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**MIKE THE MECHANIC - Book 1 - Sammy, the little girl next door.  
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**Warning!**

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

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

Summary: Mike Robinson, surveillance and camera expert, moves to a new home and discovers an abundance of young girls live nearby, his new ten year old, next door neighbour, Sammy being one of them. Needing a photographic model for his hobby, Mike soon gets to know Sammy very well indeed.

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**INTRODUCTION**

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Mike Robinson, always known as Mike the Mechanic, was a young energetic tech minded guy. He had not long resigned from the security services. A combination of low pay, low appreciation and the attractive package Eagle Eyed Enterprises (E.E.E.) offered him, had brought him to where he was today. Mike was a specialist in cameras, any camera. Still, movie, low light, infrared, phone camera, hidden, surveillance, motion activated, underwater, digital & film, you name it he knew about it, and had designed many of the more unusual models his former employer relied on. At twenty five years of age, Mike was now very happy with life. He was about five foot ten inches tall, well built, extremely fit, with pale blue eyes, a strong featured face, and unruly sandy coloured hair, which always looked like it needed a haircut.

He had travelled most of the world, working for MI5 & 6 over the years, known collectively as S.I.S. (Secret Intelligence Service) and many of the cameras he'd installed in various embassies and sensitive buildings, were still working fine. Every now and then, E.E.E. were asked, by one or the other of the security services, to second him to install or repair or design a spy camera for them. Because he could enter and leave almost any secure building like a ghost, leaving no trace, he was considered simply the best in the business.

Mike had some hobbies. Not surprisingly, photography was one. Walking in wild, inaccessible and rugged places was another. He loved photographing wildlife and panoramic vistas, and had won many prizes for his work over the years. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than taking his backpack, and hiking across a mountainous or moor land area for days on end, exploring and photographing places almost un-trod by other humans.

Mike was a bachelor. It wasn't that he was gay, or eschewed the company of women, he simply enjoyed his own company. Oh, and the fact that he was a self confessed unrestrained paedophile might have also had something to do with it. Mike never consciously searched for young girls, but somehow they kept coming into his life, and these six stories are some of his exploits.

= 1 =

## Sunday late afternoon

Mike had just finished unpacking boxes. He'd completed the purchase of his new house a few days ago, and collected his belongings in a van borrowed from Harry, his ex-work colleague and best mate. Previously, Mike had shared a rented flat with Harry, in London, close to Millbank and his employers. In the last few days, he had spent a lot of time in Ikea, buying furniture and bedding and everything else he would need. But now, he was in. Home. His own home. At last. His house wasn't huge or glamorous. It was a detached three bedroom place, in the midst of a hundred other similar properties, with views out the back over rolling farmland. The one thing making his house different from the rest, was it being a corner unit, making his rear garden larger, the boundary fence tapering outwards. Space which the previous owner had used to build a swimming pool. Not huge, but a swimming pool, never-the-less. Mike loved swimming, and apart from mountain walking, it was his favourite form of exercise. Back in his college days, he'd swum for the county. It was why he bought this house. That and the little girls living either side of his house.

He grabbed a bottle of beer and a pint glass, popped the crown cap and went outside to soak up some of the late summer evening sun. He watched the golden globe slowly sink behind the hills beyond the sheep filled fields falling away from the housing estate. The sky was turning pink. The sunset would be good. "Worth a photo," he wondered, as he unconsciously glanced down at the camera, on the table, he'd brought out earlier. He was letting his mind drift, when he heard a small voice calling from somewhere.

"Hi mister," it said. He looked around, seeing no one and took another sip of his beer.

"Hi," it repeated, "I'm over here." He looked again, seeing nobody.

A tapping of something against the fence gave him direction. He got out of the grubby old plastic garden chair the previous owner had left behind, and walked over to the sound, tracing it's source. Then he saw a knot hole in the wooden fence, and an eye peering through.

Having heard the voice of a child, he said: "Well hello there, who've we got here, a spy?"

"No," came the reply, giggling, "I'm not a spy, I'm Sammy Bennett."

"Oh, that's all right then," he replied with a chuckle, "you better let me see you then, Sammy Bennett." He heard a scuffling noise, as she moved and dragged something to stand on, before a little round face appeared over the fence. She was blond, with uncombed chest length hair, a smudged dirty face, turned up button nose, and the most intensely cerulean blue eyes he'd ever seen. Beneath the grime, she was a beauty. He reckoned, as his cock gave a lurch, that she would be about ten.

"What are you doing out on your own, Sammy Bennett?" he asked. "Shouldn't you be inside now, doing your homework or going to bed?"

"Nah," she murmured, "Mum's asleep. She's always asleep at this time. I have to make my own tea and get to bed myself. So no one cares what I do, No one knows."

"Want to come over and sit for a while?" he asked. "My name's Mike, by the way."

"Yeah, I know," she muttered as she climbed down, disappearing from view. "Everyone knows your name, mister. Everyone round here knows everything about everyone. Nothing's secret, never is. The last owner told us who you were." The voice was moving further away.

He heard a scraping sound further down the garden, and saw two of the fence panel planks move away from each other, and in a moment, Sammy had slipped through the gap, the planks swinging back into position behind her. The gap had been used by Sammy and her friend Emma, so they could swim in the pool while the house had been empty. She stood and walked passed the swimming pool edge and sat on the only other seat on the patio, facing Mike. He could see she was slim and fit. Perhaps she was keen on sport at school. She was wearing a pair of worn blue jean shorts, cut short, sandals and a crop top, tied at the front, showing six inches of bare midriff. His cock lurched again.

"D'ya do photos, mister?" she asked, looking down at the camera on the table. "Wanna take mine?" she giggled again, as she held a pose, for a moment, as if in a photo shoot. He swiftly picked up the camera, and switching it on as he swung it up to his eye, he snapped several before she knew what had happened.

He smiled at her, as he leaned across, to show her the little images in the screen. With the sunset glowing orange, her face had lit up. The photos were superb, despite the grubby marks on her face; perhaps, because of them.

"You have a photogenic face, Sammy," he said, studying the images closely. "A rare quality," he went on. "I wouldn't mind you modelling for me sometime." He glanced up at her. She smiled, in a non committal way. "I'd pay you, too," he said quietly.

"Hmm?" she muttered. "How much, mister?"

"Well," he screwed up his mouth, and put his fingers to his chin, as if in deep thought, "Oh, I hadn't thought about it. How about £5 an hour, with a little extra if you are good, to sit and look pretty, dressed as you are? You'd need to wash that face of yours first, though."

She grinned and held her hand out to him. "OK, shake," she said.

"What will your mum say, when you ask her?"

"She won't know. I'll come round after school when she's asleep, she stated confidently."

"How can you be so sure?" he asked.

"Every night," she replied, "a man comes round. She gives him money, and he gives her a little plastic bag with some white stuff in it. She goes into the kitchen and then afterwards, she lies on the couch and a few minutes later she's asleep."

"God," thought Mike, who had seen enough drug misery around the world to last a lifetime, "this poor kid. What a life." Having said that, Mike's research, before moving, had already found out that Sammy's mum was a drug addict.

Mike glanced at his watch. It was earlier than he'd thought. It had been a long day with moving in. "Do you want to do a trial run now, see how it goes?" She pouted her lower lip, before smiling and nodding. "Tell you what," he suggested, "you go in and have a really good wash in my bathroom upstairs. My downstairs washroom is full of boxes at the moment. While you do that, I will see if I can find my studio lights. I haven't had time to set up the studio back screens yet, perhaps we'll do that another time. We'll just do some screen shots for now, yeah?"

"OK," she said, "Where's the bathroom." He directed her, before going to find the boxes holding his tripod and lighting.

By the time she came downstairs again, Mike had cleared away an area of the sitting room around his couch, set up his lights and mounted his camera onto the tripod. She walked uncertainly in and sat on the edge of the couch, her hands clasped nervously. Immediately, Mike could see just how beautiful her face was without the grime, and knew she could be a superb model, if she could pose well. Time would tell. She had found one of his combs, and had sorted out her hair and straightened out her clothing a little.

"What do you want me to do, Mike?" she asked, using his name for the first time.

"Well, let's see," he mused, as if he'd never photographed anyone before, trying to put her at ease. "Why not stand for a while, and put a hand on your hip, bend a knee slightly, turn a little away from the camera, face the other way, eyes look at the lens, that's right." 'Click, click, click.'

"Great," he encouraged, "now turn this way slightly, put a foot on the coffee table, rest both hands on one knee, and lean towards the camera. Yes, that's it, perfect." This continued for a series of poses. Mike wondered if he could push the limits a little.

"Turn your back to the camera," he said smoothly, put both your hands on your bottom, look at the camera over your shoulder, and bend over. Perfect. You've got a great bum, you know that?" 'Click, click, click.' "OK, now face the camera, hands behind your head, elbows back, and lean backwards, push your chest towards me. Great." 'Click, click, click.' The various poses continued.

Mike made a show of looking at his watch. "Oh," he said, "the hour's nearly up. We'd better call it a day. Thanks for being my model, you're really good at it. A natural." She glowed at the praise. She watched as he pulled his wallet from his pocket. She'd never had money of her own. Every penny in their house seemed to go to the man who called every night with the little bags of white powder.

"Do you need me to model for you again?" she asked hopefully. "I will if you want."

"I don't know," he responded doubtfully, "you see I usually photograph older girls. You know, over eighteen. I might get into a lot of trouble if anyone found out I was photographing you, especially without your mum knowing."

She looked at the floor, crestfallen. "I suppose so," she said, "I won't tell anyone, I promise."

He eyed her, and sighed, as if going against his better judgement. "OK, I suppose one more session wouldn't hurt." He opened the wallet and looked in, grimacing. "I only have a tenner," he said with reluctance, "Oh, well, I did promise you a bonus if you were good. Here you are."

"What would you like me to wear next time?" she asked.

"Umm, wear a skirt, and a button front blouse. Perhaps bring some different coloured outfits, if you want."

"You said you photograph older girls," she stated. "Does that mean you like taking naughty pictures of them?" she grinned, hiding her mouth behind her hand.

"Sometimes," he replied, "but then, they earn lots of money, so they don't mind. Oh, Sammy," he paused in thought, "if your mum is err not well tomorrow, come round and have your tea with me after school, if you want. We could do that photo shoot, afterwards, if you like." She went home thinking about what he'd said. Her mind was buzzing. She clutched the money, knowing she would have to hide it very well indeed if her mum wasn't going to find it.

= 2 =

Monday afternoon

Mike lay in bed, thinking through the events of the day. Everything had gone far better than he could possibly have planned. Getting Sammy into his house on the day he moved in was amazing. He'd thought that alone could take weeks. He'd bought this house knowing there were several possible target girls living nearby. The fact that the one next door was the daughter of a drug addict was a bonus. He meant the child no harm, quite the contrary, but getting into her knickers was his priority. He had a little bet with himself that he would fuck her before the week was out.

Sammy, too lay in her bed, thinking. The man next door, Mike, seemed nice. He'd been kind to her, given her money as well. She'd have let him photograph her for free. She smiled smugly to herself, she wouldn't tell him, though. She hoped he would ask her again. It was easy money. She wondered how she could get him to do more than just one more session. He'd said she'd got a pretty face and a nice bum. Perhaps he did like her. She needed the money. Mum never gave her any pocket money, and she wanted to buy a mobile phone. It was only cheap and second hand, but it would be hers. Emma, her friend, had one just like it.

The following day, Mike busied himself with hanging pictures and curtains, sorting his computer, and emptying the endless stack of boxes. How all this stuff had fitted in his London flat, he couldn't imagine. By lunch time, he'd broken the back of the job. Next, he went into the den. It was a room about twelve foot square, and was perfect for use as his studio. In the flat, he hadn't been able to set a studio up. There just hadn't been the room, and it had been one of his main reasons for needing to move. He'd bought several Colorama RollEasy ceiling mounted screens, which when in use, he could drop a different background screen colour at a moment's notice. He had two tripod mounted umbrella reflectors and some wall mounted

soft boxes to give blanket lighting. Finally, he brought in a rolled-up thick fluffy rug, which he put on the floor alongside the side wall, and then placed a small royal blue chaise longue in front of the screen to see how it looked. Perfect. Finally, he brought in the mini fridge, which a friend had suggested was a must for studios. He filled it with drinks of all sorts, mainly fizzy, sweet, soft drinks, beloved by all little girls.

Next he went out to a box in the hall, unsealed it and took out some of his work samples. Very small, very high quality, very expensive surveillance cameras, which looked like anything but cameras. They recorded everything on an internal memory card, but were also linked wirelessly, through an encrypted programme to his laptop, where he could monitor the cameras from anywhere in the world. He went into the utility room, where his washing machine, toilet, sink and downstairs shower were. He carefully placed the cameras in strategic points. One faced the shower, although he doubted he'd need that one today. One scanned the whole room, another faced a small chair in the corner and the last was mounted on the side of the vanity unit, looking like a towel hanger, but was less than two feet from the front of the toilet seat. Finally, he set up another couple of cameras in the studio itself. Again he didn't expect to use these yet, but you never know.

He glanced at his watch, and saw it was nearly 4 o'clock. Sammy would be home soon, he hoped. What to feed her for tea? He thought for a moment and inspiration came to him. Ask her!

There was a quiet tap on his back door. "She's been sensible," thought Mike, "she's come round through the back fence, no one would have seen her."

Opening the door after thirty seconds wait, not wanting to seem too keen, he smiled at her wiping his dry hands unnecessarily on a hand towel, as if having just come from the sink. She was standing in her school uniform, a purple 'V' neck jumper, over a white shirt, top button undone, regulation school tie hanging loose over her chest, like all kids, and a pleated skirt in blue and green, which came to a couple of inches above her knees, below which were a pair of white calf length socks, which had both sunk to her ankles.

"Hello Sammy," he said almost sounding surprised, "what can I do for you?"

She looked perplexed. Not sure what to say. He came to her rescue.

"Oh, of course," he said tapping his forehead, "I invited you round for tea, didn't I? How silly of me, how could I forget my beautiful new young friend." She smiled at his clumsy compliment. "Come in, come in," he said, standing aside, waving her into the kitchen. She smiled as she shuffled passed him. She was carrying a large bulging plastic bag with "Aldi" printed on the side.

"How's your mum, today, Sammy?" he asked.

"She's OK, I guess," Sammy replied, "asleep again now though. She's always asleep when I get home from school. Never wakes up 'till morning."

He pretended to be busy, putting some plates away into a cupboard. "What's your favourite food in the whole world, Sammy?" he asked, his head peering around an open cupboard door.

"Oh, that's easy," she replied brightly, "I love McDonald's, but we never have any money, so it doesn't happen very often. Daddy used to take me, but I never see him these days. Why?"

"Well, I'll treat you to a Macky D's then if you like," he said. "How about that?"

"Wow, yes please," she enthused her eyes lighting up and her hair swinging across her face as she turned. "That'll be cool."

"What's in the bag, Sammy?" asked Mike, as if noticing it for the first time.

"Oh," she said, as she opened the top of the bag and peered into it. "I just threw a few things in for me to wear if you want to do some more pictures. Wanna see?" He nodded.

She handed him the bag. He reached in and pulled out a pale blue and white chequered skirt. It was short, like he'd hoped and made of a thin rayon type material. There was a white button front blouse with a woven

pattern. It had once been expensive, but now looked second hand. Further down in the bag, was another skirt, this time in black and finally, a black blouse, with vertical ruffled seams down under each armpit.

"These are nice, Sammy," said Mike encouragingly. "If we have enough time, after we eat, would you like to perhaps have another photo shoot later?" Her enthusiastic nodding told him all he needed to know. "Softly, softly boy," he thought to himself, "no need to rush this. Everything comes to he that waits."

Sammy never hesitated in getting into Mike's car. A man her mother didn't know, and she'd only met the day before, herself. McDonald's was only a five minute drive away. They pulled into the small queue leading to the Drive Thru. He had a regular Quarter Pounder with cheese, while she asked for the 20 piece Chicken McNuggets and fries. By the time they'd got home, she had already demolished half her meal.

Twenty minutes later, Sammy was sipping her third Coke. Mike had smiled when she'd asked for a second, and had said to her she needed to drink lots anyway before going under the hot lights in the studio. She had finished her nuggets before he'd even sat down, and so he'd cut his burger in half and pushed one half across the table. He grinned as she wolfed it down. Looking at his watch, he was surprised to see it was still only a few minutes after five.

"Don't you have homework to do, Sammy?" he asked.

"No, not tonight," she replied in triumph. "the regular teacher's off sick this week, so no homework." She grinned. "Can we do pictures now, Mike?" He smiled at her enthusiasm. Much better for her to demand it than for him to drag her kicking and screaming against her will.

"OK," he said, pensively, looking at her as if thinking through a great plan, "as you're in your uniform, let's start with taking some of you as you are. Come through here, I sorted my studio out today, I think you'll like it."

They went through to the next room, and she looked around at the screens, lights and tripod mounted cameras all ready for use.

"Your shoes are a little muddy, Sammy," he said, "but I think you can just kick them off. Why not go into the utility room. Take your bag of clothes with you, and hang them up somewhere, would you? Give your hands and face a good wash. There's a comb and brush in there too, to just tidy up your hair a bit." He watched as she scampered off to do what he'd asked. He opened his laptop and clicked the camera control app. Four small pictures appeared, one from each camera. She dropped her bag on the seat, then moved to the toilet. She lifted her green and blue tartan patterned school skirt pushed down her panties and sat. He could hear her pissing loudly enough, but the skirt was hiding everything from view. But his little spy cameras were working well.

She returned a minute or two later, her face looking pink from the soap and hot water. Mike set to immediately taking similar photographs to those he had taken the previous evening. Sammy quickly relaxed, and started to show enthusiasm and initiative in her poses. For the first ten minutes, they were all of her standing. Next, he suggested she sit on the chaise longue, her feet along the cushions, her back against the end, while he photographed her from the side, her arm draped on the seat back. She was proving to be a natural model. Next he asked her to hug her knees. She was getting into this, he could see. Her skirt behind her legs slipping, affording him tantalising glimpses of her thighs.

Finally, he pulled up a small light elegant gold coloured wooden chair, with it's back facing the camera, he asked her to sit astride the chair, folding her arms and resting them on the seat back. When he asked her to place her feet on the leg braces, she did so immediately. A little flash of white could be seen as her panties peeked out.

"OK, Sammy," he said, looking at his watch. "that was twenty minutes. Would you like to change into one of your other outfits. Have another drink as well. Help yourself to whatever you want, back there." He pointed to the newly stocked fridge. While she was gone, he flicked through a selection of the photos on the little screen. He also changed the camera battery. He heard the toilet flush again and the door closing, as she returned. This time, Sammy was wearing her small blue and white chequered skirt and white blouse. In her white socks, she looked uncoordinated.

"OK," he said, "We'll do a few of you in standing poses again, then we'll try something else." They quickly went through a series of positions, similar to before. "Right, now, do a spin, like a ballet dancer, pirouette, or whatever they call it. Yes, that's it." As she spun round, her skirt flared out, lifting, showing her white thighs. Her hair flared out horizontally. "That's good, Sammy," he remarked. "We'll take the chairs out of shot now, and you can sit on the floor. I've got a soft fluffy rug you can use.

She sat down, and followed his instructions. Mike certainly was impressed how she picked up on the little details such as how to hold her head, or facing one way while eyes looked another. She lay on her front, chin resting on her palms, elbows bent, with knees bent, feet upwards

Next, Mike got her to sit sideways, in profile to the camera. The back screen he was using at this time was white. All the screens he used were made of cotton, and were long enough to drop down from the ceiling, and curve forward over the studio floor, creating what studio photographers call a scoop, where there appears to be no join between floor and wall.

"Right, Sammy," he said, "could you hug your knees for me. That's great. Now keep one knee up, and the other lay flat. Excellent." After a few minutes, he called a halt, and asked her to come over and sit on the couch while he reviewed the results. They panned through them, together, her shoulder pressed against his chest, commenting on how the photos looked.

"These last one's at the end," he said, pointing to the side on shots, "what do you think about how you are sitting?"

She looked, frowning then realised. "I look all scrunched up."

"That's right, well done," he praised. "You need to learn the knees up position. All professional models do it. Here, I'll show you." He stood, picked up and placed a small foot stool on the floor. It was just over a foot wide, and ten inches, front to back. "OK, sit on that, Sammy," he continued. "Good, now lift your feet and put your heels on the front corners of the stool and cuddle your knees."

As soon as she followed his instructions, she rocked backwards and had to put her feet back on the floor, before falling off, even though the stool was only six inches high.

"Right, now you see the problem," he said, "if you sit up absolutely straight backed, you'll be able to do this." She straitened her back as he suggested, lifted her feet, placed them on the corners again and smiled at him triumphantly. "Well done, Sammy," he smiled at her, "now you're getting the hang of it. After a bit of practice, you'll sit straight backed, without even thinking about it. Now, what you have to do next is holding your back and head exactly as they are, you let go with your arms and put your elbows on your knees. That's good," he said as she tried this, "now, in some poses, you will cup your chin with your hands. Watch it, Sammy, keep your back straight. Lots to think about all at the same time here. To do this, your knees will get pushed apart, but they'll be out of shot when we photograph you anyway. In other poses, still sitting the same way, elbows still on your knees, you move your arms horizontally and interlock your fingers. Now in a moment, you'll sit on the floor, but you have to imagine you're still on the stool, so you sit correctly, OK?" She nodded.

Mike lifted the white sheet back, spread the fluffy floor cushion, pulled the white sheet back over it, then placed a non slip floor mat where he wanted her to sit. It was white one side and black the other. He gestured for her to sit on it.

"OK, we're good to go, Sammy, alright?" she smiled and nodded. "Good," he continued, "remember to concentrate on how you sit, all the time. That's the difference between a professional model and an amateur. So, imagine you're still sitting on that stool. So let's repeat the sideways on shots. That's much better. You'll see the difference in a while. OK relax. Turn, feet towards me now."

Sammy was into the process now. She found Mike explained what he needed in a way she could follow. She was enjoying herself. She spun round, sitting, back and head straight.

"Could you go into knees up position, now please Sammy?" Mike was pretending not to notice that her panties were now in full view. He was trying to keep her mind on her modelling. "Cup your chin with your

hands” he continued. “Good. Shuffle forwards towards me a little, would you, please?” As she slid forwards, the non slip mat gripped her knickers like glue, pulling back on them. “Just a little more forward. Good, that’s enough. Hold that position. Excellent. Now keep your elbows on your knees, and bring your hands down level.”

As she did this, the effect was to push her knees further and further apart and, at last, Mike had a full view of her spread panty clad pussy. The material, as she had moved forward, had pulled right up into her pussy, forming an incredible camel toe up the centre, all the way from the dimple at the top of her cleft, to where the crack of her bottom disappeared under where she was sitting. He could see her gusset was narrow, perhaps less than two inches wide. Where her leg elastic curved round her thighs, the bulge of her vulva could be seen, before it vanished under the white cotton of her panties.

Mike had a very expensive camera. One of the features was that it held two memory cards. So he could flip from one to the other. He flipped it now, and took a series of shots, zooming slowly in on her crotch, until her camel toe filled the whole shot. He then flipped it back and took half a dozen seeing her only from the chest up.

He called another break, and they reviewed the pictures again, side by side on his laptop, while she sipped another coke.

He looked at his watch again, just twenty minutes remained. “Shall we do one more, Sammy?” She nodded enthusiastically. “Right, put your black clothes on, then.”

While she was out of the room, changing, he rewound the white back screen into the ceiling housing and pulled down the black one in it’s place. He turned the non slip mat, black side up, this time. He heard the toilet flush and the tap running, then she returned, smiling.

“I’ve changed the set around, Sammy,” he indicated. “What I want from this session is to focus on your head and face, mainly. Your black clothes will merge with the background, so we will see you more clearly. Let’s start with a few standing poses.”

They repeated some of the same positions as earlier. Then Mike said: “Kneel down, with your hands on your knees. Good. Now lean forward.” He watched how her black blouse fell forward. It was a generous size. “Undo a couple of your shirt buttons, please Sammy, It’s too close to your neck.”

She unbuttoned them in a moment, without hesitation.

“Good, now lean forward again.” She did as requested. “Hmm, still not right. Undo one more, then lean forward. This time, Mike could see down the inside of her blouse, all the way to her belly. He carefully asked her to rotate a little, and suddenly, he was able to zoom right into one of her boobs. A full screen of pre-teen breast. It was cone shaped, perhaps an inch proud of her chest, narrowing into her brown-pink areola, topped with a little rock hard nipple, like a pencil eraser. He flicked the selector down, took a couple of great shots. “Turn the other way, would you Sammy?” Now her other boob appeared and was recorded in high definition. He flicked the selector back.

“Sammy, push your blouse off your shoulders, would you. I want to get a head and shoulders shot without any black showing.”

She pushed the blouse down, and almost showed her breasts, pulling it back up an inch.

“Sit in the knees up position again, would you?” he asked. “Slide a little forward, like before, yes, again.” His cock jerked, as he watched her panties pulled right up into her crack again, forming perfectly to her shape. “Hold that. Yes, now carefully, keep your back straight, put your hands behind your head. Oh, that won’t work. You have black sleeves!”

Sammy blinked. She’d got into the flow of the shoot by now.

“I can pull my arms out of the sleeves if you want,” she said. “Shall I try?”



Without waiting for an answer, she undid the other buttons, and dropped the blouse on the floor beside her. She was now bare chested. Mike couldn't believe it. She was more willing than he'd thought.

"OK, Sammy, nearly finished. Hands behind your head. Great. Now elbows back and hold it."

Mike shot some excellent head and shoulders photos in a few seconds. Then flicking the selector to his "private shots", zoomed out a little so he had head and chest in full.

"Pout at the camera, Sammy, would you?" Snap, snap, snap. "Right last bit, now, feet right back to your bum, elbows back as far as you can and now knees far apart." He'd taken the photos before she realised what the pose must look like. Flicking the selector back again, he took one last photo, as before, which she could see.

Mike looked at his watch again. "Exactly an hour, Sammy. Would you like anything to eat or drink. Shall we look through the pictures together?" She nodded, as she did up her blouse again.

He put the card into the laptop and they flicked through the whole session together, commenting on where she'd blinked, or it was slightly out of focus. None were worthy of comment, no panties or boobs visible. The poses and composure were of a very high standard, and Mike told her so. She glowed with his praise. Finally they came to the very last shot. Her bare chest clearly defined, her spread legs, showing her panties pulled so tightly into her pussy, it was as if she were painted white down there. Short of her being naked, it was an incredibly erotic photo of the child and they both knew it.

"I took this just for a laugh, Sammy. See this button, it will delete it. There we go, it's gone. Bit of fun though, yeah?" She grinned at him, her cheeks pink. The fact that Mike had taken some real close ups of her while the selector had been set to his own collection, was beside the point. She would never know about those photos, not for a few days, anyway.

They chatted for a while about her school, her friends, neighbours and the area they lived in. About anything but photos. She got a little sad, when they touched on the subject of her mum, and Mike put his arm around her. She leaned into his side.

"Well, I suppose I'd better settle up with you, then, Sammy. How much do I owe you?"

She looked a little unsure, when she said: "five pounds, I suppose. That's what we agreed."

"Well," he replied, "as you did the poses even better than I'd hoped for, I'm going to give you £15 today. That's the £5 we agreed, £5 bonus because you tried hard, and as you got your lovely boobies out to show me, I've added another £5." He chuckled, while she blushed again. She beamed with pleasure, though, as he handed over one ten and one, five pound note.

They settled back into the seat again, his arm still draped around her shoulder, she leaning into him, just a little. She realised she liked Mike. He was fun and he tried to make her smile. He'd seen her boobies, and she really didn't mind. Mike reached over, and picked up a blue ring binder file, propped against the side of the couch, which he dropped on his lap. He opened it at the first page. A model of, perhaps eighteen or nineteen was posing in various positions. They were similar to those she'd done yesterday. He then flicked over a dividing page, where another model was shown with a whole series of head and shoulder shots. Again very similar to those they'd just done. He'd taken these photos a couple of years ago.

"I'm using this as a sort of manual," he said. "It helps me plan for the next shoot, so I don't waste time trying to think what to do next." She flipped over the next divider, and there was a series of photos in silhouette. The girl in the pictures was pure black. No features could be made out. It was as if she'd been cut out of black paper, held in front of a bright background in sky blue.

"That's cool," said Sammy, "Is that what you want to try next?" he nodded.

"It's only twenty minutes work, though," he said, "so it's not really worth coming round just to do these."

"Couldn't we do them now?" she said, "It's still early, it's only six o'clock, and if it doesn't take long, we could, couldn't we?"

"Well, OK, if you're not too tired, I suppose we could, I'll set up the screens and lights. While I do that, if you still want to model for me, you could look at what I think we could try tomorrow. It's on the next page."

- 3 -

Monday Evening

Mike got out of the seat, while Sammy flicked the page divider over. There, she saw a series of pictures of a young girl, perhaps her own age, on a beach, playing in the sand with a little plastic bucket and spade. Mike remembered her well. She was Ukrainian, and he'd hired her through a back street modelling agency there. She had been nine, when he'd taken those shots, just before he'd taken her to bed. The girl was wearing a one piece swimming costume in the first batch, and a bikini in the rest. Sammy smiled. She hadn't been to the beach for years. Mummy said they couldn't afford a holiday.

"There aren't any beaches near here, Mike," she said, "we won't be able to do the same as this."

"That's where you're wrong, Sammy," he replied, as he pulled down a white gauze semi transparent sheet screen, from the ceiling, just in front of the camera tripod. "It's all done in the studio. If you come round tomorrow, I'll show you how we do it. Do you have any swimming costumes you could wear?"

"Yeah," she replied, "I have a couple, I think, I haven't worn them in a while."

He went to the rear of the studio, and pulled down a light blue back screen. Moved some lights around into position, then said "Sammy, could you just stand here a moment, while I take a test shot." She stood in the centre of the studio area, while he went back around the white gauze screen. Suddenly, some lights mounted on the walls either side came on making the blue screen really bright. Then, two very bright lights on the floor shone towards the camera from the back, behind where she was standing. All she could see was the side walls, the blue back screen and the gauze screen, which now shone brilliant white. She couldn't see Mike at all.

There was a click of the camera shutter, and he called her round. The lights went dim again. Her eyes took a second to adjust. When she sat beside him, she could see the picture in the camera screen. It was just as he'd shown her in the sample file. She was just a black silhouette.

"Now," said Mike, picking up the file again and opening it at the right page, "as you can see, usually the model would wear a leotard for these shots. Do you see, all that's visible is her profile. No clothing making wrinkles round the edges. The seven year old Hungarian model had actually been naked at the time. When you go round the back of the gauze screen, I won't be able to see you there, only your silhouette, so listen carefully to what I say. Go to the utility room and slip your skirt and blouse off. There's a bathrobe in there you can put on until you're behind the screen. She went out, and was back in less than a minute. He could see her profile, as she moved behind the screen, removing the robe.

"OK, Sammy, I'll take a test shot," he said, "then you can come round again and we'll see if we need to make any adjustments."

The lights went up again and the camera clicked a few times, as Mike adjusted the brightness.

"Hmm," he muttered, "put the robe back on and come and look."

She appeared moments later, and again sat beside him, leaning in to see the camera screen. He naturally put his arm around her shoulder again. The picture was perfect, except there was a white glow around her hips, where the light reflected off her panties.

"Oh, it looks like we won't be able to do this after all," he said in a disappointed tone, pointing out the imperfection to her. "Never mind, perhaps another time, then."

"I'll take them off," she offered, brightly, "if you want, as long as you don't peek," she turned her head and grinned up at him. "You won't be able to see me anyway, behind the gauze, so it won't matter, will it?"

Sammy went behind the gauze screen, and Mike watched her black shadow, as it slipped the robe and panties off, dropping them to the side out of shot.

“Ready,” she said, “tell me what to do.”

“OK, Sammy,” he instructed, “stand sideways on, first of all, hands by your side. Back straight, yes that’s good.” Click, click. “Now lean over to one side and put your hands behind your head. Great” click, click. Now turn and face towards me, good. Feet together, hands at your side, head straight,” click, click. “Nearly finished, hands on hips, elbows back. Stand really straight. Great. Last bit now. Feet far apart, further. Yes that’s it.” Click, click. “Just for fun, when I say go, keep your feet where they are, but bend your knees a bit, and lean backwards as far as you can, without falling over.”

He saw her reposition herself, and heard her call: “OK”. Mike flicked a pre-select button on the camera. It had taken an hour this afternoon, to get the lighting and camera settings right for this. All the back lights suddenly went out, and the two spot lights in front of Sammy, unused until now, flashed as he pressed the camera shutter. He flicked the selector button, changing the memory stick, and pressed the shutter again.

“What happened, Mike,” Sammy asked, “different lights flashed, that time.”

“I don’t know,” Sammy he lied, “I must have pressed a wrong button. You can get dressed, now, then you can come and look at the results on the laptop, if you like.”

“OK,” she said, “I won’t be a minute.

Mike put the memory card into the laptop, and smiled, as he heard the toilet flush for a fourth time this evening. He’d watch her pissing later.

Sammy returned a minute later, and sat leaning against his side. She lifted his arm over her shoulder, where it had been before. “A very good sign,” thought Mike, as he started clicking through the series of silhouette photos. They looked excellent, and Sammy said so. As the profile shots appeared, the little conical bumps of her bare chest stood proud. Her erect nipples, plain to see. Lower, the bulge of her mound stood out like a small hill, before curving down into her groin. “You have a beautiful profile,” Sammy, he praised.

Then the last shot came on the screen. She gasped, for there she was in full view, feet far apart, knees bent, as she leaned backwards. Her pussy fully exposed and open to the camera. The cowl of her little clitty poking out from her slit, her mound projecting itself out towards the viewer. Further down, her cleft parted between her inflamed labia, and her partly open vagina was fully visible, her pink, coral coloured interior glistening. She was damp. It looked to Mike as though she was aroused. Her perineum looked stretched, and beneath, her anus could be seen, between the globes of her trim bottom cheeks.

They must have both stared at the picture for a full five seconds, each with thoughts racing around their heads.

“Ohmygod, ohmygod,” said Sammy, stuttering as she subsided into silence. She placed her hand over the screen. “You can’t look, don’t. Delete it would you?”

Mike nodded, and clicked the delete button. Sammy subsided back into the seat, a soft sigh came from her.

“You mustn’t ever tell my mum you saw that Mike,” she muttered. “She’d be ever so cross. It’s definitely deleted, isn’t it?”

“Yes, sure, Sammy, flick through the photos yourself.” He watched as she clicked the mouse, double checking.

“I think I’d better pay you a bit more for that, Sammy, don’t you?” She looked at him with an unreadable expression. Mike pulled out his wallet, and handed her £5. He then pulled out £10 more. “Here you are Sammy,” She took the money, smiled at the amount, and slipped it into her pocket. She’d made £30 in just under an hour and a half. That was £40 in two days. She’d never had so much money “You will keep all that money safe, won’t you?”

Sammy nodded. "I hide it inside my teddy bear, Mummy would never think to look there. If she did, she'd take it. She's always looking for extra money."

"It's only quarter past six, Sammy," he said, looking at his watch. "Do you want to go home now, or would you like to come through to the sitting room and I'll plug the laptop into the TV, and we can look at what we've got, delete the bad ones and edit the others, where we need to?"

Mike carried the laptop through to the other room, and plugged in an HDMI lead into it and the other end into the big screen TV. He pressed a couple of buttons, and the first picture appeared on the giant screen. The only seat the HDMI cable would reach was an armchair. So Mike sat in it, with the laptop on his lap. He glanced across at Sammy, who was obviously unsure where to sit, as the settee was covered in unopened boxes from the move, and the only other chair was at the back of the room. Seeing her uncertainty, he waved her over.

"Sit on my lap, if you like, Sammy," he offered, "lift the computer up and put it on your lap. We'll manage."

She came over and picking up the laptop, turned and sat on his lap, bringing the computer down on her own thighs. He placed his left hand around her lower tummy, resting it there, and his right, on her thigh, near the laptop.

They started scrolling through the pictures, both commenting on the good, bad and indifferent. Many were deleted. Mike had some very good editing software, which he used every now and then to enhance, brighten or crop photos. Eventually, they came to the photo set, where she was on her hands and knees, and her blouse was gaping open.

"That's a sexy pose, don't you think?" he said, matter-of-factly.

"Hmm, I guess," she responded, shuffling slightly on the slight bulge in his jeans.

They scrolled further on, coming to the photos of her dressed in black, with the black background. Her skin showed up in sharp contrast to the black. She looked beautiful, and he said so. Then, came the ones where he'd taken head and shoulder poses, her bare skin seeming to shine out from the black. She really liked how they looked. Then, one of the photos just showed her little cone shaped breasts at the bottom of the picture. He felt her stiffen, then relax again.

"I'll crop your boobies out of the picture, Sammy," he said, moving the mouse. "You've got really nice boobs, though. You know that?"

"Do you think so?" she asked, looking down at her chest, "they've only started to grow recently. They're tiny still. Mum won't buy me a training bra, she says I don't need it yet."

"Yes, I think they're lovely," he said, lifting his left hand up her tummy and sliding it over her little breast, cupping its shape. She immediately put her hand over his. There was a moment when he was sure she would sweep his hand away, but instead, she pressed his hand onto her chest. They carried on looking at the last of the pictures. Finally, he closed the laptop, and put it to one side. The fingers of his left hand gently caressed her little cone, feeling it swell under his touch, her nipple hardening. She leaned back into his chest, both silent, lost in thought. He didn't want to frighten her, and after a minute, lowered his hand back to her tummy, cuddling her into his chest.

"Are you happy to do the last shoot tomorrow, Sammy?" he asked. "If you are, I'll get the beach set up."

His question caught her a little by surprise, as she was still feeling the tingly warmth sweeping through her, from her chest, where he'd rubbed her, right down to her pussy. She had to think what he'd just asked. "Oh, yes, Mike, thanks. Why will it be the last one? I've really enjoyed doing the photos and modelling for you?"

That's because the next step is inappropriate for someone your age, Sammy. I will be looking for an older model, you know, over eighteen, so if you know of someone who might be interested, could you let me know?"

"What sort of photos are they, Mike?" she asked.

"I don't suppose it would hurt for you to see them," he said, reaching for the blue ring binder folder. He flicked the pages over to the silhouette set, then passed the beach set, he intended to shoot tomorrow and turned the divider. There was a set of professional photos, of a girl, of perhaps twenty, removing her clothes, and ending in mild soft core poses. They were beautifully composed, and tastefully done. Mike had actually paid the Latvian model just £5 an hour. She had been pleased enough. She'd been a student at the university.

The poses were almost the same as she had done yesterday, just without clothes. She blinked, not sure what to say. She had really needed the money. And now with what she'd earned from Mike in just two days, and the promise of more tomorrow, she was half way to getting her phone. Her mind was in a spin.

"Well, it's half past six, I suppose you'd best get off home," he suggested, "unless you want to watch a bit of telly with me."

She half turned, and put her arms around his neck, and hugged him, surprising Mike. He put his arms around her waist and hugged her back. They sat like that for several minutes.

"Mike?" she asked in a quiet tone.

"Hmm?" he murmured, knowing exactly what she was about to ask him.

"These photos, you want to take. Why do you need to take photos of naked girls? And, the other thing, what will happen to the pictures afterwards? I mean will they all go on the internet or something?"

"Oh, I don't think so," he said "I just want to take them for the practice, like I did yesterday and tonight. The naked human body, is the most challenging and rewarding thing in the entire world to photograph well. It's a bit like photographing a beautiful mountain panorama at dawn. To do it right, the results look beautiful. If you do it wrong, it looks, well, wrong. But, in answer to your question, whoever I photograph, the pictures will go on an encrypted file, where only I could open them. Just imagine if my computer was stolen and they were found. If the file is encrypted, they can only be opened with the right password. Why did you ask?"

"If I posed for you," she said hesitantly, "I'm not saying I will, I want to think about that, but if I agreed, what happens then?"

He looked at her, his face serious. "I'm not sure I can photograph you for those. I mean, I would get into a lot of trouble if anyone found out about them, Sammy. And anyway, what would you do with all that money? Nude modelling pays much better than regular work." She blinked at that, as he knew she would.

"I wouldn't tell anyone, ever, Mike. I told you that yesterday. And, as I said, I'm not sure I'd do it." She looked at him sheepishly. "How much would you pay, Mike?"

"Well if it were all legal, and the person was eighteen, and say needed tuition, as they were a beginner, then I suppose I would be willing to pay £25 or £30 for an hour and for the advanced stuff another £10 or £15. Why?"

"What sort of advanced stuff?" she asked reasonably.

"More complex poses," he said vaguely, "harder to do, but the money is much more."

"And, if it were me," she continued, "how much would you pay me, if I did it?"

"Well," he said, "if it were you, and we did the simple stuff like yesterday, but nude, bearing in mind I could get into a lot of trouble, and you are a beginner, I suppose it would have to be, say, twenty, and if you tried hard like before, I'd make it thirty. How's that sound? What do you want all this money for anyway?"

Her eyes lit up, thinking through the figures. She'd already earned £40, tomorrow should be another £15, and if she agreed, she could be up to £85. It was tempting.

"Well, Mike," she said reaching into her pocket, pulling out a battered phone, "see this, well it's only an old phone. Doesn't work, but I pretend it works. It's only my friend Emma who knows. Problem is everyone keeps asking for my number, and, well, it makes me look stupid if I'm the only one in school without one. I found a second hand one. It's an old type, that's been updated, but it's £100, and maybe I could just about afford it with your help for a few more nights. But I'm not sure about it. Can I let you know tomorrow?"

"Sure, Sammy. Anyway, I haven't said I'm willing to do it. I only said if it were you....."

"I know," she interrupted, "can we both think about it?"

"Sure honey, sure."

Half an hour later, Sammy left, and sneaking back through the hole in the fence, returned to her lonely home, and somnolent mother.

Mike went through to the utility room, and pulled the cards from each of his hidden cameras. He poured a whisky, opened up the camera app and sat back in the armchair, to watch the recordings on the wide screen TV. The first he put in, covered the shower, and had 'no activity' showed in the control panel. The second was a wide angled camera, and covered the whole room. He watched, as the girl came in and changed and used the toilet. There was no clarity or definition.

The third covered the chair in the corner of the room, where she had placed her bag of clothes. This time, she stood directly in front of the camera and he enjoyed watching her undress out of her school uniform, down to her underwear, before putting on the white top and pleated blue and green skirt. He loved being a voyeur. The next clip showed her take off everything including her panties. He looked at her bottom in it's full glory. He froze the frame, to appreciate every curve in her beautiful figure. He pressed play, to continue. Her naked form disappeared from the shot. He heard the noise of the toilet seat being dropped and her tinkling as she peed. When she returned, she dressed quickly, but he enjoyed watching her little bottom wobble until she pulled her panties back on.

The last clip on the card only showed her strip off down to her panties, and walk out of view. The panties were thrown from behind the camera, then he heard her peeing again. After, she came back into view. This time, she bent right over, doing something to her toe. Her little anus opened right up. She was standing no more than two feet from the camera, and it recorded her in full colour HD. Finally, she put on the black clothes, and was gone.

He looked forward to the last memory card. It opened, with Sammy walking in front of the camera. Because it was so close to her, all that could be seen was a blurred movement of her pleated blue and green skirt. Then it was lifted out of view, showing her little thin legs, and white cotton panties. These were suddenly swept down, and she sat, her feet swinging back and forth. Mike couldn't make out much, as her knees were pressed together. She peed for about twenty seconds, then as she stood, her skirt dropped, hiding what he wanted to see, as she pulled up her panties beneath them. She dropped the seat lid, and flushed the toilet.

The second clip was much more interesting. This time, she entered the shot completely naked. First she bent over the toilet, to raise the seat lid. As she did so, her lovely bottom tensed slightly, the globes of her buttocks parted a fraction, revealing the crack of her bottom, and the little brown, asterix hole of her anus, winking out at him. She sat down, but this time, she leaned back against the cistern. Her knees parted, and he could now see her cleft perfectly clearly. The slip of skin of her clitty, he'd seen earlier was now bigger, engorged, slightly flushed. Her urine flowed from her in a stream, dropping into the pan. When she'd finished, she brought her hands to her cleft. She moved her knees wide apart at this point, and placed her fingers onto her labia, and pulled them apart, opening her cleft wide. She looked down carefully, as if inspecting herself. Holding herself open with one hand, she ripped off some paper from the roll, and dabbed her vagina. She inspected the paper, before dropping it down between her thighs into the pan.

The last clip was a disappointment, in that she was dressed, reached under her black skirt, and pulled down her panties. Afterwards she reversed the procedure, which had hidden everything from his view. Mike clicked on the previous clip, to watch it a second time. By now, he'd got his cock out, and was giving it a healthy workout.

The final display of the night was when he pulled the second memory stick out of the studio camera and slotted it into the laptop. There weren't that many pictures in the file, but every one of them was spectacular. The first, showed Sammy's panties, she was sitting in the knees up position. She had slid forward, and the cotton had pulled deeply into her cleft, forming one of the most erotic camel toes of all time. The next shot was closer and the next, until her panty covered mound and cleft completely filled the picture. Next, she was on hands and knees, and the camera caught her little conical boob, looking down inside her top. He could see her nipple, although tiny, was hard and projecting out from her areola, darkened with arousal.

The next selection, showed her chest, as she sat in the knees up position. She was wearing her black skirt here, but had removed the blouse. He had caught her perfect pre-teen breasts in a series of shots he would look at again and again. Her whole body, he now realised, was utter perfection. There was nothing better, in his mind, than close up views of puffies. Every girl developed differently, so every one was exciting in her own way. Her skin was as smooth as silk. Skin he soon hoped to run his fingers over exploring her beautiful curves.

The last photo was a one off. It was the one he took by deception, when they were running the silhouettes. In the pose, she was leaning backwards, counterbalanced by her knees being bent and pushed towards the camera. Her thighs were wide apart, as were her feet, and in centre shot, was her pussy in all it's glory. Nothing was hidden. Her cleft was parted, her clitty now poking out of it's hood, her mound rounded, dominating the top of the picture, split by her cleft and dimple. Below, her parted swollen labia swept into her beautiful vagina, and as he zoomed into her damp entry, where her pink and coral coloured passage disappeared into her, he could even make out her hymen, with copious amounts of aroused dampness. He couldn't help himself, he blasted out his orgasm. His arousal had built up throughout the evening, his cum shooting into the air, as he studied her detail, memorising every crease, line and mark. She would never be a stranger to his mind again. But what he had in store for tomorrow night was even more arousing, and shame was, she would never know anything about it.

Sammy lay in her bed in a trance. She had only met Mike yesterday, and yet, he had already seen pictures of her nude. It sent a shudder down her, all the way to her pussy, which she was cupping with one hand. Sammy wondered what Mike thought of her. Was she just a model to him, or did he like her a bit. She hoped he did. He had said he thought her boobies were lovely, hadn't he? She couldn't believe she was thinking about posing nude for him. Letting him see her body, every bit of it. Her fingers slipped into her cleft, finding that spot near the top. Would she do it, Could she? Her mind drifted off, as her climax approached. She knew this one would be good, she could feel the slippery damp, now, it made it feel so much nicer.

= 4 =

Tuesday Afternoon

Sammy arrived at 4:30, only minutes after Mike had seen her jump off the school bus down the street. She appeared to be almost as excited as he himself felt. "Hi, Mike," she greeted him brightly, as she dumped her clothes bag on the floor. "Are we going to Mack D's again?" She saw his expression, and pouted. "Pretty pleeeeeease." She grinned when he smiled and nodded.

He had been busy today. He had disciplined himself into unpacking more of his boxes in the morning, even though he so wanted to set the studio up. But at twelve noon, he had driven to the builders merchants. There he had bought five bags of silver sand, the type used for childrens' sand pits. He also got a small green plastic tarpaulin.

Next, going into the centre of town, he parked and went into a charity shop. They had a child's plastic bucket and spade, which he bought, but he didn't find the main thing he was looking for, and moved on to the next charity shop. he was on the point of giving up, when the fourth shop had what he wanted. It was a white one piece swimsuit, suitable for an eight year old, made of a thin stretchy polymer fabric. When he got home, he sat at the kitchen, put on his reading glasses and very carefully unpicked the little pad sown inside the gusset, making sure all the loose ends from the costume were removed. He put it into the washing machine, with some of his shirts, and set it running. When it was dry, he inspected it, perfect, folded it and put it on a shelf in the utility room.

Going into the studio, he re-wound the screens from last night, and then pulled down the thick cotton green screen, down the wall and forward across the studio floor. On top of this, he spread the new green tarpaulin,

pressing down as many of the creases as possible. Next, he brought in the bags of sand from the car, and emptied them onto the tarpaulin. He spread the sand out, but left a heap in the centre for Sammy to build her sandcastle.

Fifteen minutes after she had arrived, they were back from McDonalds, and Sammy had demolished her own Grand Big Mac Bacon, with extra fries, and was just finishing Mike's cheeseburger, which she said would only make him fat. He was astonished by her capacity for eating. As she slurped her massive Coke, Mike gave her a run down of what the plan was for today.

"Did you find your swimsuit, Sammy?" he asked, wiping his mouth and fingers with the paper napkin. She nodded in response. Reaching down, she pulled the contents of the bag out and dumped them on her lap. She held up a little red bikini, with thin straps. It seemed to be made up of tiny little triangles of cloth, stitched together.

"Yes, that'll do fine," said Mike, picking up the bikini and holding it to the light. "What else?"

Sammy picked up a green one piece costume, and held it up for him to see. Mike laughed. Sammy felt quite offended. It was her newest swimsuit. She gave him a look as if she expected the ground to swallow him up.

"No, Sammy," he said, trying not to laugh, "there's nothing wrong with the costume, it's lovely. You just won't be able to wear it for the photo shoot."

"Why not?" she asked.

"It's easier if I show you, OK. If you've finished eating my dinner, we'll make a start." She stuck her tongue out at him, as she grabbed the last fry on his plate. She was starting to like Mike. He was fun.

"Go and get into your bikini, Sammy," he instructed. "I'll go and switch the lights on in the studio."

She came into the studio a couple of minutes later, wearing the red bikini and clutching the one piece costume in her hand.

"Come over here. Stand in the middle of the set, and hold up the costume in front of you. Yes, that's right." Click, went his camera, as the lights flashed. "Come over here, I'll show you." He'd moved the seating around in the studio, and the only chair was a single basket woven easy chair with cushions. He pulled the memory stick from the camera, picked up his laptop and sat down. He glanced at her and patted his lap. She sat on him and leaned back. He placed the laptop on her naked thighs, and unfolded the screen.

Mike opened up his sophisticated photo editing software, It made Photoshop seem very amateur. He clicked a couple of icons. On the screen, appeared a series of beach photographs.

"Pick a beach you like the look of Sammy," he said, "one you'd like to sit on."

She looked along the pictures, and pointed to one of what looked like a south sea island, with white-golden sands stretching in the distance, with palm trees drooping over the top of the sands.

"OK," he said, moving the mouse around "that's where you'll go on holiday today." She grinned at his silliness. She was aware of his left hand cuddling round her waist, his fingers on her tummy, just above her bikini panties. It felt nice.

There were now two pictures on the screen, side by side. One of the beach, the other he had just taken of Sammy holding up the costume. He clicked on her picture, and here she was, full screen, holding the suit up. He clicked another and the two pictures were side by side again. Next he clicked and held the mouse button, and dragged her photo over the picture of the beach, and when he released it, she appeared just as if she was standing on the beach. Except, she had a great big hole in her chest, the shape of the costume she was holding up.

"It's called green screen separation, and the programme makes anything green, turn transparent. So you were in front of the green screen when we took the photo, and the green is now the beach behind you. But your costume is green too, so you can see the beach through you. Oh, look, there's a tree there. I can see



two coconuts where your boobies should be.” She giggled at his silly humour. His hand on her tummy now felt hot. She wondered why.

“We won’t be able to use your one piece, Sammy, sorry. Looks like today’s shoot will be quite short.”

“Does that mean I won’t get paid as much?” she asked, reasonably.

“I suppose...,” he started, fading off, “I know, there is one possibility.” She looked at him hopefully. “Well, one of the previous owners left a swimsuit in the pool changing hut. I wonder if that might fit. It’s clean, I put it through the washer. You can try it on later. If you can get into it, we can do a full session. If not, we’ll just do the first half, OK? Alright, young lady, let’s get started, then.” He lifted the laptop with his right hand, and as she rose, he placed his left on her bottom, and gently pushed her up. He enjoyed the feel of the thin material, and beneath it the firm form of her buttocks. She looked over her shoulder and smiled. They both knew a line had just been crossed.

The next twenty minutes was spent with Sammy playing in the sand, just as she wished. She dug, made sandcastles, knocked them down and did what any kid her age does on a beach. Mike used his camera hand held, and moved around her to get the best positions and angles. He enjoyed it particularly when she was on hands and knees, her bottom towards him, her thighs spread, her vulva pressing against the thin red cotton of her costume. A hint of a camel toe giving tantalizing hints of what lay beneath. Mike really enjoyed this session. It was relaxed and fun. Sammy did too.

Eventually, he called a halt, told her to brush the sand off her feet and join him to review the pictures. They sat as before, she wriggled her bottom on his lap and shuffled back against his chest in a relaxed manner, and pulled the laptop onto her knees. She lifted his left hand, and pulled it round her, pressing it to her bare tummy. She liked that.

Mike took each photo in turn, and using the mouse, dragged them over the beach scene. He positioned her images so it looked right, then saved them each as a new file. It took him ten minutes to complete them all. When he’d finished, he put the laptop down and cuddled her to him tightly, his hands around her lower belly, just touching the elastic of her bikini waist.

They sat silently for a few moments, before Mike asked: “Do you enjoy modelling, Sammy, you seem to be very good at it, you know? I notice once I’ve told you something, you seem to remember next time, like keeping your back straight.”

“Yes,” she replied, “I enjoy it more than I thought I would. I like it when we look through the pictures and find some which look really nice. I suppose it’s a feeling of achievement. You know, about tomorrow,” she blushed a little. Changing the subject to one on both their minds, she asked: “You know, the nude photos, do you need to know today? I mean, can I think about it for a bit?”

“Well,” he said doubtfully, “I’m back at work on Monday, and after that I will be away for some time, probably at least a week or ten days. Really I need to know before you go tonight. Anyway, I haven’t said if I’m willing to do it myself. I mean one wrong word from you, and I’d be in jail.”

“I already told you I wouldn’t say anything,” she responded in an affronted tone. “You said no one else would ever see them.”

“That’s right,” he muttered.

“What would you do with them then?” she asked bluntly.

“I think every now and then, I would take my computer to bed with me, and have a look at them and have a little quality time with myself.”

Sammy looked blank for a moment, then blushed bright red, as she suddenly understood his meaning. “Oh, I see. Hmm. Would that be often?”

“With someone as pretty as you, Sammy,” he said, squeezing her tummy a little tighter, “at least once a week. Now what about the next session. Are you ready?” She nodded. He told her where she would find the

white one piece costume. "Oh, one more thing, Sammy," he said, "I want you to imagine you're on that beach, playing with the sand. You've just come out of the sea. You've been swimming. You're all wet, but having a wonderful day playing, OK?" She nodded understanding.

"Keep all that in mind while we take the shots. Think of nothing else, you're on holiday, on the beach really enjoying yourself. You can hear the sea pounding on the sand, the birds calling and the wind blowing through the trees. Don't think about what I'm doing. It will show in the results. Now, what I need you to do, is go into the utility room. Take off the bikini, and take a shower. Wash your hair. There's some shampoo in there. Then put on the white costume, and get it wet too, like you've just come out of the sea, OK? When you're ready, put on the bathrobe that's in there and come straight out."

She smiled. This sounded like fun.

He watched her go out, and picked up the laptop again, and opened the camera app. Four miniature pictures appeared, showing her to be by the chair. He clicked on the icon for the camera covering that, and watched as she quickly pulled off the bikini, dropping the pieces on the floor. Then, he switched cameras, as she walked naked to the toilet, and sat on the seat. Her legs were swinging back and forth, as he watched her urine flow from her urethra in a golden flow. She jumped off, without wiping herself, flushed the lever, and walked to the shower, where he clicked into see what she did.

Sammy turned the tap on, and watched as the first blast of cold water shot out. She reached onto the shelf, and pulled down the costume. She shook it open, with both hands, and frowned as she saw how small it was. "Would it fit?" she wondered. Mike watched as she got under the flow, and held her head back, eyes closed, wetting her long hair and body. She reached for the shampoo, and applying a good dollop, quickly started to lather up her hair. While the soap soaked in, she grabbed the shower gel, and washed down her body.

Mike was enthralled, as she washed her pussy thoroughly. He was mesmerised as she ran her fingers back and forth through her cleft, far more times than was necessary, even if some sand had got in there. After she'd rinsed her hair, she reached down for the swimsuit. She stepped into the leg holes, and worked the garment up her legs, and over her bum. She grabbed the top, and pulled it upwards. He could hear her grunt with the effort. Had he bought one too small? Finally, putting her arms through the straps, she lifted them over her shoulders. The front of the costume only just covered her breasts. She plucked at the material, adjusting it, as it stretched over her. She stood back under the water flow, and as the water cascaded over her, the transformation was immediate and exactly as Mike had hoped for. It turned almost transparent. Not only that, but the suit was so tight, it was pulled deeply into her bottom. But best of all, he thought, she seemed not to notice how revealing the costume was. Mike was almost cuming. He couldn't wait to get her in front of the camera. She finally switched the water off, pulled the robe on, and padded to the door. Mike clicked off the app on his computer.

She came into the studio. "How's it feel, Sammy?" he asked, "did it fit? Will you be OK for the second session, or do we need to call it a night?"

"No, Mike, it's fine," she said anxiously, hoping it didn't look too tight on her "the suit's OK, fits fine, don't worry."

"Right, we need to do this quickly," he instructed, "I don't want the water to dry off, before we've finished. You've just come out of the sea, remember. Take the robe off and do exactly what you did before. I'll tell you what else to do after, OK?" She grinned and nodded. She was enjoying herself ever-so-much.

Sammy really liked the beach session. She picked up the bucket and spade and started playing in the sand like before. She already knew how good the end results would be. She ignored the camera flashes. She made sandcastles and dug heaps and holes. She crawled around, facing all ways on hands and knees, she sat cross legged. She even lay on her back for a moment, and lifted herself up in a bridge position, hands and feet planted into the sand behind her. Like before, she never noticed Mike was using the camera hand held. In fact she didn't really notice him at all. Then suddenly he called time.

"I was going to ask you to do some special poses," he said, looking at the back screen on his camera, "but I think you've covered it all. I think we're done. Brush off as much of the sand as you can Sammy. Go and

quickly rinse off in the shower. You can put the robe on afterwards. You can get dressed later. Then, we'll look at what we've got, together."

He watched as her little bubble bum waddled across the room, as she went to the utility room. Flicking the camera app on again, he watched her as she got in the shower, and peeled off the costume and rinsed off the sand, which seemed to have got into every crevice of her body. Certainly she had to rub her fingers through her cleft time and again, to get it all out. When she'd finished, she switched off the shower, pulled on the robe, grabbed a towel and headed for the door. Mike was amazed she didn't even dry herself.

She padded in, wet footprints and water drips, on the carpet. "Have you started without me?" she asked. Mike realised how much she was getting out of this modelling. Perhaps she had a future in it. Sammy stood in front of him, piled her wet hair on top of her head and wrapped a towel tightly round it, tucking the ends in. She picked up the computer, and turning, sat on his lap, as if she'd done it for years. Sammy was aware of the lump beneath her she was sitting on, and guessed what it was. "Could Mike like me?" she wondered, "did he fancy me?"

Mike flipped open the laptop lid, and started to edit the photos exactly as before. However, both of them immediately saw the difference. The suit she'd been wearing was almost transparent, and it was pulled into every crevice of her young nubile body. She looked almost naked. When her back was turned, her bottom could be seen, her crack displayed, even her rosebud showed through. When she went on hands and knees, some shots were from behind, and her vulva could be seen, bulging out between her thighs, her cleft parted, her vagina showing as a dark dip in the cotton. When she was facing the camera, on her knees, upright, her mound stood out proudly above her dimple, leading to her wide cleft, parting her two swollen labia. Her breasts pushed at the costume, their cone shape colour and form, on display as if naked. Sammy had gone strangely quiet, as Mike edited and saved each of the results. Finally he'd finished, and laid the computer to one side.

"What did you think to that last set, Sammy. I thought they were absolutely beautiful. They were natural. It really looked like you were on a beach having a great time. I think they're the best shots so far. It's a shame the costume didn't fit properly, it showed a bit more of you than we wanted, didn't it? But on the other hand, they are, sort of sexy, wouldn't you say?"

"I suppose," she replied, "but those pictures, they make me look bare, you can see everything, absolutely everything. There's nothing hidden at all."

"Do you want me to delete them?" he asked, "I will if you're unhappy, like I did yesterday. Then I will settle up with you and we'll call it a day. Here, I think I've got a £10 note," he said, reaching into his pocket.

"No, no, that's not what I meant," she said, "I was just taken by surprise, that's all." She gave him a coquettish look. "Will you have a quality time looking at those?"

"Definitely, most definitely," he smirked at her, challenging her expression, "perhaps even tonight." He was silent for a moment before saying: "Well, we've finished the photos for today. Shall we go through to the other room? I'd like to view today's work on the big screen. It's more comfortable in there. Do you need to get home early, or are you OK for time? It's not six, yet."

She stood, and moved towards the door. "Mum's in a really deep sleep today, she won't wake until tomorrow. When she's like this, sometimes she doesn't get to work in the morning. She works at the hospital, and they understand."

Mike plugged in the computer to the TV, and sat down in the armchair. Sammy immediately sat down on his lap, leaning back against him pulling his arm around her tummy. Mike clicked the mouse on 'slideshow', and let the computer pan through the photos one at a time. He put his other arm around her, their hands now intertwined over her tummy, while they looked at her images on the screen, dressed only in her tiny red bikini. They commented on various poses and positions. They agreed it really looked like she was playing on a real beach.

The set finished, and Mike clicked on the file for the white one piece costume, and set the slide viewer to run on slow, so he could study each picture for longer. Right from the start, they both knew the atmosphere in

the room had changed. There was now a tension. The images were very graphic, erotic, not dirty, but sensual. Mike said so to her, reassuring her that they were good, really good.

She felt his erection, now, under her. She moved a little, trying to press herself against it. She moved again, lifting one knee, adjusting herself. Her robe slipped down off that knee, her thigh now showing. She seemed not to bother about it.

"I know you're worried about the nude poses tomorrow, aren't you?" he asked her. "why is it so important, this phone you want?"

"But, Mike, everyone in the school has one, I'm the only one without," she said sadly. "If I can only earn that £100, I could get it."

"What about the monthly contract for airtime?" She looked at him in alarm. "That could cost you well over £10 a month, and for a decent package, I'd say £15, or more. That's nearly £200 a year. Have you thought about that?"

She looked at him with disbelief. She hadn't thought this through at all. "No," she muttered.

Mike clicked the computer to halt the show. The image on view at that moment, was a real close up of her bottom, pointing towards the camera, her bum crack wide apart, her rosebud a brown shadow, clearly visible, her vulva pushed out between her thighs, swollen, filling the gap between her legs. Her vagina was dilated and the entry to her passage invited the viewer right in.

But, I was wondering," he continued, "what happens when your mum sees you with a nice new shiny smart phone? Will she say, 'That's nice dear', or will she say, 'Where'd you get that, give it here, I never said you could have one, I can sell that'? You see where I'm coming from?" She nodded miserably. "So, what I am trying to say is, if you could afford a new phone, which you can't, you wouldn't be able to afford the contract, if you could afford the phone and the contract, your mum would probably steal it off you, anyway, right?" She nodded again in defeat. He let her think about that for a few seconds, before adding: "I might have an idea for you, Sammy, but I'll have to think it through a bit, though. But I think I might be able to fix all those things for you, so you get your phone and get to keep it." He gently placed his hand on her naked thigh, where the gown had parted.

"I know a little about phones. In my line of work, I have re-built a few. Perhaps I could do something with the one you've got. Want me to have a look at it? I'll see what can be done."

"It's in the utility room, I'll give it to you before I go." Mike wasn't sure whether she meant to, or not, but she parted her knees a couple of inches. Was it an invitation? He moved his fingers very slightly down, across between her inner thighs. She moved her leg a fraction further again, and smiled at him. Not being slow on the uptake, Mike gently moved his hand up under the edge of the robe, and in less than an inch, found his fingers pressing against her naked, damp, pussy.

"Do you mind?" he whispered in her ear. She shook her head, not trusting herself to answer him. He turned his hand, cupping her whole pudenda, the heel of his hand over her bulging, warm, hairless, mound, his palm curving over her cleft, where her mons swept into her vulva, the tip of his middle finger just feeling dampness at the lower end of her cleft. He held himself there, not moving, for what seemed an hour, but was probably only a minute or two. She was willing him, and she moved her pussy forwards against his fingers, in invitation. He responded by gently, very gently, moving against her, slowly stimulating her. Not rushing, not wanting to scare her. He caressed her sensuously, letting his finger tips trace her shape, not pushing into her, but instead, almost teasing her. It was driving her wild. He wanted her to rise, but not too far, to be rewarded with a little bit of heaven, but not be sated, demanding more, much more.

He moved his hand up, his finger oozing into her cleft, picking up her damp arousal on the way, until he felt the bottom of her cowl, hiding her tiny clitoris. He moved the pad of his finger tip over her hardening slip of skin in microscopic touches, stimulating, arousing, raising and stirring primeval feelings deep within her. He felt her swollen clit poke out, against his finger, swelling more, engorging, becoming inflamed.

He could feel Sammy had gone rigid on his lap. Her breaths coming in short pants, her muscles trembling slightly. He'd done this a hundred times before to pre-teen girls, and knew exactly when they were rising. The timing was critical. He waited a moment longer.

Suddenly, she lifted her feet up and outwards, her calves over the seat arms, her robe dropping either side, suddenly exposing her small, pale, perfect body. She didn't care, she was tumbling now into her unstoppable climax.

"Are you sure you don't mind? Do you want me to stop?"

"Nnno, nooo, please don't stop, not now, pleeeassse, oh, gawd, yesss nnnngggghhhhhh, oh aaahhhhh." Her climax would have been far greater, but Mike needed her to be needing him. He wanted to keep her on a high, and eased his fingers away, releasing her, bringing her down gently. He hadn't curtailed her orgasm, but he'd kept the intensity down to the minimum. He waited several minutes, while her breathing returned to normal, cuddling her to his chest.

"Well Sammy, that was nice," he said gently, "did you like that?"

"Hmmm, yeah," she responded, turning her cheek to his chest, and cuddling into him, her eyes closed, a half smile on her lips.

After another five minutes, she sat up further in his lap, her legs still draped over the chair arms, her engorged pink labia seemingly filling the gap between her thighs, and looked up at him. "Tomorrow, what clothes do you want me to bring, you know, at the beginning?"

His heart skipped a beat, she'd agreed, at last, and without pause, he replied: "Ah, let's see. I think it would be nice in the first group for you to strip out of your school uniform. That'll look sexy. We'll use the green screen and set it in a school classroom, and after, well, why not surprise me? Wear whatever you think looks sexy."

"OK," she murmured, "I'll see what I've got."

"Would you like a hot chocolate drink before you go to bed?" he asked.

"Yes please," she answered, "I haven't had one in years. Granny used to make me one, when she came to stay."

Mike went into the kitchen, and she followed him, sitting at the pinewood table. He took down a mug and filled it with milk and put it in the microwave, while he went to the cupboard for the chocolate powder. Sitting on the lid, was a tiny capsule. It would dissolve the instant it went into any liquid. The microwave tinged, he took the mug, dropped the capsule in and spooned in the chocolate powder. He was stirring it as he walked over to hand it to her. The capsule was standard issue in MI5. He'd used them many times when he needed to get into buildings unnoticed. They varied in makeup. This one did nothing for three hours, then knocked out the person for another three hours minimum. If it was timed right, the person was already asleep when it kicked in, and unaware of any effects in the morning. But for three hours plus, they were unconscious. He glanced at the wall clock. He had a window of 10:00 till 01:00.

They lapsed into another long silence, as she sipped her drink. Clearly she was thinking. "Mike," she asked, eventually, "Do you want me to do any more modelling, you know after tomorrow? You said before something about advanced stuff."

"Yes, if you would like to, we could do two or three more sessions. Each would be different. As I said, more advanced. Paying much more. I'm not sure it's a good idea for someone your age, though, what do you think?"

"I guess it depends what we do, but, if no one knows but us, does it matter?"

"OK, that's for you to decide, Sammy," said Mike, "let's take one day at a time. Now I'd better settle up with you, for today. Let's see," he said, looking up at the ceiling, "I'll make it £15 for the session, £5 bonus, and £10 for, how shall we say, going the extra mile just now. Thirty Quid. Don't forget to give me your phone,

before you go. I'll have a look at it in the morning and see what I can do." As he handed her the money, he added: "Be careful with all that cash, Sammy. Make sure it's well hidden. You know why." She nodded, as she walked to the utility room to get dressed.

= 5 =

Tuesday Night

Sammy lay in her bed. She couldn't get to sleep, because it was still early. It was only eight o'clock, but she had nothing else to do. The events of the day overwhelmed her thoughts. She reflected on Mike, and what he had done to her. It felt so naughty, exciting, sexy and tingly all at the same time. She had never felt as good. When she diddled herself, even when Emma and she did it to each other, it never felt that good. Afterwards, she wanted him to go on, do more, but he seemed to finish too soon. She wanted more, needed more. She hoped now he would want to do it again, maybe even tomorrow.

Her panties were swinging off the ankle of one of her legs, which was hanging over the side of the bed, as she rubbed herself. She reached up. An idea had come to her head. She grabbed her toothbrush from the shelf, and felt for the button. She switched it on, the bristles buzzing with the vibrations. Gently, she lowered it to her clitty. As it touched her, she felt a jolt, like an electric tingle. It almost made her cum. She touched herself again and again, dabbing at her sensitive place, making it feel soooooo goooooodd. She would have to show Emma this, next time. But, even as she rose to her climax, she knew it wouldn't be as good as Mike had made her feel. She would have to get him to do it again, somehow.

Mike looked at the clock on the wall for the twentieth time. He had prepared himself and his equipment. He felt bad about what he was going to do, but then, he would see the little girl right in the end, she would have her phone and her airtime, so what was the harm? He forced himself to watch the news on CNN for another twenty minutes. It was time.

Five minutes later, Mike was inside the neighbour's house. His special keys, making a mockery of the supposed secure five lever door lock. He was dressed entirely in black. Face mask, gloves, catsuit, the lot. He crept through the ground floor, checking every room silently and thoroughly and quickly. The layout was identical to his own property. First thing he did was dead bolted both front and back doors. It would be stupid to be caught by the unexpected return of a husband or friend.

In the living room, he found what he'd partially expected. A woman, obviously Sammy's mum, lay on the filthy couch, completely out of it. Her eyes were half open, but she focused on nothing, nothing at all. On the table beside her was a small pane of thick glass covered in the remnants of some white powder, which he took to be cocaine. A small plastic tube evidence she snorted. He also saw, with some worry some paste, which he touched with his latex gloved finger and smelled. Heroin. "God," he thought, "she won't last many months if she's got to this stage." Several tranquilizers lay on the table too. She wasn't going to wake any time soon. He looked at her face. She'd once been an attractive woman. Her features were the same as Sammy's, high cheek bones, blond hair, round nose, now with damaged nostrils, flared and reddened. He rolled her over, on to her side, so she wouldn't asphyxiate if she vomited.

Mike padded silently up the stairs. He checked the bathroom, master bedroom and spare room, before going to the room he knew, from her comments about overlooking the back garden, Sammy used. He entered, and quietly closed the door. He shut the window and pulled the curtains closed, before turning the light on. She lay spread eagled on the little bed, her duvet only partly covering her. The leg nearest him was hanging out the side of the bed, a pair of little pink knickers, hanging from her foot. Mike had done this several times elsewhere, so didn't waste any time. The drug would wear off in three hours. He wanted to be long gone in half that time. Firstly, he pulled off his face mask and latex gloves.

He moved to the bed and tugged the duvet off her, rolled it and put it on the little chair in the corner of the room. He turned to take in the scene. She lay on her back, her legs spread, her right hand in her naked crotch, clearly having masturbated. An electric toothbrush lay between her thighs. He smiled, knowingly. He would love to film her doing that. In a couple of days, he hoped to do just that. Her night dress was rucked up to her chest, her other hand clasping one of her breasts. She must have fallen asleep like this and then the drug kicked in before she had rolled over in her sleep.

Mike had put his bag down on top of the duvet, and unzipped it. He looked in and grabbed his camera. He spent the next couple of minutes recording the exact position she was in. He made sure he had some close ups of her inflamed pussy, her finger still pressed into her cleft, as well as her hand clasping her boob.

Next, he needed her on her knees, so he rolled her over onto her front, and pushed each knee up in turn, either side of her tummy finally, he pushed her bum forward, so as her body slid up the bed, her bottom lifted up. The last touch was to now pull her knees apart, so her whole pudenda opened up to his close inspection. And, that's what he did for the next five minutes, closely inspecting her. He put his thumbs either side of her rosebud, and prised her open, holding her there for a while, as she dilated. He half thought of raping her up the bum, but decided he would have all the pleasure from her he wanted in the fullness of time. Don't force things, or her. Besides, she might wonder in the morning why her arse was on fire and full of semen. Instead, he brought his nose to her bum, and slowly inhaled, appreciating her odour. He spent a minute or two licking her hole, enjoying her slightly salty and sweaty taste.

Being in this position, now, for a few minutes, her cleft had relaxed and opened considerably. Her labia were puffed up from his earlier molestation, and her own masturbation later. Her whole vulva seemed to be twice the size he'd expected. She was firm but soft to his touch, and touch he did. He ran his fingers up and down her cleft again and again, spreading the damp from her vagina, which demonstrated just how aroused she had been. Her cowl, was no longer hiding her clitoris. It had been poking proud of her cleft even before he'd come in to the room. He rubbed it a little, feeling it's firmness, enjoying it's rubbery nature. He leaned forward, and flicked his tongue back and forth across it several times, enjoying it's texture, taste and smell. He pressed his fingers to her mound, feeling just how firm it was, how smooth, silky, warm and most important hairless. He remembered with a chuckle, something he'd read, that said: "I hate hair on anything I eat".

Mike needed to be very careful with his next action. In his bag, he had some tiny, hard, thin, clear plastic strips, with curved ends. They were less than half an inch in width. About an inch from the end, they bent at ninety degrees. For the next several inches, they curved slightly. Then, at the far end, was fixed a replaceable self adhesive tape about twelve inches long. Mike had four of these in his bag.

Before using them, he leaned in and tried to push his tongue far into her vagina. He enjoyed the taste. It was like nectar. He licked her for several minutes, enjoying the moment. Picking up the first plastic strip, he carefully inserted the end into the entrance to her vagina. He had to be careful not to scratch or bruise her. The end was just nudging her hymen. Over the years, he'd perfected the design of these simple but very useful items.

Having made sure it was seated correctly, he peeled off the paper covering the self adhesive strip, and pulling her pussy as far upwards and outwards as he dared, he taped the strip down to her thigh. Then, he picked up the next, and inserted it the other side, and did the same, taping it to her other thigh. The third and fourth similarly went in, so she now had four retractors, holding her passage open as far as it was possible to go. Certainly, looking at her gaping cunt, he thought, as he watched her slowly dilate even further, that getting his cock into her would be no problem.

Now he was able to lean in again, and lick her stretched hymen with no problem at all. It was tight as a drum. He loved pushing his tongue against it, feeling it spring back at him. It tasted delicious. Through the little hole in it's centre, he could just make out her passage disappearing into her, damp and pink. He looked forward to repeating this and photographing her interior as soon after he'd fucked her, as possible. He loved his before and after photos, so he now made a thorough record of her pudenda, stretched out to an almost impossible extent.

He had one more little job to do though. He pulled out a little plastic bag from his hold-all. Inside was a small bottle, like an eye dropper bottle; a short thin plastic tube; and a pack of long cotton bud sticks. When he'd been in India, an old crone in one of the street markets in Old Delhi had sold him this fluid in the bottle. He'd been sceptical at first at what she'd told him. She'd said it had been perfected for a bride in preparation for her wedding night, hundreds of years ago. The secret formula had been passed down mother to daughter ever since. She'd explained it had to be applied internally in tiny amounts every night, for three nights before the wedding night. The girl would then be very happy, however old and ugly her husband was. The crone had cackled loudly at his expression. He was so amused, he bought a half a dozen bottles, as a keep sake. She called it the Golden Lotion.

He didn't believe a word of it, of course. That is until he tried it, and found it worked exactly as she'd described. It looked like and had the consistency of honey. The woman admitted honey was the main ingredient. But he recognised the smell of turmeric on it as well as bitter almonds. Cyanide was something he had been trained to recognise. But he also knew in tiny amounts, it was used in some medications. The girl had been an eight year old Indian street girl, and in return for food and shelter, she'd cleaned his house each day. Three nights on the trot, he'd slipped her a sleeping pill, and sneaked into her room and after having his pleasure with her, had tried the fluid, smearing it into her with the handle of a toothbrush. The next night, she'd been very friendly towards him. The second, she asked him if he would like to photograph her nude, and the third she'd walked into his bedroom and ten minutes later, he'd fucked her.

Mike took the clear plastic tube, and carefully pushed it through the hole in her hymen. He pushed it in about three inches, leaving an inch outside her. Next, he opened the bottle, and taking a six inch long cotton bud, dipped the end into the fluid. He pulled it out, and inserted the bud into the end of the tube and pushed it all the way in, until he felt resistance. She suddenly jerked and arched her back, as the lotion found her 'G' spot. He smiled. It always seemed to do that. He then twisted and rotated the bud around her cervix, coating it with a smear of the Golden Lotion, job done.

He pulled the cotton bud and tube out of her and dropped them into the polybag, and into his hold-all. His main reason for calling round, was now completed. He decided he might as well enjoy himself while he was here. He pulled the velcro fly of his catsuit open, and immediately his cock sprang out, like a caged tiger. He was so aroused, it needed huge self control, not to simply rape the girl, and be done with her. He climbed onto the bed, and shuffled up behind her, on his knees. For the next several minutes, he rubbed her hymen with the tip of his crown. Watching the membrane flex with the pressure. Pre-cum was now running down the inside of the child's thighs. Her mother might be a druggie, but she would recognise the stains, in the morning, if he wasn't careful.

He withdrew from her and pulled off the self adhesive tapes, which would have made her yelp had she been awake, and extracted the plastic retractors from her. He checked her once more, and could see no marking on her whatsoever. Just his pre-cum oozing from her cunt. He reached into his bag, and pulled out a hand towel. Placing it under her genitalia, he then pulled her legs out straight, so she was face down with it beneath her, and rolled her onto her back.

His final act of debauchery was one of his favourites. It needed a few pre-planned straps of soft webbing type cloth. But as he'd used them before, they were ready to hand in his little hold-all. Each had a loop on the end. He turned the girl ninety degrees, so she was now lying across the bed. He pulled her towards the edge, until her shoulders were almost over the side. He slipped off her nightdress, which had been rucked up by her chest even before he'd arrived.

Taking two of the straps, he slipped one over each of her wrists. These would stop her falling off the bed. Going round to the other side of the bed, where her feet hung over the edge, he took the end of the first strap, and tied it to the corner leg of the bed, and the same with the other. Next, he looped a strap over each of her ankles and passed them across the bed. Returning to where her head was, he grabbed the two leg straps, and lifting upwards, pulled her feet towards him. Slowly, she bent at the waist, her bottom lifting upwards, as her legs came towards him. Her back started to curve sharply, until he'd pulled her almost double. Athletes are known to be able to lick their own pussies. Although she wasn't an athlete, she was fit, without any fat on her bones. The tricky bit was now tying her legs down, without her uncoiling and springing back to the horizontal. Mike had practiced this on several girls before and soon had her trussed up like a turkey before Christmas.

He stood back to admire his handy work. The child was lying on the bed, bent double. Her head was well over the side. Her legs were pulled outwards in such a way, they were spread out in a splits that certainly would have hurt had she been awake, but her pudenda was now positioned about six inches above her chin. Mike took his time, and photographed her from every position he could think of.

Finally, he placed his camera on the bedside table, aimed towards her face and bum, and pressed the video button. He dropped down onto his knees, and pushed her head right back downwards, the back of her head pressed to the side of the bed. She was so stretched, her mouth was forced open, and into it he immediately popped his rampant cock, pre-cum running from him in streams. He didn't waste any time, and pushed to the back of her mouth. He felt for her throat, and finding the little recess, pressed onwards, feeling his cock



now slipping slowly down into her tight throat. Looking down at her neck, he could see the bulge as his crown forced it's way deep down into her.

Mike had done this before, and knew she had to breath; he had to cum and both were on a short time limit. He paused a moment, and pulled back, she gasped a deep breath, before he plunged back into her. He pulled back again, and as she sucked another breath, he plunged in, quicker this time. One thing which aroused him most of all, though, when he forced girls into this position, was the vision of the girl's pudenda facing him, immediately above her chin. He rested his palms on the globes of her bum, and gently ran his fingers through her cracks and crevices, enjoying her firm but silky, pliant skin texture.

He increased his pace further, plunging into her throat again and again, before bringing his middle finger to her bum, he pressed it into her rosebud, feeling it dilate under the pressure. She was so wet with his pre-cum, his finger sank in with almost no resistance at all into her buttery depths. Deeper and deeper his finger went, until suddenly, his finger plunged into a clay type resistance, as her next poo obstructed his penetration into her. He was suddenly so aroused, he pulled his finger from her, and simultaneously felt his orgasm overwhelming his desire to keep this going much longer. He was almost too late, as he pulled his cock from her mouth and aimed it a few inches higher. His first spurt hit her anus with a little splash, but was immediately followed by a blast washing over her whole pussy. Again and again, he blasted his cum all over her spread vulva and vagina and anus, until, at last, the flow ended. He watched, mesmerised, as his semen slowly dribbled down the crack of her bottom, picking up more cum on the way, accelerating as it went down through her cleft, to her clitty, where it accumulated, and dripped down onto her face, splashing over her chin and mouth, into her nostrils and covering her closed eyelids. He grabbed his camera and got the whole scene recorded. Snap, bang wallop, what a picture...what a photograph. And as Tommy Steele has sung: Stick it in your fam'ly, Stick it in your fam'ly, In your fam'ly album!

Mike remained static, as he slowly recovered from a fantastic orgasm. This was as good as it got. He'd had one of the very best of his life, as he had molested and abused the little beautiful blond, ten year old child. She would never know what had happened, and after it all, she'd get what she wanted, as he would himself. He glanced at his watch. Exactly an hour and a half. Time to tidy up.

He spent half an hour methodically cleaning every trace of semen, from the girl, untying her, slipping her nightgown back on and putting her in the exact same position as he'd found her. He checked the photograph on the camera screen he'd taken when he'd arrived. Everything was exactly as before. He was about to leave, when a thought came to him. He looked around, and saw what he was looking for. Her teddy bear. He thought for a moment: "What if....."

He picked up the fluffy toy and inspected it. He turned it, and squeezed it. He could feel the crumple of the money inside. He looked at the back, and found a well disguised zip. He pulled it down, and peeled open the toy, looking in where the cash was laid in a neat stack. He pulled the corner of two of the notes out from the opening, so they could be clearly seen, then placed the bear on the window cill, behind the curtain, looking out of the window. When her mother came and opened the curtain, in the morning, perhaps she would see the cash....

= 6 =

Wednesday Afternoon

Sammy came round later than she had done the previous two days. She was in tears, but she also had a determination in her face. She had arrived home, to find her mother had stolen half her money. Her mum was still awake, the man hadn't come round yet. When she'd got home, he arrived a few minutes after. In that time, she had argued that everything they owned, they owned together, so half belonged to her. She wanted to know where the money had come from, and Sammy's explanation that they had an after school car wash squad, only partially allayed her suspicions. Which ever way she looked at it, Mum knew she was trying to earn money, would be looking out in future, and the £50 she had left, was vulnerable. If Mum got desperate, she would just take it.

"Hi, Sammy," said Mike cheerfully. "I can see you're upset. You want to talk about it?" The girl grimaced and shook her head. "OK," he said, brightly, "I'll tell you what, we'll get something to eat, whatever is your favourite. But you have to tell me before you've finished it what's bugging you, deal?"

She snorted a grumpy reply, and turned her back on him. Today had been a really good day. Every minute she'd felt so turned on by what was going to happen tonight. Her pussy was burning with arousal. She'd never felt anything like it. She'd agreed to him photographing her naked and it had so excited her. And now, just when she thought she would have her phone, everything had gone wrong, so terribly wrong.

They got in his car and travelled to the McD's in silence. She couldn't deny it, that feeling deep inside her was emerging again. She was feeling soooooo randy. She knew she would enjoy tonight's session, when she got into it, but it had started so badly. While they were waiting in the Drive Thru queue, Sammy started to explain what had happened. By the time they got home, it had all spilled out.

Mike sat and looked at Sammy, waiting for her to finish her rant at the world, until finally, she'd unloaded the whole story of her life at home, her frustration with her mother never being able to provide her a normal life, no money, no holidays, no birthday treats, no little extras. The idea of getting a phone had been so important to her. It wasn't just the phone itself, but the sense of achievement, the feeling of doing something to improve her lot. That was why she felt as she did.

Finally, Sammy was silent, and her shoulders drooped. She was spent. He'd not seen her ignore food before. He needed to take the initiative and so dropped the old battered phone of hers onto the table in front of her. It took a few seconds for her to register what it was. She laid her hand over it as if to comfort her. Then she realised his hand was over hers.

"Are you going to fight this alone, Sammy?" he asked. "Or are we going to do it together?" She blinked at him, not quite understanding. "You are one of the toughest girls I've ever met." He said truthfully. "Just when the end is in sight, the prize in your hands. Are you going to give up now? Are you going to just walk away?"

"I have to give up, I've lost everything, what's the point?" she stuttered. "I had a hope to do something for myself, achieve something, and she took it away. What do you mean, anyway? The prize in my hands?"

"Well," he replied, smiling, "what is in your hand?" She lifted her head up, wiped away a tear, and looked down at the phone, covered by her hand. It was her crappy old thing she'd handed over to him yesterday. She blinked and looked at it. Somehow it was different. She looked closer. The screen was new. Pressing the button beneath the screen, a new display lit up. She immediately saw the apps and features were not the usual basic ones, but advanced and comprehensive. Nothing like any of her friends had. It was even 5G compliant. The camera app was amazing. The pictures were crystal clear. It had the fastest internet connection of any phone she'd seen. Instagram, Twitter, Whatsapp, Facebook, it was all here. It had a game section with hundreds of the latest games installed, usually costing a fortune. The Spotify package would give her access to every recording ever made. She knew it was an absolutely state of the art phone, in an old casing. "Now," he said, "all we have to work out is how you are going to pay for it." He grinned at her, as she suddenly grabbed his Big Mac with cheese and took an enormous bite out of it.

"Mike," Sammy said, as she munched through her bucket of McNuggets, "do you like me? I mean, do you like me as a girl, you know what I mean? It's just that, I've been thinking, I've only known you three days, and you've done lots to try and help me earn the money I need to buy my phone, but what's in it for you?"

"Yes Sammy," he replied, looking tenderly at her, "I do. I think that you and I are already special friends. Special friends always try to look out for each other. When I took your photos on Sunday and Monday, I realised I really liked you and wanted to work more with you, if you wanted to, that is. Then yesterday, I think we became special friends after what happened, don't you? You know, when you let me play with you." She coloured up at his overt reference to him bringing her off. "Anyway," he continued, "do you like me?"

"Oh, yes," she gushed, "lots. All day today, I've been thinking about you, and what happened, and I wondered, if you want, could we do it again, later?"

Mike knew exactly why she'd been thinking of him today and that it had more to do with the Golden Lotion than anything else.

"Sammy, I tell you what, after the photos are finished today, we'll do whatever you want, OK? Now before we start, we should discuss what we're going to do this afternoon. I was thinking we could do two sessions, like before. The first we'll start with you dressed as you are, in your school uniform. I have set the studio up

with the green screen and a school desk, which I borrowed this morning from a second hand shop. Did you decide what you were going to dress up in for the second session?"

She grinned, "Yeah, wanna see it now?"

"OK, why not," he grinned back.

She stood up, reached down, and pulled her Aldi bag up onto her chair. She reached in, and pulled out a bright red dress, with large black polka dots all over it. As she held it up for him to view it, he realised it was a Spanish flamenco dress, with a narrow waist and overlapping layers all the way down. Certainly the colours were vivid. Next she pulled out a large black Cordobes hat with silk fuchsia flowers fixed to one side and lastly a fan and a pair of castanets, all in the same colours as the dress.

"Excellent, Sammy," he enthused, "that's just perfect." She glowed with his praise. She was looking forward to wearing it herself. Emma had loaned it to her a while ago, for a fancy dress party, and she hadn't given it back, yet.

After they'd eaten, Sammy stood up and did a twirl, her skirt flaring outwards. "Do I look OK for the set, Mike? It's just that I've worn this all day. Doesn't look too creased, does it?"

"No, that's all OK, I wanted you looking exactly as you are," he reassured her, "shall we start?"

She nodded, and they went through to the studio.

Mike spent a moment switching on the power to the lights, before explaining the setup. "Imagine the teacher's desk there," he said pointing to the middle of the green screen, "and your desk is here." He tapped the old desk, which he'd acquired that morning. "I've positioned it carefully so the other desks will appear in the photo merge and look as though they belong together. What I want you to do is stand or sit in the centre here. Remember your poses from before and you'll look great. I will direct you as well. Let's go. Want a little music?" He asked. She nodded with a smile. "Have you got some rap?" She laughed when she saw his expression. "Only kidding. Put on anything you like."

He scanned through his favourites play list and selected Katie Melua's Collection. The first three tracks were Closest Thing To Crazy, then Nine Million Bicycles and What a wonderful World. "That'll do," he thought, as he synced his phone to the blue tooth speaker. He stood behind his tripod, and focused on the desk, with Sammy standing beside it waiting for him, and pressed the shutter, signalling the start.

Sammy sat on the desk, with her feet on it's seat. Her back straight. She looked the beautiful ten year old girl she was. She cocked her head to one side, all the time looking into the lens, as the flashing lamps continued non stop, her knees turned slightly away from the camera, then she parted them, just a couple of inches, giving the camera a tantalising glimpse between her thighs. She arched her right hand behind her head and pulled her hair to one side, letting it slip through her fingers.

She lifted a foot, and rested it on the seat back, parting her knees an inch or two more. She leaned forward and unbuckled her shoe, looking coquettishly at the camera as she did so. She dropped the shoe to the floor, and lifted her other foot up, six inches from it's twin, now giving the camera a hint of pink, way up at the top of her thighs.

Next, she arched her back away from the camera, as if stretching, and brought both her hands to gently tease her breasts over her purple vee necked jumper. She grasped it's hem, and lifted it up and in the manner only girls can of inserting arms into the garment, removed it in a few moments, dropping it on top of her shoes. Her hands returned to rub her cones for a second, which were now poking out, pushing her white blouse out in two tiny summits. She started unbuttoning her blouse, one button at a time. When they were all loose, she left the garment on, the two inch gap at the front giving away so little and yet so much.

She now slid off the desk and stood in her socks her hand resting where she'd just been sitting, still facing the camera. She leaned to one side, her blouse drifting open as she did, showing one of her breasts for a moment. She unclipped the buckle to the side of her waist, and just let her skirt drop to the floor, her pink panties suddenly the focal point of the scene. She was now standing in socks, panties and blouse. The blouse she now pulled outwards, drawing the viewers eyes away from the pink below. Her magnificent

conical breasts stood proud of her white chest, their brown pink areola curving up to her nipples, equally stiff, inflamed, aroused.

Mike saw she was about to sweep her panties down. He stopped her. "Before you do, Sammy," he instructed, "take hold of the waist band at front and back, and give yourself a wedgie." She pulled upwards as he'd asked, feeling the cotton bite into her bum and cleft. "Show off, a bit," he instructed. She put her hands on her hips and leaned back, pushing her camel toe cleft towards the camera. She then turned, showing her pink cotton clad bum exquisitely defined with her perfect globes, sweeping into her valley, moving each time she shifted her weight from one foot to the other. She lifted her foot onto the seat, to adjust a sock, not needing adjustment. She then surprised him when she lifted the foot higher onto the desk top. She then pivoted, until her whole cotton covered cleft faced the lens. The valleys of her bottom and pussy were each pointing to a shadow of what lay beneath, between her thighs, just visible enough, to demand more.

Mike nodded to her to carry on. Keeping her foot on the desktop, she hooked a finger under her leg elastic and slowly, so slowly pulled it to one side, exposing one labium, and the darkness of her entry. She shifted her weight, and the vision was gone. She dropped her foot to the floor, and peeled her waistband down, slowly exposing the rise of her mons, hairless, smooth, pink, perfect. The dip of her dimple appeared, heralding the top of her cleft. Her panties dropped further, her tiny cowl showing, the slip of skin hiding her clitoris, between the folds of her pink, swollen, labia, engorged now with her arousal. Further down the pink cotton slipped, further, until suddenly a gap appeared between her thighs. The delta shape of her vulva pointed down to a valley curving away under her. Her panties dropped to the floor, and she stepped out of them.

Sammy slowly turned, showing her perfect bum to Mike's camera. Then she bent at the waist and rested her forearms across the desktop. She lifted her foot back up onto the seat, and swung her knee outwards, opening her pudenda wider and wider. Every dip, crevice, fold, bump and crinkle could be seen in absolute clarity in the zoom lens of Mike's expensive, high definition camera.

Sammy couldn't help herself. She knew she shouldn't be exposing herself like this. Her mum would go mad. But she had a driving force inside her, a feeling she needed to satisfy, pushing her to do more. She sat on the desk, and placed her feet on the seat back, moving them apart, but keeping her knees touching. Then slowly, she parted her knees, and leaned backwards, to the point of balance. The last act in this salacious display, she slid her palms under her thighs, her fingers curving upwards, finding her vagina. She pressed them to her entry, then carefully pulled them outwards, as she watched Mike's expression, watching her, the lust on his face palpable.

Sammy seemed to subside into a heap, as if she'd tensed herself too long. She swung her legs round, and dropped onto the floor, and walked towards Mike. "How was that," she asked, not sure if she'd pleased him or not.

"Stunning, Sammy," he remarked, as he looked at the little screen at the back of the camera, "absolutely stunning." She glowed again with his praise. Her pussy was tingling again. She hoped he would scratch that itch for her soon, like he did yesterday. Soon.

Mike pulled the card from the camera, and slotted it into his laptop. He clicked a few buttons. "Whatcha doing?" she asked, as she came over to the chair, he was sitting in.

"This photo package has a really smart feature. If you pre-set certain parameters, it will automatically merge one picture over another, or a whole file of them. I set it up this afternoon. There, all done. We'll have a quick look, if you like. Grab a Coke, if you want. Would you bring a beer for me please?" He absently watched her little bum wobble across to the fridge. As she bent to grab the drinks from the fridge, her rosebud sprung open, and closed as she turned, returning with the cans. She grinned at him, knowing he'd been staring.

She picked up the computer and sat on his lap, immediately feeling a hard lump pressing at her naked cleft. She wriggled, feeling it settle between her thighs. She was pleased she made him randy. "Is that your reaction under there, Mike?"

“My erection, you mean? Yes, it’s feeling very pleased with itself. I’ll let you meet him one day if you like. He’s dying to meet you.” She giggled at his joke. At the same time, she felt a tingle again deep inside her. The idea excited her. She’d never felt like this ever before.

Mike started the slide show running. The software had done a fantastic job merging her modelling over a background photo of a regular empty classroom. The first few showed her stripping, every stage caught by Mike’s expert camera work. As her clothes disappeared one at a time, so the pictures became more riveting. She had talent for this, Mike knew. He became more and more aroused, as the show advanced, her body being progressively displayed to his view. Some of the close-ups surprised Sammy. She hadn’t realised just how close his zoom lens could get. Every detail of her pussy could be seen. It left nothing to the imagination, nothing. She could see how wet she was. She hadn’t realised just how wet.

Suddenly, as they watched the pictures, she felt his hand under her, exploring, seeking. She moved her thigh across, giving him some room, feeling his fingers slip into her cleft. After that, he didn’t move them. She wanted him to, he just rested them there. The pictures continued. She could feel his erection pulse under her. Like his fingers, it felt soooo good. Why did she feel like this? Eventually, the last pictures came into view, and she could feel the tension in him, as she displayed her wide open pussy to the camera. She felt quite proud about how it affected him.

“You know the best way to gauge a really good set of soft core photos, like these, Sammy?”

She wasn’t quite sure what he meant. “No, Mike, what’s that?”

“Well assuming they are well modelled and well photographed, then they sometimes leave a glow of appreciation of beauty. These do, because you are beautiful. Sometimes, they might leave you wanting more, as if the picture might come to life, and these do that too. And then there’s the other thing.”

“What’s that, Mike,” she asked, interested in what he was saying, and loving his compliments, “what other thing?”

“Oh, the ultimate gauge of a soft core photo set is if you are left wanting to fuck the girl.”

She wasn’t sure she’d heard him right, but knew she had. “And, Mike, do you?”

“Of course,” he laughed, pulling his fingers from her pussy, “only a statue made of marble wouldn’t. Right, let’s get you into the flamenco dress,” he said lifting her onto her feet. She gasped, as she watched him unconsciously suck the fingers that he’d just pulled from her. Another strong tingle shot through her deep down, in her belly. She couldn’t understand why these feelings kept coursing through her. Her mind was in a turmoil, but then, so were her feelings deep in her tummy.

A few minutes later, she was in the flamenco dress, giving it a twirl, gauging his opinion. He liked it, she knew.

Mike waved her to the centre of the studio floor, where the desk had been before. “We’ll see if we can find a nice picture of a Spanish Fiesta, or a saint’s day parade, when everyone dresses up. What we’ll do tonight, Sammy is after you have stripped off, I would like to come and do a whole series of close-ups, if that’s OK.”

“Sure,” she said. “Have you got some Spanish music, I can dance to?” He thumbed through his Spotify menu, and in moments a guitar opened a flamenco piece both recognised, on the Bluetooth speakers, but couldn’t name.

Sammy had looked forward to this little dance routine. She had rehearsed it in her head through the day. Emma had asked her what was on her mind. “Oh, nothing,” she’d replied.

“So it’s important, then,” responded Emma, her best and most trusted friend, who knew everything about Sammy’s home life, and had never said anything, ever. “Wanna talk about it?”

“Emm,” said Sammy in a hesitant voice, “you know when you’ve promised never to say something, I mean really promised, but want to tell your best friend, what do you do?”

"Well," replied Emma, sounding as wise as an owl, "I suppose it depends on the secret, and how strong the friendship is and what you think the friend will do, when they know what the secret is. If it's you and me, then I think we are like one person, so it's not like you'd be telling someone else, would it?"

Over the next few minutes, Sammy had explained how she was earning money to buy the phone which Emma had seen in the shop.

"Up 'till now," said Sammy, the photos have all been modelling clothes. But now, he wants to see me bare, you know, nude." She giggled in embarrassment.

"My god," said Emma, "Nude? Really?" Sammy nodded.

"How do you feel about that Sammy?" Emma asked. "That's the important thing."

"Well I trust him," said Sammy dreamily, "and I sort of like him too, he's cute."

"What will you get, Sam?"

"The phone, I think," answered Sammy. "I should know tonight or tomorrow."

"Do you want to, Sam?" Emma asked, "do you mind him seeing you like that?"

"You know, Emm," responded Sammy, with a look of determination on her face, "I've never had much to call my own, and now I have an opportunity. I want to do this, but, you know, I'm even looking forward to it, too." She smiled at her friend.

"In that case," said Emma, putting her hand on her shoulder, "you know what to do. What are you wearing?"

"I don't know," said Sammy uncertainly, "I was thinking I might wear my pink party frock."

"I've a better idea," said Emma, "why not wear that flamenco dress you borrowed off me. Have you still got it? Wear that. By the way, Sam, does he want any other models?" They laughed, even though both of them knew she'd meant it, as they walked to join their next class.

Sammy spun round and round, making the red dress flare out. She wafted the fan close to her face with one hand, and clacked the castanets above her Cordobes hat with the other. Now that Emma knew what she was doing, she was much happier. She had no secrets from Emma. Emma sometimes told her what her step father did to her when her mum wasn't at home.

The hat went first, then the removable top half of the dress, then the skirt, and all she was wearing was her pink panties. She made a play of hiding herself behind the fan, as the panties dropped to the floor, at which point she stood, feet apart, arms outstretched, as if awaiting a round of applause.

"Excellent, Sammy," said Mike, checking a setting on the camera display. "You really made that flow. Shall we just carry on?"

Mike placed a low swivel stool, in the middle of the studio floor, and rested himself on it. Placing his hand on the small of her back, he guided her round, so she was standing, about two or three feet away, facing him, with her back to the green screen. The lights were positioned so they shone in from either side of Mike, ensuring he didn't create shadow. Although, at first he was using his trusty 50mm lens, at his feet ready for use, was his macro lens for the intimate close-ups, fitted with a ring flash.

Over the next ten minutes, he asked her to pose in simple ways. For example, placing a foot on the low footstool, he photographed her leg from the thigh down, her knee bent slightly. It was a very artistic pose. He asked her to sit on the floor, while he photographed her face, up close. In one shot, her eye with its brilliant blue lustre, filled the whole image. "open your mouth as wide as you can," he asked. The macro showed the whole of the inside of her mouth and the opening to her throat, where his cock had been only last night, lit up with the ring flash. "Have you got a sore throat?" he asked, remarking on her red swelling at the back.

"I thought I had," she replied, "but it went off through the day. It's OK now."

Her breasts needed very careful attention, and he made sure they were in perfect focus, as she knelt in front of him. Likewise, he made a study of her 'inni' tummy button.

"OK, Sammy, could you stand up now and put your hands on your hips, for me? That's good. I want to capture your pussy now, OK."

His words made her tingling feeling intensify inside her. She grunted affirmation.

Mike leaned forward, and focused on her mound, showing her raised firm but soft flesh, standing proud of her belly. Her dimple sank into her, heralding the top of her cleft. The slip of folded skin of her clitoral hood was flushed and swollen. He used some excuse about "there's a speck of fluff here", to wipe away the imaginary blemish, causing her to jerk back with the sudden intense feeling of his contact, like an electric shock which had shot through her.

"OK, Sammy, could you turn around now? I want to capture your whole back. Kneel down first of all, would you?" In the viewfinder, he caught her from her head, down to her bum. Then he took a series, zooming in a little each time on her beautiful bottom, her globes sweeping into her valley. Her muscle toned bottom rippled slightly, every time she moved. "OK, stand up again, that's great. Now, feet apart, a little more, yeah, a bit more. Hold it that's perfect. Lean forward and put your hands on your knees, would you?" Her bottom opened up immediately, and her rosebud popped into view. He quickly changed back to the macro, and focused on it, the asterix shaped brown lines star bursting to the edges of the frame. This was so arousing.

"Keep your knees straight now, Sammy, and see if you can bend down and hold your ankles for me? Excellent. Now, staying like that, would you move your feet apart as far as they'll stretch? Excellent. Now stay as you are, but bring your hands up between your thighs and put your fingers either side of your pussy. Good. Now pull yourself open as far as you can. Great, all done there. Nearly finished. Sit on the floor, would you?"

Sammy was looking quite flushed. Mike had seen the arousal inside her. His Golden Lotion had done the trick, and she still had two more doses to go.

"Feet together, legs out towards me. put your hands out behind you and lean back. Good. Now bend your knees a little. Yes and a bit more. Now, move them apart about six inches, and now a foot, now as far as you can. Lie back, head on the floor. Bring your legs up, pointing at the ceiling. Good, now put your hands behind your thighs, and hold your legs like that. Now swing your feet outwards, and use your hands to pull them towards your shoulder. Stay like that. It's not uncomfortable is it? I just have to change the lens."

"No Mike," she said, slightly breathlessly, "I'm fine."

"Can you bring your fingers to your pussy now, round the outside of your thighs? Pull yourself open again for me, would you?" He brought the lens to within an inch of her pussy, now, the macro lens focusing inside her, capturing every detail, her dampness, the pinkness of her passage, the, almost transparency of her highly stretched hymen.

"That's it," he said, "all done. Let's have a drink and look at what we've got, shall we?"

She leapt up, quite excited. She knew what she wanted him to do, now. As before, she picked up the laptop, while Mike removed the memory card from the camera, and as soon as he sat down, she plumped her naked bottom on his lap. His erect lump beneath her was almost uncomfortable to her now.

"Sorry, Sammy," he said, "I'm a little uncomfortable down there. Just lift yourself up a bit, would you, I need to adjust myself. Hold onto the computer. As soon as she lifted, he pushed his sweats down, allowing his cock to spring free. He held himself with his left hand, so it wouldn't slap against her pussy. The computer prevented her from seeing what he'd done. "OK, drop down again, Sammy," he said, and as she did, his cock settled into the length of her cleft. She jerked at the contact, as his cock settled into her valley. She couldn't see it, because of the laptop, but she knew what was sticking up between her legs. A thrill spread through her, as she felt it, and his pre-cum, pressing against her clitty.

He kept his right hand on the mouse, and clicked the pointer on the library of Spanish festival pictures he'd found. She selected one she liked, and he saved it. He then clicked the auto merge, and waited while the little green line crept across the screen indicating the time remaining. Done!

They watched the slide show. She looked very pretty in the red dress. Both became quiet, as, in the photos, she became naked, and aroused, as the detail of this last batch of pictures became clear. Mike savoured his cock in her cleft, and nestled his fingers on to her clitty. She anticipated his move, and parted her knees. She pushed her pussy against him trying to increase the friction between them. She was rising even quicker than she had the day before, and he decided he would let her cum as long as she wanted. He knew now his goal was in sight, and her virginity would be his.

Suddenly, he felt her stiffen. She would cum in moments. He grabbed the laptop, and lifted it out of the way, as he said: "Look down." She looked and saw the tip of his cock pressing against her clit, gasped, and came in a torrent of muscular contractions, her orgasm crashing in an explosion of colours behind her screwed up eyelids. Her feelings at that moment completely overwhelmed her, as she tumbled into wave after wave of utter bliss, which swept over her ten year old body, time and again. She couldn't catch her breath. Mike could feel the muscles in her labia clenching against his cock, as she rubbed it through her cleft with her movements, spreading pre-cum, mixing it with her arousal fluids, dripping from her vagina. Finally she slowed, still panting, her heart beating at a hundred and twenty a minute.

Sammy had never in all her short life felt anything as wonderful as the orgasm which had just swept through her. She had, like most girls her age, learnt to masturbate. The best ones had always been on the end of Emma's fingers. But nothing had prepared her for what had just happened. She looked down again, her pussy was reddened and covered in a slippery liquid. She put her hand there, and touched his cock. It jerked slightly. It felt hard and stiff, and yet soft, hot and seemed to throb, as if it had a life of it's own. A thrill surged through her, as she gently rubbed her fingers across it.

Well Sammy, that was nice," he said gently, "did you like that?"

Without realising what she said, she muttered: "Oh fuck, yeah." He smiled, as he leaned his cheek against the top of her head, and stroked her naked shoulder with his hand.

After about ten minutes, he said: "Are you still awake, Sammy?"

"Hmmm," she answered, "just thinking."

"Penny for 'em," he said.

"I think I like living next door to you, Mike," she giggled, "I think we get along pretty well. Can I see the phone now? Could you show me what it can do, and how to use it?"

Mike pulled the phone from his pocket, and placed it on her sticky mound. He flicked the cover open, and placed his thumb on the screen. Immediately all the icons appeared which she'd seen earlier.

"It's got the usual stuff, you know, time, photos, weather, text. Then it's got Google earth with satnav, WhatsApp, e-mail, and so on. Then here is your social media, Instagram, Facebook, Twitter. Do you know any of your friend's phone numbers?"

"Only Emma's," she said, "Oh, and Mum's."

"OK, give me those two numbers." He typed them in as she recalled them. He labelled them 'Mum' and 'Emma'. "OK, now look at this. He pressed a couple of buttons, and a map appeared, and two figures on it. One marked 'Emma', the other 'Mum'. The Emma figure was moving across the screen. "Now you'll always know where they are, if you need to know. Emma looks like she's going somewhere."

"Wow, how did you do that?" she asked. "You have to give permission for people to see your location."

"Not with this phone, Sammy. Want to see what else it can do?" He grinned at her.



"See that spider over there?" He nodded across the room. "Watch this." He tapped the screen over the spider, which suddenly had a white square surrounding it. The spider started walking, but the square remained over the image of the spider. Mike pressed and held a zoom logo, and the spider enlarged until it filled the screen. He then clicked the photo button and the photo was saved.

"That's amazing," she chimed, staring at the photo.

"What's your favourite music track?" She reeled off a band he'd never heard of. He opened Spotify, and within moments, the music was playing.

"Does Emma have a Facebook page?" he asked, already typing.

"Yes," she replied, "one her mum doesn't know about."

"What's in it," he asked, "anything at all."

"Well there's a section about the boys at school. Some are really nice and some are creeps. She headed that bit 'sad-bad-lads-make you mad'. But she marked it with top security, so no one would find it by accident."

Mike typed in the title, pressed a button, and pointed at the screen. "Is this the page you meant?"

Her jaw dropped open. "How did you do that? No one can get in that page."

"As I said to you yesterday, I know a little about cameras and phones. I'll show you what else it can do." Mike spent the next twenty minutes going through the phone's features and apps. Sammy was gob smacked. Lots of girls at school had really up to date, expensive phones, but none of them could do half the things he'd just shown her on this one.

"Now, you'll have to pretend it's still your old ratty phone, so your mum won't figure out what you've got. Don't let her see you fiddling with it. She thinks it's crap and if you start looking at it all the time, then, well you know. Oh, one more thing," he said, "here is a new casing. It will clip around the old one and make it look brand new. I didn't know what design you'd like, so I chose one coated with prismatic refraction foil. It changes colour all the time as you turn it to the light. If you want it changed, I can do that easily."

This is worth a lot of money, Sammy, so keep it hidden away. Don't let anyone play with it." He pressed a button and the screen went blank and he handed it to her.

"How do I log on?" she asked.

"Put your thumb on the screen. Good, now hand it to me." Mike tapped in some code numbers, then handed it back to her.

"It's not the same, Mike," she exclaimed, "most of the icons have gone. Why's that?"

"Yes, I know," he said, "they're all in there, but they need enabling. For now, you can make and receive calls, and send and receive texts. As you pay for the phone, I will enable more features for you. How's that sound?"

Her face fell, "How will I be able to do that. My mum stole half my money, and I know if I had £200, it wouldn't be enough for what that phone can do."

"Maybe you're right, maybe not," he said mysteriously. "You can still come round for some more modelling, if you like."

"I thought we'd done it all, Mike. I looked in your blue folder, and there aren't any more pages in there."

"No," he replied, "I thought it best to keep them secure in my encrypted file. Do you want to see what I had in mind for tomorrow?" She nodded uncertainly, settled back in the seat, and pulled the laptop back into position.

Mike spent a minute or two opening the file he needed, and typed in a long decrypt code, enabling access to a hidden directory. A large number of thumbnails appeared. He clicked the first one, and sat back, his hand on the mouse. After a moment a young girl appeared in the picture. The scene was a bedroom, and she was smiling, clearly happy to be there. Sammy guessed the girl to be about nine. She had a parallel waist, not forming curves just yet, blond hair, falling to her waist, green eyes, and was very thin and tall. In the next few pictures, as he scrolled through them, she removed all her clothing. She was dressed strangely.

"This is Daria," explained Mike. "I met her in eastern Ukraine. Her parents are Russian. The war there had affected them badly, and I helped get their family some food. She wanted to show her appreciation." Mike felt a little bending of the truth was in order. The man had actually approached Mike and offered his daughter for a week, if Mike gave them the food they needed.

The next photos were all taken on timer, one every five seconds, with the camera mounted on a tripod. Mike now was on the bed, lying on his back. The girl stood by him, while he felt between her legs for a while. Next, she climbed onto the bed, lifted her leg over his chest, so she was facing his feet. She then shuffled back, until she was straddling his face. Because the camera was viewing from the side, no detail could be seen, but judging by how his cock suddenly stiffened like a pole, she was doing something nice he liked. She leaned forward, and took hold of his cock. She got closer, and licked the underside, then opened her mouth, and swallowed his shaft. Sammy sat amazed. She'd never seen anything like it. They remained like that for quite a large number of the frames, each one showing movement from the last.

Suddenly the picture changed, and the girl was now on her hands and knees, bottom facing the camera. The zoom had been adjusted, because her thin bum filled the screen. Mike's hands could then be seen. He pulled the child's cheeks apart, her little rosebud popping open. He brought a little tube into the picture. Sammy thought at first it was toothpaste, but then, when he squirted some gel from it onto his finger, she could see it was transparent, but gooey. He pressed his finger to her little opening, and gently worked it into her. Sammy could see his finger going into her very slowly. He held it there for several frames, before carefully pulling it out again.

Next frame, Mike had a white tubular plastic object in his hand. She would later learn all about vibrators. He smeared more of the jelly on the tip of it, and put the end to her bottom, which was still dilated from his finger penetration. He pushed it in slowly and gently. "She obviously didn't mind," thought Sammy, "She was smiling at him the whole time." Sammy guessed the vibrator to be about seven inches long, but quite thin, before it widened out, where the handle was. He didn't force it in, just let it slowly go in, with one finger on the end pushing it. Sammy guessed if it had been longer, more might have gone in.

The girl now turned sideways. Mike had let go of the vibrator, which stuck out of her bottom obscenely. He knelt on the bed, and shuffled to her face, whereupon she sucked his cock deeply into her mouth again, her cheeks sinking inwards, her hands gripping and moving along his shaft. Sammy thought this would be the end, that he would cum. She'd heard what happened when men came, from Emma's older sister, Maddie. But then the girl turned, and bent forwards, the vibrator pointing at the camera. Mike must have taken the camera again, because the angles changed. The next shots, taken from behind her spread legs as she stood, showed the girl rubbing her pussy, while she masturbated herself hard.

The next file was a piece of video, with the same girl taken after the previous sequence. Again the camera was tripod mounted. Mike appeared in the frame, and took hold of the vibrator and pulled it from her bottom slowly. And handed it to the girl. Sammy could see it had brown stains along its length. She repositioned it and pressed the end to her clitty, now poking out stiffly. Sammy saw her jerk at the contact. She held it there, rolling it across, to and fro. Clearly the girl was getting really aroused and was going to cum soon, which suddenly happened. The girl shrieked out her pleasure. Sammy didn't understand a word she called out. Her face said it all.

The video ended, and another started with the same scene. Mike was standing by the bed, she was sitting on the edge. She took his cock once again into her mouth and started to give him another blow job, sucking hard, her hands pistoning up and down his shaft. Sammy could see his bottom muscles started to twitch a little, and he thrust forward and backward with involuntary movements. "Cuming, now," he called out, the girl's eyes looked up at his, as suddenly he grunted again and again. The camera could see where her lips were sealed around his cock. The lump in her throat bobbed up and down, as she swallowed and swallowed. His grunts slowed, and she stopped swallowing. After a pause, he pulled from her and she

smiled up at him, then looked at the camera and opened her mouth wide, pushed out her tongue, showing lots of his cum still there. She closed her mouth, and swallowed one last time. The video ended.

“Do you want me to do all that, Mike?” Sammy asked plaintively. “I’ve never done anything like that before. I don’t know if I could. I mean it’s really gross.”

“Neither had Daria, until she practiced a couple of times before we shot that video. But don’t worry, Sammy. You just do what you want to do. I won’t ever force you, I promise. I’ve been thinking about that phone you want. If you could buy one in a shop, which you can’t, it would be worth over £500, you know.”

“Yeah, I realised that as soon as I saw it,” she said glumly, “there’s no way I’ll ever be able to earn that kind of money any time soon.”

“Well,” he said thoughtfully, “let’s think about that. I decided that I would fix up the phone, and get it so you can make calls and texts. I have linked in the airtime to my contract. I have a broad package through my employer, and set up these things all the time for customers. So I’m going to say that comes to £200. Now I realise your mum pinched your £50, but you still have £50 more. So if we take the modelling you did today, and give me the £50, the phone’s yours, with a year’s airtime. How does that sound?”

She couldn’t believe her luck. She had her phone. “Do you mean it Mike, I can keep it?” she said with a big smile. “What about the other features and apps?” she continued, “What do I do about those?”

“No worries, Sammy. We can either leave it as it is, and you keep the phone, or I can add some features each time you come and do some work for me. You don’t have to do exactly what Daria did, but you got the idea, I think. So if you want me to turn on all the social media features on for you, we’ll call it £100 for one session tomorrow. I have a fun session planned for Friday.”

“Oh what’s that Mike?” she asked, intrigued.

“You have to show me you trust me. If you trust me, then I will be able to trust that you won’t tell anyone about what we’ve done here.” She felt a pang of guilt about saying what she had to Emma.

“How do I do that, Mike?” she asked, puzzled, “How can I show you I trust you?”

“You will come round for a couple of hours, and you will let me tie you up. You won’t be able to move at all, and I will do things to you, while I photograph you. You will beg me to perhaps do more things to you, or even to stop doing things, like maybe if I tickle you. But I won’t hurt you, or fuck your pussy, I promise. That’s the only promise I will make, not to hurt you or take your virginity. And the test is: will you trust me for two hours to do anything to you I want? That will get you the next £100. And for that, I will enable the music and the location app I showed you.”

“She wasn’t sure what to think. If he didn’t hurt her, then it would be OK, wouldn’t it? She’d have to think about that. “And, the rest that I owe you, Mike, how do I earn that?” she asked.

“Oh that’s easy, Sammy,” he continued, “on Saturday, you will come round and ask me to fuck you. And for that Sammy, I will enable everything else in the phone.”

Her mind was numb. She really didn’t know what to think. All the social mores and instruction she’d ever had, screamed out not to do it, but her desire to break free from her mother’s captivity of her independence gave a stronger determination. That and the burning feeling she had deep down inside her, which made her feel so randy, so horny. She’d only cum a little while ago, and already she felt aroused again. What had come over her?

“I’ve had a thought, Sammy,” he said, smiling, “give me the phone a minute.” She passed it over and he clicked away on it for a few seconds. “There,” he said, handing it back “I’ve enabled all the apps for three days, so you can play around with them, see what they’ll do. They’ll all shut down again at midnight on Saturday.”

"I'll make a drink while you have a think about tomorrow night, Sammy." He returned a few minutes later and put her chocolate on the table by the chair. He pushed his sweats down, and sat down. He looked up and said, "Do you want to have another look at what we did tonight on the big screen?"

She knew what Mike really wanted to do. The burning sensation deep inside her was overwhelming, and she'd sat down almost before she'd realised, his cock nestled between her thighs, his pre-cum already dribbling into her cleft. She knew she needed him to make her feel good again and the way she felt already, that wouldn't be long.

= 7 =

Wednesday Night

Mike entered the house the same way as he'd done yesterday. He was nothing if not cautious, the result of his training over the years. He checked every room downstairs and bolted the doors. The woman wasn't on the settee like last night. She must be upstairs. He climbed silently, checked the bathroom, spare room and carefully pushed open the master bedroom door. He peered round, and in the gloom, saw she was on the bed, spread eagled, naked and unconscious. Her half open eyes told him she was in the same condition, drugged and out of her mind. He looked closer. He got his flashlight and clicked it on. She had semen running from her pussy. Part payment to the drug dealer, he assumed. What a fucking mess her life was in. He felt sympathy for her. If he could figure a way to help her, he would. She was Sammy's mum, after all.

He opened Sammy's bedroom door, and stepped inside, closing it behind him silently. Making sure the window was shut and the curtains closed fully, he switched on the light. And surveyed the scene. She was curled up on her side, no masturbation this time. Well, she'd cum several times on his fingers earlier, and he was surprised during that last session, just how violent her orgasm had been. She must be exhausted. He had kept her going, and he reckoned her multi orgasm had lasted a good ten to fifteen minutes, all of it very intense. What had surprised him even more was when she'd asked if he would try putting the vibrator in her bottom, so she could see if she could do it and let him use it tomorrow. This girl kept surprising him. But it gave him the opportunity, which he would now take full advantage of.

He photographed her position, before he lifted the duvet off her and put it on the chair in the corner. He photographed her again, just in case. This time, she was only wearing panties, which he removed in moments. His own clothes followed next. This time, he didn't need to waste any time. He'd photographed every nook and cranny, from every angle. He had nearly cum earlier, and that would have spoilt what he was about to do.

Mike got on the bed, rolled her over face down, spread her legs, and kneeled between them. He grasped her hips and lifted her up and back. He looked at her bum, and saw she was a little red where the plastic vibrator had boldly gone in where no man had gone before. That was about to change. Her anus was, still, amazingly, slightly dilated. He reached into his bag and pulled out the vibrator and the KY jelly. He squirted a dollop onto his finger and gently pushed it into her, feeling her sphincter suddenly release, allowing him in. He rotated his finger in her buttery depths, spreading the slimy fluid. He pulled his finger out and then put more KY on the vibrator. It eased into her rectum with remarkably little resistance. He left it there, while he got off the bed, and set his camera on the tripod, aimed it, and pressed video record. Finally, he smeared some KY around his crown, both over and under his foreskin, and got back on the bed behind her again.

Anticipation of fucking a new girl was always one of Mike's greatest thrills, and he was full of anticipation right now, his heart thumping in his chest, as he nudged up behind her, his hands on her hips again. He looked down and he pressed his cock to her pussy, just to feel it there, the vibrations from the toy felt through her cleft. He switched it off, and slowly pulled it from her, bringing his crown to her wide open rosebud immediately. It half disappeared into her. He pressed and held himself there, feeling the glorious resistance of a ten year old child's bottom fighting his intrusion. He pressed harder, feeling the slippery jelly easing his cock into her rectum.

Mike wasn't particularly thick, probably average, but he was long, nearly eight inches long. With little girls, he often found he could only get in half way, particularly really young ones, before he bottomed out against their rubbery cervixes. But when it came to buggery, if he was careful, he could go in all the way in. That's why he liked it so much.

All of a sudden, he felt that familiar popping sensation, as his crown slipped through her sphincter. He paused again. He didn't want to make her sore. She would be a little uncomfortable tomorrow anyway, just from the stretching the vibrator had given her. He concentrated on feeling her squeezing his crown in her exquisite clamp. He applied a little more pressure, and immediately felt movement, as his shaft slipped into her. He could feel the walls of her rectum parting as he inched in, deeper and deeper. He was making this last. Deeper, better, ecstasy.

He knew he could have kept going even deeper, had he been longer, but his pubic hair scraped into her bottom. He was in as far as possible, his groin pressed to her pudendum. Again he paused, savouring her feel. Nothing, in his opinion, beat sex with underage girls, and in particular, pre-teen underage girls. He pulled gently back, his cock sliding smoothly through the jelly about four inches out, before he returned, pressing firmly into the globes of her buttocks. Back out, further this time and in, faster, building the pace, increasing the pleasure. His selfish pleasure. Out, almost all the way, now, and slapping back into her with his thighs, as he plunged in seven inches. He started to piston in and out. She was so tight on his cock, it was perfect. He could never tire of this, ever. He reached forward, and grabbed her hair in his fist and used it to pull against. Next, he reached under her and followed her cleft down to her vagina, and pressed his finger into her, feeling her hymen stretching under the pressure. Slap, slap, slap, his thighs on her bottom got louder, as his pace increased further.

Mike felt the unmistakable tingling, starting way down, as his scrotum tightened, reaching up and along his shaft, and then just in time, he pulled out of her, and pressed his cock into the valley of her bum, as his first spurt exploded along her back and into her hair, still held in his hand. Again and again he spurted and spurted, great gobs of white creamy pleasure splattering across the perfect skin of the ten year old beauty, who he already knew was going to fuck him willingly on Saturday. She just didn't know it herself yet. The thought made him shoot another couple of gobs onto the small of her back. He was panting, as he rested there, taking in the wonderful feelings that had just swept through him. Life couldn't get much better than this.

He got off the bed, and wiped the worst of the semen off her back, and rubbed his towel over her hair where it was matted with his cum. He then got his retractors out, fitted with new adhesive tapes, and inserted them as he had the night before, and pulled her vagina open as far as he could. He spent a moment admiring it, the target of his ultimate desire. He inserted the tube and applied a generous dose of the Golden Lotion, to her cervix, with one of the extra long cotton buds, smiling to himself, as she jerked, arching her back, as the fluid made contact.

Mike looked at his watch, and was surprised to see he'd been in the house for nearly two hours. Time to be gone. He quickly dressed and made sure all was as it should be, and he was gone.

= 8 =

Thursday Afternoon

Sammy had felt odd all day. She knew that what was going to happen this afternoon should worry, or even frighten her, but every time she thought about it, it made her pussy tingle, really tingle. She was so looking forward to it, and at the same time was nervous. What would it be like, what would he taste like, did she really have to swallow, could she, even? She already knew she liked that plastic thing in her bum, that had been really nice last night. She had pretended it wasn't nice, but once it was in and he switched it on, it was really mmmmm. The only problem was her bum felt a bit sore today. She had to be careful how she walked. That and the fact that she'd been farting all morning; once in front of Mr. Smith, her teacher.

"What you thinking about Sam?" asked Emma, "You've been in a dream world since this morning. You've done nothing but stare at that phone all day. You'll be able to chuck it in the bin when you get your new one. Any news on that, by the way?"

"Yes and no," replied Sammy. "This is my new phone. I did those photos last night. You know what I mean, and here's my phone."

"Fucking hell, Sam," responded Emma, "you did it, like naked? I never thought you had it in you."

"I soon will," thought Mike with a smile, listening in on the conversation. "Well you learn something new about people every day, I guess," said Sammy. "I've learnt things about me too." She turned the phone over

again in her hand. Taking the new case out of her pocket, she clipped the two halves on, front and back. Suddenly it was a beautiful item, glistening in the summer sunshine.

"Wow, Sam," Emma gasped, "let me see."

Sammy opened the phone up and pressed her thumb to the screen and immediately it lit up with a huge array of icons.

"God," said Emma, "is that Spotify? That's expensive." She clicked the icon and selected a music track, which downloaded in a couple of seconds, and started to play.

"Look at this one Emm," said Sammy, taking the phone back. She clicked the 'Locate' icon. "Give me a phone number for someone. Someone not here at school."

Emma thought for a moment, pulled out her own phone, and read out the number for her step father. Sammy entered the details, and a map appeared on the phone. A little figure blinked, showing the man's location.

"Jeez, Emm," gasped Sammy, "That's my house. Your step dad's at my house. Why would he go there, during the day?"

Emma had no idea, but her suspicions were certainly piqued. Her step dad's behaviour, towards her sister, Maddie and herself, had always been less than appropriate. Only yesterday her sister caught him looking through the toilet keyhole. "I don't know, Sam," she said broodingly. "Nothing good, I'll be bound. How did your phone do that, Sam? You have to get permissions and everything, don't you?"

"That's the point, Emm," said Sammy, "this phone does stuff, other phones can't. I'm still trying to work out all the things it can do. It's really cool. But there's a problem. I still have to pay for it, somehow. He says I owe him another £300, or on Saturday all the special apps end and it will just be an ordinary phone. I suppose, I should be happy with a basic phone, it's more than I've had before."

"How are you going to get the money, Sam?" asked Emma "Does he want to take more photos of you, or does he want to, you know, do more?"

"Oh, Emm," replied Sammy, "he wants more. Much, more. He wants everything." She giggled with her friend.

Sammy knew she shouldn't really have said anything to Emma, but they were friends and had no secrets between them, or so Sammy thought. And, through their lunch break Sammy explained what would happen later. "Do you think I will be able to suck him, Emm? I mean it seems so gross, but for £100..."

Emma, who'd been taught many things by her step dad said: "Why not give it a try. You never know, you might like it. Would you ask him if he wants another model? I could do with earning some money myself."

"Oh, Emm, you're dreadful. Are you serious? Do you want me to ask him? You know what he'll want, in the end, don't you?"

"Why not, Sammy, perhaps he'll want us to model together. That would be fun wouldn't it?"

Mike sat back with a smirk. It had been a very interesting conversation he'd listened to through the phone. The camera had shown a really pretty girl around Sammy's age, perhaps even a few months younger. She was dark haired, with long features. Her eyes were a piercing green. Certainly she would make a lovely model. How lovely remained to be seen. He would play it cool and wait for events to unfold.

The knock on the door was right on time, and in breezed Sammy, obviously in very high spirits. Her pussy had been tingling more and more as the day wore on, and she needed the release she knew he could give her.

"Hi, Mike," she started, "how are you? What we going to eat tonight? Can we have something different? I fancy a Chinese, don't you?" He smiled at the barrage of questions. It looked like she was going to be up for it this afternoon.

"Yeah, sure," he said, "grab the menu over there, you choose, and I'll phone the order in. Is your mum asleep?" She grimaced, the meaning clear, and nodded. He looked at the wall clock, it was only 4:30. They got back from the chinky take-away at 5:00, and Mike got out the plates and cutlery, while Sammy started to open the cartons of hot steamy food. They took their time, and enjoyed each other's company, talking about the food and what they did with their days.

"I've been watching a series called Dance Moms on TV, early in the day. It's on channel 5star. It's a production from the U.S."

"I never saw you as a reality TV type of person, Mike," she said.

"No, I'm not," he grinned, "I just like looking at little girls doing bendy things with their bodies, when they're not wearing very much."

"You're just a perv, you know that?" she grinned back at him.

"Yeah," he retorted, "but you're still here aren't you?" She laughed and stuck her tongue out at him.

"Nice tongue," he smirked, "I've got a little job for it soon." She blushed. "How did you get on with your phone, by-the-way?" he asked, changing the subject, knowing full well the answer.

"Oh, it's real cool, Mike," she answered candidly. "My friends all think it looks fantastic. It's a shame I can't show them what it'll do. When we had swimming class this afternoon, I showed it to one or two of my friends in the changing rooms. They're really envious." Mike knew all about that, she'd left the phone on a bench, where she could keep an eye on it while she showered. Mike could see all the other girls showering at the same time. The phone had a camera lens on the end, so when it was lying down, could be used to spy; a feature MI5 had used many times. Using a tiny motor inside, he could turn it remotely, so it pointed where it was needed. He'd counted ten hairless pussies in one shot at one point. He just loved being a pedo, it was such fun.

"What are you doing this weekend, Sammy?" he asked. "Got any plans?"

"No," she responded, "my friend Emma might come round during the day. Maybe even sleep over. I was wondering," she asked coquettishly, putting her finger to her mouth, "could we come round and use your pool? It's so hot this week, we could do with a dip. My friend Emma wants to earn a bit of extra cash. I told her you might be looking for models, so she thought if she came and used the pool, you'd get to see her. I've seen what little there is of her holiday swimsuit, Mike, you'll get to see lots of her!"

His cock twitched at the thought. "Yeah, OK," he responded, "but on condition you only use it when I am watching, understand?"

"Oh, I understand alright, perv," she giggled.

Mike looked at his watch. It was now 5:30. "Are you happy to do this afternoon's shoot as we outlined last night, Sammy. If you have any ideas about doing it in a better way, or anything, just say."

"Yesterday I was a bit shocked, when I first heard what you wanted to do," she said, "but after our practice last night, I've thought of little else all day. I've had this feeling inside me for a few days, it's made me feel funny. I think I'm actually looking forward to doing it."

"Rather than you just copy what Daria did, I have jotted down a list of half a dozen ideas for you to choose from. It isn't a script, but it does have several scene suggestions. So as we go along, you decide what we do next, OK? You can make it into a story if you like." She nodded. She liked that idea. "Now the whole video needs to go on for an hour and a half to two hours, so there's plenty of time to do any thing you want. If you're enjoying something, make it last. Here's the list, have a read through." Sammy read through it, and

didn't look worried about anything there. She smiled and handed it back to him. "OK," he said, "shall we make a start, Sammy?"

She explained what she was going to do, and Mike quickly brought two cameras on tripods into the kitchen. The lighting for the first scene was fine. Because Sammy wanted to keep changing scenes, the video actually took nearly three hours to get about 90 minutes recording, including the fast editing Mike was able to achieve with his state-of-the-art software. At the end of it, they were both exhausted.

"Are you OK for time, Sammy?" asked Mike. "We'll watch this in comfort in the sitting room. Would you like a hot chocolate to drink?" She smiled and nodded. He plugged the laptop into his large TV, and sat down. They were both still naked, and her pussy squelched down on his wet cock, as they settled down to watch. The following is an account of the result. The story line is completely unbelievable, but who cares.

The back door opened, and in trooped a little girl just over ten years old. She dumped her school bag on the floor, and sat down to pull off her shoes. She looked up, "Hello Daddy, what's for tea? I'm really hungry."

"Oh." Came the reply off camera, "I'll find you something to eat. What sort of a day did you have, darling?"

"Awful," she said, "I got three fails in my exams for maths, English and Science, and two detentions. It's not fair. Mr Smith said he was going to downgrade me, for a whole year. Unless I can show him I will be good in future."

"How does he want you to do that, petal?"

"He said I can either re-sit all the exams next week instead of going on the school trip to London, or I could give him a blow job. What do I do, I've never given a blow job. Would you teach me, Daddy?"

"Of course, darling, we'll start your homework right away."

"There was another thing, though, he said he might want to fuck me up the bum as well, Daddy. Would you teach me how to do that as well?"

"Yes, if you like, could you just help me finish washing up first, though?" The scene ended. The next scene, showed the sitting room, and the two were watching TV. Both sitting on the settee.

"Shall we start my homework Daddy? Can I undo your trousers for you. Swing your legs up." She unzipped him and unfastened his belt, before pulling his trousers and boxers down, as he lifted up to help. She studied his cock for a moment and lifted the limp end.

"It's all floppy, Daddy," she stated "why's that?"

"Daddy needs to see and feel you too, my precious," he replied. "Take off your school uniform for me would you?" She stripped off in front of the camera, making sure the lens saw plenty of detail.

"You can feel between my legs now, Daddy," she said, "I think I'm getting a bit wet down there."

The next few minutes showed the child bending over her father, her legs wide apart, while his fingers worked between her thighs in a motion making her start to move backwards and forwards. She was rising, and even had a gentle cum, which the camera caught, as her bum winked open and closed a few times, with her contractions.

"Your little man is all stiff now Daddy," she continued, "shall I kiss him?" She got onto her knees, his hand still between her thighs, and moved down his body. The camera switched to another angle, where her bottom didn't hide the action. She moved her face towards his erection, and slowly, stuck out her tongue, and touched the end of his foreskin covered crown with it. She flicked it across him several times, She grabbed his shaft with her fist, and very slowly pulled his skin downwards, suddenly releasing loads of pre-cum, which started to run down towards her hand. She quickly opened her mouth and enveloped his crown into the warm soft interior. He could feel her tongue pressing him against the roof of her mouth. He never felt her teeth at all.



She started to move him in and out of her mouth a fraction, getting used to the feel of him and his pre-cum, flooding towards her throat. She bobbed up and down, increasing her scope slightly each time. She pulled him from her for a moment, and turning to the camera again, opened her mouth, to show the strings of pre-cum stretched between her lips, like spiders' webs.

She stood up, and stepped over him kneeling on the settee with one leg, the other still on the floor. She lowered herself down over his face, until her pussy nestled onto his mouth. The camera used changed, and her wide open pudendum could be seen pressed to him, his nose stuck in her bottom, her vulva squeezed to his lips, her lips to his. He started a rhythmic licking of her pussy. He flicked his tongue across her clitty and through her wet cleft and dipped into her vagina, before pressing hard into her anus, and then repeating the cycle. This went on for several minutes. She could be seen suddenly arching her head backwards, her eyes tight shut, as suddenly she pressed herself down hard onto his face, her hips gyrating forwards and backwards, as she crashed into her second climax. Her breathing was coming in short pants, her concentration on her sensations, absolutely complete.

She stayed still for several minutes, before she eventually leaned forward and grasped his cock again. She inspected it for a moment and drew down his foreskin just enough to release another mass of pre-cum. She pursed her lips, brought them to his tip, and sucked the slippery fluid from him, making an obscene sound as she did so.

She looked over her shoulder. "Daddy, Mr Smith said he was going to fuck my bum. Would you give me a lesson in there, please?"

He reached beside him, where two vibrators were lying ready. One was his regular standard sized one, which had already been up her bum the night before, the other larger. He wanted to know if she could take it. He also had his KY Jelly ready, and squirted some directly into her bottom, making her squeak. He then brought the smaller tip to her entry, and gently pressed it in just half an inch and rested it there. He rotated it inside her spreading the jelly, as he pressed again, seeing it slip in another inch. He turned it yet again, then put his finger over the end of the handle, and applied a little pressure, while he watched it slowly, slowly sink into the child, five, six, seven inches. He flicked the switch on, and the little girl jerked violently at the unexpected stimulation.

Leaving the toy where it was, he concentrated on licking the little girl's pussy. She clearly enjoyed it, as she was soon cuming again, writhing on his chest. The problem was the vibrator kept getting pushed back into his face. Sammy meanwhile, seemed to have taken to blowjobs with great gusto, and was experimenting with seeing how much of his cock she could get into her mouth. She gagged a couple of times, but soon got the hang of it. She had a déjà vu experience where she thought she had done this before. She found from his reactions, he really enjoyed it when she sucked him hard and pressed her tongue to the little recess under his crown.

He thought it was time, and slowly pulled the toy from her bum, and picked up the larger one, dabbing more KY Jelly on it's tip, and tried to push it into her bottom. At first there was resistance, from her sphincter. He didn't force it, but kept a light pressure up, then after a minute, it suddenly slipped in, and kept going, six, then seven then eight inches. There was no handle on this one, just a small rim at the end, so when it was in, nothing was sticking out of her. Again he pressed the red button on the end, making her jerk her head back off his cock in reaction.

After about fifteen minutes more, the girl had climaxed continuously, and was sated now, completely, to the point of exhaustion. So, he called a halt and told her to get up so he could stand. He adjusted the camera height so his cock was in centre shot and stood a couple of feet from the lens. She knelt on the floor in front of him, took his shaft in her hand and, opening her mouth wide, again, sucked him deep into her mouth. She slurped as she tried to suck him hard. Her fist was grasping him as tight as possible, while she moved her hand up and down the whole length of his cock, as fast as she could.

He grabbed her hair, and started to try and increase her rhythm. He was going to cum soon, and they both knew it, as the pace built to a crescendo. Suddenly he froze, his bum jerked fractionally, and a look of surprise came onto her face, as his first blast spurted across her tongue. Her cheeks were moving in and out, as his semen pumped into her ten year old mouth, the lump in her throat moving once, twice, indicating her swallowing. The calm arrived, as his pulses slowed. She stopped her movement, just continued to massage him with her tongue, and apply some gentle suction, to finish him off.

He finally pulled away from her, his cock popping from her mouth, a string of semen joining the two of them like a strand from a spider's web. She turned to the camera and smiled. Then ever so slowly, she opened her mouth and leaned right into the lens. Her mouth was full of his pearlescent semen. It was over her tongue, around her teeth, some running down her lips. She swallowed, and swallowed a second time. She then wiped the dribble with a finger, and putting it between her lips, sucked it off, clean. She looked back at the camera and smiled again.

"Oh, Daddy, I may have got my exam results wrong," the child said in a contrite voice. "I didn't get three fails and two detentions. I got that wrong, I Got three firsts and two distinctions. Mr Smith said how pleased he was. Are you pleased with me Daddy?" She put a finger to her mouth and gave a coquettish look, before turning to the camera one last time and waved a goodbye, ending the recording.

"Absolutely bloody fantastic," he applauded her. "You could win an Oscar for that, Sammy. And another thing," she looked at him quizzically, "that was the best blow job I've had in years. We gotta do that again." She smiled at his praise. They cuddled, naked, together in the armchair, their individual thoughts drifting.

"Mike," asked Sammy, "you know, tomorrow," she hesitated, "what will you do to me? I mean will you hurt me?"

"I already promised you I wouldn't hurt you Sammy. I also promised I wouldn't take your virginity. I'm going to do that on Saturday, when I give you the code for your phone. No, Tomorrow is all about trust. You have to trust me to tie you up for two hours, while I do anything I want to you, and I mean anything."

"What sort of things?" I need to know.

"Well," he replied, "it has to be a surprise that's why it's about trust, but what if I wanted to lick you all over and you couldn't stop me doing it, even in your most sensitive places?"

She giggled, "You mean all over, when I'm bare?"

"Um hmm", he murmured, "that's the sort of thing I'll do, but lots more as well. Really naughty things Sammy." He winked at her and grinned. She felt her pussy clench again. She'd cum so many times since she got here and already the tingles inside her had started again. What had come over her?

"One more thing, Sammy," he said holding out a small silver foil covered item. "That's a little pill. Would you take it before you go for your lunch tomorrow?"

"Yeah, sure Mike," she said, "what is it?"

"Oh, just something to make you feel much more comfortable when the time comes tomorrow."

The pill was a quick acting laxative, but she didn't need to know that. He wanted her system purged before she came.

= 9 =

Friday Afternoon

Sammy arrived early at 4:00, the following afternoon. School had ended half an hour earlier than usual, as there was going to be a teachers' meeting. She was clearly excited. Sammy had been talking to her friend Emma during their lunch break. She'd remembered to take his pill.

"Jeez, Emm," said Sammy, "I can't wait to get round there this afternoon. I feel so randy. I'm tingling all the time, down there, at the moment. It's driving me mad, I've felt like it for two or three days."

"How did it go yesterday, Sam?" asked Emma. "You said you were going to make a movie, or something." Sammy explained what had happened and how she'd had to give Mike a blow job and swallow his cum and how he'd made her cum and cum and cum.

"I know it sounds naughty, Emm," said Sammy, "but I so enjoyed it, I gotta go back later today and see what he wants to do to me. It's the mystery of not knowing what he's going to do that makes it so exciting."

"What do you think he will do to you?" asked Emma aghast.

"He won't tell me. That's the mystery. All he said was, he would strip me, then he was going to tie me up and do anything he wanted to me for two whole hours. The only thing he promised was, he wouldn't take my virginity, and he wouldn't hurt me. He promised me that."

"Wow," exclaimed Emma, "what do you think he might do to you?"

"I really don't know, Emm," she replied wistfully, "but I can't wait to find out. Did your mum say if you could come and sleep over later? Mike said we can use his pool tomorrow."

"Yeah, she did," said Emma. "What time do you want me to come round tonight?"

"I hope to be home from Mike's about half past six, so any time after that, I guess. Then I can tell you all about it, she giggled. Mike sounded interested when I said you might model for him. You know what he wants, so you'd better bring that sexy swimming costume, eh?"

"Yeah, I will. I'd better make sure I give him a few flashes of flesh." They both giggled, as they made their way to the next class. Half way to the classroom, Sammy stopped. She was holding her stomach.

"Tell Mr Smith I got to go to the toilet would you Emm. I really got to go." She ran off in a hurry.

Mike had listened to the conversation. His cock had jerked when he heard some of the comments. It might be an interesting weekend. The previous night he'd felt too knackered to do anything to Sammy, so he'd just gone round, administered her dose of Golden Lotion, and left her to sleep.

"Hi Mike," she breezed, "are you all set up?" He nodded. "I'm really looking forward to this," she continued. "I've been thinking about it all day. I thought for a while this afternoon I wouldn't be able to make it. For an hour or so, I had terrible tummy ache, but I'm OK now. My friend Emma's coming for a sleepover tonight. So I will need to be back on time. Where do you want me?"

"Let's go through to the studio, shall we?" he waved her on.

In the studio, Mike had prepared everything. The green screen was in place again, and in the centre of the room was a padded table. There were several cameras set up at various angles, mounted on tripods. The lighting too was set, with the soft boxes shining on the green screen, and spots set up focused on the table.

He switched on and set the cameras all running on video. This was going to be an epic. He waved her to stand by him at the end of the table. He started to lift up the purple school jumper she was wearing. She helped, and soon it dropped to the floor. Bringing a stool up, he sat down in front of her and reaching up, undid the school tie and let it slip through his fingers on top of the jumper. Next, he slowly undid the buttons of her regulation blouse, one by one, working his way down. When they were all open, he slipped his hands under the garment, holding her by the waist and drew her towards him.

"Lift your arms up and outwards and hold them there," He said. As she did so, her blouse blossomed open. He lifted his hands up, and round her back. He cupped her shoulders and drew her towards him, pushing her blouse out of the way with his elbows. He brought his lips to her beautiful breast, which was firm and flushed with her arousal. Her areola seemed angry, as if wanting to burst from within. Her nipple was erect, hard, tingling. He sucked her in, and immediately heard the sharp intake of breath as she felt his tongue rasp across her sensitive skin. In moments, he was repeating this with her other nipple, the sensations rippling through her chest, down her tummy to her pussy. Deep inside her a longing, a need was crying out to her. A need requiring attention. Sammy had never felt so aroused in all her life. What was coming over her? Of course, she didn't know about the Golden Lotion.

Mike pushed her blouse down her outstretched arms, and as she lowered them, it dropped to the floor. He sat back a moment, admiring her form, her beautiful young body, burgeoning into promised potential, her

curves just forming, budding. Like early spring in a life cycle. She watched his adoration, feeling the pleasure of being admired. Feeling the power, for the first time, that women have held over men for millennia.

He lowered his eyes to her blue and green school tartan patterned pleated skirt. At the side of her waist was a simple buckle, which he quickly unclipped, watching as the garment loosened, and finally slid down her legs to the floor around her ankles, revealing her little pink panties, adorned with small blue and red Disney characters. Panties which she had spent so much time this morning choosing. Panties which she knew hugged to her shape. He sat just looking. Her mons was pushing out. The pink material seemingly under tension, as it pulled into her cleft, forming a spectacular camel toe, and the creases where her thighs met her tummy in a magical delta of little girl sexiness.

He took it all in, before he reached forward with his hand, and gently ran his fingers over the cotton material, feeling her shape beneath, feeling the valley of her girlhood, the warmth as the cotton tried to enfold his finger in its embrace. His finger slowly curved down beneath her mons, between her thighs, now pressing against the sides of his hand. She shuffled slightly, her feet moving apart, granting him access. He felt dampness, as his finger passed over her indentation, indicating her entrance, her most private place. She wasn't just damp, she was wet. A ten year old, wet. He had to control his own arousal, The temptation to rush almost overwhelming. As his finger slid slowly back up, he felt the little slip of skin of her cowl, making her jerk slightly as he touched her most sensitive part.

He put his hands on her hips, and turned her round. The globes of her most perfect bottom directly in front of him. He cupped one of her buttocks in each hand and felt their firmness, their shape, their sexiness. Her muscles twitched as she moved making her bottom flex slightly. He pushed his fingers down the valley between her buttocks, feeling the exquisiteness of her form. Further they travelled, under her pudendum, feeling her body through the pink cotton, until he was cupping her mons from behind. He let his fingers drift down again into her cleft, and teased her clitty for a few seconds, feeling her press into his searching fingers, trying to increase her own pleasure.

Mike turned her again, and looked up at her face. She now breathing in short pants, like a runner after a hard sprint. Her eyes almost closed. She was in another world. Putting his fingers inside the waistband of her panties, he rolled the top down an inch or two, and paused as the dimple at the top of her cleft came in view, its tear shape so beguiling, heralding what lay below.

He rolled them a little further, and when half her cleft was visible, he leaned forward and pressed his tongue into her dimple and ran it down over her clitty, eliciting a sharp intake of breath, and a slight jerk, as the pleasure of his attention shot through the child like a bolt of electricity. He pushed the panties down further, and suddenly, they dropped to the floor. He leaned back in, and licked the length of her pussy, as far as his tongue could reach.

Turning her round again, he admired her naked bottom, before placing his hands on her buttocks, fingers upwards, pressing his thumbs into her crack, and gently pulling her apart, her rosebud peeling open.

"Put your hands on the table, Sammy" he instructed, "and bend over for me, would you?"

As she did as he commanded, her pudenda pressed outwards towards him, between her parted thighs. Her peach shaped vulva bulging, forcing her to part her feet a little further. The dampness in her cleft, now obvious, as a trickle glistened in the studio lights, threatening to drip from her.

Again, he leaned forward, and pressed his tongue to the drip of her arousal. He flicked his tongue a couple of times, teasing her clit, once more, before pushing his tongue firmly into her cleft and drawing it upwards, feeling her cleft give way to his intrusion, he pressed a little into her vagina for a moment, before again moving upwards, over her perineum, to her bottom crack and into the recess of her anus. There, he smelled, licked and sucked her firmly, tasting her saltiness and perhaps some tartness.

"OK, Sammy, I'm going to leave your long socks on. Now you're undressed, would you like to hop onto the table, for me?" he helped lift her up so she was sitting on the end of the thinly padded table. The table was in fact a Gynaecologist's inspection table, although she had no idea at this time. It was about four feet in length. At the end, on either side, were fold away foot rests, which hinged from the corners. He swung them round, which effectively lengthened the table. "Put your feet up on these, Sammy," he instructed. "Good,

now lie back and relax. Comfortable?" he asked. She nodded, still tingling from the attention he'd given her bottom, moments before.

"Just slide down the table for me a little, would you? Yes, that's right, so your bottom's over the edge. Good girl. Now I'm just going to put this strap around your tummy, OK?" Again she nodded, as he slipped the cloth strap over her, secured with Velcro fastenings. He swung out two more arms, similar to the footrests, which were pivoted on the corners of the table at the head end. He locked them in position at ninety degrees to the table. They were only three inches wide, but adequate for her to rest her arms on, which he now asked her to do, securing them with straps around her wrists and elbows.

Mike slipped straps around her knees and ankles, securing her legs. She was now completely immobile. "Straps OK, Sammy, Comfortable?" She nodded. "Great, this is the last chance to change your mind now, poppet. Are you happy for me to carry on now? If you want to stop now, just say and I will. But if you're happy, for me to carry on for the two hours, I will, but once I start, I won't stop for any reason, understand?"

Sammy was breathless again. Being tied up was so exciting, so naughty, so arousing. She couldn't wait to see what he was going to do next. The tingling deep in her tummy was screaming at her for release. She so needed to cum.

"Yes, Mike," she said, "I'm happy. You will promise to make me feel nice too, won't you? Don't leave me on a high, please?"

He smiled at her. "I'm going to do exactly what I want, but I promise, before you go home, you will cum as much as you want to. Deal?"

"Deal," she echoed.

Mike didn't waste any time. He pushed a lever, and lifted the footrests high up into the air and locked them there. He then released another lock, which released one of them and he swung the footrest outwards, further and further, until her leg was sticking out almost sideways. He repeated this with the other leg, so she was almost in a full splits position. Her cleft was spread as far as it could stretch. Every part of the child's pudenda was open for him to see and touch any way he wanted. Looking down, he couldn't believe how aroused she was, too. She was dripping on the floor. He solved that by leaning in and used his tongue to clean her up, making her arch her back as far as the straps would allow. He wondered if he'd overdone the Golden Lotion. The old crone had instructed him that three doses was enough. If he fucked her tomorrow, he would need to dose her again today. Would she be able to take it? "We'll just have to see," he thought, with a smile.

He decided it was time for a full body inspection and started to feel her skin with his finger tips, and tongue, licking her in every nook and cranny, covering every square inch. She couldn't believe how intensely arousing she found this. She couldn't stop him, and wouldn't now if she could. He pushed his tongue into every part of her. He licked her ears; around her neck; along her body, making her giggle where she was ticklish; under her armpits. She was really ticklish there. It might be driving her mad, but she loved it too. It made her tense up, and the tension made her arousal heighten. He attended to every bit of her except between her thighs.

Finally it was over, and Mike sat down between her thighs on his little stool. "That was nice, Sammy, I hope you enjoyed that. It was fun, eh?" He heard her grunt affirmation. The child was looking at him with anticipation. She'd never experienced anything like the feelings she had right now, and every minute it just got better and better.

"I'm going to inspect you down there now and play with you a little," he said, as he ran his tongue over her inner thighs very close to her pussy. Next, he gently ran his tongue up and down her swollen vulva, now bulging and red, as if bursting with blood. She tasted so sweet. Just once, he licked the whole length of her cleft, from her bum to her mons. As he flicked over her clitty, she came intensely, and he smiled as he watched closely, while her labia pulsed open and closed with her climax.

“Did you enjoy that, Sammy?” he asked. It needed no reply. Her panting breaths spoke for themselves. Her continuing muscle spasms making her muscles clench against her restraints. Her beautiful face, framed by her long blond hair, a picture of utter bliss.

Next, he used his fingers to mould and massage her vagina and surrounding areas. He pressed quite hard against her hymen, gauging it for fucking her tomorrow. He then pushed his finger into her rectum, making her jump.

“I’ve got something here you might find rather interesting Sammy,” he said, picking up a long, black, flexible shaft. There were some wires trailing from one end, where some black knurled plastic surrounded the end. The shaft was very thin, less than five millimetres in diameter. He got up, flipped open his laptop, which was on an adjacent table, and plugged the device into one of the USB ports. Immediately, three tiny LED lights came on at the end of the shaft. Between the lights was a tiny camera lens. The actual camera and lights were inside the handle, everything being transmitted through fibre optics. The clever bit was the lens at the working end. He indicated the screen on the computer, where an image of the room could be seen. She looked at it and smiled, as he pointed the shaft at her face and saw a clear image of her there on the screen.

Mike had developed this camera to either be used through tiny orifices, or under doors, through keyholes etc. But unlike previous models, this was in full HD and could be steered turning the knurled plastic end. It had been a highly successful product for Eagle Eyed Enterprises, as they had sold many into the medical world for doctors to undertake internal patient investigations, such as cystoscopy without surgery and surveyors of buildings undertaking inspections of inaccessible areas or cavities. Replacement shafts in different lengths could be fitted, depending on what application it was needed for.

He sat down again and moved the shaft between her thighs. There on the screen, her vagina appeared clearly. As the shaft advanced, her hymen filled the screen. The hole in the centre got larger as he closed in, until the lens was against it. He had applied some KY Jelly to the end, and it easily slipped through the hole. Suddenly her whole passage opened up on the screen. Pink and coral coloured her tunnel disappeared into the distance. He pushed forward, as if the viewer were passing along a subterranean passage, except this was Sammy’s vagina.

Deeper and deeper, he penetrated, the ridges and tiny muscles of the walls of her vagina, passing by one at a time. He was about five inches in, when on the screen appeared her end. There was a smooth surface, very inflamed. The camera nudged into it, and Sammy moaned. He pushed into it again and the muscles of her passage clenched in response. “Must be her ‘G’ spot. Looks like the Golden Lotion has worked it’s magic there,” thought Mike. He turned the knurled knob, steering the camera end upwards and saw a tiny gap. He pushed it forward, and the camera pushed through. Beyond, the space opened out.

“What’s that Mike?” she asked. Up until now she had understood where the camera had gone, disappearing inside her pussy. She could feel it as it bumped her sides. But now, she didn’t understand.

“That’s your womb, Sammy,” he said. “That’s where your babies will live before they’re born.”

Mike slowly withdrew the camera, exploring every nook and cranny of her vagina, remembering every detail, for when his cock explored her for the first time the next day. He finally extracted the camera and put it away.

While she was in this position, he decided to apply today’s application of the Golden Lotion. He pushed in the tube through her Hymen, got a clean long cotton bud, dipped it in the fluid and pushed it deep into her. As it hit her cervix, she suddenly cried out.

“Oh my god, what’s that, oh, oh, ohhhhhhh nggggggg aaahhhhhh.” Sammy crashed into another spectacular climax, surprising both of them with it’s suddenness and spontaneity. Mike watched, fascinated, as her vagina pulsed out her orgasm, opening and closing like a fish’s mouth.

Mike glanced at the clock. Time was passing and he had the grand finale to perform yet. He reached for the vibrator, already coated in KY, and brought it to her anus. He didn’t need to force it in, she had received it easily enough in the last couple of days. He just applied gentle pressure and watched as it sank into the child. When it was at full depth, needing to leave it there for a few minutes while she adjusted to it, he picked up the other one, switched on the buzzer and touched her erect clitty with the tip. Her back arched again

with the stimulation, her climax resuming. Sammy had never felt anything as intense as this in her life before. Her mind was numb with the overwhelming sensations which kept sweeping over her.

"Enough, Mike, enough," she called out, "I can't take any more. Please stop."

He smiled at her and replied: "Enjoying it too much are you Sammy? Remember what I said before, I get my whole two hours, and we aren't finished yet. Not by a long way."

Mike reached below her, and slipped the vibrator slowly out of her bum. He immediately brought the larger one in its place and started to ease the tip in, the extra KY Jelly ensured it went in easily until the widest bit forced her anus apart. Then, as before, it popped in, making her grunt in discomfort. He paused a second, before applying gentle pressure, and watched it slide in a full eight inches.

He had one more trick up his sleeve. Under the table was a different type of vibrator. These were used often to fit into other devices, such as the one he'd seen once fitted into the saddle of a child's rocking horse. It wasn't long and thin, but short and stubby, with a flat underside. It had a rounded tip, about two inches in diameter, on the end of a short flexible shaft, mounted to the body. He put the body on her mons, and moved it upwards, until the rounded tip pushed against her clitty. He switched it on and left it there. Poor Sammy couldn't escape the stimulation, which was driving her mad, now. She'd already cum more times than she could count.

He decided it was time, and stood between her thighs, and started to undress, his clothes falling to a heap at his feet. When he was naked, he took hold of his cock and rubbed it over her open vagina feeling the vibrations of the toy, through her flesh. Then, holding the big vibrator, he gently pulled it out of her bum, and was ready with his cock to shove it up, in its place, immediately.

"Are you ready Sammy?" he asked.

"What, what are you doing?" she stuttered, coming to her senses, suddenly. "You can't do that, you're not allowed to. You agreed."

"Oh, but I am, and will," he replied. "I promised not to hurt you or take your virginity. I won't, not till tomorrow. But I will fuck you up your bum, today, and I will cum as deep inside you as I can. You agreed I can do anything, and that's what I'm going to do."

"Ohmygod, ohmygod," she muttered. "up my bum. He's going to fuck my bum." Her pussy suddenly clenched with arousal, her body and the Golden Lotion overriding all moral restraint she might have had left. She crashed into another uncontrolled orgasm.

And so it was, Sammy found what it was like to be buggered. His cock slipped in further and further into her most private of places. She thought it was going to pop out of her mouth, it was so long, but in fact it only reached about as far as where her tummy button was. The feeling of her rectum parting to his intrusion was truly amazing to Mike and Sammy. He, because he loved fucking little girls in any of their holes; she, because she was experiencing new sensations beyond any previous experience. She hated to admit it, but she was loving every minute of this.

Mike pressed his pubic bone hard into her buttocks, and held himself there, feeling the sensation of her rectum clenching on his crown in time with her climax and the vibrations of the toy pressed to her clitty. He slowly withdrew, until he popped out of her anus, and she felt momentary disappointment. But he immediately reversed, pushing fully back into her. Without pause, he again pulled back, quicker, this time. He increased the pace, slapping into her buttocks, her body jerking each time. Soon he was pounding into her hard. God was he enjoying this. Sodomising ten year old girls had to be the most intense pleasure possible.

Sammy, suddenly burst into yet another climax, her head shaking from side to side, his cock pounding into her; the vibrator pressing against her clitty. She was now utterly exhausted. Fucked. She'd lost all track of time, and had no idea how long this pleasurable torture was going to go on for. She wanted it to end, she couldn't take any more, but at the same time, part of her wanted it to go on.

Mike felt the old familiar sensations deep in his loins. He glanced up at the wall clock. Fifteen minutes to go. Perfect. He'd used every technique to stave off his climax, make this last. But the avalanche had started and suddenly was upon him. He pressed as hard as he could to her, as his first small pulse made her squeak. Then his cock exploded, spurting into her, again and again with such force, he must have filled her bowels. She'd be farting cum for days.

Sammy grunted. The exquisite feelings shot through her yet again. She was in a dream world, not knowing where fantasy ended and reality started. If he'd told her before, what he was going to do, she wouldn't have let him. But now, she already knew she wanted it again. But she wouldn't admit it to him. No! make him pay for it. She lay there feeling his semen pumping into her, it's wet warmth pervading her being, like a baptism of eroticism.

Finally, it ended, and Mike switched off the vibrator, then just remained still for several minutes, letting the sensations dwindle, his cock lose it's tumescence, his pulse return to something under one hundred, before he let his cock slide slowly from her

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

Her eyes flickered open. She smiled at him, one eyebrow raised, her eyes shining, her breathing still a pant. "What do you think, Mike? What you got planned for tomorrow?"

"Oh, I just want to fuck your pussy, Sammy," he replied, "like we agreed."

She smiled again. They both knew she hadn't agreed, and they both knew it would happen.

Ten minutes later, he was sitting in his armchair, with her on his lap, both naked still. He'd decided to leave editing the video to another time.

"You didn't answer my question," she said, "What you got planned for tomorrow?"

"I already told you, I'm going to f.."

"No not that," she interrupted, "I'm talking about my friend Emma. What you got planned? I think I know you well enough already, Mike to say you didn't allow her to come round here for a swim. You've got something planned. Right? You haven't even met her. You know nothing about her. She might not do what you want, you know nothing about her, do you?"

"I know her better than you may think, Sammy," he responded.

"Alrighty mister smarty, tell me one thing about her then," she challenged, with a grin on her face. She knew she'd piqued him, by the way he tensed.

"She's your friend, her dad has a thing going with your mum, she thinks she's more experienced than you, although she isn't, it's an act, because you both know you're the clever one, and she's only nine. And, she has a mole on her right thigh, in the crease near her pussy." No sooner had he said it, he regretted his words. But words cannot ever be unsaid.

"What, how?" she stuttered. "You couldn't know that stuff." She lapsed into silence, thinking. Eventually she asked. "Mike, how did you know?" They both knew what she meant. He had to think quickly. He had to lie quickly.

"I have a confession, Sammy," he said in contrite voice. "I had a look to see what you'd taken photos of. You see my computer is paired with your phone. I only looked at my computer," he said, tapping the laptop. "It's how you get all those apps you like, otherwise your phone wouldn't do what it does. Anyway, yesterday, you were in the changing rooms, yeah?" she nodded warily. "Well, you must have pressed a button when you put it on a shelf with your clothes, because next thing I got a MP4 film clip though. I deleted it, but confess I did keep a snapshot. And, the way you described Emma, I saw her, and, well, she's got a mole, right? She's also got a nice pussy, Sammy. You gonna help me get better acquainted with it?"



She grinned at him, he knew he'd got away with that close shave. "Maybe, but it'll cost you. What's it worth?" Soon, they were dressed, Mike asked, "What time is Emma coming round to your house?"

She looked up at the clock and said: "In about half an hour."

"What are you going to feed her with Sammy? Has your mum prepared something for her? You haven't eaten yet either."

She grimaced, realising he was right. Mum was dead to the world, and there'd be nothing in the fridge, as usual.

"Look, Sammy," he said in a quiet voice, "if you want, bring Emma round here. I'll fix something, or get a takeaway or whatever, OK?" She nodded.

Sammy got up and was about to leave, when she leaned into Mike and kissed him. She pulled away, and leaned in again, this time, her mouth was open, and as soon as they made contact, their tongues intertwined. She broke away, quite breathless for a few seconds. She smiled at him. Then the unexpected happened. She farted a loud, long wet one. She pulled a face. "Oh, fuck," she said, putting her hand on her bum, "I'm all wet, now." They both laughed.

A few minutes later, she'd gone. Mike didn't waste any time. He cleared and tidied the studio, put his lights and cameras away, before settling down and making a start on editing the video. He heard a car pull up outside next door, and girls' voices. A man spoke, saying something like "see you tomorrow." The car started again and drove off. Mike went into the utility room and changed the batteries on the hidden cameras, before settling down to finish the editing. If this could have been distributed legally, it would be worth a million, he smiled to himself.

He closed the video editor, and clicked the link to her phone. No picture could be seen, but he could hear voices clearly enough.

"Put your bag over there Emm," he heard Sammy say. "You can sleep with me, if you like. I won't be able to do stuff, though, I'm a bit sore down there, after... you know..."

"How did it go, Sam?" asked Emma. "Tell me about it, come on, all the details. Don't leave anything out. But first, did you like it?"

"Yeah, Emm," said Sammy, "it was nicer than anything I've ever felt in my life before. I was really worried at first. He said he was going to tie me up. Then he asked me if I wanted to stop, but if I agreed to go on, he wouldn't untie me until the two hours was up, whatever I said."

"Wow," said Emma, "what did you do?"

"I told him to do it. But then, half way through, he put this buzzing thing on my pussy and just left it there. It felt so good, I needed to stop, but he wouldn't. It nearly drove me mad, I can tell you. You know how it feels when you cum?" her friend nodded avidly, "Well it was like that but ten times as powerful and it went on for two hours." Sammy spent the next fifteen minutes explaining what happened.

"Do you think he'd want to do stuff like that to me?" asked Emma.

"I think he would, Emm. But would you want him to? I mean I did it to get my phone. All I've got to do now is let him fuck my pussy tomorrow, and it's mine. Trouble is, I want him to do it. But I pretend I don't. I don't want him to think I'm a slut. What are you going to do to find out if he wants to do stuff to you?"

"I'm not sure. I've brought my sister's swimsuit from last year. That's way sexy. It's a bit big for me, but it shows off everything. And tonight, I might give him a flash or two, see what he does. I've got those sheer panties on, you know the ones."

"They're good," answered Sammy, "very sexy. I'm amazed your mum let your step dad buy them for you." The two friends chatted for a few more minutes.

“OK, well, mum’s asleep again,” continued Sammy in a resigned tone, “and when she gets like this, I know she’ll sleep now until the morning, so we can do what we want. Shall we go round and see Mike then?”

When the tap on the door came, Mike had put away his computer and moved through to the kitchen, busying himself, doing nothing. “Hi girls, how you doing tonight? This must be the lovely Emma,” he said, bowing his head, taking her hand and kissing the back of it. She blushed at the unexpected greeting.

“Come in, come in,” he said, waving them in from the door into the kitchen. “Would you like a drink? Make yourselves at home. There’s the fridge, there, and another with more drinks in the studio. Sammy knows her way around, and will show you where everything is.”

While the girls were staring into the fridge, choosing what to have, Mike took the opportunity to study Emma closely. She was about four foot one, had raven black hair, which shone in the light. It was cut in a fringe over her eyebrows, then dropped to her shoulders, and curved down slightly around the back of her head. She had a round face, not fat, though, button nose, high cheek bones and piercing bright green eyes. Her eyes were as intense as Sammy’s blue ones. With hair, eyes and cheeks like that, he thought she might have Irish ancestors. Her figure was less mature than Sammy’s, being at least six months younger, he guessed. She was flat chested and parallel waisted. Her legs were pencil thin. They would start to fill out in the next year, he estimated. All in all, she was a very pretty little nine year old girl letting herself be drawn into the web of an ardent pedo. And the great thing was, she knew what he was.

The girls poured themselves their drinks and sat at the kitchen table. Every now and then, Sammy would let slip a small fart. Each time Emma would giggle, but Sammy would blush, knowing Mike knew her panties were getting wet. “OK,” he said, at last, cheerily, “this week Sammy has eaten McDonalds several times and Chinese once. Do you fancy something different tonight? Indian, or Pizza perhaps?” He struck a chord with that suggestion, and in moments, he was placing the phone order.

“What do you want to do tonight girls?” he asked. “you can have TV, Netflix, Amazon Prime, video games, cards, Monopoly, what’s it to be?”

“Mike,” chimed Emma, “would it be alright if I looked at Sammy’s photos you took? She said she really enjoyed modelling for you.”

“Yeah, of course,” he said, “come through to the sitting room and I’ll put them up on the big screen.” He panned through the pictures he’d shot on Sunday and Monday. Even if he did admit it, they were very high quality pics at a professional level. Emma commented on what Sammy had been wearing, and her poses.

“It was easy, really, Emm,” she said, “Mike told me exactly how to stand, hold my head, body, arms and so on and he did the rest.”

“I like the silhouettes,” enthused Emma, “they’re really cool. It looks like you were naked. Were you?”

“Ah,” giggled Sammy, “you couldn’t see anything through the screen, but we got it wrong and in the last one you could. But Mike deleted it straight away.”

The pizzas arrived and they had a break. The girls chomped their way through the large helpings they’d ordered, and half of his small one as well. Emma was on her third coke, when she asked where the loo was. Sammy showed her where it was. They were gone for a while, but Mike didn’t mind, he was watching what they were doing. They entered the toilet and immediately, Emma hoicked her school tartan skirt up to her chest, dropped her panties to her ankles and squatted over the pan without sitting. Mike had his first clear view of her beautiful mound and cleft. Her mons was quite narrow, but long. It seemed to extend half way to her tummy button. It bulged out from her belly like a small hill. Mike had always thought, over the years, that younger girls always seemed to have larger mounds than older girls. Like Sammy, she had a large tear drop shaped dimple, beneath which her cleft seemed deep and narrow. A slip of skin protruded indicating where her clitty was hiding. Her thighs were parted slightly, and he could see her urine flowing in an arc behind her, as she leaned towards the camera.

“You know what I was telling you earlier, Emm?” asked Sammy, “You know, about him doing it up the bum.”

"Hmm," she replied, as she wiped her pussy with some paper.

"Well, I've been farting ever since. He must have pumped me full of air as well as his cum. I think I'm going to fart again in a moment," explained Sammy, "wanna see some of his stuff squirt out?"

"OK, go on then," said her friend, now showing enthusiasm.

Sammy lifted her skirt and dropped her panties. She turned, and put her hands on the arms of the little low chair, and bent over. Mike had a clear view, and for a moment he could see nothing, then her anus dilated, as she pushed, before a long wet sounding fart emitted from the girl, and a little squirt of cum bubbled out of her. Sammy waited a moment, and pushed again and a second fart followed, echoing the first. Before the cum could run down her, she brought her hand round and caught the dribble in a scoop of her fingers. She stood up and showed her fingers to Emma, who stared at it in fascination, leaned down and sniffed it and finally touched it and rubbing it between two fingers, inspected it closely. They both giggled at the naughtiness of what they had witnessed.

Sammy tore off a sheet of paper, and wiped the smear off her bum, and washed her hands. Then, the girls returned, giggling as girls their age do.

"Mike," said Sammy, "Emma says she would like to see the photos of me modelling the red bikini." Mike, of course, knew Emma had never asked any such thing.

"OK," he said, clicking the mouse pointer on the relevant icon. "These were taken on Tuesday. I think they show how well Sammy can model when she remembers everything I told her, like how to sit, and position of her head."

They went through the photos of her playing in the sand with the bucket and spade.

"Shows her bum off well, Mike," quipped Emma, "doesn't it Sammy?"

"Do you think these are inappropriate, then, Emma?" he asked, fixing her with a stare.

"No, quite the opposite," she replied with a smooth smile. "I think she looks sexy. If ever you want, I would pose for you like that," she said suggestively. The three of them understood what she meant.

"What about the white swimsuit, Mike?" asked Sammy. "Do you think she would like to see those photos as well?"

"I don't think so, Sammy," he said firmly, "maybe another time, eh?"

"Why not?" asked Emma, suddenly sitting up at her end of the couch. Her knees went up and outwards, exposing her panties for the first time to his direct line of sight. Her short skirt rucked up at her thigh tops. They were sheer, shadows of what lay beneath clearly visible. He could see her shape beneath them, as they hugged her form. They were cut small, with a narrow gusset and were cut high at the hips. They were as sexy, as she'd told Sammy they would be.

He looked fixedly at her exposed crotch, back to her face and down to her crotch meaningfully, as he replied: "Well, perhaps I could let you see some of them, if you're good." He looked at her face again. They both smiled, a spark of understanding had just ignited, between them.

He clicked the icon in the file and set the slideshow running. As the photos scrolled through, Mike sat and stared at her crotch. Emma's cheeks blushed somewhat, but she pretended to be concentrating on the screen. Her knees moved very slowly apart. They both knew this was entirely intentional, and both pretending it was nothing of the sort. By the end of the slide show, she was lying with her knees far apart, her sheer panties both hiding but, at the same time, showing everything. They were very erotic. Her vulva was showing at the edges of the leg holes, her camel toe and almost see through material screamed eroticism.

When the final picture closed, Emma turned her head and looked him in the eye. "Would you like me to pose like that Mike? I think it would be fun, don't you?"

"I think you're doing a pretty good job of that right now, Emma," he couldn't resist saying, again looking down at the vulvae bulges between her thighs, barely covered with the thin semi-transparent material. She laughed, and made a play of lowering her legs and bringing them together.

= 10 =

Friday Night

Things calmed down after that. Mike made them some spiked hot chocolate. He had a mind to go round and check out Emma in much more detail later on. The girls watched some TV and made their way back to Sammy's house, through the gap in the fence. Mike agreed they could come round in the morning to use the pool and they fixed a time. He relaxed for a few hours, before he got into his black catsuit, face mask and gloves. He entered the house the same as before, and checked each room downstairs and mounted the stairs quietly. Something felt different. All his warning bells were jangling.

Once upstairs, he silently checked each room, as he had before. Sammy's mum was spread-eagled on the bed naked and unconscious as usual. He went to Sammy's bedroom door, when he heard a lapping sound, like a dog makes when licking it's balls. The door was open about twelve inches and a very dim light shone out through the gap. He peered round the door, and in an instant took in the scene, before pulling back out of the room. A naked man was lying at the foot of the bed. Sammy, with Emma beside her had been sitting up in bed, when they'd fallen asleep. Both were naked, their legs spread wide. The man's head was between Sammy's thighs, lapping at her pussy. Emma's also looked wet, he'd obviously been at her before.

He took a moment to think this out, before pulling out his camera. He set it to use with flash, set the time and aperture and stepped back through the door. He then kicked the door fully open to attract the man's attention. It worked, he pulled his face away from Sammy's cunt and half turned to see what had made the noise, as Mike took the photo. All the man could see, after the light from the flash had dazzled him, was a black figure with mask disappear out through the door. Mike was out of the house within a half minute, and once outside was invisible as he re-entered his garden through the gap.

He waited a few minutes, and sure enough, a man ran from the front door and jumped into a car parked three houses up the street and drove off. He made a mistake, however, He'd parked by a street light, and as he got in, Mike took a telephoto shot of him, which included the car number plate. Within two minutes, Mike had brought the details up on his computer, using the police database. His name was William Peterson. Emma's step father. He needed the man's mobile number and e-mail address. Both were listed. He spent five minutes composing an e-mail on an anonymous server he used for security business, attached the photo he'd taken molesting Sammy and the one of him getting in his car, then pressed send. Next, using an anonymous link, forwarded through phone networks in Rajasthan and Somalia, he sent a text which simply read: licking pre-teen pussy can be expensive. Check your e-mail.

It was twenty minutes before his e-mail box peeped with the expected reply.

Mike's message had simply read: "Your police record indicates you are registered as a social worker working with families with children. It also states you are suspected as heading up the local drug distribution in your town. Do you want paedophilia to be added to the list, with cast iron evidence to put you inside for fifteen years plus?"

The reply read: "How much?"

Mike typed: "Arrange for Mrs. Bennett to be admitted to The Heavenly Rehabilitation Centre and for all her future after care, to be funded by you. Also, if you go near Mrs. Bennett or her daughter, Samantha again, you know what will happen. In addition, it has come to my attention that you have been molesting your two step daughters, Emma and Maddie. This stops tonight, or the same will apply. You have two minutes to respond."

One minute later, the acknowledgement and agreement came through.

Mike sat for a moment thinking through the situation, and decided there was nothing further he needed to do, so he might as well go and molest the two children. Two minutes later, he was inside Sammy's house and two minutes more in Sammy's room. He had grabbed a wet pink face cloth, with a Mini mouse cartoon

printed on it, from the bathroom on his way by, and wiped both girls clean of any remaining saliva. He then took in the beautiful scene of the two girls in half sitting, half lying positions, side by side, stark naked, holding hands. The one blond, the other dark, both very beautiful, lying as Peterson had left them, with spread legs.

Taking his camera, he recorded their positions. He made a mental note to model these two together some time in the future. That would be fun. Comparing the two girls, side by side, he could see that Sammy was well on the way to developing curves, her thighs thickening, as a prelude to entering her puberty, whereas Emma was far from it. She still had the boyish features of an immature nine year old, pencil thin legs, parallel waist. She was smaller in almost every way. Mike found her diminutive form really arousing. A pedo delight.

He undressed and spent the next twenty minutes or so very closely inspecting Emma and probing her, running his hands over her body, feeling her buttocks, as they were both spanned by one hand. As he already knew, she was completely flat chested, and only her pin head pink nipples beaded up as he caressed and licked them, although her bee sting areolae did flush darker, as he did so, and hardened slightly to his touch. Her mons was long and narrow as he'd noticed before. Almost tear shaped, it seemed to reach up to her belly, mounded and proud, firm to his touch. Her cleft seemed to dive between the folds of her labia, plunging inwards, inviting him to explore further. Her cowl appeared to be much longer than Sammy's. It's wrinkled skin enfolding her clitty within it's wings. Further down, her vagina entry, just a dip in her cleft, was closed tight. He leaned in and pulled her labia gently apart. Suddenly, her passage popped open, almost as if it had been glued shut, and then released. Her vagina was surprisingly damp. She had been aroused earlier, and the evidence was there to be seen. She was pink and coral coloured, her hymen merging as a tight membrane across, a small hole stretched across with the pull of his fingers. Threads of mucous stretched across her entry, beside the little hole which nearly got him into trouble.

Her rosebud was just a tiny wrinkled dip in the valley between her small buttocks. Using some pre-cum on the end of his finger, he probed her carefully, enjoying the feel, as her sphincter suddenly relaxed and admitted him in to explore her interior. She was so tight; much tighter than Sammy had been a couple of hours ago. He wondered if could bugger her. He had doubts. He pressed as deep as he could reach, enjoying her warm buttery feel and the clench of her anal muscles, as they pulsed against his intrusive digit. After a minute or two, he withdrew his finger and bringing it up to his nose smelled her aroma; not unpleasant at all, but very arousing. His erection pulsed harder, his pre-cum dripping on the child's leg.

Mike took hold of her feet and pulled Emma down the bed, so she was lying flat. He spread her legs out as far as possible, and changing to his macro lens fitted with the ring flash, photographed every inch of her pussy and areolae in microscopic detail. He rubbed his finger over the little mole in the crease where her pussy met her thin thigh and smiled. Next, he rolled her over onto her front, and repeated the process covering her bottom. Her microscopic dimples and almost invisible baby hair on her skin appearing clearly in the enlarged pictures.

Just for fun, he took the little tube out of his bag, and carefully inserted it through the hole in her hymen, and pushed it home. He took the bottle of golden Lotion, and dipping a six inch long cotton bud into it, pushed it through the tube, up against her cervix. The moment it touched her, she jerked slightly, as her muscles reacted to the sensations deep inside her. It would be interesting to see how she behaved the following day, now.

Glancing at his watch, he decided to bring matters to an end, with a grand finale. Placing his camera on the bed side table, set to video, he pulled Emma further down the bed, until her bum was right on the edge. He then pulled Sammy down alongside her, before rolling her on top of her friend, face down, her knees either side of Emma's waist, her bum, red from it's earlier penetration, and pussy wide open in front of him, her mound pressed to Emma's.

Mike grasped Emma's feet, and lifted her legs high into the air. He stepped forward and grasping his cock, pressed it to the top of Emma's cleft, smearing pre-cum over her clitty. He thrust his hips forward, and watched, as his cock disappeared between the mounds of the two children. The pressure on his crown was far greater than he'd expected. It was fabulous. It felt almost like he was fucking one of them. As his pre-cum spread, the slippery feeling added to his pleasure, easing his penetration between them. He already knew this wouldn't take long, and soon, his scrotum tightened, and the surge from his balls heralded another mind numbing climax, as his cock exploded between the two bald, preteen mounds. Spurt after spurt, he pulsed

out his ejaculation in what felt like an endless flow of semen. Looking down, he could already see what a mess their pudenda were in, adding to the joy in this amazing experience.

He paused for several minutes after his pulse and breathing had quietened. He carefully pulled back, feeling the semen squelch between the two girls. He quickly wiped himself, then grabbing his camera, focused, up close, between the girls' thighs, showing the pearlescent liquid slowly oozing out from between them, downwards. He rolled Sammy over onto her back, and spent a few minutes capturing on camera the lascivious sight of the two preteens, lying hip to hip, covered in semen from their tummy buttons, down to their bottoms. He took the damp towel from his bag, and wiped the two of them clean. He saw that Peterson had thrown their panties on the floor, so he picked them up and slipped them back on the girls. Their nighties took a minute or two to wriggle onto them, before he positioned them side by side and covered them with the duvet. He pulled on his own black clothing, double checked he had left everything as it should be, switched the light out and left the house.

= 11 =

Saturday Morning

The sun was shining in through the windows, Mike felt great, refreshed after an excellent night's sleep. It was going to be hot today, in more ways than one. He had breakfast and did a few chores, including cleaning round the pool, and checking the chlorine levels. While outside, he heard voices from the next house, from an open door. A woman, on the phone, by the sound of it, and the two girls chattering as they ate breakfast.

"Yes, I will call in on Monday," the woman's voice said, "first thing. You have a place available. And, it's all funded you say. Who by? Oh, you can't say. Do I need to bring anything?" Mike smiled to himself, Peterson was quick in responding, it would seem.

An hour later, there was a knock on the front door, and there were Sammy, Emma and Sammy's mum.

"Hello," she said, "I am Susan Bennett. I understand you've met my daughter. She says you've kindly offered to let her and her friend use your pool."

"Yes, indeed," said Mike, waving them into the house, "I'm Mike Robinson. Come on in. I'm just brewing some coffee, fancy a cup? Good morning girls, would you like a drink? If you go into my studio, in there," he pointed to the room both girls knew well, "you'll find a drinks fridge. Help yourselves. We'll be in the kitchen."

Mike studied Susan in a few seconds with a well practiced assessing eye. Other than red rimmed eyes, with a dark shadow beneath each, she seemed to be perfectly OK. It was funny, he thought. He'd seen her unconscious and naked, several times. He'd moved her naked body so she didn't asphyxiate, and yet he'd never yet actually spoken to her.

"How did the move go?" she asked with the predictable question, as she sipped her coffee. They talked with ease, relaxing, hitting it off remarkably well for two people who had only just met. He explained he worked with a security camera company and was often away. She a nursing auxiliary at the local hospital. The girls had wandered into the kitchen and said they would go outside and sunbathe, if that was OK.

After about an hour, Susan looked at her watch and announced she had to get off to work soon for her shift, starting at ten o'clock. She asked if he was sure he didn't mind them using his pool, and to send them home if they were any trouble and he would keep an eye on them when they were in the water, wouldn't he? Mike intended to have more than just his eyes on them. She soon left, leaving the girls in the care of a paedophile.

He got changed and walked outside, finding the girls had spread their towels on the grass, and were sunning themselves in the early day sun. Sammy was wearing her red bikini, whilst Emma was in a white one piece, cut with high leg elastic at the hips, and sporting large designer holes at the belly and small of the back. The costume was clearly too large for her, presumably bought for an older child originally. He saw with interest, that the leg hole elastic didn't fit snugly round her thin thighs. There seemed to be a gap there. When they heard him approach, she propped herself up on her elbows and the front of the costume drooped down, allowing him a clear view down her front, her little bee sting areolae openly on display. He took a second or two to ogle her, making sure she noticed his stare. She blushed slightly.

"Who fancies a swim, girls?" he said, dropping his towel on one of the plastic chairs and dived into the pool. The cold water, on a hot day, took his breath away, but by the time he reached the far end of the pool and surfaced, the water seemed to have warmed.

He heard some giggling and two splashes as they followed him in, immediately shrieking, as they surfaced in the cold water, splashing about like puppies. Mike swam a couple of lengths, while the girls played together. He knew it wouldn't be long....

He lazily floated on his back, enjoying the sun, when suddenly, the two minxes ducked him under. He was ready though, and grabbed a leg of each of them and tugged them down under. They chased him, he swam underwater. They cornered him and splashed him. He tickled their waists. And so it went on.

At the deep end of the pool, there was a narrow ledge about five foot down before the pool dipped deeper further in. He stood on this, for a rest. The two girls swam up to him, one either side, but found the water too deep to stand, so they clung onto his neck, one either side. He naturally cupped their bottoms, one in each hand. Emma giggled at the contact, and grinned at Sammy. They brought their knees up, gripping his body front and back.

Mike stood holding the girls for a minute, enjoying the curves and firmness of their buttocks, as they flexed in his hands. Then he became aware of a knee gently rubbing his erection through his swimming trunks. He wouldn't have noticed, except the movement repeated a couple of times. He was surprised, though, when he realised it was Emma making the moves, not Sammy.

Without reacting, or speaking, he slipped his hand further down her bottom, his fingers sliding over the silky material of her costume, through the valley formed between the cheeks of her bum, down under the curve, until he felt the dip of her vagina entry under the pad of his middle finger. There he pressed gently into her, the nylon costume stretching under his finger. She immediately took a deep breath, but did not react in any other way, other than to press her knee harder to him.

Mike didn't need a trumpet fanfare, or a road sign to tell him what to do. In a moment, he slipped his finger tip under the loose edge of her costume and found her vagina again and pressed into her a fraction. She again sucked in a breath of air. Mike could feel moisture over his finger tip. Not swimming pool water, but slippery moisture, little girl arousal moisture. The moisture which asked for him to do more. He slipped his finger out and moved it further forward, through her cleft, finding her clitty, a hard nub enveloped in it's flap of skin. He gently pressed it and moved the pad of his finger tip back and forth over it.

He decided Sammy was missing out, so he moved his other hand down over her bum and under her curve. He looked at her, as she smiled up at him. The Golden Lotion was now driving her mad. She was so horny, but didn't know why. So as his hand moved further under her, he was surprised when he felt her hand tug her costume to one side, letting him pet her directly. He slipped his finger into her cleft, and pressing forward, found her cowl and clitty too. He massaged her as he was doing to her friend. Neither aware of the other.

They remained like that for five or ten minutes. Mike kept pulling his fingers back, dipping into their vaginas, before sliding forward again, and masturbating their clitties, becoming more vigorous as he felt the tension in them rise. He knew Emma would come first, so he eased back on her a little, feeling Sammy rise now. He had them in balance, and carried on, feeling them both tension together and was gratified when both girls gasped at the same time, and suddenly were gripping him around the neck, as they pulsed out their climaxes on his fingers, each girl in a world of ecstasy, still unaware of the other. Finally, they calmed and opened their eyes, smiling at each other, realisation dawning, even a little embarrassment.

The girls played several little girly games and splashed around in the pool for an hour or two. At one point, he heard Emma ask Sammy if she thought someone had been in their bedroom during the night. His ears perked up. It would seem, when they woke up this morning, they were wearing each other's panties. Mike, who'd got out of the pool earlier, asked if they'd like something to eat. He'd lit up his barbeque and prepared a light Greek salad, with some sausages, burgers and lamb kebabs.

When the girls got out of the water, they walked over to Mike, water dripping from them as they grabbed their towels to rub themselves down, laid their towels over the plastic chairs and sat down, around the table.

Mike was spell bound at how transparent Emma's swimsuit was. She might as well have been wearing cling film. She knew he'd seen her, and he knew that she knew. A new tension in the air between them. He never said anything, just enjoyed the view as lunch was eaten. Mike had been quite surprised how forward Emma had been, and put it down to the potency of the Golden Lotion she'd had the night before. He decided to bide his time, as far as she was concerned. He didn't have long to wait.

"Mike," she asked in a way suggesting she'd been thinking how to word this for some time, "you know last night?" he nodded, encouragingly "you know you never really said if you'd like me to model for you. Would you? I mean pose for you and you pay me, like you did Sammy."

"I don't see why not, Emma." He replied casually, knowing the two girls had discussed this at length, in detail. "But, as you may know," he continued, "I paid Sammy in kind, not cash. You see she needed a new phone, and, well, that's the line of business I'm in. Would you like that too?"

She nodded, "yes, Mike, I would love a phone like Sammy's"

"OK, I'll see if I have another phone I can spare. The features the phone holds will depend on how much work you want to put in, with the modelling. You saw the results of some of my work, didn't you." She nodded again. "would you be willing to pose like that too, Emma? And more besides." She looked at him enquiringly. "I think you know what I mean, you're a clever girl. And if you want a phone just like Sammy's, it would need much more work. "The thing is, Emma," asked Mike, "how good a phone would you like to work for? Do you want a basic one, a good one, or top-of-the-range?"

"Oh," she answered without hesitation, with a coquettish expression, "the very best. And, for that I'm willing to work as hard as you like."

"I will probably be enabling Sammy's top-of-the-range phone later today," said Mike, "if Sammy decides to do the final session of modelling for me later on. She will need to ask me, when she's ready." Sammy was slightly bemused. She realised he'd been speaking to her, not Emma. The conversation had rather overtaken her. She nodded with a half smile.

"Mike," asked Emma, "would you mind if I watched her model for you later, so I know what to do, when it's my turn?"

Mike looked at Sammy, who shrugged before saying: "OK, Emma, as long as you follow the house rules. You have to wear the same clothes as Sammy, or lack of them. Then you can watch her last session as well."

"It's agreed then," he smiled. "I will give you a call, when I get back from my next assignment in Belarus, Emma, in about ten day's time. Oh one more thing, if you're interested, I wonder if you two might like to do some more modelling work for me, you know working together. Very much together." The girls looked at each other and burst into more fits of giggles.

= 12 =  
Saturday Afternoon

The girls were in a huddle, giggling, while Mike cleared away the lunch things. They played some games on Sammy's phone and looked up to see where some of their friends were right now. Emma couldn't get over what the phone could do. They were back in the pool by the time Mike returned. He sat and watched them, while they played little girl games in the water.

Eventually, Sammy, accompanied by Emma, swam to the edge of the pool nearest to him, and resting her elbows on the side, asked: "Mike, could I do the last session of modelling this afternoon please?"

"If you would like that, Sammy. Are you going to join us Emma? You said you would like to watch."

Emma nodded with a smile, a slight blush on her face. She couldn't believe how horny she was feeling right now though, but it was nothing to how Sammy was feeling. She'd hoped to hold out until tonight, when Emma had gone home, but she couldn't wait any longer.



"There's one condition remember, though, Emma," he said with a grin. "If you want to watch, that's OK, but you have to dress exactly the same as Sammy."

Ten minutes later, Mike had the studio lights powered up and ready. He took his camera and turning to the girls said: "Sammy, you will need to have a quick shower first. So let's start in the utility room." They went through, and Mike brought his camera up, as Sammy went to the shower cubicle, and switched the water on to warm up. She turned and asked Emma to undo the bow on the back of her red bikini top. "Remember what Mike said, Emm, you have to strip as well when I do."

Emma blushed momentarily, but in fairness, slipped the loose shoulder straps off, and peeled the costume down to her waist. Sammy put her thumbs into the red bikini panties, and bending, slipped them off her bum, dropping them to the floor in a wet puddle. Emma's followed suit. Mike had to make a play of saying what a beautiful body Emma had, in particular her bum, and how well formed her pussy looked, and how he looked forward to photographing her properly in the studio in a couple of week's time. The fact he'd got her in close-up detail already, was quite beside the point.

The two stepped into the shower, and at Mike's suggestion washed each other down. It soon became obvious to Mike, that this wasn't the first time they'd done this to each other. It was familiar ground. He videoed them, as they ran their fingers through each other's pussies and bum cracks and every orifice. He was almost disappointed when they switched the water off. And started to towel themselves dry.

They walked through into the studio, and Mike indicated the gold coloured wooden chair to Emma. "You can sit there, if you like, or in that armchair over there, or even stand if you prefer." He handed her the vibrator with a flat base and flexible shaft with rounded rubber end, and switched it on for a moment, so she knew how to use it, if she wanted to.

He'd prepared the same table he'd used to tie her down on. It now had a duvet spread over the top. He indicated for her to come and stand at one end, and lifted her up so she was seated on the edge. He pressed a button, and the table lifted upwards, until their faces were on a level. He then moved to each of his tripod mounted cameras in turn, and pressed 'video record'. Seeing the tiny red LCD blink, he moved back to Sammy and rested his palms on the tops of her naked thighs.

Mike looked at the ten year old child and said: "You know what's about to happen, don't you Sammy?" she nodded "Are you happy to continue." She nodded again. The way she felt inside, she needed this more than he did. "If you want to stop now, or at any time, that's OK. We'll be about two hours as we agreed. OK?" A final nod. "OK," he said, flippantly, "let's make a video." Mike stripped off the sweats he'd put on after swimming and threw them onto a nearby seat.

He spent a moment staring into her intensely cerulean blue eyes. He leaned towards her and kissed her on the lips, a chaste kind kiss. Bringing up his hands, he gently cupped her cheeks and turning his head slightly, brought his mouth back to hers. He pressed slightly harder this time, parting his lips a fraction, feeling her reciprocate. He touched her lips with the tip of his tongue and was immediately met with her own touching his. Quickly, their tongues were wrestling in each other's mouths. It was obvious to him that she was very turned on indeed. Emma stared at his seven inch long, rigid, erection, she'd just seen for the first time, wondering if she would like it in her, when her turn came around. She decided she would. She was already fumbling for the switch on the vibrator.

By now, Mike was running his hands up and down Sammy's back, feeling her little spine pushing against her skin, her ribs rippling down the back of her chest as his fingers passed over them. He was still in a deep clench with her, his tongue far into her mouth, their mouths pressed hard together. His fingers felt her chest rising and falling with her breathing, as her arousal grew, her heart thumping, making her chest visibly pulse, her hardened pink boobs rippling in time with it.

Mike, pulled his mouth from hers, disappointing her for a moment. But in a moment more, he was kissing her long neck, his tongue caressing her, just under her ear, making her tense with the pleasure. As he moved to kiss her across her shoulders, he was hugging her tightly to his chest, her knees either side of his waist, pressed to his sides. Without realising it, he'd lifted her bodily from the table. Lowering her again, he pulled away from her, so he could kiss down her lower neck and upper chest, working down to her beautiful little new formed boobs. Taking one, then the other into his mouth, he gently sucked on them, encouraging them

to swell, to enlarge, to engorge, to become aroused even more. He kissed even lower, and reached her tummy button, making her giggle as his tongue delved as far into it as possible, licking around several times.

He pulled the leg rests around on their hinges, at the corner of the table, and holding her by her shoulders, lay her gently back onto the table, before lifting her legs onto the rests. The rests were at ninety degrees to each other, allowing him to stand between them. He now continued his kissing of her whole body. But instead of heading straight for her pussy, as Emma had thought, and Sammy had hoped, would happen, he lifted her legs in turn, and started to kiss the soles of her feet, her ankles and up her calves to her knees, lifting them and kissing the recesses at the back. She shuddered. It was so sensual. She was cuming, and he'd not even touched her pussy yet. She was cuming! Emma and Mike could both see her pussy pulsing out it's bliss, winking, pearlescent mucous seeping out from her, running down the crack of her bum.

Mike ignored her climactic squeals, squeaks and pants of short breaths. He continued to kiss her lower thighs. He just got to the crease where her thighs met the delta of her pubis, when he stood, swung the leg rests inwards, bringing her legs together, and told her to roll onto her front, which she did quickly. He swung her legs outwards again and continued to kiss every inch of her back, from her shoulders downwards. He reached the rise of her buttocks, and he felt her shake with anticipation. As he started to kiss her globes, little tiny goose bumps and dimples appeared all over her bum. The, almost invisible baby hairs, he called bum fluff, seemed to stick out from her, as if a magnetic force were near her. He had kissed everywhere. Well almost. He'd saved the best till last.

Leaning forward, he placed a palm on each of the cheeks of her delicious rump. They were firm, muscled and flexed to his touch, a deep dimple appearing on each as they tensed, momentarily. He gently parted her buttocks, opening up her valley, a tiny sheen of perspiration glinting there. Starting at the top, he kissed her slowly downward, taking his time, covering every millimetre. He reached her rosebud, and pressing his lips hard to her, kissed it firmly. He pushed his tongue to her, smelling the shower gel, she'd used, but also something else, something much more basal, making his heart thump in his chest. He pressed his lips to her again and sucked her for a moment. He smiled to himself as he wondered if he could give her a hickey. He smiled again, when he felt her climax once more. This was amazing.

A buzzing sound distracted him for a moment. He glanced across, and saw nine year old Emma adjusting the vibrator into position on her clitty. She had moved to an armchair and had draped her legs over the arms of the chair. She looked as though she was enjoying herself. Certainly the red swollen opening to her vagina was damp and dilated. Maybe the Golden Lotion had helped take away her inhibitions.

Mike kissed down over Sammy's smooth perineum. He felt her lift her bottom, trying to push her vagina to his lips. He pulled away. She sank down again in frustration. Pushing her legs back together, he asked her to roll onto her back again then as she did, spread the leg supports once more. He was nearly ready. Glancing at the clock, a full hour had passed. It had seemed like seconds. He leaned forward again, and started to kiss her lower belly, from hip to hip, working down to her mons. He especially kissed the creases where her groin met her thighs.

Her mons was swollen and hardened. It had darkened in colour. As he kissed it, it felt hot to his touch. She stiffened again, her arousal becoming overwhelming to her. She muttered: "please, oh please ahhh, help me, I can't take anymore. Please." Clearly the Lotion had taken her mind beyond any self control she might have retained.

"How would you like me to help you, Sammy? What would you like me to do, darling?" he asked, as he worked his kisses almost to her cleft. Her clitty was standing proud, like an erection, almost half an inch. He'd never seen anything like it. He flicked his tongue across it and instantly she jerked, a cry coming from the child and a deep, deep sigh, as she subsided into yet another climax, her hips bucking, trying to find pressure against her clitoris, seeking release.

"Oh, please help me, please, pleeeeeeaaassee. Fuck me, Mike, please fuck me, noooooowwwwww," She shuddered again, as his tongue whipped her swollen clitty unmercifully back and forth. Her climax had been continuous for several minutes. Could she take it? But he hadn't quite finished.

Mike pressed his lips again to her cleft, pushing his tongue deep into it's recess and tasted her arousal. It seemed her skin was sweating arousal. Her pheromones steaming from every pore. She could only moan. Coherent speech was now beyond her. She tossed her head from side to side, her beautiful face, framed in

her blond hair, screwed up in the agony of ecstasy. Her breathing now in short pants. The moment was close, but he had one last desire. He lowered his face, and pushed his tongue into the crease where her bottom met her thighs, and pressing hard, drew it along the crease, upwards, passed her vagina, feeling her labia press to him, up towards and passed her mons, right up to her hip. He repeated it on the other side, enjoying the salty taste which had accumulated so soon after her shower.

Mike stood, and pressing the pedal under the table, lowered it to a better height. He placed his fingers on her thighs, curling his thumbs over her labia and rotating his thumbs in small circles, massaged her vagina, watching it open and close to his touch, seeing the fluid of her arousal suddenly released and pour from her. Her climax had never stopped, and she was reaching a point of passing out.

“Are you ready, Sammy?” he asked “Just say the words again, and I’m there for you.”

She didn’t respond immediately. Her brain processing the question, while Mike positioned himself, feet apart, between her thighs. Pulling her labia even further apart with his thumbs, he positioned his rigid cock at her entry. She gasped again at the contact. He gently thrust, seeing her clitty dip down to kiss his cock as he pressed. He pushed again and again, watching intently, as her vagina stretched, her labia changing from dark to light pink each time he pressed into her. He felt her dilate slightly, enough to know it was time. And again, she was ready.

“Say the words, Sammy, Just ask,” he instructed the demented child.

She seemed to finally hear him and her eyes opened, her sight clearing from the fog of the orgasmic storm she’d experienced over the last half an hour. “Oh, Mike, make it happen please, make it happen.”

“Make what happen, Sammy?” he asked, pressing, feeling his crown slip slowly through the tight ring of muscle at her entry.

“Please, please fuck me, Mike, I need you now, so much, pleeeeaasse,” she subsided into another climax so strong, she lapsed into her dream world again, where reality and fantasy were mixed, confused.

He pushed again, feeling his crown held back by her hymen. He pulled back and pressed, pulled back and pressed, repeatedly. She was thrusting her hips back at him, now, in counterpoint rhythm. She never flinched when he suddenly thrust harder, tearing her hymeneal membrane away, her virginity gone for ever. She only let out a long low moan, as she felt his cock sink further and further into her in one long slow glorious penetration of her body, the walls of her passage peeling apart as he went deeper and deeper.

Suddenly, he hit her end, four and a half inches in. She grunted. Her climax couldn’t reach a higher peak than she was already experiencing. He paused a moment, appreciating the feel of her ten year old vagina, cramping him, as it pulsed out it’s orgasm on his cock. It was the pinnacle of his pedo desire, he’d taken another preteen virginity. His tenth. He pulled back a little, and bumped into her end again. Pulled back a little more and pressed again. Each time he increased the speed and scope of his movements. Soon he was fucking her properly. Harder, faster, deeper.

Emma, sitting in her chair, had climaxed herself a couple of times, but she realised it was as nothing to what her best friend was enjoying on the end of Mike’s lovely long, thick, cock across the room. She had to see more. Taking the vibrator in one hand, she stood carefully on wobbly legs and walked over to the table. Neither Mike nor Sammy seemed to take any notice of her, or perhaps care, when she stood beside them, and leaned in so she could watch every detail of their conjunction closely. She already knew she wanted Mike herself, and when he got back from Belarus, she would be waiting for him.

Sammy had been out of her mind. She had never experienced anything so good, ever, in her short life. The waves of bliss just kept sweeping over her, again and again. She was loving every moment of this. She needed it to end soon, but at the same time, wanted it to last. She already wondered when she might have him again. Soon, she hoped. She just had to have this again.

Mike was now pounding into Sammy as fast as he could. He was almost pulling out, before thrusting hard back into her, now, six inches deep. He could feel her cervix stretching inwards each time he thrust into it, making her grunt. Mike was good at holding back, and although his cock wanted him to let go, he wanted his full two hours worth. Glancing at the clock, there was still ten minutes to go. He looked down where they

were joined. As he pushed into her, beneath her hairless, silky smooth mons, her clitty was dipping down, kissing his cock, drawn into her own vagina by the friction between them. When he pulled out, it looked as if she were being turned inside out, the pink moist wall of her cunt clinging onto him, before slipping back, ready for his next thrust.

He was in a fast piston rhythm now, and he kept the pace. Sammy grunted each time he bottomed out and her passage was continuously clamping on him, her climax never ending, it would seem. Emma was bent at the waist, leaning over her friend, her face just inches away from where she was watching in awe.

“Touch it if you want,” Emma, he said. She glanced up at him, smiled, and immediately reached out with her hand, as if expecting an electric shock. She put her finger and thumb either side of his cock, and squeezed very gently, feeling the ripples of his shaft passing through them, as he thrust in and out of Sammy, every ridge, dip and skin movement impressed forever on her young mind. She flexed backwards slightly, as she felt his hand pass over her bottom, and press into her own cleft, feeling the dampness of her vagina and thickness of her labia, swollen with arousal. Mike pushed into her, his finger sliding in to the second knuckle, pressing against her hymen. He wiggled it, and felt her clamp against him, her moans speaking for themselves.

This extra stimulus was the final straw, and Mike felt his climax build. He held it as long as he could, before thrusting hard into Sammy’s cervix, and holding himself there. Then suddenly, he blasted into her, his cock exploding. Again and again he spurted, his semen shooting deep into the child. Sammy was muttering something he didn’t understand. Emma was cuming on his finger, he was still pumping semen hard into Sammy again and again. This was just as good as it gets .

He knew he’d moved into the right neighbourhood. Such welcoming people. There were several more girls, he already knew about, in the street, who he thought he might like a fuck after Emma had taken her turn. His extensive research indicating that they were all plums, ripe for plucking. When he got back from Minsk, he would need to see what could be done. Perhaps he would ask Sammy and Emma to help him hold a house warming pool party. That might work.

End of Book 1

Find out how Mike gets on in:

[Mike The Mechanic – Book 2 – The little Belarusian girls from Minsk.](#)

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