her long clitoris, swollen, flushed and engorged, pumped up with blood flowing from her stimulation.

“Hold that position, please Nataliya. Now bring your hands up to your bottom; palms on your bum. Fingers slide into the middle. Now down to your pussy. Push your finger tips in. Hold it, now peel yourself open. I want to photograph you inside. Good. Can you open it a bit more for me? That’s it, hold it. Let me get right up to you. Excellent. Now take a break. Sit down for a minute. Those were excellent, really good.” She rested for a minute, reclining on the grass, taking another swig of her Coke, while she chatted to Sofiya about a new skirt she wanted to make.

“Now, Nataliya,” said Mike, “just two more poses to go. Would you go onto your hands and knees for me, please. I want to photograph you from behind, up close.” She handed Sofiya the Coke to look after and rolled over onto her knees. Mike spent a minute capturing her beautiful rump, from every angle, before asking her: “Now, go down on your elbows and rest your face on your hands, but keep your bottom up. Great now push your knees as far apart as you can. Lastly, bring your hands back again, and open up your bottom and pussy for me, like before. That’s it perfect.” By now, she was so aroused, pearlescent mucus was flowing from her vagina and filling her cleft. As she pulled herself open, strings of her arousal spread across her opening, like spiders webs. These were just stunning pictures. “Great,” he said, “last bit now, lie on your back, bring your feet up either side of your head. If you can, tuck your legs behind your arms and push your knees back with your elbows. You must be a gymnast, Nataliya, you’re good at this,” he praised. “That’s good, now bring your fingers to your pussy, and open yourself up. As wide as you can. More, that’s it. Hold it there, this won’t take long.” Mike looked at her gaping vagina, her hymen stretched tightly across, a little hole in it’s centre, giving a tempting image into her interior, pearlescent mucus everywhere, dripping down to her bottom.

Oxana couldn’t wait to have her turn, and as soon as her older sister had finished, was getting into position for Mike. She, like most five year old girls, had podgy features, with a little bit of puppy fat, so her vulva was a bit wrinkled, and as she moved, little crease lines formed across it. When she moved around, her bottom stuck out as far as her tummy out front, like every girl her age. Her mound stuck out like a little hill under the bulge of her tummy. Mike always found this incredibly sensual. Soon, though, she was posing in the same positions as her sisters and was enjoying the close attention Mike was giving her.

She seemed to enjoy showing off her intimate parts with pride, as if it gave her pleasure to do so. Mike noticed she was wet inside, when she opened her legs for him. Her tiny pink and coral vagina, glistened with her moisture. As she pulled herself open for him to see inside her, the tightly stretched membrane of her hymen called to him like a siren calling a sailor in ancient times: “Touch me, feel me,” it called. He couldn’t resist it, and under the pretence of positioning her, he pressed his finger into her. She squeaked in response, grinning at him. He was amazed how keen she was to show him every detail of her pussy and bum. He looked closely at her tiny anus, and wondered if she could take him. No, he decided, not a five year old, tempting as it was. Really tempting. He’d thought the same about Lucia in Spain. They were both the same age.

“Right, ladies,” he said, when Oxana’s session was finished, “let’s have some fun and photograph all three of you together. First of all, stand side by side. Great, now all turn sideways on, good, and face away from me. Excellent. Now bend. Great. Now I want you to kneel on the ground, and play games. Try scissors, paper, rock, or something like that.” They concentrated for a few minutes on the game. They looked so innocent, sitting in a small circle, playing games with each other. Mike enjoyed recording the scene.



“Now,” Mike said, after a few minutes, “who can do some gymnastics for me?”

Immediately, the three of them jumped up, spread out and started to do cart wheels, hand stands, bridges, back flips and straddles. They showed they were proficient and knew what they were doing. He snapped away happily as they performed for him.

After about five minutes, they stopped, all breathing heavily, grinning at him. He looked at his watch, and saw it was getting late. Although the light was perfect for photography, it would be dark in an hour.

Mike had an idea. “Let’s do a stack of crack, girls,” he grinned at them. They looked blankly back.

“Sofiya, lay down here, on your back. Make yourself comfortable. Legs apart, please, arms spread outwards. Now Nataliya, come and lay on top of your sister, your bottom exactly above hers. That’s good, now lay back and spread your legs and arms too, exactly over hers. Lastly, Oxana, you do the same.”

By now, all the girls were giggling. Their pile of bodies nearly collapsed when Nataliya farted, making them all roar with laughter. “It was Oxana’s fat body sitting on my tummy did it,” she claimed.

“Well done girls, we’re nearly ready. Let me take some shots as you are.” Mike took a series of photos, zooming closer in each time. “Now, I want each of you to bring your fingers to your pussies and pull yourself open for me.” He watched, enthralled, as they followed his instructions.” He quickly moved closer, photographing their salacious pose, before putting his camera down. He scooted down on his knees and leaning forward, brought his face right up to their pussies, one above the other, inhaling, observing them, ready to taste them. All three were aroused, even little five year old Oxana, who was damp inside her tiny vagina. Below, Nataliya had copious quantities of pearlescent mucus running from her, showing her arousal, the flow running down her bum onto Sofiya’s cleft below. Sofiya was not just aroused, and flowing with her own fluids, but Mike could see his own semen from earlier running out of her as well.

He pushed his tongue into Sofiya’s bum, and slowly dragged it upwards, through her deep valley, over her vagina and clit, and on into her sister’s bum above, repeating the move, as his tongue continued ever upwards and into her little sister’s bum, feeling her silky, soft skin against his rasping tongue. There was a tang of sweat from their hot climb up the hill as well as something else, something primeval, something very arousing. When he reached Oxana’s clitty, he quickly moved down again and repeated the whole sexy lick through the three sisters’ pudenda. Again and again he licked up through their cracks, going faster each time, pressing harder. He was aware they were rising, all three of them. Their movements suggesting they were becoming aroused, their breathing becoming shorter, almost panting. Nataliya was the first to cum, but her moans of pleasure sparked both her sisters immediately into following suit.

This was just so, so sexy, seeing three sisters of five, eight and eleven, all climaxing together. Mike pulled away, grabbed his camera and made sure his camera captured it all. By now, the girls were each playing with themselves, keeping their climaxes going as long

as they could. Mike found this so stimulating, he just had to join in, and dropping his jeans, shuffled towards the three pussies, on his knees, and started to wank himself with one hand, holding the camera with the other. It was only a matter of seconds, and he was suddenly spurting straight at Oxana's pussy, watching enthralled, as his semen dribbled in torrents down her crack into Nataliya's and on into Sofiya's. All three girls, with their rubbing, were spreading the semen all over themselves. Just so sexy.

They all seemed to finish together, and calm came over the glade once again, as their cries of utter pleasure died away and the birdsong could once again be heard above their breathless panting. Nataliya put her hands under Oxana's armpits and lifted her sister up, before rolling off Sofiya, herself. In a moment, all three girls were standing in a tight circle, all looking down at their thighs, where semen covered each of them in a slow glistening flow, their fingers feeling the stickiness. They were giggling and chattering again now that the moment had passed. The sisters had once again shared something very special together.

Mike passed a bottle of water and the little hand towel around for them to rinse off and wipe themselves with. They packed up their few belongings and walked back down the hill, as the sun set in the distant west.

= 10 =

Wednesday Night

When they returned, Mike saw that Maryska was almost ready to serve the food. She had seen them walking down the hill and made the final preparations. They washed and sat to a most delicious meal. The four females chattered away. They seemed to Mike to use some sort of dialect, because he could only discern some of what they said. He recognised his name mentioned a lot, though. Maryska got out a couple of glasses, and poured a generous measure of Varenuška in each. She looked Mike in the eye, and said, "boo-ye-mot", which means cheers. She sank her glassful in one gulp and topped her glass again. Mike found the fiery liquid needed to be treated with more caution.

By the end of the meal, Maryska had consumed half the bottle and was clearly quite tipsy. She told the girls to clear the table, before asking Mike to show her the photos he'd taken of her daughters through the day. Mike went out to his car, and brought in his printer and a pack of photo paper. He set it up, so he could print whatever photos she asked for.

They sat at the table, side by side, with the three girls leaning over their seats behind them. Mike decided not to hold back. The girls' parents obviously knew what had been happening and he felt it unreasonable to withhold any of the photos. So he opened up his encrypted file and started to pan through the pictures. The first file showed all the girls in their clothing stylishly modelling themselves. The second file was very softcore nudes and the last file contained the others. As they went through the first file, every few shots, Maryska would comment how nice one was, and he would click 'print'. By the time they'd viewed them all, there was a stack of about ten pictures printed in a heap.

Maryska became quite animated as she scrolled through the second file, complimenting the girls on how they looked. She told Mike they were very tasteful, and even the priest could see them without blushing. Mike doubted that, although he knew baptisms here in the Orthodox church, were conducted with children naked. She asked him to print off a

dozen or so of them. The last batch, were far more graphic. And showed the girls in the most intimate poses possible. Some of the photos were taken with a macro lens, very close to the subject. What amazed him, though was how she would make comments like, "That's a nice one," or that's very sexy," or even "Petrovich will love this one, can you print it, please?" Mike noticed how quiet the three children were, as their mother viewed all of their pictures, commenting on every single one, without a single negative comment. A large stack of printed copies laying by the printer

"Well, I have to say," she commented, after seeing the last photo, which happened to show the three cum covered girls, "you are a very good photographer, young man. I like your work very much. It will keep Petrovich happy for years to come. Now, it's getting late, and Nataliya needs to get ready for bed. So if you don't mind, I'm going to wish you a goodnight. Nataliya, come to my bedroom when you've washed, would you darling? I will see you in a few minutes." Mike was once again amazed. Clearly she knew exactly what was to happen later.

Mike lay in his bed, listening to the sounds of the house preparing for the night. There was a gentle tap on the door, and it creaked open a few inches and paused. Mike heard Maryska's voice outside, "Goodnight Nataliya, remember everything I've told you."

"Goodnight Mama," her reply. A moment later, the door swung open, and Nataliya stepped into the room. She smiled sheepishly, her wringing hands clasped together in front of her, indicating her nervousness. Mike held out a hand to her in invitation, an invitation she immediately accepted, as she stepped towards his bed. He folded the corner of the sheet down for her, as she sat down. She swung her legs up, and pulled the sheet up and over herself. As she lay back, Mike placed an arm around her shoulder and cuddled her into his side. He'd seen nerves like this a hundred times before, and knew to rush her would take longer than to take his time and let her relax slowly, at her own pace. Despite the fact he'd had his tongue in her pussy just a couple of hours ago, he was breaking fresh ground here.

He had immediately noticed the perfume in the air, the same Sofiya had worn earlier in the day. The red ribbon too, was carefully tied around her neck sweeping away any remaining doubts in his mind as to why she was here.

Slowly, he felt the tension ease from her, as they talked about her school, her friends, and her hobbies of gymnastics and horse riding, when she exercised the neighbour's horses for them. She unconsciously ran her fingers through Mike's sandy coloured chest hair, as he let his fingers caress the small of her back, feeling the silky smoothness of her eight year old skin, as it swept down to the rise of her bottom. He turned slightly, in a seemingly casual movement, his long tumescent cock resting on her hip, pre-cum dribbling onto her. She took a sharp intake of breath at the contact, but didn't pull away.

He left his one hand on her back, reached across and placed his other on her further hip, leaning into her a little, pressing his cock harder against her as he did, and kissed her gently on her lips. She responded by bringing her arm up and hooking it around his head, pulling him tighter to her. At first the kiss was quite chaste, then he felt the tip of her tongue exploring his lips. He pushed his own out to meet it, letting her set the pace. Soon, they were gently tongue wresting, exploring each other's mouths, while he slipped his

hand down from her hip onto the flat of her tummy, just above the rise of her mons. Both knew this was the moment; the moment, when she might change her mind and, leave, or stay and make love for the first time. She stayed.

As their kiss intensified, and their breathing became more frantic, so his hand moved up over the curve of her mound, feeling it's smooth firmness, but at the same time, her silky soft skin, so sexy. His fingers slipped over her rise, and on into her cleft, feeling her dimple, as his middle finger sank into it at the top of her clitoral hood. She responded again with another sharp breath, but this time not from nerves, but from pleasure, as she felt his finger gently press into her cleft, feeling him caress her clit, so good, so nice.

Mike knew she was rising, with her hip pushing a fraction up to meet him, her shorter breaths, her legs parting a tiny bit and the gripping of her hands, behind his head. Feeling her clit harden under his touch, he started to increase the rhythm and pressure on her little nub. Very quickly, she started to tension up, as her arousal took away her reticence and replaced it with a burning desire which overwhelmed her conscious thoughts. Mike knew the moment had arrived, when he felt her sweep her legs apart, and lift her pussy up, thrusting it against his probing fingers. She reached down with one hand and grasped his cock, still pressing against her side. She then lifted one knee over Mike's thighs and climbed over him, her flat chest pressed to the light golden curls of his own chest.

Mike heard Maryska's softly spoken voice outside the door. "Alright, girls, you can go in now. I'm going to bed. Your father will be home soon, he will want to see your pictures." The door clicked open, and in crept Sofiya, pushing Oxana in front of her. They were both smiling, hoping he wouldn't mind them being there, knowing this was Nataliya's special moment. Nataliya lifted her head and smiled back at her sisters. She pulled the bed covers down a little in invitation. Oxana moved to the bed, slipped off her nighty, letting it drop to the floor and climbed in under the blankets. Sofiya went to the other side of the bed, and did the same. Nataliya reached out and cuddled both of her sisters to her, silently sharing this special moment with them.

Mike focused his mind back to the job in hand. And in his hands were the globes of Nataliya's tight bum. Her knees were pressed to the outside of his hips, so her thighs were spread quite wide. She felt his fingers slip down her bottom, moving inwards, into her valley and onwards, down to her pussy. She felt him pause there, feeling her dampness, feeling her body, slipping slightly into her, making those amazing feelings once again return. She felt his fingers move even further down, into her cleft, now touching her clitty again. Immediately, she knew she was going to cum once more. She so loved this.

Mama had always said her girls could enjoy having a man when they felt the time was right, but the time and man had to be right. When Mike had come to stay, Sofiya had asked Mama if he was the one. Mama had given her blessing before he had even gone to bed that first night, letting them visit his bedroom. Mama was always right in her judgement of people and Mama wanted their first time to be perfect. But she'd also said each sister must be allowed to share him equally. Nataliya knew she was about to have Mike inside her. She'd seen his big cock, and hoped it would all go in, and feel good. Sofiya had said it had felt better than anything she'd ever felt before. She knew Oxana, who was cuddled up to Mike's side, was too small, and felt a little sorry for her little sister.

Nataliya knew she was ready. She had cum several times. Twice he knew about and twice more only she knew about, as the tip of his cock had nudged her pussy. She curled her hips, pushing herself down, against him, feeling his cock dip into her cleft, feeling his warm pre-cum helping him slip between her labia, pushing into her recess. She pushed harder against him, feeling him dip further into her.

Mike lay there, feeling the girl rubbing herself against him, becoming more and more aroused. He didn't interfere, he let her enjoy herself. She had cum a couple of times already, and he'd also noticed her labia kissed his cock repeatedly, as she had cum quietly twice more. Then he became aware of her pushing against him, feeling her trying to impale herself on him. She was an eight year old virgin, and he didn't want to put her off by rushing her. So he let her set the pace.

Sofiya lay beside her sister, encouraging her with a few quiet words, caressing her arm, hoping Nataliya enjoyed this as much as she had enjoyed herself this afternoon. Nataliya was still laying chest to chest on top of Mike, her face turned to the side. She looked at Sofiya with loving eyes. These girls, who had seen so much death and destruction in their short lives, had learned to live life when opportunity arose. They had learnt to trust and share everything with each other. So as Nataliya felt Mike's cock slip into her entry, feeling her tight elastic muscles snap over the ridge of his crown, she looked into her sister's eyes, knowing they now shared something important. The same man would have taken their virginities on the same day. It bound them closer. Nataliya reached out and grasped Sofiya's hand. Sofiya nodded to her, before she suddenly jerked herself down onto Mike's cock. A lance of pain shot through her pussy, and she cried out. A voice outside the door could be heard, "oh dear god!"

Nataliya lay there, looking into Sofiya's eyes, a single tear rolled down from her eye. After a few moments, the pain eased. Mike hadn't moved a muscle, letting the child's vagina adjust to his thick cock penetrating two inches into her. The two girls continued to look into each others eyes, a silent communication flowing between them. Sofiya nodded again, and Nataliya smiled back. She tried curling her hips, testing, exploring. The pain had gone. She lifted a fraction and dropped back again, feeling him move slightly inside her. She lifted a bit more and down, increasing her scope each time. The tingles deep inside her had returned; that itch deep within her which needed scratching, insistent, demanding. She became bolder, and pushed back further against him, feeling him sink deeper into her each time.

Suddenly, Nataliya felt his crown bump into her itch, her deepest part. She took a sharp intake of breath, lifted up and dropped onto him again. This time, though, it was as if an explosion took place within her, and she came again. But she didn't just cum, every pleasure synapse in her body was triggered, overwhelming her completely. Nataliya never realised what happened next, as her whole consciousness shut down. Like Sofiya, earlier in the day, she screamed out her ecstasy, as wave after wave of blissful pleasure swept through her young body. Her cries went on for minutes, as she lifted and dropped her body onto Mike's hard cock, feeling him pressing against that most sensitive spot within her. She certainly never heard the voice outside the door saying: "That's good, I can go to bed now. All is as it should be."

Mike hadn't finished with Nataliya yet, however. In fact he'd hardly started. She was writhing on top of him, like a wild animal, her head shaking from side to side, her hair

whipping around both their faces. She was pounding up and down on him, getting faster and harder. As she dropped down Mike now started to lift his hips to meet her, feeling his cock plunge against her cervix harder each time. She was just so tight on his shaft. Exactly why he was addicted to little girls. Her cries of pleasure intensified. He knew everyone in the house would know exactly what was happening, but would half the village too?

Each side of him, Mike was aware of Oxana and Sofiya both masturbating themselves in sympathy with their sister. So he reached down, and ran his fingers down their tummies over their mounds and into their slits, feeling their dampness and their aroused taughtness. Both girls opened their thighs for him, letting him sink his fingers into where, only moments before, their own had been pleasuring themselves. It didn't take long, and soon, he felt the tell tale clamping of their pussies on his digits. He let their first climax ease. He wanted the next to coincide with his own.

For the next few minutes, he gently strummed their clitties, letting them rise, then easing off again, bringing them higher each time. The time had come, and Mike suddenly started to thrust hard into Nataliya, but at the same time, thrust his fingers deep into her sister's too, mashing their little "G" spots. He felt the early signs, as his prostate tightened, his scrotum pulled up and the surge through his shaft heralded the explosion into Nataliya's infertile womb. The second surge, as usual, was even greater, and she cried out loudly in her ecstasy. At that moment, both Oxana and Sofiya came too, and their cries of pleasure joined their sister's, as he and the three sisters all climaxed in one of the most spectacular scenes of lovemaking Mike had ever encountered. Down the passageway in the parent's room, where Maryska awaited her husband's return from the pub, moans could be heard, as she too enjoyed pleasures which she only felt occasionally, these days. Looking at the photographs of her naked daughters had certainly helped her. Whether they would help her husband complete the job later, remained to be seen.

= 11 =

Early Hours Thursday

After the energetic fuck which had taken place, Mike and the three girls fell into a deep sleep. Oxana, being the smallest, had taken Nataliya's place lying on Mike's chest. Sofiya and Nataliya lay cuddling into him, either side. At two in the morning, Mike had heard the noise downstairs, as Petruso returned home, furniture being knocked, as the drunk man stumbled towards the stairs. He'd heard the door down the landing close, and minutes later the loud sounds as the Ukrainian couple fucked. He'd heard enough to know that Maryska had shown her husband the photographs, and had received the benefit of a great fuck in return. He was sure those pictures would help them for many years to cum.

As he lay there, he wondered what to do about Oxana. She was shy, and hadn't said what she would like to do for her "turn", but he knew penetration was out of the question. She was only five. He was amazed how she had climaxed earlier, though. She was highly sexualised. He wasn't sure if in the heat of the moment, he might have even torn her hymen, when he'd fingered her. In the end, he decided he would let things run their course. She could decide. He drifted back to sleep again.

Dawn was just beginning to break, when he was woken by her movement on top of him. The first thing he noticed was the soft aromatic perfume. It was the same her sisters had

used. He lay there unmoving, eyes closed to see what she did. He was already tumescent, but then that wasn't surprising, considering he had three naked little girls pressing against him. He remembered how she'd come into his bed the previous two nights, just as dawn had broken.

Oxana was a determined little girl. She loved her family. They always included her in whatever they were doing, despite her being the youngest. When Mama had told her what was going to happen, and that she could do anything with Mike she wanted, she had been a little bit worried. All her life, she had been told not to do this, and not to do that, and now, suddenly, she was being allowed to do anything she wanted with this lovely man, who had made her feel so nice before. She'd watched both her sisters fuck Mike earlier, and knew it was now her turn. She'd seen that it had at first hurt them, but then they'd loved it. She'd enjoyed it when she'd come to his bed yesterday at dawn, and the day before, and how he'd rubbed himself against her, making her feel squiggly inside. That was nice, really nice. He'd even made her cum, while he'd fucked Nataliya. That was cool too. She now wanted to try some things out before he woke. She carefully shuffled down his tummy a little, until she felt his willy pressing against her couchie. It was hard, but it was also warm and wet. She pressed against it more. It slipped down, into her cleft. She reached down and grasped it, lifting it a bit, as she pushed against him once more. His tip dipped into her entry. She liked it there, it felt nice. She moved herself up and down a little, feeling him rub against her. She felt those tingles again.

Mike lay there, finding it hard not to respond, as Oxana moved against him. When she'd pressed herself to him, and his cock had slipped down, he'd nearly moved to put it back again, but she'd moved first. It was fun to just lay here to see what she did. The child pushed herself down against him harder now. He felt his tip dip into the recess of her entry. She lay there still, her pussy pressing quite hard against him. She waited, enjoying the thrill of what she was doing.

Mike was entranced and intrigued. This was just so sexy, feeling the five year old pressing her vagina against his hard, sensitive cock, feeling it trying to sink into her, as she wriggled against him. The minutes passed, and Mike realised he'd sunk into her further than he'd have believed possible. Her labia had enveloped him, and he realised he was up against her hymen, his crown tight into her passage opening. Then, she came. He felt her vagina spasm around his crown as she pulsed out her climax, trying to be as quiet as she could. Suddenly, he could hold back no longer, and he came too. The first pulse made her pause in her gyrations on his cock. Then, the flood gates opened, and he blasted, as he pulsed into her. The seal between them was so tight, not a drop was spilt, as he spurted through the little hole in her hymen, deep into her. She was moaning now, trying not to cry out, thinking him still asleep. On her climax went, as his semen poured into her.

Oxana lay still. She had managed to catch her breath, her heart beat too had eased below one hundred a minute. She had loved what had just happened. She had watched her sisters both make love for the first time yesterday, losing their virginities in the same day. She knew she was too small for him to fit into her, but for the rest of her life, she would always think of this as being the time when she too had ceased to be a virgin, even though she still had her cherry. She and her sisters shared something very special. In fact, they always shared everything. She lifted herself off Mike's chest, as carefully as she could, and slipped down to his side, where Nataliya had rolled away from him in her sleep.

She climbed over her sister, waking her in the process. Oxana, excitedly, but silently pointed to her pussy, where Nataliya could see semen beginning to seep from her.

“Wake Sofiya,” she whispered. In a few moments, Sofiya had come round to the other side of the bed, where the three girls all studied the cream pie, seeping from Oxana’s vagina. “Lay back, Oxana.” She did as she was told, and Sofiya leaned in, pulled her pussy open, and pressed her mouth to the little girl’s cunt, sucking and licking her, as she did. This went on for a minute or two, before Nataliya nudged her in a silent message of “my turn.” They swapped places, and Nataliya finished cleaning the little girl up, savouring the taste of Mike’s semen. Oxana lay there, fingering the crimson ribbon around her neck, as another climax washed over her.

“Well Oxana,” said Sofiya, with a smile, “you’re the youngest person I know to have a fuck.” They all giggled in their little girlie ways. Mike had already drifted off into a very satisfied doze. Life was pretty good.

He woke an hour later, to find the two younger sisters on one side of him, Sofiya on the other side. They were sitting up, cross legged, taking turns in trying to see if they could get his cock into their mouth.

“Hello girls, what are you up to?” he asked smiling, as he sat partly up, his weight resting on his elbows. The girls hardly glanced at him, as Sofiya took him from her lips, before Nataliya leaned in and sucked him into her own mouth. He could feel the rasp of her tongue over his sensitive spot underneath. Her suction was very strong, as she closed her lips over him, and her cheeks sinking inwards. “God,” he thought, “can she suck.” Even little Oxana managed to get him into her mouth about an inch. Her jaw was stretched about as wide as it could go. She sucked away, before passing his cock on to Sofiya. And so it went, with each sister sucking him, before the next took over.

“I’m going to cum, girls, if you keep that up much longer,” he said. They giggled and just carried on. “I mean it,” he warned. Realising they weren’t going to stop, he decided to take the matters into his own hands. As they were about to change over once more, he rolled over, before getting onto his knees. They watched him, as they sat there, wondering what he was doing.

“Lean in towards each other,” he instructed. “Bring your faces together. Lets try it that way. Then open your mouths.” The girls shuffled round, so they were now in a row, leaning together, their cheeks pressed together, mouths agape, waiting for what he was going to spurt into them. Mike moved forward, still on his knees, holding his cock. He pointed it at Sofiya first, just as his orgasm stormed in. His first spurt hit her top lip, but the second, always the biggest, shot straight into her mouth. He angled across, and his aim was true, as the next one spurted into Nataliya’s open mouth right to the back. Again he adjusted his position, and Oxana moved at the last moment, getting a blast over her nose and chin. Mike moved his cock a fraction, and the last couple of shots went into the five year old’s hungry mouth. The three girls, moved round and looked at each other. They each opened their mouths, sticking their tongues out slightly, showing each other how much they’d taken, before swallowing together.

Immediately, they reverted to type, and became the three little girls they were, playing games, teasing and tickling each other, and generally messing around. Mike got up and



went to the bathroom, and returned and dressed, letting the girls cuddle together in his bed, until their mother called them. He went downstairs, where Maryska was preparing food at the stove. She looked up and smiled at him as he entered.

"I hope you slept well," she said. "I trust the girls didn't keep you awake too long. They can be quite a handful when they want to be."

"Fuck," thought Mike, "I got a lot more than a handful."

She put the wooden spoon down she'd been stirring something with, and came over to the table. She took both his hands in hers and said: "Thank you for being kind and gentle to them. I'm glad it was someone like you. Around here, many men pray on the little girls. Fathers on their own daughters and even sons, sometimes. There is little law here, since the war. You have taught my girls the way it should be. Please come back and see them again soon. They will miss you, especially Sofiya. Petruso liked your photos last night. He liked them very much indeed. He has promised to buy me a new night gown." She winked at Mike. He understood what she meant.

"Petruso tells me you will be leaving us today," she said, "your work here is completed." He nodded confirmation. "Sofiya has told him she will make sure your cameras are safe if the Russians start to encroach on our land again. She can go where Petruso can't. She's only a little girl. They are very alike, Petruso and Sofiya. They both hate the Russians. Where do you go now, back to England?"

"Yes," he replied, "I will spend a few days at home. I only moved into my new house two or three weeks ago, and seem to have been working overseas ever since. I'm looking forward to getting back. Thank you Maryska for everything."

"What for?" she asked, puzzled.

"I think you know," he said, looking at her levelly. "They are lovely girls. They are a real credit to you."

"Thank you," she responded, blushing from his praise. "Have you got anyone waiting for you when you get home?" she enquired.

"Yes," he said, without thinking, "there are one or two special people I'm looking forward to seeing. Sammy and Katrin and perhaps Emma."

"Are they little girls too, your special friends?" she asked.

He smiled to her in reply. She understood.

"Will you be safe here, Maryska," he asked, "you and your family?"

"That is difficult to say," she answered with a grimace, "who is to say. We've been safe for the last couple or three years, and the U.N. is watching closely. The Russians are busy in Syria, so let us hope their eyes remain elsewhere. But what can I do, this is our home, this farm."

“Maryska,” he said seriously, placing one hand on her shoulder, handing her a business card with the other, “if ever you need help, or somewhere to run to, call the number on this card. I will make sure you and your family have somewhere safe to come to if you cannot stay here.”

She took the card and squeezed his hand and nodded in thanks. No words needed to be said. They had an understanding.

“What time do you have to leave?” she asked

“I need to catch the night flight from Kiev. The connecting flight from Kramatorsk Airport leaves at three o'clock this afternoon. The man from the embassy will meet me there to take the car.”

“Oh you don't need to set off for another two or three hours then. Why not go and see what Sofiya is doing? She is going to miss you when you have gone home. Could I ask you a favour?”

“Of course,” he replied, “name it.”

“Would you mind if she came to see you during her next holiday, in England? I want her to improve her English.”

“I would be delighted,” Mike said, genuinely pleased. “My young friends would make her very welcome. So would I.”

At that moment, Oxana and Nataliya clumped down the stairs, the sun again shining through their thin cotton nightgowns, showing off their beautiful profiles. Sofiya was still asleep, Nataliya explained. She smirked at Oxana, who giggled.

Mike climbed the stairs after he'd finished eating. He carried a small tray Maryska gave him, with some food for the girl. He entered his room, seeing the beautiful would-be, preteen spy lying in the centre of the bed, propped up against a pile of pillows. The bed sheet covering her up to her tummy, her long blond hair falling over her shoulders, covering her little conical breasts. She smiled at him as he entered. He handed her the tray, which she took and placed on the bedside locker. She held out both her hands to him in invitation, shuffling sideways a little to make space for him. She pulled the sheet to one side for him, exposing her nakedness, as his last clothing dropped to the floor. He'd cum over the three sisters only an hour ago. He knew he was going to be able to make this one last as long as he wanted. He wanted her to enjoy this, but he wanted to enjoy it himself, really enjoy it, and make it last.

As soon as he nestled into the bed beside her, she surprised him, when she quickly kicked the sheets off her legs and taking his head in both her hands, guided him down to her spread thighs. No words had been spoken, but her meaning was crystal clear. Mike pressed his lips to her vulva, feeling her labia part, as his tongue explored, finding her dark, damp, secret depths, tasting her tangy little girl flavour, unique to girls her age and younger. A taste he would never tire of. He felt her clitty against his top lip, as it hardened in her arousal. When he lapped at it with his tongue, she took a sharp intake of breath, her eyes screwed up in her pleasure, which she knew would only get better.

Sofiya lay there thinking of how this wonderful man had suddenly entered her life, and would be gone again today. She knew she would need him again. She didn't know when it would be, but already she missed him. She would visit him in England if it were possible. Suddenly, she came to her senses, but it was only for a moment, for she crashed into her first orgasm, as his tongue punished her clit in the most wonderful way. Already she was pulling him up, over her. She wanted him in her again, where she needed him. Mike, taking his weight on his elbows and knees, slipped over the child, his arms under her back, his hands cupping her shoulders, his cock bumping into the recess at the entry to her vagina. She grabbed his bum with both hands, and urgently pulled him towards her. He applied pressure and almost immediately felt her dilation, his crown slipping into her entry. He never paused, as she kept pulling at him.

His cock sank deeper and deeper into her. He bumped into her cervix, and instantly, she crashed into another mind numbing climax. Her cries of ecstasy could be heard all over the house. He pulled back, but she demanded he thrust back in, her finger nails cutting into his buttocks. Again he pulled back and again she wouldn't let him out, limiting his thrust, but his pleasure was undiminished. She was so tight on his cock, but at the same time, her pulsing clenches on his cock seemed to be squeezing him tighter each time, giving him yet more pleasure.

He thrust steadily and deeply, into the eleven year old, gradually increasing his scope, until he was nearly popping out, before thrusting seven and a half inches into her, hearing her grunt of pleasure as he bottomed out, then repeating the cycle once more. Mike had fucked many, many preteens. Some came and some didn't. Some had been reluctant, some enthusiastic. But none had been more enthusiastic than Sofiya. She really knew how to enjoy herself and she was certainly enjoying herself to the full right now, as her cries of rapture increased once more.

It seemed only moments had passed, when Sofiya gripped his sides, and holding him hard gasped: "enough, please, enough." Mike was far from finished. He glanced at his watch, and saw forty five minutes had passed since he'd entered the room. But he didn't want to push her too far. He paused, and slowly started to pull out of her. She realised what he was doing, and clamping her hands to him again to stop him. Instead, he rolled off her to the side, still impaled deep inside her. They lay face to face looking into each other's eyes. He stroked her long beautiful glossy blond hair down over the silky skin of her back. His fingers ran further down over her bum and into her deep valley, nudging her rosebud.

"I'm sorry," she said, with an apologetic expression, her lips pursed, "it was too much, too nice, I just couldn't do it any more. Perhaps I will be able to carry on soon." She cuddled him to her, sinking into the warm embrace of his strong arms. "You're not cross with me, are you?"

"Of course not," he responded truthfully. "Would you like to try something else until you're ready again?" he asked.

She blinked at him, unsure what he meant. "What do you mean, something else?" she asked reasonably.

“Well he replied, there are many ways of making love, many positions and techniques. They’re all nice, in their own way,” He explained. “For example,” he continued, “instead of doing what we were just doing, you can use your mouth on each other, like I did to you before. Or you can use your fingers to please one another. Sometimes, people do it in here,” he said tapping her anus with his finger. “You see there are many ways to please, each other, so if one isn’t right, another way will be.”

It took Sofiya a few seconds to digest all this. She smiled at him, before she asked him: “What would you like to do? It was my fault we stopped,” she confessed, “we’ll do it any way you want.” She felt Mike’s cock lurch inside her as she said it.

“If you’re happy to try it,” he said quietly, I would love to fuck you here,” he said tapping her anus again.”

She gritted her teeth, as she said: “I don’t know if I’ll like it, but I’m willing to try it for you. You will have to show me what to do. It won’t hurt, will it?”

“Not if we do it right,” he answered. “I just need to get something, though. It’s in my bag. Mike slipped out of bed and grabbed the KY jelly in the side pocket of his canvas bag. He’d already unscrewed the cap by the time he sat on the bed. He squirted a dollop onto his crown and spread it over the tip. She watched him avidly.

“Get onto your hands and knees, would you?” he asked. “This might feel a little cold and strange,” he added as he pushed the nozzle into her anus. He squirted and smiled as she squeaked, as all his girls did when they felt the cold jelly ooze into them. Holding her full hips, he shuffled up to her on his knees, his solid rigid cock finding the tiny recess of her beautiful bum. He applied pressure to her, knowing this might take some time. Some girls could be penetrated easily, some were tighter, when more time and care was needed. Several minutes passed. He explained what was happening to her, and that it might take a while. Suddenly, he felt slippage. The first tell-tale sign of her dilation. He waited, knowing it wouldn’t take long now, still applying pressure. A minute or two later, he slipped in a fraction more. Nearly there. She hadn’t said it was uncomfortable in any way.

“Now Sofiya, I want you to push hard for me, like you’re trying to poo,” he instructed her. Immediately, he felt her open up, and in he slipped through her tight entry, her sphincter, at last, giving way to him. All he heard from her was a grunt, while he slid in slowly, all the way, seven and a half inches into her rectum. She was so tight in there, and as she moved, he felt her muscles squeeze his cock in a wonderful sensation of erotic pleasure, while her passage caressed him. His pubis nudged her buttocks, and he reversed, still moving very slowly. This was the critical time, when many girls, who’d been rushed, said it was too uncomfortable and wanted him to pull out. It was a mistake he didn’t make very often, now.

Mike took his time, feeling her passage slowly ease, as he moved in and out of her, gradually increasing the pace. He listened to her breathing, hearing her little grunt each time he bottomed out, her sigh as he pulled back, and her intake of breath as he pushed back in. He speeded up gradually. He knew he was there though, when he felt her pushing back against him, increasing the pressure and pace. Soon he was slapping into her bum quite hard.

“Is it good, Sofiya?” he asked. “Do you like it this way?”

“Yeah,” she responded in a breathless hiss. “Do it harder. Tickle my bits too.”

Mike reached down under her, and found her cleft with his finger tips, soaked in pre-cum, and slid along, quickly finding her erect clit standing proud of her cowl, like a tiny erection. He flicked it with his fingers, eliciting a jerk, as her over sensitive clitoris sent an electric shock through her aroused pussy. Sofiya once more felt her interrupted climax resume. Mike instantly knew, as he felt her clamping on his cock deep inside her bowels. At the same time, as she'd asked, he upped the pace, and started to slam into her faster and harder. Quickly the slapping of his groin smacking into her buttocks got louder, like someone clapping their hands every second or two. Mike was in ecstasy now. Little girlie sex didn't get much better than this. A willing girl, her disposed mother and time to enjoy it.

The minutes ticked by, and when Mike glanced at his watch, he realised he'd been at it well over an hour. He finally felt the early stirrings of his climax, and slowed down to a stop. He felt her push back against him, her frustration, at his interrupting her ongoing climax.

“How's your pussy feel now, Sofiya?” he asked. “Do you want it in there now?”

“Yes, oh yes, please don't stop,” she gasped, as she again tried to push her pussy against his stationary fingers under her mons.

Mike pulled back, feeling his cock slip out of her bottom. He pushed it down with his fingers the inch to her vagina, and pushed back into her. She gasped again, as she was filled, stretched once more by his long, thick cock, slipping deep into her, where she so needed it. Her climax smashed back into her with greater intensity. She never realised that she screamed out her orgasmic blissful pleasure, which must have made the neighbours wonder who was being fucked half way through the morning. He quickly built the pace again, slamming into the child, feeling her tight pussy clamping again and again on his cock, trying to milk his cum out of him, in it's urgency to get him to give her ever more pleasure.

He held back as long as he could, but he knew the dominos of his climax were already knocking one another down, and suddenly it was upon him, and he blasted deep into her little pussy, again and again knowing this would be his last little girl fuck for a few days. He almost saw stars, as the intensity of his climax washed over him, while his cock pulsed deep inside the child, who was now whimpering in her overwhelming orgasmic release. Finally it was over. They were both breathing heavily, their sweat sticking their bodies together where they touched. She slipped her knees down, now laying on her front, Mike's weight pressing her to the bed. He finally lifted himself from her, and lay alongside her tired, content body.

They clung to each other in a close cuddle for ten or twenty minutes, their hands roaming over each other's bodies, before she eventually moved. “Gotta go,” she said, “I'm leaking.” He watched as her little bottom waddled across the room and out of the door, one hand cupping her pussy. Unfortunately, it was time for him to go.

Maryska was waiting for him when he went downstairs, carrying his bag. Sofiya was still in bed, and had fallen asleep, as he'd got dressed. Her mother would go and tend to her daughter in a while. She was flanked either side by her younger girls, who smiled at him. At that moment, Petrovich came in. Mike put his pack down on a chair, and pulled out a thick envelope, which he handed to the farmer. It contained enough money, in Dollars, to keep the little Ukrainian family for at least a year. Mike knew this corner of the country was vital to the stability of the region, and knowing what was happening, and what the Russians and separatists were up to a key part of that. Petrovich had proved to be very successful in providing much needed information, ably assisted by Sofiya, the beautiful preteen spy. He also knew he would be sent back here before too long, and very much looked forward to returning as soon as possible.

THE END

Find out how Mike gets on in:  
Mike The Mechanic – Book 5 – The Home Coming.

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