

<!--ADULTSONLY-->

MIKE THE MECHANIC - Book 2 - The little Belarusian girls from Minsk.

Author: Broadsword

Keywords:

Man/young girls 7 - 11, M/g, ped, oral, anal, voy, 1st,

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.

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

Summary: Mike Robinson, has been sent on an undercover mission to Minsk in Belarus. He finds he has too much time on his hands. After exploring the city, he finds a young girl, Anastasia, who for a meal and a few Rubles, is willing to come to his hotel room. The following day, he meets a young, destitute mother, who, realising he is a photographer allows him, for a modelling fee, to photograph her daughter. The photography, of course is just the first stage of what becomes a very enjoyable visit to Minsk for Mike and lucrative for the mother.

= 1 =

Monday Afternoon

The aircraft lifted off into a bright blue sky, on time from Heathrow. Mike was still reading his briefing notes, when they touched down late afternoon in Minsk, four hours and a drawn out flight change at Crakow, later. He looked out of the window, where the wet concrete apron and spots on the window told him all he needed to know about the weather. This was his tenth trip to Balarus, and it had rained at some point during his stay every time.

He took the airport bus into the city, and checked into his hotel. He always ensured the places he stayed were as anonymous as possible. Not flash, not grim. Often they were the sort of hotels where local commercial travellers would stay.

Mike had been called into the office following his house move the previous week, where Roger, his boss, briefed him on the project, as these trips were always termed. The Minsk branch of a London based merchant bank suspected, from some recent suspicious activity, that there was a security breach, probably one or more internal staff members

involved. This sort of thing was not unheard of in the financial world, and was best dealt with internally. They required hidden surveillance monitoring cameras installing inside the bank, without anyone knowing it had happened. He had been provided with building layout, door alarm codes, duplicate keys and details of where existing cameras were located and controlled. Bread and butter work for Mike, who had undertaken similar jobs a hundred times before. After the system was installed, he was to await results, monitored in London, when he would be given the green light to remove the cameras, after a few days.

The following morning, the weather had cleared, and he had visited the target, posing as a London investor, enquiring on opportunities in the country. He had lunch across the street in a small café serving inedible fare, but affording him a view of the building, and traffic movement. During the afternoon, he walked the area, getting to know it thoroughly. At midnight he was in the building, accessing through a staff entry at the rear and by 01:30, he was in his hotel. He checked through the encrypted internet link, confirmed the system was working perfectly, sent the decrypt codes to London head office for them to monitor, received an acknowledgement, and he went to bed, his work complete for a week.

In the morning, Mike had breakfast by 09:00 and took a walk. He wasn't really interested in visiting the Belarusian State Museum of the History of the Great Patriotic War, although posters everywhere he went told him to do so. He walked through the Victory Park and he also saw the Monument to the Fallen Jewish People in the place called The Pit, where 5000 Jews were shot on 2nd March, 1942. Enough culture, thought Mike, feeling depressed, he decided to return to the hotel, where he could at least do something useful, like catch up on some quality Kiddy porn.

Late afternoon, having wanked off a couple of times to his latest studio collection: his new neighbour, Sammy and her friend Emma, in very intimate positions, with each other. He was bored, and walked around the streets near the hotel. He always carried his camera bag over his shoulder, so decided to try and record some scenes of "everyday life". He always enjoyed his photography, and was absorbed soon enough. Two old gentlemen sitting outside an apartment conspiratorially chatting about the old days, made a great shot. Some boys kicking a ball in a back street. Then he saw her. Sitting two flights up on a steel fire escape. She was talking to her dolly, whose hair she stroked, and dress she smoothed down.

The child was wearing a short blue skirt, red blouse and a stained white unbuttoned cardigan over the top, white socks, one of which was down by her ankles and the other pulled to the top of her calf. She had very long amber-blond hair, a narrow face with small nose, rounded honey brown eyes and wide mouth. She was very pretty. A beauty. His cock twitched, like a compass pointing north.

The child hadn't noticed him, so he fitted his 700mm lens and zoomed in on her, who, he thought, was probably about seven, maybe eight years old. He got some really excellent pictures of her, in a natural environment. The best shot of all was as she looked up, her eyes suddenly on him, in the moment before her expression changed. She tilted her head enquiringly at him, but smiled, unconcerned at his invasion of her privacy.

She shifted her position, presumably due to sitting on the hard steel stair step. He noticed she had parted her knees, and through his telephoto, he saw a glimpse of pink. The distance too great and insufficient light, resulted in a poor quality picture between her legs.

As he took the camera from his eye and looked up, he saw she was now staring back at him, aware he was watching her.

The girl stood, and skipped down the stairs, and reaching the street, walked over to him. "Hello," she said in the local Russian dialect, which Mike understood reasonably well, but found difficult to pronounce, "why are you taking my picture?"

"A reasonable question," he thought. The truthful answer being: "I'm a pedo and like taking pictures, between the legs of little girls like you."

"I'm on holiday," he lied, "I like architecture and photographing people, where they live. Do you want to see what I took just now? What's your name?" She nodded and stood beside him, as he brought the view finder down so she could see it.

"My name's Anastasia," she said proudly, "I think it's a pretty name, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," he agreed, "that's a very pretty name."

He flicked through the snaps. They were good. They got to the last shot, a close up of her spread knees, pink panties peeking out.

"You took pictures up my skirt. You're rude, you are," she said accusingly, but without any real malice.

"Yes I know," he shrugged, looking at the screen again, "I was naughty, I should have asked you if it was alright to take that one really, shouldn't I? Trouble is, it came out blurred and dark. I'll have to delete it anyway. Why are you all on your own?"

She looked at him. "My older sister brings me home from school," she explained, "but everyday her boyfriend comes round. They like to fuck before my mum gets home. They don't want me around when they do it."

Mike was a little taken aback by her frankness, but remembered from previous visits, how sex and nudity was seen in eastern Europe in a far more liberal way than anywhere in the west.

"How old are they," asked Mike, "your sister and her boyfriend?"

"Oh, she's eleven, but he's not really her boyfriend," she explained, "he's our uncle. He's lots older than you and fat, but he pays her money, so that makes it OK I suppose, doesn't it?"

"How much does he pay her, Anastasia?"

"Lots," she replied with a smile, "Last week she told me he paid her 60K Rubles each time." Mike did a quick calculation in his head. He knew the average salary here was about 22 million Rubles a month. That worked out at about €400, so her 60K Rubles was, like £2 or just under \$3.

“Has he ever asked you to do it, Anastasia, or just your sister?”

“Nah,” she said, lifting up and looking at her dolly again, “he doesn’t want me, I’m just a kid. I would if he wanted, though. Think what I could do with sixty thousand Rubles.” She grinned at him

“You’re not just a kid, Anastasia. You’re a big girl now,” he said, trying to inflate her ego. “I would have thought you are at least ten or eleven now, yes? I’d pay to fuck you.”

“You’re just saying that,” she giggled, hugging the dolly to her chest, swinging her narrow hips in small twists, back and forth, “I’m only seven, I’ll be eight next month. Why did you think I was older, Mister?”

“Well I don’t know,” he said, “I just thought it, I guess. When does your mum get home, Ana?” he asked using her shortened name.

“She gets back really late,” she replied, “she works in a café in the afternoon, and then goes straight to her night job from there. She works in a club, it’s called Peep Palace. She won’t be home until after midnight.”

“Who looks after you, Ana,” he asked, “while she’s err, working?”

“Her brother does,” she answered, “our uncle. He’s the one fucking my sister now. He never stays, though, he’ll be gone soon,” she explained, “as soon as he’s finished with her, he goes to the bar to meet his friends. Quite often, he doesn’t even come here at all, he just goes to the bar. Then my sister goes to her friend’s house, leaving me here, and only comes back soon before Mum gets home.”

“What about feeding you, does he give you something to eat?”

“No,” she shook her head sadly. “Mum gives him some money for the food, but he spends it in the bar. I have to go to my friend’s house if I get hungry. I told Mum once what he’d done, she didn’t believe me, and he hit me the next time he was here.”

“Did you mean it, mister?” she asked, “you know, would you pay me to fuck you?”

“Sure, Ana, you’re a very pretty girl, of course I would. Why,” he asked, sounding as surprised as he could, “would you be interested? Have you ever done it before?” She suddenly went shy, twisting her hips again, hiding her face behind the dolly, peeking from behind it.

“I suppose, I could try” she eventually muttered, “maybe. But you wouldn’t want to pay me as much as Kat gets, coz I’ve never done it before and don’t know what to do.”

“Kat?” he asked.

“Ekaterina , my sister, Kat“

“Of course I will, Ana. I will pay you even more perhaps if you do everything I ask. Perhaps one hundred, and,” he said, pausing, “I will order in some Pizza before we start.

What do you say?" Her eyes lit up, as she nodded. "Do you know my hotel? It's that one, painted blue, at the end of the street," he said pointing. "Do you see the fire escape ladder to the left of the place in the alleyway?" she nodded, "Well, when you come, climb up that as quiet as you can. My room is on the top floor. I will make sure the fire door is open for you. My room is number 23. OK?" she nodded.

"How long, do you think it will be before your uncle goes and your sister leaves?"

"Oh," she shrugged, "not long, now, ten minutes maybe."

"In that case, Ana," he said in a confident voice, "I will go back now and order the pizzas straight away. What flavours do you like?"

= 2 =

Monday Evening

Mike picked up a Pika-Pizza menu at the hotel reception, and chose the selection in the lift, and had phone ordered them by the time he got to his room, which was at the end of the corridor. He always asked for a room without neighbours, citing poor sleep patterns as his reason. It seemed to him, no one else occupied this floor of the hotel at all. The emergency stair well was only yards from his door. He pushed open the door, and listened for a moment, ensuring no one was using the stairs. The fire exit had a simple "push bar to open" lock, which he released soundlessly and went back to his room. He sat quietly, waiting for her, thinking he'd fucked many preteen prostitutes around the world, over the years, but very few this young, and almost none of them virgins. He was looking forward to this very much indeed.

She tapped quietly on the door less than five minutes later, and the door swung open less than two seconds later. She grinned at him as she walked in looking around the decidedly average room as though it were a palace. As kids do, she went to the TV and picked up the remote and flicked through the channels, finding a cartoon in German with Belarusian subtitles, which she sat in front of happily enough. He decided it was a good idea to let her settle in for a while. He handed her a can of Coke, which she immediately popped and swigged.

Mike was pouring a drink for himself, when the knock came. He asked her quietly to hide in the bathroom for a moment, which she quickly did, as he opened the door, took and paid for the delivery. He waited ten seconds, made sure the "Do not disturb" sign was still out, and locked the door. As soon as the door shut, she came out of the bathroom, eyeing up the cardboard boxes with interest. He put them on the little round, glass topped table and pulled up two chairs. Mike wasn't that hungry, but managed three or four segments, amounting to about half of one of the enormous pizzas. He was fascinated, however, as he watched the little girl work her way steadily through both the flavours she'd asked for, and the half he didn't eat.

At the end of it, she sat back in the seat, remnants of tomato sauce, cheese and something green, smeared around her face and hands. She grinned broadly and burped loudly.

“Well, Ana,” he asked, “did you enjoy that?” She nodded, grinned and burped again. She took a long swig from her second Coke can, before burping a third time.

Mike looked at the food spread around her face, her grubby clothes, scraped, dirty knees and said: “I think it would be good idea if I gave you a nice warm bath, Ana. Would you like that?” She shrugged and said: “OK”.

He stood, went to the bathroom and turned the taps on full and watched the slow flow of water. At least it was hot, and the bath was big and clean. He returned to the main room and pulled the curtains closed. They were the sort many hotels have, thick enough that guests can sleep during the day without city noise and sunshine disturbing them. Then turning to Ana, he asked “Ready, darling?”

She grinned again and nodded enthusiastically, stepping towards him, thinking of all the money she might earn tonight. She liked Mike. She took to him the moment she'd seen him photographing her. He had an easy way. He asked her, rather than told her stuff. She liked his lean figure, not fat like Uncle, or mean to her, like her teachers.

He pulled a 100K Ruble note from his pocket and handed it to her. Her eyes were like saucers. She hadn't expected this much. “If you do everything I ask, Ana, I will give you another fifty, and if you try really hard, I'll make it one hundred, OK?” She nodded silently. This was more than Mum made at the strip club each night.

“Stand up, Ana, would you, please? Good girl. I would like to undress you now. Here, let me slip off this nice cardigan for you.” He had remained seated. She was standing between his spread knees. He dropped the woollen garment on the seat she'd just got up from. “Now turn towards me, while I undo all these buttons on your school shirt.” He worked his way down from the top, popping each button in turn, letting the gap in the centre widen slowly, skin coming into view. Undoing the cuff buttons, he pulled the sleeves down her arms, letting the blouse drop to the floor behind her. He took a moment to study her. She was without any curves at all, parallel waisted, thin arms, ribs visible from under nourishment. She looked more like five or six to him, not nearly eight. Her areolae were simply bee stings on her chest, almost no discolouration, marked only by tiny pin head nipples, which he found were hard as he gently touched them with his fingers.

He turned her sideways, and unbuckled the catch at the side of her blue school skirt, letting it fall away, before putting it on the seat beside him, She was now standing in her shoes, white socks and pink panties. “Put your foot on my knee, Ana,” he said, tapping a knee. She complied instantly, and he tugged the shoe lace loose and pulled it off. He slid the sock down, enjoying the feel of her silky soft skin against his hands. Repeating it with her other leg, he sat back and admired her. She smiled at him, hoping he liked what he saw, thinking of that extra 100K Rubles.

Turning her towards him, looking into her eyes, he tucked his thumbs into her elastic waist band, and slid her grubby pink panties down over the rise of her bum and dropped them down her pencil thin legs onto the carpet. She stepped out of them, still smiling. He hadn't looked yet. She liked that. He then surprised her, because instead of ogling her, as she expected, he put his arms out and pulled her towards him in a cuddle. One of his hands cupped her shoulder, the other covered both cheeks of her tiny bum. It felt comforting.

She found herself cuddling him back, her cheek pressed to his chest. She didn't mind when she felt his fingers gently rub up and down the crack in her bottom. It felt like he caressed her, not groped her, like her teacher kept doing.

Mike felt her relax in his arms. He'd done this a hundred times before with little girls, and always found a few minutes putting them at ease early on resulted in much better cooperation later, when things sometimes got a little painful, or even slightly frightening, for the child. He finally held her at arms length and still looking into her eyes asked: "May I look?" She smiled again and nodded. She liked him. She hoped he liked looking at her.

He leaned back, and took his first look at the naked child. Her little thin limbs and body so tiny and immature compared to ten year old Sammy, who he'd last fucked only two days ago. He looked at her pubis. Her mons, so proud as it mounded away from the dip beneath her tummy. It seemed the only part of her that was larger than he'd expected. Her slit seemed so deep, as it bisected her mound, curving down out of sight between her thin thighs. A tiny slip of skin beneath a dimple at the top of her slit announced where her clitty was hiding.

Turning her sideways on, he admired her profile. One thing he adored about little girls this age was how they stood. Without realising it, her back was curved, so her bum stuck out behind her, and her belly out forwards, forming an 'S' shape to her body. He always found this incredibly sexy. He turned her, now, facing away, and looked at her back, from her pencil thin legs, to her pert little bum. He placed his hands on her hips, feeling her bones against his palms.

"Put her hands on your knees, would you Ana," he gently asked, "I would like to look at your bottom, if that's OK."

She immediately did as he'd asked. She didn't mind at all. He'd asked nicely. He could see her little rosebud appear, as her crack opened up. Mike placed his hands on her tiny buttocks, and using his thumbs, pulled her bottom open further, looking into her anus, a dark brown tunnel no larger than a pencil. She hadn't wiped herself properly, and tiny bits of shit were speckled around the recess of her asterix shaped hole.

Mike remembered he'd left the bath taps running, and said they'd better go check. He stood and scooped her up in his arms, her legs naturally clinging around his waist, as he supported her weight under her little bottom. Going into the bathroom, he was surprised the bath was only two thirds full, but plenty full enough for the two of them. Checking the temperature of the water, he switched off the taps.

"Hop in Ana," he instructed. "I'll just get my camera."

He returned in a moment, to see her sinking under the clear warm water, her displacement hardly increasing the water depth at all. He took half a dozen shots of her sitting in the water, playing around, splashing and making little waves. Mike reached over to the shelf, and took down a small plastic bottle of shower gel, and turning on the tap again, tipped the contents into the flow.

“Stir the water up Ana,” he suggested, “see how many bubbles you can make.” She became vigorous with the water, and soon had a good bubble bath going. He switched the tap off again and knelt down beside the bath.

“Enjoying it, Ana?” he asked, picking the large bar of white soap up from the rack mounted on the side. She nodded and smiled, wiping away some suds that had stuck to the end of her little round nose. She was really enjoying this. She hadn’t had a proper shower or bath since she’d gone to her grand mother’s home out in the country two months ago. Since then she’d had to wash herself down with a cloth, as their water heater wasn’t working and Mum had to use a kettle to heat what they used.

Mike lathered up the soap in his hands and putting the soap down said: “Arm.” She lifted one thin arm up, and he ran his soapy hands up and down her, washing her and feeling every contour, before rinsing the soap off. He made her giggle when he washed her armpit, tickling her.

“Other arm,” he instructed, and so her bath continued. He washed her neck and back and little chest strumming her nipples a few times, seeing them harden. He gave her a soapy flannel to wash her face with. He had her in fits of giggles when washing her waist. She was very ticklish, and could hardly bear to let him touch her there.

“Leg,” came his next command. She lay back into the water and lifted one leg after the other, as he soaped her feet and calves, knees and lower thighs. They both anticipated what came next.

“Stand up, please Ana. Did you want to do the last bit,” he asked, “or would you let me?” His tone made his meaning clear, and she really wanted to please him. Besides, she was enjoying this. Her little heart was beating hard like she’d just run for the school bus.

Ana stood up, turned to face away from him, and spreading her feet apart, she bent over and placed her hands on the wall for support. Mike looked at her for a moment and glanced over his shoulder, checking his camera, running on video, had a clear line of sight. He soaped up his hands once more, and starting at her waist, washed the globes of her bum, working inwards towards her valley between her beautiful buttocks. He pressed his finger in, and ran it along her crack, back and forth.

“I’m going to wash inside you now, Ana,” he said. “Is that OK?” She nodded acquiescence. “Feet a little more apart, please.” He picked the soap up again, and ran it along her bum, over her anus several times, before again rubbing soap into his hands.

Mike stood, and turned slightly and placed his right hand on her bottom, the heel of his hand resting where the crack of her bum started, his middle finger sinking into her fold. He ran the pad of his finger back and forth over her rosebud, back and forth, increasing the pressure each time, feeling her anus relax, as she became accustomed to the movement. He pressed harder, and suddenly felt her dilate, as his finger slipped passed her sphincter, and into her rectum.

“That’s nice, Ana, now what I want you to do, please,” he asked, “is push hard, like you were trying to have a poo, would you?”

He smiled, as she said: "OK, I'm pushing."

He felt all pressure of her rectal muscles ease on his finger, and he was suddenly able to slip into her one, two knuckles then all the way. "Well done, Ana, I am really pleased with you. You do feel nice in there. You don't mind me doing this, do you? Does it hurt at all?"

"It's OK," she responded, "it doesn't hurt at all. It feels a little funny I suppose, but nice funny."

Mike reamed her for a while. He enjoyed turning his finger around inside her, feeling her buttery depths against him, her little clenches, as she moved. By the time he pulled out of her, she had loosened up appreciably.

"Last bit, Ana," he announced, kneeling down again, "turn round."

There was no hesitancy, as she turned, moved her feet far apart and put her little hands on his shoulders for support.

This time, he quickly washed the rise of her mound, feeling it's firmness, gauging it's size in his palm, compared to the many other seven year olds he'd fondled. She was small, but her mons was big. Certainly bigger than he would expect. He pressed his finger tip to her dimple, and with micro movements back and forward, let it slowly sink into and down her cleft. His first impression was right, she had a deep cleft. A combination of a thick mons and very puffy labia.

He pressed on downwards, feeling her little cowl hiding her clitoris. He pressed below it, curling his finger back, feeling the skin submit, revealing the little hard nub of her clitty. He strummed it, increasing the pressure. He felt her tense, her hands on his shoulders gripping him slightly harder, microscopic movements of her hips reciprocating his massaging of her most sensitive spot. She was rising. He was pleased for her.

Many seven year olds never climax, but most will if handled right. He felt she deserved it, so kept strumming her, feeling her movements against the pad of his finger increase, her breathing becoming shorter, her knees dipping, as she tried to increase the contact between them. Then she came. A great whoosh of breath, followed by panting. Her hips thrust forward and backward quickly now, her little face screwed up in a combination of delight and agony, as she experienced the first orgasm of her life. He had to take her weight on his hand under her pudenda, as her knees gave way and she sank back into the water, her panting indicating her climax went on, while his fingers kept her on a high.

Finally, she grabbed his wrist with both hands and muttered: "Enough, please, enough." While she lay back in the water, catching her breath and letting the ripples of ecstasy wash over her, Mike went into the bedroom and quickly undressed, leaving his clothes on the bed. Returning a minute later, he smiled when he saw her angelic face and smile.

"Was that nice, Anastasia? Your first experience as a grown woman. Now you're a big girl," he stated.

Ana's mind was in a turmoil. She had never felt anything so nice in her life. Mike had made her feel so good and he'd called her a woman. He'd asked her each time he did

stuff. He'd not forced her in any way. She really liked him. Kat had told her about how Uncle bent her over the table in the kitchen, lifted her skirt, pulled her panties down and shoved his thing into her. He pushed and pulled a couple of times and squirted white stuff into her, pulled his trousers up, threw 50K Rubles on the table and walked out. Kat had never felt any pleasure, or desire or love. They both hated Uncle, but Mum said he looked out for them and made sure they were OK.

"Mr. Mike," she said, using his name for the first time, "what was that? I felt a tingle all over. It was really good. It was nice. Will you do it again?" she blinked at him, suddenly noticing his nakedness and stiff erection pointing at her. "You're bare. Why have you taken all your clothes off? I thought you were going to fuck me in bed later."

"I really like you, Ana, and I thought it would be nice to have a cuddle in the bath together now you're all clean. Would you like that?"

She grinned up at him and nodded. "Yes, Mr. Mike. Are you going to make me feel all tingly again?"

"Yes, Ana, if that's what you would like, I'll see what we can do." He stepped into the bath behind her and sat down in the warm soapy water, his feet and knees either side of her. He reached forward, his hands over her chest, and hugged her to his tummy, his cock squeezed between them. He then leaned back against the bath end, taking her with him, her head now resting on the top of his belly, her face just above the warm water, her long amber-blond hair spread over him and the surface of the water.

They lay like that for a few minutes, his fingers teasing her tiny nipples, almost unconsciously. He asked her about her school and family, her friends and what she liked to do. She relaxed, liking the way he showed interest in her, like few others had done. She pressed her hands on top of his, finding comfort in his strength which he hadn't tried to use against her. In her position, she was bending backwards, though, and found her back started to ache. Her wriggling told him her problem.

"If I sink further down into the water, Ana," he asked, "would you like to slide a bit further up? It might be more comfortable for you."

She lifted herself up with her hands, as he slipped down beneath her. She sat on his pubis, feeling the scratchiness of his hair, under her bottom. Mike now lay the full length of the bath, his chin just above the water. He pulled her gently back, so she lay with her head resting on his sternum, and clasped his hands over her chest again, her hands squeezing him to her. His rigid cock stuck up like a lighthouse between her thighs, its top edge pressed deep into her cleft, his crown standing three inches above her mons. She stared at it continuously, studying the way it flexed when he moved, or twitched as she did. She could feel the power of it transferred through her pussy. It made her feel something deep within. Something she'd never felt before.

They chatted again, Mike learning something of her school politics and her favourite subjects. He gently ran his fingers down her tummy and over her mons, his fingers dipping once more into her cleft. He didn't strum her this time, but gently massaged her clit, while they talked. He felt the last tension leave her, as she seemed to mould her body to his.

They lay like that for half an hour, only interrupted, when he suggested she top up the hot water.

“Ana, do you know what happens when people fuck?” he asked her, as he continued to gently caress her clitoris, with almost no movement. “I mean do you know the different ways of making it feel nice, the positions they can try?”

“Oh, yes,” she said, trying to sound as though she knew all about it, “the girl opens her legs, the man shoves his thing into her pussy, wiggles it around for a minute, spurts stuff into her and then goes to the bar for a drink.”

“What a tragedy,” thought Mike, “if she grew up thinking that life’s greatest pleasure just consisted of that.”

“No, Ana,” he continued, “fucking is much, much more than that. If two people try to please each other, it should be wonderful for them both, always. Have you enjoyed what we have done so far?” He pressed the pad of his finger slightly harder against her clitty making her bum press into his groin.

“Oh, yes, Mr. Mike,” she enthused, “it’s really nice.”

“Well think of fucking as more, but better, than what we’ve done already,” he stated. “But you obviously don’t know about all the different ways people can enjoy it, do you?”

“How do you mean, Mr. Mike?” she asked quizzically, looking up at him over her shoulder.

“Well, Ana, a man can fuck your pussy, as you said, of course,” he assured her, “but he can do it from the front, or the back, in bed, over a chair, in the back of a car, even in the bath!” She giggled “He can do it standing, sitting, kneeling, lying down, in fact many ways. And there’s more.” She blinked with a questioning expression.

“You can fuck a girl in her pussy, like you said,” he continued, “or in her bum, or even her mouth. He can use his tongue on her as well. Lot’s of girls love that. Sometimes they even do it to each other. Not everyone likes doing it every way, but everyone has a favourite. And most important, you must always enjoy it, always.”

Ana was amazed at the revelations he was describing to her. She’d always been told fucking was a thing women did to please a man if she wanted him to stay around. It was something you just had to do. No fun, no pleasure. Sometimes painful and always messy. But Mike had told her she should enjoy it. She wanted to know more, much more.

“Mr. Mike,” she asked, “would you teach me, would you show me all the different ways of doing it, you know, teach me how?”

The music to his ears made Mike’s cock flex hard into her cleft, making her twitch again in response.

“Well, Ana, I’ll try, if you want,” he tried to make it sound doubtful. “I’m only here for about a week. You’ll have to come over every single day and I will try to teach you what you want. The only thing is,” he said craftily, “I’m not sure if I can afford to pay you every time.”

“No, no,” she stuttered quickly, “I want to learn. I will come over every day and you can show me. How do you want to do it today, Mr. Mike?”

“Well,” he replied, “I was going to ask you that. You can do it here in the bath, or in the bed. Which would you prefer? It’s your first time, so I think you should choose.”

She pulled a thoughtful expression, as she chewed over the options, before she said: “I want to remember it always,” she said, seriously, “and I will always remember being here in the bath with you. You’ve been really kind to me. Would you do it here, in the water?”

Mike increased the pressure on her clit, as he continued to massage her, feeling her stiffen again. He didn’t want her to cum, though, not yet, anyway.

“And, Ana,” he continued, “would you like your first time in your pussy or your bottom?”

“Oh, in my pussy, please, for the first time,” she said emphatically, “but I’d like to try other ways next time, if that’s OK.”

“OK, Ana,” he directed “in a moment, I want you to turn over, OK?” she nodded. “I will show you exactly what to do. Don’t try to please me, I will enjoy myself anyway. I want your first time to be really special. I want you to concentrate on that and only that. OK?” She nodded again. He strummed her clitty for a few moments longer. She was beginning to rise now, timing was important here. “Right, Ana, turn over now,”

She turned and, putting her knees down either side of him, wriggled down, as his hands on her hips directed her. His cock, as rigid as ever, nestled into her cleft and the valley of her bum, its end sticking into the air. He placed his hands on her tiny buttocks, and enjoyed feeling their firmness under his fingers. He cuddled her like that for a minute or two, before asking her to lift up over him in her kneeling position.

“Lift your bum up, for me, Ana, would you?” he asked, reaching down to pull his cock towards him.

“I can’t lift any higher,” she confessed, “my legs aren’t long enough.”

“OK, don’t worry, no problem. Sit down on me, and lift your knees up and bring your feet forward. Good, that’s right. Now put your hands on the side of the bath. Lift your self up, now just a few inches, so I can get my cock lined up, where you want it. Good, well done. Are you sure you’ve never done this before?” he teased her. She grinned, liking his praise and the way he was trying to make her take pleasure in this.

While she squatted over his cock, he rubbed his end along her cleft several times. “Drop down on me just an inch, Ana, until you feel it pressing you.” She complied and he felt his crown settle into her vagina recess. “Hold it there, Ana, don’t rush this, OK?” again, she nodded.

Using his hips, he gently nudged her again and again. He reached down with his fingers and carefully strummed her clitty again, eliciting a little squeak from her. This went on for a couple of minutes. He asked her to drop down a little more, to increase the inward

pressure. He saw her wince in discomfort. This mustn't be rushed. He hoped her legs wouldn't tire too soon.

"Don't rush it," he repeated. "No need to force it too soon, it will go in when you're ready. You'll feel it. You'll know when it happens." She eased off slightly, but the pressure of his tip on her entry remained. He looked down. His crown was embedded in the folds of her labia. Her lips were stretched apart under tension. The sides of his cock were touching her inner thighs. Every time he'd done this to the really little ones, he'd wondered if it was going to be possible, but in the end it always was. Even that six year old in Cambodia two years back.

He could feel her legs wobble slightly. She was tiring now. She had squatted for at least twenty minutes, but she had a determined look on her face. She shifted, to ease the muscular strain, and in that moment, they both felt it. A tiny movement. He humped his hips a fraction, and again another tiny movement. Then, it was as if she held her breath and let go, for suddenly, his crown popped through her elastic entry, making her yelp in surprise.

"Don't move, Ana," he said, "just wait a moment. You'll feel it."

She held stock still, then suddenly, she felt him slip a little further, immediately aware that he was up against her barrier, her hymen. Mike started to hump back and forwards, easing his movements inside her.

"Are you ready Ana?" he asked. He didn't need to explain, they both knew what he meant. She looked down, as he put his fingers to her clit again and started to strum her once more. She immediately felt the tingling return. She was going to cum. She started a movement herself this time, trying to increase her pleasure, feeling his cock inside her and his fingers pressing that tingly spot, making her feel so good. Her breathing shortened, and as she panted, her eyes closed, she was rising, rising. Then he felt a clamping on his crown as her climax hit her, and in that moment of her ecstasy, he thrust his hips upwards, tearing her hymen away. She squeaked again, and looked at him in surprise, but almost immediately, her climax crashed back in, overwhelming her, the moment of stinging pain swept away in the rapture of her bliss.

Ana, started to move up and down, but her legs were tired now. Her elbows rested on the sides of the bath, taking her weight. Little by little, she let herself down, lowering onto him. She was watching, as he disappeared into her. It seemed so long, it couldn't all go in, she knew. Her legs got cramped now, and she had to straighten them out, a foot either side of his chest, but her elbows took her weight, OK.

Mike was lying back, watching her manoeuvre herself on him, fascinated to see how her primeval instincts guided her in this untried experience for her. She knew exactly what to do and how to pleasure herself. He felt her hit bottom. His cock was barely half way in, as he nudged against her cervix, but she was small in every way. And that meant she was tight, and fuck, did he love 'em tight. Her slick silky soft vagina clamped so, so hard onto his throbbing crown and shaft. This was Nirvana. Half way in a tight seven year old was far better than all in and flopping around in a twenty seven year old!

He undulated his hips and strummed her clitty for her, while she started to lift and drop on him, increasing the scope as she tried and tested this new sensation, finding long strokes more pleasurable for her, as his cock dragged her clitty into her vagina, each time she went down, making the most wonderful tingles shoot through her tummy. As he hit her end, another tingle hit her, one she'd never felt before, a better one, like an itch needing scratching, demanding. She tried little bounces of his tip there, but it wasn't the same. Longer strokes were better.

Ana was now moving up and down as fast as she could, his cock sliding easily in and out of her tiny pussy. She loved this, but her arms were now getting tired, too. Then she felt it, that feeling she had before when he played with her clitty, but much more, deeper inside her, that spot at her end. She knew it would be wonderful. It was like watching bright lights coming closer, as her climax suddenly crashed in. What happened next, Ana would never recall, but Mike watched it, as if in slow motion. She trembled as her orgasm swept through her, and her elbows slipped from the sides of the bath. She dropped, her full weight, straight onto his cock. She slapped into his lap, now sitting on him, with her buttocks pressed to his thighs.

It was impossible, he knew. Her cervix was less than four inches in, and yet he was now over seven inches inside the seven year old. It couldn't be, and yet he saw and felt it. The girl was so far into her climax, she was completely unaware of what had happened, he realised. Even now, he felt something pressing against his tip. It must be the top of her womb. What else could it be?

Mike leaned forward, and cuddled Ana to his chest. Her climax was so intense, she didn't know where she was or what was happening. He let the waves of bliss sweep over her again and again, cuddling her close. Then slowly, over several minutes, she calmed, her breathing returning to normal. She pulled her face away from his chest and looked up at him and smiled. A smile that reassured him she wasn't injured in any way.

"Did you enjoy that, Ana?" he asked for the third time today. She pressed her face back to his chest and just muttered, "Hmmmmmmmmm, yeah."

After a minute or two, she sat up, still sitting on him and looked down, not quite understanding. "You're all in me Mr. Mike, how come?"

"I know, Ana," he replied. "It happened when your elbows slipped off the sides. Does it hurt?"

She put her finger tips to her mons and pressed, before shaking her head, "No, I feel fine. It's nice to feel you so deep inside me, do you like it?"

He smiled, "Yes Ana, I love fucking you very much. Want to do something for me now you've cum?"

"Yeah, what do you want me to do?" she asked.

"Lie back in the water as far as you can," he said.

She pushed back from his chest, and carefully leaned further and further back, using her arms on the side for support, lowered herself into the water. Her shoulders were up against the end under the taps, so Mike shuffled up the bath a little, giving her room. Her back was now pressed to the bottom of the bath.

“What did you want to do, Mr. Mike?” she asked, looking at him.

“Have a look at your tummy button, Ana, see what’s happened.

She looked down at herself, and was amazed. His cock was pressing upwards inside her, pushing her belly upwards, and where her tummy button was, there was a big bump, two or three inches high. She looked at him and grinned.

What Mike could see was incredibly arousing. Her spread legs, her wide open vulva, with his cock curving up from beneath, into the tiny child, his crown lifting her belly up from within, seven inches in.

“Now, Ana, would you rub that bump for me, please?” he asked. “Press quite hard. Squeeze it between your fingers as well. That’s right, you’ve got it. It won’t be long now. That’s very good, yes, keep doing that. Here we go, I’m going to cum soon.”

Like in that moment you expect a landing aircraft to hit the runway, there was a pause, and suddenly Mike exploded inside the girl’s womb. Both looked at the bump, and could clearly see her skin fluttering, as his cock pulsed beneath, and semen pressed against her, spurting upwards, time and again. Ana found herself cuming again. Not as strong as before, but very, very nice indeed.

Finally it ended, and they both lay there for several minutes, before Mike stretched his arms out to her, and held her wrists, and lifted her into his chest, cuddling her to him.

“Did you enjoy that, Ana?” he asked in a whisper. By way of answer, she cuddled him tighter. As they sat there, Ana could feel Mike slowly shrinking within her. Loosening the tightness, feeling him slip back. Neither pulled or manoeuvred themselves, but both looked down as her pussy expelled his flaccid cock from her. They watched a ring of pink spread from around her pussy, as her virginal bleed leaked slowly out of her.

They spent another few minutes cuddling again, before the cooling water drove them to get out and dried. Back in the bedroom, Mike looked at the clock, and noticed a full hour had passed, but it was still only six o’clock. Ana’s mum wouldn’t be home for another seven or eight hours, at the earliest.

= 3 =

Monday Night

“Ana,” he asked, as they sat on the edge of the bed, while she flicked through the German Disney channels on the TV, “do you need to go home now, or would you rather stay here with me for the evening?” She didn’t need to reply, she simply got up and climbed into bed, still naked, propped herself up with some pillows, and flicked through the TV channels again.

“Would you like a drink, Ana?” asked Mike, watching her as she selected her TV show.

“Krambambulia please,” she said without hesitation. “There’s some in the bottom of the fridge. I saw it earlier.”

Mike knew of the Belarusian national drink, made with red wine, honey and vodka, with herbs and other ingredients. He also knew it was strong and she was only seven.

“No,” he said, smiling at her jest, “I meant would you like a Coke or lemonade or something.”

“Krambambulia please,” she repeated. “We drink it all the time at home.”

“You’re too young for that, Ana, sorry.”

“I’m too young to fuck as well, but that didn’t stop you, did it?” she had a point, “Krambambulia please,” she grinned at him, as she watched him pour a glass full from a bottle and another for himself.

While Ana sat flicking continuously through the channels on TV, Mike picked up his laptop and checked his e-mails, looked in on Sammy, who was over at Emma’s house today, both doing homework. He spooked them slightly, when he pressed a control button in his app and spoke through the loudspeaker of her phone. “Good to see you two are working hard.” They hadn’t realised where the voice had come from, and spent a minute or two looking around the room for whoever it was. He then went into the bank company surveillance camera control, and sent a text to head office asking if anything had happened yet. Nothing so far was the answer. He tapped into his expenses account, and updated his expenditure for the day, including the cost of the pizzas under food and Ana’s costs as miscellaneous. He clicked into his story files, and selected an electronic download from by one of his favourite authors, Broadsword, and started to read about “Choices”. He was soon absorbed.

After a couple of hours, Ana clicked off the TV, put the remote control down and cuddled into his side. He put his laptop to one side, and wriggled down under the covers beside her. They lay facing each other for fifteen or twenty minutes, neither speaking, each absorbed in their own thoughts. She with a satisfied half smile, he, lost in her honey brown eyes, twinkling at him.

“Roll over, Ana,” he asked. She turned over, and he spooned into her from behind, his arms fully encircling her, pulling her into his chest, her bum pressed to his groin, their thighs together. He lay, smelling her still slightly damp hair.

“What do you want to do to me next, Mr. Mike?” she asked. “Or do you want to fuck my pussy again?” he loved the frankness of youth.

“That’s up to you, Ana,” he answered. “I will teach you how to do it any way you want. You can do it the same way every time, if you want, but I was offering to show you different ways.”

“But it was so nice before,” she mused, “I thought it couldn’t get any better than that.”

“That may be true,” he said, “but often different is good too. Unless you try, you won’t know.” While they were talking, he reached down under her and ran his fingers along her perineum and touched her vagina. Still damp and sticky, still leaking. She jerked slightly.

“That’s a bit sore, Mr. Mike,” she said as if apologising.

Mike’s cock was beginning to rise to the occasion again. Talking about how she might try it next time was very arousing. They lay there for a few more minutes, before Mike drew his finger along the valley between her buttocks, pressing into her rosebud slightly. “How about in here then, Ana. Would you like me to teach you about anal sex?”

Ana had heard her sister talk about how uncle had tried doing it there. She’d hated it, and had told Ana it hurt a lot. But Ana remembered Mike had been gentle with her in the bath, and did want to learn different ways.

“Yes, OK,” she said, hesitantly, “as long as you don’t hurt me.”

“Whatever I do to you Ana,” he reassured her, “today, tomorrow, or whenever, if ever I hurt you, just say and I will stop immediately.”

“OK,” she said, wiggling her bum in his groin, feeling his erection pressing against her buttocks, “let’s give it a try then.”

Mike was surprised she wanted another fuck tonight, and anyway, he wasn’t ready himself, yet. He’d expected their next session to be the following day and said so. She looked ever so disappointed, then it dawned on him, she wanted the money.

“OK, Ana,” he compromised, “I tell you what we’ll do. As you know I’m a photographer. Let me use you as a model for an hour or two, then I’ll see what we can do afterwards. How about that? And remember, I always pay my models for the work they do.” She grinned at that, and pushed the covers off her and made a silly pose. He laughed.

The next couple of hours was spent in her modelling for him. He took his photography so seriously, he made her work quite hard, getting the poses as he wanted them. Many were her clothed, many nude, all very artistic. Then he came to the last session, and recorded every nook and cranny of her beautiful body. Lying back on the big bed, her hair splayed all around, her arms akimbo, legs spread, big grin, showing two missing teeth, he stood over her, one foot either side, looking down. Clean and out of her raggedy clothes, she was stunningly beautiful.

He fitted the macro lens and took close-ups of her nipples, tummy button, facial features, bum and her pussy. He asked her to spread herself with her finger tips, so he could get right inside with the shot. He was stunned how sexy she looked in there, with her swollen labia, red entry, moist, touches of blood still showing around the edges where flakes of her torn hymen remained, and semen still oozing from deep inside her. Out of habit, he pulled the memory card out of the camera and transferred the pictures onto his computer encrypted drive, deleting them from the card.

She giggled, as he threw himself onto the bed and grabbed her naked body, pulling her into a tight cuddle, his erection poking her, smearing pre-cum on her perfect skin. They resumed the position they'd been in previously, spooning her from behind, enjoying the close contact of one another for a while. He reached down, and moved his fingers over her mons, feeling it's, now familiar, firmness. He found her dimple, and pressing down, felt her move, giving him access, as he sought her clitty. His finger pad found it and pressed to it, she relaxed her legs again, her thighs falling together, trapping his hand where it was, allowing only tiny movement against her sensitive spot.

As Mike caressed her, feeling her flex from time to time, he grabbed his cock with his other hand and guided it into the valley of her bum. He pressed it to her, feeling the slipperiness of his pre-cum spread along her crack, feeling her indentation, as his crown glided over her anus. Back and forth he pressed it, each time dipping into her entry, trying to get as much pre-cum in there as possible. He pulled away, and swiping his finger across his crown, scooping up a dollop of pre-cum, he pressed his finger gently to her anus. They'd done this earlier, and he didn't have to tell her again to push.

He felt her dilate, his finger sinking into her without effort, all the way in, in one long slow movement. He just loved fingering little girls' recta. Her buttery passage squeezing his finger as he sank further in to her. He rotated his finger back and forth a few times, just enjoying himself, while she grunted a couple of times, as he continued to strum her clitty. He pulled his finger from her and quickly smelled it, inspecting the brown streaks along it's length. He pushed his cock to her rectum again, squeezing out more pre-cum, before pressing his thumb, this time, to her bum. She pushed again, and grunted as it sank easily into her.

He held his thumb in her for a minute, feeling her dilate further, while he carried on stimulating her clitoris. The moment had come.

"Ready for me to fuck your bum, Ana?" he enquired.

She just grunted, with a nod, her climax now fast approaching. He pulled his thumb out of her and immediately pressed his crown into her recess, feeling her push again, and was surprised when he popped through her sphincter straight away. He kept up a steady pressure, and felt his shaft sink inch by pleasurable inch, deeper into her bowels, parting the walls of her passage, feeling her wet, sticky warmth envelope him. His pubic hair pressed into her tiny buttocks. He was all the way in, just under eight inches up the bum of a seven year old. Life didn't get much better than this.

He felt the moment when Ana's next climax crashed in, reacting to his ongoing strumming of her clitoris, as her rectum massaged his crown in a rhythmic pulse again and again. She was constantly moaning, her hips pushing her bum back against him in her ecstasy. Mike started to fuck her now, pulling out part way, feeling her following him, before pushing in again. He pulled further this time and thrust in harder. Again and again he pulled out and thrust back, a little further, a little faster, until after a few cycles, he was almost coming out, before slapping his groin against her bum. He was slamming into her now, a glorious feeling caressing his cock.

Ana had been cuming constantly, his fingers on her clit almost driving her crazy, it was so good. Then he'd started to pound into her bum. She'd expected it to hurt, but he'd been so

gentle, unlike Uncle had been to Kat, that time he'd tried it up her bum. She never let him do it again. Mike had given her only pleasure, such wonderful pleasure. She knew she wanted to do this again, soon. She wondered if Kat might like to meet Mike.

Mike's orgasm arrived suddenly, and he felt a rush up his shaft, as his balls tightened and bliss overwhelmed in an explosion of joyful pleasure, as he spurted time and again into her bowels, feeling her climax squeezing every last drop of cum out of him. He slowed and finally stopped. Both of them were out of breath; both reluctant to move. It was a surprise, therefore, when he woke a couple of hours later, still embedded in the child's bottom, her loud snoring belying her age and size. It was now ten o'clock. Time she went.

= 4 =

Tuesday Morning

Mike awoke early as always. He'd had his usual quick shit, shower and shave, dressed and was first downstairs for breakfast. He needn't have bothered, the food was inedible anyway. German black bread, some gunge, which he later saw people spreading like butter, and cold hard boiled eggs, which wreaked of fish. At least the coffee was drinkable.

He sat thinking about last night. Ana had been as good a seven year old as he'd ever had. Better still, she was small for her age, but had managed to take him, all of him, without complaint and seemed to be keen to return for more tonight. She'd been so grateful when he handed her two 100K Ruble notes and as she'd left, he'd handed her another fifty as a bonus. He'd been surprised when she'd asked if he would like to meet Kat. He would have thought she'd have wanted to keep him a secret. Her nice little earner.

He put his laptop on the breakfast table, and logged in. Nothing to report. They were going to need to be patient with these fraudulent bankers, it would seem. It was a nice day, so he decided he would get some exercise, photograph some of the more interesting architecture in the city, which in fairness, due to the communist era, there was plenty.

He spoke to the bored woman at reception, who understood what he needed, and marked on a tourist map some buildings she thought worth photographing. He'd got all week, so he'd probably work it out for himself anyway. The Upper city, the Opera House and Republic Palace are all beautiful buildings, and occupied most of his morning. He found a street vendor selling food, and bought some hot tea and cold sandwiches, containing something unidentifiable, which the man wrapped in paper, for him to eat later. When he picked the package up, and looked at it as he crossed the road, he realised he'd bought the family packed lunch deal by mistake, rather than a single sandwich. "Too bad," he thought.

He'd been on his feet all morning, so wandered across the road to a well tended public park, found a bench seat near a childrens' playground, and watched the kids on the swings and roundabouts playing. Mike was an habitual pedo, and even now, was unconsciously looking for flashes of little girls' panties, as they played. After about ten minutes, a young woman, with one child in tow and a baby in a grubby pram, came and sat on the other end of the seat. She looked tired and harassed, like most mothers with two small kids. She spoke to the child, a girl of perhaps eight or nine, who then skipped off to play in the playground.

Mike spotted a very rare bird in a tree close by. It was a European Roller. They very rarely migrated this far west. He'd never seen one outside Russia before and quickly took his camera out. He fitted his telephoto, and managed to catch the bird on a branch and just afterwards, flying away. It's incandescent red and blue plumage shimmering in the sunshine. He was really pleased. People he knew waited in vain weeks for such an opportunity. Certainly he would enter this in a wildlife competition.

The woman had been observing him, and as he turned, he realised her interest, so showed her the image on the little viewfinder.

"He's been flying around here for a few days," she said. "He lives in a hole in that tree over there," she pointed.

"He?" asked Mike.

"Yes," she replied, "the females have different plumage." They talked about the bird for a few minutes.

"You live in Minsk?" asked Mike,

"Yes," she smiled, "all my life. My parents and theirs before. Always Minsk. Life is hard here, but it is where I live. I would move to Germany for a better life, but my old mother is still alive, and I cannot leave her. You know how it is."

"Do you work?" he asked. "What line of work are you in?"

"Oh, I did, but with mother being ill, I kept taking time off and lost my job, and now..." she lapsed into silence. "What do you do?" she asked. "Are you here as a tourist?"

"I work as a specialist with cameras," he explained. "My work here has left me with time on my hands, so here I am being paid to be a tourist, photographing old buildings and rare birds." She smiled at his weak humour.

"You take very good photos," she said truthfully. "Those pictures of the Roller are crystal clear."

Mike explained he certainly enjoyed wildlife and landscape photography, and had won competitions in it, but his first passion was portraiture and modelling.

"I have a studio at home," he said, "I'm always looking for people to model for me."

The little girl wandered back over from the playground to see if her mother needed her yet, or could she carry on playing? Mike studied her. She, like most people in Belarus, was blue eyed, with long blond hair. Her cheeks dipped in, needing a good feed, he suspected. She was stunningly pretty, though, and the Geiger counter, that was his cock, ticked away.

"We will need to go, soon, Elsa," the woman said to the girl. "The soup kitchen opens soon, and we can get something to eat then."

Mike realised this woman must be living on the breadline, He picked up the food he'd bought. "I bought the wrong thing from the vendor over there," he said pointing over the road. "I got a family packed lunch instead of the sandwich I meant to have. Please help yourselves. I was only going to throw the rest away anyway."

"He's always doing that to tourists," she said in a scornful tone. "I bet he charged you more than 10K Rubles as well for it," she continued, picking the package up and peeling open the paper wrapping. It had cost Mike twenty, which he'd paid without question. He decided to keep his embarrassment and ignorance of market prices to himself.

"Does your husband work?" he enquired.

"He does," she replied, "but he drinks too much and keeps getting fired. He is working in Gomel this week. It is half a day's journey to get there. It's difficult for me just now."

Mike felt sympathy for the woman, whose name he learned was Ivana. Life had trapped her and her children in poverty beyond her control. She handed a sandwich to Elsa, who bit into it as if she hadn't eaten for a week. She grinned up at him in appreciation, before taking another bite. Ivana broke a piece off her own sandwich, and passed it to the baby, who was a little boy of about eighteen months. Mike looked at the two sandwiches left in the packs, and decided they were as unappetising as all the other food he'd tried since he arrived here, and slid it along the bench to Ivana and said: "I'm eating later on, so you finish this." She nodded in thanks and didn't question his unlikely story, they both knew it was a lie.

Mike sat and thought for a moment. "Ivana," he started, "I am a very keen photographer, as I've already explained. Living in England, I don't get the chance to photograph life and culture elsewhere often. I've been all around the city this morning. Look, here is what I have taken." She leaned to his side as he scrolled through the many excellent pictures of the famous buildings of Minsk. "Would you mind if I asked Elsa to model for me? I would pay you," he said, unsure how she would respond.

"Yes," she said, "without hesitation, I don't mind. Do you want to use our apartment, or go somewhere else? It's a bit of a mess, though. I live over there," she indicated a row of run down apartments.

They'd finished eating, and walked across the park, chatting. Ivana told Elsa what was going to happen. The child was quite excited at the idea.

"I hope you don't mind me asking," Ivana said, "but how much do you pay your models?"

Mike, expecting the question had prepared his response. "At home, I pay young women modelling clothes the equivalent of about 50K Rubles an hour." In fact, of course it was far more than that. "some models," he continued, "Also model for me in exotic poses, if you understand my meaning," she nodded without showing concern. "But they are all over eighteen, of course. I pay them about 100K Rubles an hour. But then, of course, Elsa isn't eighteen, is she?" Ivana, looked at him and shook her head, but cocked her eyebrow. Already a silent conversation was taking place between them. "would you like me to pay her fifty, or one hundred, Ivana?" his meaning was absolutely clear to them both.

“How long do you need?” she asked warily.

“Oh two hours would be fine,” he said, “but there is another option if you’re interested,” she raised both eyebrows in query. “Some models don’t pose well, and, err, need me to position them as I need them. I have to handle them quite a lot. In fact, it gets very physical, if you understand me. It always takes much longer, about three hours, and I always pay these girls more, about 150K Rubles an hour, especially if they do exactly as I ask. Should we call it a round 500K Rubles?”

They walked a couple of blocks beyond the main road, to a back street, where they entered a building as grimy as he’d expected. Small boys were kicking a ball around outside in the yard. The lift wasn’t working, and Mike helped carry the pram up the three flights of stairs. She unlocked the door and pushed the pram inside.

“I will be just a moment,” she said taking Elsa by the hand into a room off the hall, “please make yourself at home. The kitchen is through there,” she pointed.

She came into the kitchen with Elsa following, a minute or two later. She was smiling now. Clearly the girl had agreed to whatever her mother had said.

“I have to go and see my mother now. She lives the other side of the city,” she stated. “Would you mind looking after Elsa for me? I’ve told her to do exactly as you ask and to be a good girl. It’s eleven o’clock, now. I won’t be back until at least two. You can let yourself out when you go.”

Mike palmed her a 500K Ruble note before helping her down the stairs with the pram. As she turned away, she looked him in the eye and said: “Please don’t hurt my Elsa, please.” Mike put a reassuring hand on her arm, squeezed it gently and replied “I promise I won’t Ivana. I want her to enjoy herself. Would you like me to call round in the next day or so, if I am still in the city? I might need her to model for me again.” Her face lit up at that idea, she nodded “yes” and pushed the pram across the cobbled yard.

Mike climbed the stairs two at a time, and was back in the apartment in less than a minute. He locked and bolted the door behind him and walked along the hall. Elsa was sitting on the floor in the sitting room, crayoning a picture of something, the TV on in the background showing a programme on Belarusian farming. She looked up and grinned at him. “This is Mummy,” she said, “do you like it?”

“It’s very good, Elsa,” replied Mike, who wouldn’t have known if it were her mother or a moon rocket. “Did your mummy tell you we were going to take some photographs of you today?” he asked.

“Yes,” she said, “she told me you wanted to take lots of pictures of me. She said I would have to take all my clothes off and be bare, then you were going to play with me and do things to me and I was to do everything you wanted. She said you were helping Mummy with money.” Mike couldn’t have put it better himself.

Mike got his camera and light weight travel tripod out of his bag, together with the selection of lenses he had with him.

“OK, Elsa, would you stand here in the middle of the room for me and slowly turn round,” he instructed. “That’s good, hold your head up more, turn this way slightly.....” and so the photo shoot started.

In twenty minutes, he had done all his conventional shots, and several of the pictures were really excellent. He might even get some prints run off if he could find a photo shop in town. “Slip your T-shirt off for me, now, would you Elsa? That’s good. Keep turning round. Excellent. Now take off your skirt please.”

The girl was now standing in just her white socks, and a pair of light blue panties, with tiny hearts printed on them in red. “Elsa, could you take hold of your waist band for me at the front? Good, now would you pull it upwards?”

Mike brought his camera closer to her, as a beautiful camel toe appeared in the front of her cotton panties, which were now formed tightly to her body beneath. “That’s nice, Elsa, now move your feet a little further apart for me and put your hands under your boobies, please and squeeze them gently.”

Her tits were only just beginning to form. They were no more than darkened areolae on an otherwise flat chest, topped with tiny, but hard rice sized nipples. She complied with his every instruction. This was going well.

“Now lay down on the settee, please Elsa and lift the elastic of your panties and look inside them.” he asked, “Now slowly take them off, please, and lay back on the settee.”

Mike was waiting with anticipation for this moment. He always adored seeing his girls exposed for the first time, and he wasn’t to be disappointed. She was a beauty. Her thighs, although thin, were shaping up, not pencil thin like Ana’s. Where they met, there was a lovely gap between the top of them of a couple of inches above which her magnificent pudenda was displayed to his gaze. Her vulva was surprisingly full, curving up towards him, bisected by a deep cleft, as it swept up towards her mons, which seemed thick and padded too.

As she lay there, looking at him through her big, saucer sized, blue eyes, she smiled. She could read the lust on his face, and her feminine intuition, now awakened for the first time, told her of the power she held over this and every man.

“Roll over on your side for me, Elsa. That’s nice. Look at the camera. Smile. Would you bend your knee towards me, darling and put your hand under your chin. Stay as you are, I’m just going to catch you from different angles, OK?”

Mike moved around her, capturing in particular her lovely bottom, which was full and pert. He couldn’t wait to get his hands on it.

“I’m just going to move your leg a little bit, Elsa. Relax and let me position it for you.” Mike took her bent leg, near the edge of the settee, and pushed it further up, at the same time, he used his other hand to pull the skin of her upper thigh outwards, pulling her pussy open for the first time to his view. He leaned in closely, and looked at her. She was small, certainly, but fuckable, definitely fuckable. Her labia had peeled apart now, and her vagina

glinted, it's dampness reflected in the light from the window. Her little anus was also small, nestled in the valley between her exquisite little buttocks. He wanted to touch her, but didn't want to frighten her off. It was too soon. He captured her in a series of great pics.

"Would you stand up for me, now, please, Elsa? Do you do gymnastics at school?" she nodded. "Do you know what a bridge is?" She immediately lay on the floor, and formed a high curve bridge. "Hold it there, so I can photograph you from all around." He hadn't noticed before, but in this position, her mound stood up like a hill above her belly. Very prominent. "OK, down again and rest. You're a very good girl, Elsa." She beamed, her nakedness not worrying her at all, now. Her four missing front teeth gave her an appearance younger than her eight years.

"Ready?" he asked, smiling at her. She nodded. "You're a good model Elsa. One day you might be able to do this as a job. Move your feet wide apart for me, good, and try and do another bridge." This was more difficult, but she managed it, and as she went up, her spread legs, and arched back, pulled her pussy open, the cowl of her clitty showing along half of her cleft. He could now easily see her hymen stretched across her vagina, a string of mucous across the little hole in it's centre, where he intended to get his cock into, in an hour or so.

"Alright Elsa," he said approvingly, "that's really well done. You're good at this. Relax for a minute. Are you enjoying yourself?" She nodded vigorously her toothy grin appearing again. "While you're lying on the carpet, Elsa, I want you to curl up in a tight ball for a minute. Hug your knees in to your chest." As she did as he instructed, her bottom came into view, her anus poking out at him, it's little brown, asterix shaped hole winking at him, her crack just a dip between the globes of her bottom. Further down, her pink, peach shaped vulva, split with her cleft, filled the gap between her thighs.

"Excellent, Elsa. Do you enjoy gymnastics?" she grinned and nodded. "Are you good at it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "It's my favourite. I like our teacher. He's nice to me. He lets me sit on his knee, sometimes."

"While you're on the floor, Elsa," he said, "would you try one more thing for me?" She nodded enthusiastically. "Lie flat on your back, take hold of your ankles and try tucking them behind your shoulders." Elsa lay on her back, taking her feet back with her and in a moment had tucked her calves behind her shoulders, and then interlocked her ankles behind her neck. She watched him, as he brought his camera right up to her pudenda, and took a series of close up pictures capturing every inch of her beautiful body.

"May I kiss you, Elsa?" she knew this was naughty, but Mummy had told her to do everything he asked. She smiled and nodded, watching him closely, as he leaned forward and kissed her pussy. He didn't want to frighten her, but he knew she was warming up to the game. He kissed her again. She didn't seem worried, so he licked her a little, and again, increasing the scope and pressure, until he was licking from her anus to the dimple at the top of her cleft. He was in paradise, and she seemed to be enjoying it too. Increasing his focus on her clitty, he felt the girl tremble a little, pushing towards him a fraction. He brought his thumbs either side of her labia, and gently opened her further still,

enabling him to tongue tease her clit without any obstruction. She was now rising, although she didn't know it herself. He didn't want her to climax yet, just get aroused.

He moved back from her, making her open her eyes she'd just closed in her rising pleasure. "Elsa," he said, bringing her attentiveness back, "Let's see if you can do a proper splits. Would you sit in the middle of the settee, with your bottom overhanging the front, please, and lie back against the cushions?" She quickly did as he asked. "Can you hold your ankles for me now and see how far you can pull them back in a splits."

She took on a determined expression, and leaned backwards, pulling her legs further and further back, until they were more than a hundred and eighty degrees apart. Mike stared openly at her pudenda, amazed at what she was now displaying to him. Absolutely everything. Quickly, taking up his camera again, he photographed her from a distance, ensuring he had lots of face and pussy shots, before closing in on her, until her pussy entirely filled the viewfinder. Changing to the macro lens fitted with the ring flash, not needing to hold her open with his fingers now, he got very detailed, crystal clear, pictures of the inside of her vagina. Her dampness reflecting the light off her pink, coral, red and cream coloured interior pulling in his attention, like a siren from ancient times calling sailors to their ruin.

He noticed the hole in the centre of her hymen was larger than most he'd seen. Putting his camera down, he brought his little finger up to it, and gently, slowly, pushed it through, feeling the membrane stretch over his pinky, watching the skin pulled over his knuckles, to her interior, feeling her passage hugging him, her warmth and dampness arousing him further. She was watching him intently, her eyes watching his every move. Keeping his finger there, he leaned in and licked her clitty, now engorged, darkened, a hardened nub, but so sensitive to his touch. She responded quicker this time, her little pelvis lifting and falling faintly in time with his stimulation of her.

He let her rise this time, and as she fluttered into the first climax of her short life, he eased right off, wanting her to crave for more. She snorted little squeaks of pleasure, through her nose, her vagina pulsing gently around his finger, her movements trying to force his tongue against her clit more. As he eased away from her, her panting breaths spoke for themselves. She had cum good. Perhaps even more than he'd intended

He let her rest for a moment. She had held her legs in position for several minutes and had got tired and let them go, her calves now draped over his shoulders, her knees spread outwards, her wet pussy dripping with his saliva, and her own little girl pearlescent mucous. Mike reached over for his equipment, and quickly clipped the camera to his tripod, placing it to the side of him, where it could record everything, as he deflowered and fucked the eight year old child.

"Did you enjoy that, Elsa?" he asked kindly. Mike always found willing girls far easier to deal with than those needing to be persuaded every step of the way and more arousing as a result..

"Hmm," she muttered, "what was that? It was all tingly and nice inside me and I felt my whole body shake. I liked it lots. Can we do it again?"

“Would you like me to make you feel even nicer, Elsa?” he asked, “I will if you’re a very good girl.”

“I could never feel better than that,” she whispered, still in a dreary world, “but I will be a good girl.”

Mike, who knew the child had only experienced a little girl cum, and not a full blown crashing orgasm, knew she would feel a great deal better, and he intended to be deep inside her when that time came, as he would himself.

“Would you like me to see if I can make you feel better, Elsa?” he asked, not waiting for her answer, as he unbuckled his belt, letting his jeans drop to his knees. She seemed not to even notice his movement, as she nodded, enthusiasm painted across her angelic face.

Mike asked her to pull her legs back again. She tucked her hands under her knees, and pulled back on them, bending them as only little girls’ legs can be bent back. Her pudenda opened up again. He reached and adjusted the position of the tripod, ensuring his camera captured every bit of what was to follow. She watched in anticipation.

Grabbing his achingly rigid cock, pre-cum oozing from his foreskin, he shuffled forward on his knees and pressed his end into her cleft. Keeping a light pressure against her, he started to rub his crown up and down her slit spreading as much of his slippery flow into her as possible. He was trying to stimulate her clit at the same time as pushing pre-cum into her vagina. She started to move against him again, her sensitive clit, needing, craving for more release, guiding her instincts in what to do. They were now moving quicker, in counterpoint, to each other. Elsa knew this was naughty, she knew the man really shouldn’t be doing this, but at the same time, her mummy had said they needed the money he would give them and in return, she had to do anything he wanted. She was loving the feelings coursing through her body, getting better every moment.

Mike pressed his crown to the recess at the entry to her vagina. She yielded a fraction. He pressed again, this time holding himself against her. She was now looking at where they were touching, with rapt attention. Everything that he’d done so far had been so nice, she waited in anticipation for what he would do next. Mike pressed slightly harder to her, feeling his crown slip through his foreskin into her entry a tiny amount. As he held his cock with one hand, he strummed her clit with the other. He needed her to cum soon. It was, he knew, the key to getting into her.

Slowly, he felt her movements against him increase. She was rising again. This girl was willing, even demanding. Carefully, he kept her clitty busy, feeling her breathing tighten and shorten into pants. While he kept the pressure on his cock, he pulled back on his foreskin. This did two things. Firstly it released huge amounts of pre-cum directly where it was needed, inside her entry; and secondly his crown was shoehorned into her, popping through her entry. They both felt her tight ring of muscle snap around the ridge of his crown. Her eyes popped open, wide, looking up at him in wonder.

“Is that OK, Elsa? He asked, “It doesn’t hurt at all does it?”

She was getting so much stimulation now from his fingers on her clit, she never felt any discomfort at all. “No,” she answered, “it feels a bit odd, like I’m being stretched, but it

doesn't hurt. That other feeling is really nice, though," she said meaning her oncoming climax.

"You're certainly being stretched," thought Mike, "and you're going to get stretched a whole lot more in the next minute or so."

Mike now released his grip on his cock and pushed forward, immediately feeling the back pressure of her hymen against his crown. He imagined he could almost feel the tip pressing against the hole in it's centre. She was now getting into her pre-climactic phase. She started to stiffen, her breathing fast and shallow, her back arching up. He felt her clamp on him for a moment, her breathing stop as she held it, and then whoosh out as her orgasm swept over her. In that moment, he thrust his pelvis forward. She never felt her virginity ripped away in less than a second, or the sudden release of pressure, as his cock slid an inch into her vagina. Her climax pulsed on and on, she felt so good inside. It was nicer than anything she'd ever felt before.

He kept up a steady pressure, enjoying his cock plough into the eight year old child's vagina, deeper and deeper, feeling the walls of her passage peeling apart for the first time in her life, feeling her microscopic ridges passing along his shaft, his crown enveloped in a wonderful tight velvet tunnel, so good. She grunted as he hit her end, just over four inches in. Pausing for a moment to appreciate the feel of her tightness on his cock, he continued to strum the girl's clitoris. She was going to cum again. Mike had fucked many pre-teens over the years. Some never came, some would cum once, others twice, but a few would multi orgasm. This child did. He could now feel her vagina clamping on his crown, her whole passage seeming to move along him as well as clamping in time to her pulse.

Mike pulled back, just an inch or so. Elsa tried to follow him with a curl of her hips, but already he was pushing back into her. Again he withdrew and pressed in, repeating it, and increasing the scope and speed each time. He was thrusting into her cervix quite hard after half a dozen cycles, now five inches in, her rubbery end caressing his sensitive spot under his crown. The child was so far into her own climax, she was oblivious to what he was doing.

She was so out of it, Mike abandoned all restraint and started to really thrash into her. He could feel her clamping continuously onto him, hard now, and he knew he would cum soon himself. And so it was. Elsa suddenly said: "Do it harder," and he knew he was there. He pressed as hard into her cervix as he dared, and as his semen surged up his shaft, he blasted deep into her in a series of explosions of such intensity, he felt the girl gasp again and again.

It was a few minutes before they recovered. Elsa looked a bit bemused, but at the same time in awe at what she'd just experienced. She knew she wanted it again, and soon. Mike knew she was special, even by pedo standards. He also knew she would be a sex addict for life. She just didn't know it herself yet.

He looked at his watch. He couldn't believe it; it was just after two. Ivana was due back any time. He pulled up his boxers and trousers, photographed Elsa's pussy, covered in virginal blood and semen, found a face flannel in the bathroom and cleaned her pussy, the best he could, before reluctantly asking her to get dressed.

Ivana arrived about twenty minutes later. Mike had quickly nipped out and found a nearby mini market, grabbed a basket of various items of food and returned just before Elsa's mother. At first, she wasn't happy to see Mike still there, knowing what he'd just done to her daughter, but when she'd spoken to Elsa and seen the food piled up on the kitchen table, she lightened up and became more chatty, smiling and relaxed.

"I was really impressed with Elsa's ability to model," he casually said. "She did really well. I was wondering if you would mind me coming back tomorrow morning and doing another shoot with her," he suggested.

"I don't mind, but what about her? Would she want you to, err photograph her again, so soon?" she asked.

"I don't know, Ivana," he said mildly, "why not ask her? See if she had a good time today."

Mike went to sort out the groceries in the kitchen, while Ivana stayed to talk to Elsa. Ivana came into the kitchen a few minutes later. She was smiling, relaxed now. "Thank you for keeping your promise, Mike," she said. "She told me you didn't hurt her at all and that you made it really nice for her too. Did you really want to, err photograph her again tomorrow? Did you not get all the photos you want?"

He nodded, grinning now, knowing she would let him fuck her daughter again. "Yes, Ivana, I know what you mean. But photography gets into your blood, and sometimes you just have to take a photograph every day; know what I mean? I realise now I mainly concentrated on photographing her full body, standing and sitting, looking at the camera. What I didn't do was photograph her face, and in particular her mouth and I didn't get her properly from behind either. So what I would like to do tomorrow is concentrate entirely on her back view, and on Thursday, her face. Would you mind if I did that?"

"No," she said, realising Mike wanted to fuck her daughter up the bum, in the morning and have oral sex the following day, "would your model fee be the same?"

"Yes, Ivana," he said, "500K Rubles each session."

He handed her a little silver foil wrapped pill. It was a strong laxative. He explained what it was and that it would help Elsa the following day, if she took it as soon as she woke in the morning.

= 5 =

Tuesday Evening

Returning to the hotel, Mike passed a photo print shop, on the way, and called in. He asked if he could use a desk and sort some files on his laptop, for them to print off. He cropped some naked full body shots into artistic head and shoulder only poses. One picture was of her fully clothed, from the start of the photo shoot and showed her as an innocent eight year old girl, butter wouldn't melt.... Choosing the best three, he copied them onto a new memory stick and handed it to the shop assistant, asking him to print them off to fit into one of the silver plated, hinged three picture frames, they stocked. He

arranged to call in the following morning. His next call was in a sex shop he'd spotted near his hotel. He called in and bought a couple of semi rigid rubber dildos.

Mike got back to his room, and looked out the back window, down the alley leading to Ana's apartment. She wasn't anywhere to be seen as yet. He hung a white towel up at the window as a pre-arranged signal to her that he was back. He then went outside the room, and put the fire door on the catch, allowing her access. Returning to the room, he took the camera memory cards out and downloaded them safely onto his encrypted drive. He had a browse through them. They were exceptional quality. He was quite proud of them. He was certainly getting aroused again, just looking at them.

He glanced out of the window, and saw Ana's diminutive form walking towards the hotel. She was smiling and had a spring in her step. She certainly looked happy. The tap on the door came a minute later, and he welcomed her in.

"Hi, Ana," he said, greeting her warmly, "how are you today? Not too sore, I hope?"

"Hello, Mr. Mike," she grinned at him, "my butt's a bit sore, but I liked what we did, can we do it again, today?"

"Sure Ana," he answered thoughtfully, "perhaps you might like to try some new stuff, too. Are you hungry? I haven't had any lunch yet, and I was thinking of getting something to eat." Her face brightened up at the mention of food. How about a McDonalds? Have you ever had one before? I know there are four outlets in the city."

She beamed at the idea of McD's. She'd never been allowed one, as her mother couldn't afford it.

"According to my phone," he said fiddling with the keypad, "the nearest one to here is 63 Cyrahoba. Do you know where it is?"

She nodded. She passed it every day on her way to and from school. It was by the ring road. "It will only take us about ten minutes to walk there," she enthused. They met at the end of the street, after she had sneaked back down the fire escape. As they walked, Mike smiled when Ana took his hand in hers. She ate a McCombo with Chicken McNuggets followed by a Big Mac with cheese, both with double fries, and would have eaten his McCombo with Royal Cheeseburger, if he hadn't finished it first.

He took one of their home delivery menus, as they were leaving, in case he needed to order in later in the week. Back in the room, Mike put out the "Do not disturb sign" and put the chain on the door.

"How much would you like to earn, tonight, Ana," he asked, unfairly. The answer, of course was as much as possible. She eyed him, in query.

"I was thinking you might like to learn all about oral sex," he suggested, "do you know what that is?" she shook her head. He explained by showing her a photo shoot he'd done in Finland a while ago. She'd been ten and an incredible cock sucker. She was able to deep throat without needing to swallow him into her throat, it just went straight down. And

she swallowed. Ana was a bit shocked, but after she'd viewed the pictures a couple of times realised it was something girls did.

"Do you see how here it's just in the mouth?" he pointed to some early in the sequence, "and in these ones, she's taken it into her throat. I think you will need to practice, Ana," he explained. Not everyone can do that. So if you could take your clothes off, we'll make a start, shall we? Don't worry, though, I will show you exactly what to do."

Mike watched as she dropped her school uniform onto a chair, then pulled off her socks and panties, dropping them onto the heap. He quickly slipped off his clothes and went to the bed and sat on the edge. He patted the bed, and said: "Come and sit here for a minute." She sat beside him, and he put his arm around the seven year old, cuddling her into his side. He leaned around, and kissed her on her lips. Not having done this before, she pursed her lips in a chaste way. He pressed to her more firmly, and after a few seconds, ran his tongue along her lips. She responded, and her little tongue came out to play, soon enjoying a little tongue wrestling.

Mike lay back onto the bed, taking her down with him and was soon running his hands up and down her little back and over her tiny bum. She soon relaxed into his caresses and was reciprocating his moves now. After a few minutes, he moved her to the middle of the bed, and spent a minute or two just looking at her, feasting his eyes on her perfect body, lying there waiting for him to do whatever he desired to do to her. He remembered just how incredibly beautiful she was.

"I'm going to show you how a man does it to a girl, Ana," he said. "Just lie there while I put some pillows under your bottom." He quickly stacked a couple under her, raising her bum up a bit. "Now, Ana, I want you to spread your legs out as far as you can. Would you do that for me?" As she did as he asked, He got into position between her thighs. He noticed there were semen stains still on her thighs from yesterday. She hadn't washed since. Perhaps he should have bathed her again. No time to worry about that now.

He leaned in, and started to lap along her cleft. She was already wet at her perineum, where her arousal had seeped out of her, and flowed down. He started there, working upwards, pressing his tongue into her cleft as deep as possible, running along her valley of ultimate pleasure. Half way up, he encountered her little pink clitty, and pressed against it, wiggling his tongue tip against her. He felt her stiffen, as she responded to the sudden stimulation. He brought his middle finger to her vagina, and started to tease her a little, before pressing the pad of his finger into her, her own arousal creating more than enough lubrication, to ease his entry. Soon, he felt her passage opening to his intrusion, one knuckle, two, all the way. Her warm, wet, silky interior, squeezing his finger gently. The scent now emanating from her, was hypnotic.

Already, he could feel the child undulating to his ministrations, rising; her pink flesh turning darker; her softness firming up; her labia swelling, firming darkening. She was near. She shuddered. He pulled his mouth from her clit. She arched, following him. She sighed, as if a pin had burst her balloon. But she was aroused, now, she was ready for her first lesson.

"That was nice, Ana, wasn't it?" he asked. "In a few minutes, I will do that again for you. You will feel really nice then, you wait and see."

“Hmm,” she replied wistfully.

“Are you ready for me to show you what to do next?” he asked. She was returning to full attention now, and nodded.

“Alright,” he instructed, “I will lean against the pillows here at this end of the bed. And spread my legs out. Put a pillow between my legs and lie on top of it.” He waited while she got into position.

“Now Ana, take hold of my cock with your hand,” he guided, “and pull it towards you. That’s right. Now first of all, lick it upwards from the bottom towards the tip. That’s nice, press harder, yes. Keep licking, all over, until I ask you to stop. Now do the same, but this time, kiss it all over.” He shuddered, as she started to really apply herself to this. “Very good, Ana, now open your mouth and pop it in, just a little way. Yeah, fuck yeah, that’s right, Ana.”

Ana had, at first thought that what he was asking was really gross, and she wouldn’t be able to do it. Then after he’d made her feel good, she had a stronger desire to try and please him too. As he instructed her, she found she was able to take each step, and it was OK. She was beginning to enjoy this. She opened her lips, and let his crown pop into her mouth. He asked her to bob up and down, and she found she could move about an inch up and back.

“Would you pull my foreskin down now, darling?” he asked. “That’s the loose bit on the end. Pull it down as far as it will go. She obeyed, and immediately her mouth was flooded with masses of pre-cum held inside. She nearly pulled off him, but realised it was almost tasteless, and held on. Not knowing what else to do, she bobbed up and down again.

“OK, Ana, that’s enough for a minute, have a rest, while I tell you what to do next. When you put it back in again, I want you to start to suck it. Do it as hard as you can. Would you do that for me?” She nodded, grinning. This was fun. “Good, then we have the hard bit. When I cum, you remember the white stuff I spurted into you yesterday?” Again, she nodded, “Well, it will go in your mouth, alright?” She looked a bit perplexed. “I want you to swallow all of it, OK? I will warn you when it’s going to happen. Last night, I gave you 100K Rubles, plus a little bonus for each time I fucked you, didn’t I?” again she nodded. “Well I will do the same today if you swallow every drop.” She grinned her toothy grin. He felt his cock scrape along that gap in her teeth.

He indicated for her to turn around. “We’re going to do what’s called a sixty nine, Ana. Let me slide down the bed a little, then you come on top of me, ready to suck my cock as hard as you can, OK?” She swung her tiny legs over him, grabbed his cock, and sunk it back into her willing mouth. He immediately felt the difference, as she sucked hard on him, her tongue pushing at the sensitive spot under his fraenum.

Mike leaned in and started to kiss, lick, finger and even chew her clit again, trying to bring her up to new heights again. He didn’t have to wait long, and soon, he heard her breathing through her nose in shorter pants. She became more urgent in her sucking of him too, sensing that her pleasure and his were intertwined. Suddenly, she came. A little shudder, followed by a snort, followed by a groan, followed by a little squirt into his mouth, and then she was trembling.

“Ready, Ana, “ he said as her climax just started to ease a little, “I am going to cum in a moment, going to cum, going to.... Nowww.” She was ready. She’d just taken a deep breath, and suddenly felt his strong body jerk beneath her and then a little warm wetness was on her tongue. But almost immediately, she felt a jet of warmth hit her throat. She nearly coughed, she almost retched, but instead she swallowed. Then he jetted again, but this time she was ready and swallowed again, her swallows matching his pulses. Then she came herself again. But this time it overwhelmed her, she almost passed out, the feelings sweeping through her were just out of this world, pure pleasure, pure bliss, and he was paying her too.

Calm eventually returned, as their pulses eased below one hundred and their blood pressure came down to normal. “What do you think to oral sex, Ana?”

“That was really cool,” she enthused. “Is there more I can learn?”

“Would you like to learn more,” he asked, “because you are really good at it, you know.” Ana just loved his praise. She nodded.

Mike reached over to the bed side table, where he’d left the box he’d bought in the sex shop. He opened it and shook out the soft rubber dildo inside. It was banana sized with a similar curve.

“Do you know what this is, Ana?” he asked. She shook her head. “It’s called a dildo. I’m going to give it to you as a present. When you’re alone at home, you can use it in your pussy to make you feel good.” She looked at it intrigued. “But there is another use for it,” he said, “you can use it to practice what’s called deep throating.” She looked at him blankly. “it’s when you suck a cock, like just now, but you take it all the way into your throat. Try it.”

Ana naively pushed it into her mouth, and immediately gagged, nearly bringing vast amounts of McDonalds up all over the bed. “Careful, Ana, you have to learn how to do it, OK?” She looked accusingly at the tool, as if it had done it on purpose. “You have to put it into the back, of your mouth then when you think you’re going to gag, you have to swallow it into your throat, like eating meat, or something. Try dipping it into some honey. It might help. You will need to practice, so take it home with you, and see if you can do it. Call it homework.” She smiled at that. “If you can deep throat me, all the way in, on Thursday,” he added, I’ll give you a big bonus, at least fifty.” She really grinned at that.

“What are we doing tomorrow,” she asked, “why not try it then?”

“If you can do it by then, that’d be great,” he encouraged, “but I think it will take at least a couple of days to get the hang of it. I think tomorrow I want to fuck your bum again and whatever else you want to do.”

“By-the-way,” he continued, “I thought you said Kat might be coming over tonight,” he enquired.

“Uncle came round just as we were leaving,” she said regretfully, “and she had to stay to fuck him. She says she’d like to come round tomorrow, though, if that’s OK. Do you want to fuck her up the bum too, Mr. Mike?”

“That might be nice, Ana, that might be very nice. Do you want a drink, Ana? What time do you have to be home?” He asked, looking at his watch, showing five o’clock.

“Not till after midnight,” she said “how many times did you want to fuck me today?” His heart skipped a beat at that. But, he wasn’t about to let on about Elsa and that his cock was beginning to feel the strain.

“I think your pussy must be feeling neglected, Ana, we’d better rectify that, hadn’t we? I’ll pour that drink, what would you like?”

“Krambambulia please,” she said.

“Are you sure that’s a good idea, Ana,” he said, remembering her response last night, “I mean it’s so strong.”

“I’m used to it,” she said, “we drink it every day at home. And besides, I need something to wash all your cum down with, don’t I?” she grinned a big cheeky smirk at him. He threw a pillow at her.

He poured two large glasses, and handed one to her, before sitting beside her, propped up against the pillows, while she watched a cartoon on TV. Mike picked up his laptop and messaged HQ, and got an immediate response. The suspects in the bank had made a move. There were only three, though, where they’d suspected four. His instructions were to stay put and await events. So with one arm around the naked child, he opened his electronic book and continued reading about Broadsword’s ‘Choices’.

Ana had fallen asleep after about an hour. The tiny little mite was exhausted. Not only had she not slept properly the night before, because Kat wanted to know everything she’d done, and her own excitement had kept her awake until late, but she’d also had gym at school today and the teacher had made them run and climb and do press ups and run again. Then she’d run home from school excited about coming round to see Mr. Mike. She’d given him oral sex, but her own orgasm had tired her even more. Finally, She’d drunk a whole glass of Krambambulia. At home she was just given sips, occasionally. She was pooped.

He’d made her feel really good yesterday, and she had wanted more. She’d been a bit worried about trying oral sex, Kat called them blow jobs, but after a while, Ana had enjoyed it, especially when he’d done it to her at the same time. That was nice. She knew Kat didn’t swallow for uncle, even though he held her by the hair when he shot into her mouth, because she said it tasted disgusting. But Ana hadn’t found the taste from Mr. Mike’s disgusting at all. In fact, she enjoyed the taste. She wondered if she would like Uncle’s, when he made her do it him, as she knew he would, one day.

It was eight o’clock, and she still slept. Mike got to the end of the chapter and closed up the laptop. The ‘Choices’ story had aroused him and pre-cum had started to ooze from his

tip again. Grabbing his camera, he took some great photos of Ana, sucking her thumb, curled on her left hand side, in a foetal position her tiny bum curved round towards him, her little vulva squished in between her pencil thin thighs. Such a picture of innocence.

He called her name, and gently shook her, but she was out for the count. Other than a grunt, and a snort, he got no response at all. "Oh, well," thought Mike, "I'll just have to carry on without her." Mike had a few quirks, and taking advantage of little girls, while they slept was one of them. He'd never physically forced a child, but that didn't mean they'd ever known about what he'd done to them while they slept. Besides, he was paying her and he wanted his money's worth

Switching off the TV, he spooned in behind Ana, wriggling into position. His cock slipping between her thighs, projecting out in front of her under her pussy. His left hand cupped her bum, pressing into her valley, fingering her rosebud, feeling it clench in reflex. His right arm was over her hip, his hand bending his cock back into her cleft, spreading pre-cum, which was now flowing freely. He curled his pelvis back, his cock sliding back through her cleft, spreading yet more pre-cum over her bum and vagina and up to her clit, which he now strummed gently. She was absolutely covered in his slime.

Mike, positioned his crown at the recess, around her vagina, and applied some pressure, feeling his cock nestle into her entry, bending slightly as he pressed harder. She wasn't going to admit him easily, he knew, as he made no progress at all. For fuck's sake, she was only seven. He'd fucked her yesterday, but it had taken a long while before she'd dilated enough to get into her, and today would be the same. Besides, he was in no hurry, he wasn't going anywhere.

The fingers of his right hand lazily explored up and down her slippery cleft, feeling and remembering her long mons from yesterday, her deep dimple and slip of her clitoris, and it's firmness, as he continued to keep the pressure on his cock. It must have been twenty minutes later, when he felt what he'd been waiting for. A minute movement, as his crown slipped fractionally in to her. Continuing to maintain the pressure, her vagina eased once more, and he slipped another fraction, then a minute later, she dilated further and he simply popped into her, the elastic muscles of her entry snapping over his crown. He remained like that for at least five minutes, feeling the agony of her tightness squeezing his shaft. Then he felt her ease on him, his cock no longer feeling the blood supply had been cut off.

He applied inward pressure again, and now, he started the long slide into her interior, which made being a pedo so glorious. Deeper and deeper he went, feeling her incredibly tight passage peeling open as he sunk into her warm, wet, tight, sexy, vagina. He bumped her end. He remembered he'd only got half way in last night before meeting her cervix. He also remembered what had happened afterwards, and wondered if he could penetrate her again this time. It had been something to do with the angle and pressure. He moved up, down, twisted slightly and pressed, seemingly making no headway. He was about to give up, when, having pulled back just a tiny amount, felt a dip inside her. He angled himself and pressed in gently, and was amazed, as he was able to press in and keep going. He was in!

Mike allowed his cock to slip further and further into the little girl, her warm, wet, grip on his shaft heavenly, five inches, six, then seven, and just at that moment, he felt resistance.

And at the same time, he felt his cock press into the palm of his right hand, cuddling into her tummy. Exquisite!

He held himself in that position for several minutes, enjoying the feel of her tiny bum pressing into his pubis, his shaft being gripped by her warm tight vagina, and his crown, deep inside her seven year old womb, pressing up against the inside of her tummy. Life rarely got better than this. His orgasm, when it overtook him, did so completely by surprise, and he found he was suddenly exploding deep inside the child, his spurts pulsing against his palm as little flutters. The feelings of utter bliss sweeping through him over and over.

Afterwards, he lay just enjoying the feel of her clamping on his softening cock. Suddenly, he too was asleep. It was ten o'clock when he woke. She had stirred in her sleep, and the movement had woken him. He lay still taking stock. His flaccid cock was still in the girl. She hadn't woken yet. He thought about what he would like to do. She was willing, he was getting aroused again, slowly, and he'd still got a couple of hours if he needed them.

He had a plan. He gently, slowly pulled out of her, smiling at the sucking sound her vagina made as he popped out. He placed a pillow behind her bottom, then, knelt on the bed, and taking her calves, one in each hand, he straightened her legs, lifted them upwards and swung them round, so she was now on her back, her bum resting on the pillow. He brought her legs down, one either side of him, her knees over his thighs. Only now, was she beginning to stir. He had his cock back at her entry, even before her eyes opened, and as he was only partly erect, and she was so slippery from before, he slipped easily into her, all the way into her, as she opened her eyes.

"Are you fucking me, Mr. Mike?" she asked, a rather obvious, rhetorical question.

"Hello, Ana," he smiled at her, "did you have a nice sleep?" She smiled back. She could feel his cock deep inside her now, getting deeper still, as it grew and lengthened. She liked the feel. It didn't hurt at all. She also felt very wet down there, and vaguely wondered how long he'd been doing things to her before she woke.

Mike was watching the girl, as his cock grew inside her, his tumescence returning slowly, his arousal growing again. There was nothing, absolutely nothing as good in this world as a deep penetration fuck with a seven year old, blond beauty, and he'd got one on his cock right now.

He felt his end push into her cervix, then pop through and keep swelling and lengthening, deep inside her. She smiled at him, watching the lust in his eyes, knowing his desire and her power to satisfy it. As he stayed still, looking down, he felt and saw the little bump appear again, in her belly. He was there. He was in no rush, and remained still for several more minutes.

"Ana," he asked, "I was thinking I would like to fuck you with me on top. How does that sound? Would you like that?" She nodded assent, and reached her arms up to him. Mike unbent his knees and straightened up, supporting his weight on his outstretched hands, either side of her shoulders, and his knees. He lowered himself, his weight now on his elbows, and pushing his hands under her back, cupped her shoulders.

He looked at her trusting face, and they smiled again at each other, knowing what they were about to enjoy together. He slowly pulled from her, just an inch, and then pressed in again, paused and repeated it. He pulled out a little further and pressed again. He increased the scope and rhythm gently, like an old steam locomotive building pace. Faster and faster.

“OK, Ana,” he instructed, “put your legs around me, and try and lock them together. That’s good, well done. Now press your hands to your tummy.”

She did as he said. She could feel his cock pushing up at her from inside. She could also feel those tingles inside her again, which felt so nice, which she wanted, needed.

Mike felt, heard and saw the little girl approaching her climax, and knew he was free to up his game. He started to slam into her quite hard now, and at the first slap of his groin into her pussy, she tumbled into a mind numbing orgasm. He increased the pace and force, taking his pleasure, knowing she was too. His cock was totally embedded in her. Few had ever managed that. She felt great. By now, he had almost lost control. His whole weight was pressed to the child, as he pounded into her time and time again, her incredibly tight vagina squeezing him so hard. It was only because he’d cum in her twice already this evening, and Elsa before her, that he hadn’t cum quicker, but the end was now approaching, he knew, as his scrotum tightened and his balls pulled up and the surge at the base of his cock warned him. There was a half second pause, then he exploded inside the girl, his pulses spurting over and over deep into her, again and again. He knew from the noises she made, she was well into an intense climax of her own. She’d enjoyed it too.

As he calmed and his breathing returned to normal, he rolled over, taking her with him, so still impaled deep inside her, she no longer had his full weight pressing down on her, and she could breath again. She’d liked his weight, though. It made her feel safe, protected. They remained like that for quite a while, as he slowly shrank inside her, retreating from her. Eventually, he rolled her off him, and went to the bathroom. He turned on the taps to the bath, knowing how long it took to fill. He went back to the bed, and they chatted while they waited.

“Mr. Mike,” she asked, “if Kat comes with me tomorrow, what would you want her to do? She’s bound to ask me.”

“What’s she good at, Ana,” he asked, “at school, I mean. Is she athletic or anything?”

“Oh yes,” she immediately replied, “she’s school champion in the gym.”

“Right,” he said, grinning, “in that case, she can do squats over me.” Ana thought for moment, then understanding dawned on her, and she grinned from ear to ear.

They took a leisurely bath together. Neither were up for more nooky. They just washed each other, got dried and Mike got his wallet out while she dressed back into her school uniform. He handed her 250K Rubles, the same as last night. She was so pleased.

= 6 =

Wednesday Morning

Mike was again first down for breakfast. He had realised there were not many guests in the hotel. They explained it was school half term, in parts of the country and people were on holiday. But with food like they offered here, he wasn't surprised no one had joined him for breakfast.

During the night, after Ana had slipped out the fire door and away to her home, he'd logged into his surveillance cameras. He was about to close down and get some sleep, when he noticed movement. Four men appeared. They were easily identifiable. He'd seen the files on all employees, and could name each of them. They were crowded around a computer terminal. Mike had access to all the bank transactions, and clicked into the mainframe to see what was happening. Immediately, he could see they were moving funds around, from one account to another, to a third. Around and around they went, until eventually, they returned to where they'd started. Everything the same, except the value had fallen. They'd skimmed off a small profit. Do it enough times, with enough assets, and a fortune could be made. A clever little programme they'd inserted into the bank's system worked their little miracle for them, but being untrustworthy of each other, needed to all be present, when they ran the scam.

Mike knew that three of them had been fingered already. They were the two men from Belarus head office and the regional manager. The fourth man was there now, the branch manager - Georgi Banovski. The evidence was damning and compelling. But Mike had an idea. Firstly, he logged into London office, to see who was there, if anyone. The web cam confirmed the office was empty. Next, after the four had left, he spent an hour or so working on editing a new file, which he uploaded back to the system. In it, there were only three people in view, and in none of them could Georgi Banovski be seen. He then made a recording of the real file onto a MP3 and saved it onto a USB memory stick. He would bide his time now.

It was after breakfast, when he was back in his room, he had an e-mail from head office. It was decided the police would arrest the three men involved in the fraud later today. His instructions were to wait another 24 hours and then report in, then it was intended he would extract the cameras tomorrow night, and fly out on Friday.

Mike knocked on Ivana's door at ten o'clock. She was just clearing up breakfast, and feeding the baby. She smiled at him. Clearly the money he'd paid and the promise of more to come had cheered her up. He sat at the kitchen table, spooning food into the boy, while she cleaned dishes at the sink.

"I have a present for you Ivana," he said, surprising the woman, as she finished the washing up. "Come and open it."

She came to the table, wiping her hands on a towel, and sat opposite him. He pulled a tissue paper wrapped rectangular object from his bag, and placed it on the table in front of her. She looked at it as if it might run away. It was so long since anyone had given her anything. She picked it up, and turned it in her hand, finally peeling the tissue away. She looked at the folded silver plated hinged triple photo frame. She carefully opened the frame, and looked at the pictures mounted inside. She gasped, her hand coming to her mouth. The pictures were exquisite. The left and right ones were portrait, and the centre one, bigger, was landscape. One a close up face shot, one a head and shoulders, cropped just above her nipples, and the large centre one was of her, fully dressed, lying in

a relaxed pose the full length of the settee, very much the beautiful little girl, she was. They were professional quality and seemed to capture Elsa's character perfectly.

She had a tear in the corner of her eye. She would have loved pictures of her daughter as a baby and toddler, but always money problems stopped that dream, and now she had a beautiful set she would cherish for ever.

"Ivana," he asked, interrupting her thoughts, "have you ever worked in an office or in an administration role?"

"Yes," she said, "years ago, before the children arrived. I worked in an accountant's office. Why do you ask?"

"Would you be able to work in a bank, if an opportunity arose? I mean, would you be able to get child minders to look after your kids?"

"Yes, of course," she said sceptically, "but I would never be so fortunate. Why are you saying these things?"

"I am working on an idea," he said. "It might not work, but if you get a visit from a Mr. Georgi Banovski, the manager at Minskyovski Bank, he will be offering you a nice, well paid job, probably sometime tomorrow. Would you be interested?"

"Of course," she said, bemused, "but why would you do this for me. What would you want in return?"

"Ivana, I would only want one thing in return," he said, looking levelly at her. "If and when I return to Minsk, I would want to spend lots of time with Elsa. I want to, err, take many more photographs of her." She smiled and nodded, they had an understanding.

"Where is she, by-the-way?" he asked.

"She's in the sitting room, now. But, wow, that pill you gave me, she took first thing," she laughed, "Elsa was on the toilet for over an hour before breakfast. She's OK now." They both laughed.

"Before I go," she said, "I will explain to Elsa what she's going to do today. I won't be a minute." She went through to the sitting room and closed the door. After about five minutes, she emerged and smiled at him "I must get off to my mother's now." He took out his wallet and handed her a 500K Ruble note. Ivana left with the baby shortly afterwards. She told Mike he could 'photograph' Elsa for as long as he wanted. She was going to take her mother out to lunch, in celebration. Mike helped her downstairs with the pram. Returning to the apartment, he found Elsa watching a cartoon on the old TV.

"Hi Elsa," he greeted her, "how are you feeling today? Did you enjoy yourself yesterday?"

She looked away from the TV, smiled and nodded "Yes, it was fun, are we going to do it again today?"

“Yes, if you like,” he said, as if he hadn’t even thought of it himself. “I tell you what, why don’t you get out of your clothes, while I get my camera set up.”

The child was naked in moments. He captured her, rather fast, striptease, never-the-less. “Right, Elsa, what we are going to do now is show me a few more of your gymnastics exercises. Could you go through your routine, please. Anything you like. I will tell you to stop if I need you to. So just do what you do. And remember the main thing.” She looked at him enquiringly, “I really need you to show me in between your legs as much as possible, OK?” She nodded and giggled. She’d worked out Mike, pretty well yesterday. But, she’d enjoyed herself too, and that made it OK. Her mum had asked her exactly what he’d made her do yesterday. She was surprised, when Mum had rubbed herself as she made her child describe everything.

Elsa thought for a moment, then started on various positions and movements. Because of the cramped space in the apartment, she couldn’t do somersaults or other exercise requiring space, but she was imaginative and managed many very interesting exercises. She did Tucks, and Pikes, Splits and Bridges. When she did a Straddle, Mike asked her to stop in that position, while he used his macro lens up close to her wide open pussy. How a girl could hold her toes with legs and arms straight, was beyond him. She then moved on to Handstands, and the Halfway Handstand and then the Handstand Straddle in which she had to do a splits when doing the handstand, which really showed her body off to his camera. She was working up a sweat now, in the warm apartment. He loved seeing her skin glisten as she worked. Her final position was one of her best. It was the Split Stand. It was like a headstand, but instead of her legs pointing upwards, her waist was bent, and both legs pointed outwards, completely opening up her pudenda.

“Can you hold that position, for me Elsa?” he asked. The girl nodded, but Mike could see it wouldn’t be for long. He let her rest after a few seconds, and she collapsed in a heap in relief.

“Why am I all bare,” she asked reasonably, “when you’ve got clothes on? You didn’t yesterday.!”

“You’re quite right, Elsa, shall I undress?” She nodded, and looked seriously at him as he stripped off.

He sat down in an armchair and waved her over, inviting her to sit on his lap. She was quite relaxed and unconcerned. It looked like today was going to work out, he decided.

She sat, leaning against his chest, still catching her breath from her exercises. She was quite clammy against his body, and he ran his hands up and down her chest feeling her warm damp skin. Mike rested his hands under the globes of her bum, his finger tips straying, feeling her curves and creases. She looked down, as he lifted her and adjusted his cock, pushing it up between her thin thighs, it’s pre-cum soaked tip just touching her tummy.

“You can touch it if you like Elsa,” he invited. She hesitated, then tentatively reached down and with her finger and thumb, grasped his shaft. Gaining confidence, she moved her other fingers around him, gripping him lightly.

“Elsa,” he asked, “what did your mummy tell you we were going to do today?”

“Oh, she said I was to pose for you to photograph me again without my clothes on,” Elsa stated. “Have we finished doing that now?”

“I think so, Elsa, I might take a few more, we’ll see,” he explained. “What else did your mummy say you were going to do?”

“She said I was to do everything you told me to do. She said you were going to help her get a job, so she could earn money, is that right?”

“Yes, that’s what I hope to be able to do,” he said. “I should know for sure, tomorrow. What else did she say.”

“She said you want to play with my bottom. She said you will put your little man inside my bottom, like you did to my pussy, yesterday. She said I was to let you put it in for as long as you want.”

Mike’s cock lurched on hearing the magic words from the eight year old. “Yes, that’s right, Elsa. You don’t mind do you? It’s just that you have such a pretty bottom. And my little man so loves going into pretty little girls’ bottoms, I thought it would be fun. Would you like to try?”

She looked over her shoulder at him and grinned, nodding.

“OK,” he said, “I can’t just push it into you, darling, that might hurt you, if I did that. We have to do one or two things first, so you won’t hurt.” She nodded seriously, as if she knew what was coming.

“Just do what I tell you, and you will enjoy it, I promise. OK? Now first of all, could you go to my bag over there,” he asked, pointing, “inside you will see a little white cardboard box, and a blue tube that looks like a tube of toothpaste. Could you bring them over here for me?”

She jumped down and ran over to the bag and got the items out, bringing them to him. He opened the box, and shook out the dildo inside. It was the same as the one he’d given to Ana, the night before. He then popped open the tube of KY Jelly, and smeared a dollop on the end of the dildo, spreading it down the shaft carefully. He placed it on it’s end on the small table beside him, ready to use in a few minutes time. Next, he indicated for her to bend over his lap. He asked her to spread her knees as far apart as she could.

“This will feel a bit cold, at first, Elsa,” he said, as he spread her bottom open as far as he could with the fingers of one hand, while bringing the nozzle of the KY to her anus, and pressed the tip in gently. When it was settled, he squeezed the tube, making her squeak, as it did to all his girls. “OK, so far Elsa?”

She giggled, “That was cold, like you said, it’s OK though.”

“Good girl,” he praised, “I’m going to make sure the jelly is in all the way, now, OK?” She nodded.

Mike using the same finger as he'd spread the jelly onto the dildo, brought it to her anus, and rested it at her entry. He very carefully and slowly pressed into her. He wanted her to dilate rather than force her. After about a minute, his finger tip had slid into her bottom about an inch.

"Relax, now Elsa," he continued. "Does that feel alright?"

"Feels a bit weird," she answered, "but OK, I guess."

"Now, Elsa, you know when you do a poo in the toilet, you have to push? Well I would like you to push now, for me, would you."

He heard her strain, she held her breath for a moment, and her body tensed. Immediately, he felt her rectum relax, and his finger slipped into her buttery passage all the way, as far as he could reach, three inches in. She was still sticky inside.

"Good girl," he praised, "it's in. Now we leave it there for a while until your bottom gets used to it. Did you go to the toilet this morning, Elsa? Did you do a big poo?"

She coloured up a little. It didn't seem to bother her that he'd got his finger up her rectum, but asking her if she'd had a crap seemed to embarrass her.

"Yeah, I guess," she muttered, "I had a funny tummy first thing and had to go a lot, but I'm OK now. My tummy doesn't ache now." The pill she'd taken had done the job.

"In a minute," he explained, "I am going to take my finger out, and try and put in that long round red rubber thing into you," he nodded to the dildo on the table.

She blinked in surprise. "Don't worry," he said, "it will be OK, you'll see."

He reached for the dildo, and brought it to her bottom. He slid his finger out of her, and quickly put the tip of the toy in its place. It slipped straight in. "Elsa, could you put your hand down and hold the toy for me?" she reached down and did as he asked. "Good, now what I need you to do, is push it gently into your bottom, all the way in, OK? You may have to do a poo push again like you did before."

Mike watched entranced, as she pushed the dildo slowly into her bum. It was eight inches long, and although it took her a couple of minutes, it went all the way in.

"How's that feel now, Elsa?" he asked.

"Really funny," she said. "It makes me feel I need to go to the toilet again." She giggled.

"Now I'm going to move you. You can let go of the toy, if you like. I want you to sit on my lap, facing me."

He lifted her up, under her armpits and lowered her so she was facing him. She naturally put her hands onto his shoulders for support. Her thighs were over his, the end of the toy

sticking down between his legs, his cock sticking up between them like a flagpole, the centre of her attention.

He wanted to leave the dildo in place to dilate her as much as possible, so grabbed his cock, and bent it down to her cleft to gently rub the tip along from her dimple, down to the dildo and back. He pressed into her crack, spreading pre-cum in copious quantities. After a few minutes of rubbing, he noticed she was responding. She wriggled very slightly on his lap, trying to increase her pleasure, as her clit swelled with the stimulation. He didn't want her to cum, not yet, anyway.

He pulled his cock back, out of the way and reached under her, feeling how she was spread open by the tension of her little legs stretched out over his. She was soaked in his slippery pre-cum. His fingers glided over her, feeling her swollen labia, her cleft, her vagina entry which he'd fucked only yesterday, her stretched anus, filled with the toy. He loved feeling the crease, where her vulva met her bum.

The pad of his middle finger rested over her vagina, he gently pressed, sinking in, slowly oozing into her. Deeper and deeper, her passage peeling open reluctantly. He could feel her stickiness, perhaps yesterday's cum, still there. A hardness pressed against the side of his finger, through her rectovaginal septum, the dildo pushing against him. He started to wiggle his finger in her, now. He could just reach her cervix, and as he pressed her 'g' spot, she jerked in reaction. He brought his other hand to her cleft, and slipped a finger into her dimple, and on down, through her open cleft, over the long cowl covering her clit, and pulled back slightly, finding her little nub, hard, swollen, ready.

Mike spent several minutes masturbating Elsa, using all his long experience and skill to bring her up, but not over-the-top. He wanted her aroused, on a real high, demanding, desperate for release. She started to undulate on him now, seeking pleasure, seeking release, her primeval instincts taking over.

The next move needed careful coordination. He withdrew his finger from her vagina, and grabbed the KY, quickly squeezing and spreading a dollop on his crown. He pulled the child slightly closer, and holding his cock with one hand, he reached under her with the other, and pulled the dildo out of her in a slow, careful, continuous move. As soon as it popped out, he dropped it on the floor, but his cock was ready, and his crown was already pressing into her dilated anus, sinking into her cavity sliding all the way in. It kept going and going, until at last, nearly eight inches into her, he felt his pubic hair scrape on the silky smooth skin of her tiny bottom.

"How does that feel, Elsa?" he asked, smiling at her pretty face.

"It's nicer now," she said, "before it felt hard, but now it's better. I like it."

He lay back, relaxing for a few minutes. He cuddled her against his chest, and ran his hands up and down her back in soft caresses, which she seemed to enjoy. They talked a little about her school and friends, her family and places she'd been to. He told her a little about England, and where he lived. She asked if he'd got a girlfriend, and he told her a little about Sammy. He reached for his phone and showed her one or two pictures of Sammy in her school uniform and another of Sammy sucking his cock.

“She’s pretty,” said Elsa, “do you like fucking her?”

“Yes I do, Elsa,” he said, “she’s a bit like you. She always enjoys it and really likes doing it in her bottom too.” He changed the subject: “Would you like me to come and see you again tomorrow?” he asked the leading question.

She smiled at him and nodded. “What do you want to do to me tomorrow?”

“You know that picture I showed you of Sammy just now,” he asked, “you know, sucking me?” She nodded, looking back at the photo on his phone. “Do you think you could do that for me?” She was a little unsure, but could see Sammy was obviously enjoying it.

“I guess,” she said, “I’ll try if you want me to.”

“That’s a good girl. If you can do something else for me,” he continued, “I will give you a present. How about a new pair of jeans?”

Her face lit up. “Yeah,” she said, “what do I have to do?”

He flicked through his phone, and found the section of photos when he’d force fed his cock down Sammy’s throat last week, when she’d had one of his pills. He chose one showing his cock completely in her mouth and throat, and showed it to her.

She gasped, her hand coming to her mouth in shock, “I dunno,” she said, doubtfully, “It might make me sick.”

“I will leave you the little toy when I go, Elsa,” he said. “You can practice with that, if you like. If you can manage it, I will give you those jeans. But don’t worry if you can’t, we’ll think of something else to do instead. Now how does your bum feel now? Is it OK?”

She grinned at him and nodded. “Yes,” she added, “I quite like the feel, now. Are you going to make me feel all tingly again, I’d like that?”

“OK, Elsa, why not,” he replied. “You’ve been a good girl today, I will try and make you feel as nice as I can. What I want you to do first, if you can, is turn round, so you are facing away from me. Can you do that?”

She lifted a leg up, across his chest, and turned facing sideways, shuffled round and was leaning against his chest in moments. His cock twisted with the motion, never came out a fraction. A true gymnast. He clasped his hands over her tummy and smiled, as she then placed her hands over his. After a moment, he slipped his hands down between her thighs again, and found her clit and vagina entry as before and was soon gently helping her rise again. He soon felt her little bum undulate on his lap in response. She started to take shorter faster breaths, becoming pants.

Mike wanted this to last, he wanted her to cum but not be sated, so he eased back a bit. But, she was ready, so he put his hands under her bottom, and lifted her up an inch or two, feeling his cock suck from her, before dropping her down again. Up she went again, further this time and down. Soon, he was lifting and dropping her almost off his cock and letting go, feeling her slam onto his lap. She was beginning to grunt each time. She was

enjoying this too. At last, he felt the signs, he was going to cum, so he stopped all motion, except he continued to diddle her clitty, keeping her on a high.

After a minute or so, he stood up, hugging Elsa to his chest, and carried her across the room to an armchair. There, he lowered her over the seat back, holding her hips for support. Again, his hand slipped under her, finding her clit, strumming her hard now, feeling her get right back into her ecstasy.

“I want to fuck you hard now, Elsa,” he stated. “Is that alright?”

“Yeah,” she replied, “do what you want. Just make me feel good.”

Given the green light, keeping one hand under her, working her clitoris and the other on her hip making sure she didn't slide off the seat, he started a serious fucking motion. Seven inches out and back in, out and in, increasing his pace each time. It wasn't long before he was slapping into her rear, the sound getting louder each time, until he was at full speed.

Elsa started to grunt again, her grunts turning to groans and her groans to moans. He could feel her rectum clamping down on his shaft in rhythmic squeezes, as her climax swept through her. He wanted her to cum and cum. She'd earned a good one, so he kept up the pace, willing himself not to end it just yet. Then he heard a deep sigh from Elsa suggesting she was done, when he felt his own orgasm rush from his balls, up his shaft and blast out into her bowels again and again. It triggered another climax for the girl, making her squeak each time he spurting into her.

At last, it ended. Silence reigned, except the heavy breathing, as both panted with the exertion. They remained like that for several minutes.

“You OK, Elsa,” he enquired, “I didn't hurt you at all, did I?”

“No,” she answered, “that was really nice. Can we do it again soon? It feels like you've filled me up with your gooey stuff.”

“We'll have to see about that, Elsa,” he chuckled at her stamina, “I have something else in mind for later on.” He wanted more of her pussy before he left.

Mike eventually pulled out of the child and finding a wash cloth, wiped her as clean as possible. He smiled, when she suddenly farted, pushing a load more cum out. He suggested they both got dressed and find something to eat. It was still only late morning, but they both realised they were hungry. They walked down the street to the road flanking the park where he'd met her yesterday. She took his hand, and they chatted about different things as they ambled along. He was unaware of her discomfort, though, his cum had leaked from her bum and soaked her knickers. He laughed out loud, when she farted, and he could hear it bubbling. At the corner of the next block, they found an Italian restaurant and entering, being early, found they were the first diners to ask for lunch. Mike told her she could order anything she wanted, which turned out to be spaghetti Bolognese. He ordered Chicken Parmigiana for himself.

He smiled at the speed she consumed the plate of food, and told her to order something else if she wanted, as he was only part way through his. He was amazed not only at the size of the Tortellini which arrived, but the fact she also finished it before he did. He enjoyed the Valpolicella they offered with the food, and had a second glass. Elsa stuck to her coke and had three large glasses.

Soon, they were wandering back. There was a clothing shop along the way, which they called into, and Mike asked to see the girls' jeans they stocked. There was a pair which caught her eye. It had patterns sown into it with red, blue and green stitching. She tried them on, they fitted like a glove. They were on offer as well. Mike enquired if he could buy them on sale or return. "I'll bring them back tomorrow if my wife doesn't like them," he lied. They said that was OK, as long as he didn't cut the labels off.

Elsa insisted on carrying the bag back to the apartment, and when they got there, she hung the jeans over the back of a chair, where she could keep looking at them. She really wanted those jeans, he realised. Mike went over to the settee and picked up the little dildo, still lying on the floor, where he'd dropped it. There were surprisingly few brown stains on it, he noted, as he went to wash it thoroughly under the tap with some hot water and soap. He made sure it was absolutely clean.

They sat down on the settee again, side by side and chatted again about nothing in particular, before he asked her, "do you want to try seeing if you can swallow into your throat, Elsa?" She tore her eyes away from the jeans and looked at him. He held up the little red, rubber dildo. "Try on this, Elsa."

She tentatively took the toy in her hand. She sniffed it, to make sure it was clean, before carefully putting the tip into her mouth. She pushed it in further, until, it was obvious she'd hit the back, because she pulled it back quickly. She tried again a couple more times, with the same result.

"What you have to do, Elsa," he explained, "is as it gets to the back, think of it like a piece of meat you're chewing, and swallow it. You will need to practice, though. Perhaps learning to do it by tomorrow is impossible. The lady in the shop said I can take the jeans back, so don't worry about it."

"No, no," she responded, "I will try, perhaps I can do it, if I practice."

"Would you undress for me, please Elsa?" Mike said. "You are such a pretty little girl, I love looking at you."

She obliged, and was soon naked. Knowing what Mike liked, she propped herself up on one end of the settee, and lay along it, with him the other end, one of her legs behind his back, the other resting on his lap. She giggled from time to time, as she teased his tumescent cock under her heel.

Mike glanced at his watch. It was midday and he needed to be getting on soon. He asked Elsa if she would like him to fuck her in any particular way. She nodded and said: "I like it when you cuddle me. Would you cuddle me while you fuck me?" He loved the idea and gestured for her to come and straddle him. She shuffled along the settee, and placing one knee either side of him, raised herself up on her knees.

She fished with her hand for his cock and guided it down her cleft to her vagina. She lowered herself onto the tip and wriggled, pressing down. He popped in remarkably easily. She was damp, he was leaking pre-cum, and they both had KY jelly from before. She paused there and then lowered herself down, down, until he hit her end. She looked and saw he still had several inches to go, but she couldn't do anything about that.

Leaning forward, she put her arms around his neck, and his around her waist. She lifted her face, and surprised him, when she kissed his lips, then pressed into him, and kissed him again, passionately. Soon, their tongues were intertwined in a dance of love. He lowered his hands, and cupped her tiny bottom, feeling the perfect silky skin of her bum, undulating with her movements.

Elsa hadn't had much in life. A father who frightened her, a mother worn down with worry and lack of money and food and all the essentials in life. Then this man comes into their life and offers Mum a new job, and money and food and security, and all he wanted in return was to fuck her. She had no problem with that at all. If only all their problems could be solved that easily. She wanted those jeans, though. She knew it was the price for deep throating him. Her friend had tried it and was sick, but those jeans.....

After a few minutes, she lifted up, and dropped down on him, then up again. She built up a rhythm quickly lifting and dropping. She tried dropping down harder on him each time, feeling that itch deep inside her crying out to be scratched, for more, for release. She seemed to go further down each time. She felt something give inside her, and suddenly she dropped down all the way onto his lap. He was in her, all the way. She didn't pause though. She lifted and dropped, lifted and dropped. That feeling deep inside her was returning and suddenly was there. She never heard herself cry out or realise she arched her back in ecstasy, or had released some pee onto his lap, or that he came deep inside her, because she was finding her feelings so intense, so overwhelming, the only thing that mattered to her at this moment were the incredible, wonderful, blissful sensations sweeping through her, right now. She came and came and came. She'd never felt such pleasure, such bliss, such fulfilment in her life. When it ended, she clung on to him, feeling the lovely tingles slowly ebb away.

She came to her senses after a few minutes. She was hugging him close, pulling him in as tight as she could, feeling his cock start to wither inside her, She felt a sense of loss, as if her pleasure was diminishing. But she knew now the pleasure that her body could give her, it was a revelation, and she knew he was coming back tomorrow. She would learn how to deep throat him, she was determined.

They tidied up, and Mike made sure the carpet was wiped, before the semen stains dried and marked it. There was little he could do about the cushion on the settee, so he turned it round. Elsa, had been very affectionate to him after her fuck, and he was touched. He was really pleased she had enjoyed herself.

He left the jeans over the chair for Elsa to show her mother. He collected together his camera equipment, but before he left, he checked in on head office on his laptop. It would seem the bank had been fast in routing out the culprits. The three had all been fired, and a board meeting was scheduled for the following day to decide what would happen next. The bank were very grateful for Eagle Eyed Enterprises for their swift, efficient and

discreet help in the matter, and a bonus payment would be made as a result. Mike was instructed to extract the surveillance equipment as soon as possible and return. He was asked to report in the following Tuesday, but could take the time off until then as extra holiday.

Mike worded out a careful anonymous e-mail to Georgi Banovski's private e-mail address at the Minskyovski Bank. In it, he explained he had irrefutable evidence of his involvement in the fraud in which three of his colleagues had been arrested today. He attached the file he'd made and stated a further e-mail will follow with instructions on how he was to proceed and an immediate reply to it would be required. "Make the fucker sweat for an hour or two," he thought.

Before he left, he asked Elsa for her mother's full name, postal address, insurance number and date of birth. He kissed her goodbye, said he would see her the following morning and left.

= 7 =

Wednesday Afternoon

As Mike returned to the hotel, he saw Ana sitting on her usual step on the fire escape. She smiled when she saw him approaching. He waved her down and told her what he needed. It was the same information on her mother. He said she could come over as soon as she wanted, when she got the information for him. He learned her mum's name was Natallia.

He returned to the hotel, and sat down with his laptop and composed another e-mail to the now worried Georgi Banovski. There was a tap on the door, and he let her in. He took the piece of paper from her and typed in the details she and Elsa had provided, and sent the e-mail. In short, it told him to contact the two women before noon the following day, and offer each of them middle management salaried positions in the bank, if he didn't wish to spend the next fifteen years having his arse reamed in a prison cell. He suggested, as cover, they could be titled as security executives. He was given two minutes to acknowledge, it took one.

"Why did you want the information, anyway?"

"Can you keep a secret till tomorrow, Ana?" he asked her. She nodded, smiling conspiratorially. "Well," he said lowering his voice unnecessarily, "I have fixed your mum up with a really well paid job. Tomorrow, a man called Georgi Banovski will come to see her. He manages one of the big bank branches in Minsk. He'll speak to her, and offer her the job. But she won't know why he's doing it. But you will. It's because I fixed it for her."

She looked a bit perplexed, though and asked: "That's very nice of you Mr. Mike, but why? Why are you fixing it for her?"

"Well Ana," he explained, "it's because she's your mum. You have been nice to me, Ana and it's my way of saying thank you. I hope to come back to Minsk from time to time, and when I do, I hope you and Kat will be able to thank me again and again for helping your mum. But your mum must never know about me, OK?"

She nodded. "What happens if Kat doesn't want to come over," she asked, "or I change my mind, and don't want to do it anymore, what then?"

"I suppose it's possible," he mused, "that Mr. Georgi Banovski might think he made a mistake employing your mum in that job after all." He let the threat hang there. "Oh" he said, changing the subject, "this afternoon will be the last time. I have to go home tomorrow. I'm booked on an afternoon flight. My office have told me my work here is complete."

"Is Kat coming over today?" he asked. "You said she might be able to."

Ana nodded. "She's just making sure Uncle goes straight to the bar. He usually does on Wednesdays. He plays pool with his friends. She will come over when he goes. I left the fire escape door on the latch for her. Oh, I've got some good news for you," she grinned.

"What's that?" he asked.

She reached into her pocket and held up the dildo. "I can do it!" His heart skipped a beat.

At that moment, there was a gentle tap on the door, and Mike opened the door to find a young girl, who had to be Kat. Like Ana, she had very long amber-blond hair, a narrow face with small nose, and rounded honey brown eyes. In fact they were identical, just a few years apart in years, she being eleven. Seeing Ana, Kat stepped in and Mike closed the door behind her.

"Hello," welcomed Mike, "you must be Kat." She nodded, slightly shy, knowing she was expected to fuck this total stranger in the next hour or so. "I'm Mike," he continued, "would you two like a drink and something to eat?" They looked at each other, with a smile and back at him. The girls had obviously talked about this. "Krambambulia please," Ana said without hesitation. Mike smiled. He'd bought a new bottle on the way back to the hotel.

After he'd poured three large glasses full, he asked: "What do you fancy to eat? You can have pizza, McDonalds, or...."

"McDonalds," they both chimed, interrupting him. He grinned at them. Kids are all the same when it came to food. And, come to think of it, McDonalds had got him into more than a few little girlies' knickers, over the years. He got the takeaway menu he'd picked up the previous day and passed it to them to choose. A minute or two later, he phoned the order in.

When he turned back to the girls, he saw they were sitting now on the bed, a pile of pillows propped up behind each of them. They were giggling continuously. Perhaps their half consumed glasses of the fiery drink had something to do with it. Kat was warming to him a little, and was certainly relaxing. He studied her a little, now, noticing she had an elegance which Ana was yet to acquire. She had curves forming around her waist and thighs which had given her shape, rather than Ana's parallel body and pencil legs. He could see, despite her wearing a sweat shirt, over T-shirt, she had bumps, which, he looked forward to investigating, very closely soon.

A tap on the door announced the arrival of the food. He ushered them into the bathroom and asked them to be quiet, while he took the food from the delivery boy and paid him. After the lad had gone, he put the "Do not disturb" sign out and locked the door.

"Come out, girls, let's eat". There was a scramble, as they came out of the bathroom. Mike noticed they were carrying their, now empty, glasses. The girls sat on the two chairs either side of the table, which had been moved to the corner of the bed, where Mike sat. He noticed the glasses had been half filled again. These two were going to be very drunk if he didn't keep an eye on them.

Remembering how much Ana had eaten the last couple of days, he'd ordered double of everything, and despite that, the two consumed the lot in just a few minutes. He stood up, and picking up the half finished bottle and returning it to the drinks fridge, he went through to the bathroom and switched on the taps.

While they ate, Mike chatted to them, trying to make Kat feel relaxed. The Krambambulia made her far more tranquil, though, than any conversation he might have had. In between giggles and silly childish comments, he found out she was school gymnastics champion, good at her academic work, hated her uncle and loved her mum almost as much as Krambambulia.

"If you two have finished your meals," he said, "would you like to play a few games with me? Kat, what did Ana say we would be doing here today? Did she explain?"

"Yes, Mr. Mike," she slurred, after a hiccup, "she said you did naughty things to her, but paid her lots of money, so that makes it OK, even though she's only seven. She asked me if I'd like to come and fuck you too, so here I am." The two of them burst into a fit of giggles again.

Realising they were becoming quite drunk, even though he'd taken the bottle away, he felt he needed to get the ground rules agreed. "Well, Kat, I will pay you 100K Rubles each time I fuck you, if you do everything I ask. If you are very good at it, I will pay you each a bonus. I might want to go in your pussy, bum or mouth, OK?"

She blinked a couple of times, trying to digest this, through her hazy mind. "I'm not sure about my bum," she muttered, "Uncle tried that and hurt me."

"If I can do it without hurting you, is that OK?" he asked.

"I guess," she replied hesitantly, "as long as it doesn't hurt."

"Also, as Ana probably told you, I am a photographer, and like to record everything as we go along. Right, you two," he said briskly, clapping his hands, time for a bath. "You both look grubby. When did you last have a bath, Kat?"

"A while ago," she answered, "why? Our hot water's been bust for a while."

"Well," he continued, "you really need a bath, you smell a bit, that's all." The girls burst into another fit of giggles.

“Stinky poo, stinky poo,” they both chimed.

Mike watched Kat closely as she started to undress, seemingly oblivious to his ogling, and the continuous clicking of his camera.

When she was naked, they were about to head for the bathroom, when he said: “You can get in the bath, if you want, Ana. Kat before you get in, I would like to take a few shots of you as you are. It won’t take long. Just stand and face the camera, hands at your sides, good, now sideways on, look at the lens, excellent, now face away, please, back to me. Now hands on hips. Look over your shoulder, great. And feet apart, further, more, good. Now legs straight, bend and grasp hold of your ankles. Hold it there for a minute or two, please.”

As she bent, her bottom opened right up, her little rosebud, with specks of crusted shit around it, all came into view. Below, her peach shaped vulva squeezed between her thighs filling the gap snugly. Spread around her labia, were white crusted semen stains, indicating Uncle’s recent incest with the child. Her vagina was open, and he was surprised to see she was aroused. Mike knelt down behind her, bringing his macro lens up close to her cleft, and snapped away. He was now convinced, she was identical to Ana, just four years older.

“You’re a pervert, you know that?” she asked, with a grin, “photographing and fucking little underage girls. You should be ashamed, you could get locked up.”

“I know,” he replied, “I like being a pervert, it makes life exciting. And anyway, I’m paying you a lot more than I would if it was legal.”

“That’s true,” she said nodding. “Ana said you made her cum, is that right, Mr. Mike?”

“Yes, that’s right,” he said, taking the last few photos. “In fact, she came each time, why?”

“Mr. Mike,” she said quietly, “Uncle has never made me cum, would you be able do it for me please?”

“Of course I will, Kat,” he said with great surprise, “I promise I will. You can get in the bath now.” He watched as she went to join her sister. Her bottom wiggling erotically, as her hips swayed in a very female way, the gap between the top of her thighs winking open and closed as she walked.

Mike stripped off his clothes, and picking up his camera, walked into the bathroom, to find the girls playing in the water as kids all do. He offered the bottle of shower gel to Ana, who turned the tap on and poured it into the flow, instantly creating suds and foam.

“Right ladies, I want you to wash each other quickly,” he instructed, “OK? Leave the naughty bits to me, I’ll wash those myself afterwards.” He watched as they took the soap in turn, and washed each others’ torsos, limbs, faces etc. They were giggling again, now, trying to tickle each other as little girls will.

Mike took the soap from Ana, and asked her to kneel in the, now, grubby water. “Knees well apart, please Ana,” he asked, she shuffled, so he could get at her. He soaped up his

hands, and brought his left hand to her mons and his right hand to her bum, and immediately started to massage the soap into, and around, all her cracks and crevices, through her cleft and the valley of her bottom, over her clitoris and into her rosebud, his fingers meeting under her vagina, where they competed in trying to press into her most private place. The sensuality of this was absolutely riveting. Mike's cock was pressing against the side of the bath, pre-cum running down the white plastic.

After a minute or so, she was undulating her pelvis back and forth, her breathing shortening; she was rising. Mike was aware just how sensual she was, and wondered how sensitive Kat would be also. So he left Ana on a high, suddenly taking his hands away and asked Kat to kneel the same way as Ana. He then repeated soaping her cleft and bottom, feeling her intimate parts for the first time. The first impression he got was she was fuller, firmer and deeper. Her vulva had swollen in arousal more, her cleft felt hotter to the touch. Her bum was more muscle toned and firm under his fingers. As he masturbated her clit, and alternatively pressed into her bum and vagina, he felt her tensing up. She was as sensual as Ana, perhaps, due to her age, more so. She was going to cum quickly. He was surprised because she'd only confessed, a few minutes before, No one else had ever brought her off. But like her sister, he didn't want her to cum just yet; and to her almost desperate disappointment, he pulled his hands away from her.

"Stay kneeling, and turn towards me, now, girls," he instructed. "Knees well apart like before." Mike put one palm on each of their mounds and curled his fingers under them and into their clefts, seeking their arousal, their clits, and their pleasure, moving his fingers back and forth, slowly, firmly carefully, trying to exact every tingle and sensitivity in them, before bringing them higher. Keeping them in balance was a challenge, like playing a piano, co-ordination was everything. First one would rise, then the other, like sprinters who kept overtaking each other in a race.

Then he knew they were there. He eased right off, keeping them on the cusp, both now holding his wrists, thrusting their hips at him, pulling him into them as he pulled his fingers back, making it last just a few seconds longer. Then a storm erupted, as they came simultaneously, breathing ragged, jerking their bodies this way and that, pulling and pushing his hands hard into them. Cumming, cumming hard, subsiding into that world of bliss, intense pleasure, of spinning coloured lights behind closed eyelids, of wobbly legs and leaking bladders of pure pleasure flowing and flowing back and forth, sweeping over each of them, until, at last, they calmed, silence only broken by their ragged breathing. At last, they opened their eyes and looked at each other, grinning, almost embarrassed at what they'd allowed him to do to them.

"See, I told you," said Ana to her older sister, "he does it good, doesn't he?"

Kat could only nod, her mouth wide in a thin smile, as she struggled to regain her composure. Mike leaned in and pulled the plug, before handing each a big fluffy towel.

"I've got a special treat waiting for you two," he teased. "Hurry up and I'll show you."

Soon, the girls were spread across the bed again, fiddling with the TV remote. Mike enjoyed just watching them for a minute or two. He reached into his bag, and pulled out a long cardboard box, he'd picked up from the sex shop earlier. He opened it, and tipped the

contents onto his hand. Inside was a long pink double ended vibrator. Each end was about six inches long, with a flange in the centre, where the on/off switch was located.

He showed it to them, and for a minute they were puzzled as to what it was. "This is what we're going to do, girls," he said. "Ana is going to show me in a minute how good she is at swallowing things." He looked at her, as she blushed slightly. It seemed Kat knew nothing about her 'homework'. "But before that, I want to put this in both your pussies. At the same time!" Suddenly realisation dawned on them. They grinned, hiding their smiles behind their hands, giggling continuously. But at the same time, they loved it, at how naughty this all was.

"Ana lie across the bed, please. Your shoulders need to hang over the side. I'll put a chair there to rest your head on for the moment. Kat, could you lie on the other side of the bed? I will need you, in a minute to put one leg behind Ana and the other in front, so you will be able to mesh your pussies together. Take this, Ana, put some jelly on it and see if you can work it into your pussy."

He handed the long vibrator to Ana, and his tube of KY. He watched in fascination, as she tried to get the pink plastic toy into her pussy. He probably should have got her to put her rubber dildo in earlier, to loosen her up. Oh, well, can't think of everything!

So he used the time by going round to the other side of the bed, and sitting beside Kat. He'd wanted to meet her boobs and introduce himself to them properly. Her puffy cones were very typical for an eleven year old. They were about a couple of inches high, convex shaped in profile. Her areolae were a slightly darker shade of pinky brown than the surrounding skin of her chest, with a ring of goose bumps surrounding her nipples, which were light brown in colour and stuck out, shaped like the tip of his little fingers.

He leaned in, and while resting his fingers on one, suckled the other gently between his lips. She sucked in a breath, at her unexpected arousal. Her boobs had been tingling and very sensitive, since she'd cum in the bath. Mike curled his tongue back and forth over her hardened nipple, feeling it stiffen and engorge further. He moved to it's twin, and repeated his stimulation. While he strummed his tongue across her nipple, he slid his hand down her tummy, over her mound, feeling her dimple heralding her cleft, under his middle finger pad. He slipped it between the folds of her labia, exploring, searching and finding the nub of her hard beaded clit. She gasped in air again, as he touched her there.

Mike was sucking one boob, playing with the other with his fingers and massaging her clit with the finger of his other hand. She curled her hip to meet him, as he gently kneaded her most sensitive place. He saw and heard her breathing shorten, her thrusting pelvis pushing more forcefully against him, her eyes narrowed, her jaw set. Then she lifted her mons high, and bumped down on the bed and again, as her climax slammed into her. Her breath, which she'd held for a few seconds whooshed out in a long gasp. She grabbed his wrist, and pushed him hard to her cleft, as she gyrated her pussy against him, while her climax washed over her in waves of joy and bliss. She calmed eventually, her breathing gradually slowing as her pulse eased back. Mike didn't know, but she'd just experienced the best cum of her life. Kat somehow knew things were going to get even better soon.

Considering Ana was only seven, Mike was surprised when it only took her ten minutes to breach her entry with the vibrator. He watched in fascination, as it popped through her

entry. She only paused for a moment, before pushing it in and in. She obviously hit her cervix, but she immediately curled her hips up, and pressed on further, to get the last two inches in, until the flange in the centre pushed against her pussy. It was in, all the way. Even kat was looking at her sister with awe.

“OK, Kat, your turn,” said Mike lightly. “I’ll just put some jelly on the tip to ease it in for you. That’s it. Right, now shuffle up to Ana, and let’s get this into you, shall we?” All three of them realised how depraved this was. Two preteen sisters performing a lesbian act on each other, while an adult male made one of them perform fellatio on him. And they all loved it.

Kat slid closer to Ana, and felt Mike’s hand, holding the vibrator, guiding it to her vagina. She felt it nudge her entry and shuffled a little nearer, suddenly feeling it slip into her an inch. She paused, before moving closer again, the toy now penetrating deeper into her. She’d been amazed when she’d seen her little sister take the whole of it into her pussy. Could she do the same? She’d try. She felt the tip nudge her deepest part, and wondered how Ana had done it. She’d seen her curl her hips up and press in, so gave it a try. Nothing. She tried again, and felt something deep inside her give. She carefully pressed forward, and could now feel movement, as the tip pushed through her cervix into her womb. She’d done it. She looked at Mike triumphantly, as her pussy pressed right into Ana’s.

Mike made sure his camera was recording this spectacular display. He sat on the bed, and reached over, and sinking his fingers into their clefts, located their clits and diddled them for a few seconds. Both girls responded. They were hyper sensitive now. He had to press between them to find the little red switch on the flange, buried between their thighs. As he clicked it on, the reaction was instantaneous. They both jerked as if they’d had an electric current shot through them, tensing up, arching their backs, then relaxing down again. Both girls had moved their fingers to their clits and were starting to masturbate themselves. He reached over, and taking their hands, lifted them up and swapped them, so now Kat was strumming Ana and visa versa.

Seeing how aroused they were, Mike knew he had to move now, before the moment passed. He got off the bed, and watched as the two girls writhed in ecstasy, rubbing their pussies together, as hard as they could, while the vibrator did it’s work inside them. He walked round to where Ana was lying, her head on the chair. She looked up, and gave him a watery smile, her focus now elsewhere.

“Are you ready, Ana?” he asked. She frowned for a moment, unsure what he meant, before her mind cleared. Understanding came and she nodded with a smile. “I’ll take the chair away now. Let your head fall back against the side of the bed,” he instructed.

She lifted her head, as he pushed the chair out of the way. She then let her head fall back, as she watched him kneel beside the bed, and shuffle towards her. She had practiced and practiced in the bathroom for hours, last night, with that rubber dildo. She’d been sick twice, and hearing her, her mother had asked if she was alright. But, on the point of giving up, she’d mastered it. Not only that, after some practice found she didn’t have to swallow anymore, to get it down her throat.

So, as Mike's cock moved towards her, she reached back, and grasped him with both hands. Ana guided him towards her mouth, and as she parted her lips, she sucked him in between them, tasting his pre-cum, as it filled her mouth, with its slippery coating, in moments. Mike was waiting for her to lead the way, now, and was pleased, when he felt her tug him into her. He felt her press his crown to the roof of her mouth with her tongue, and the suction as she continued to slowly guide him in. He felt his tip nudge the back of her throat, and thought she would surely gag, but no, she moved her head slightly, and in he went. She held his cock with one hand, but reached back behind his bum with the other, so she was able to guide his thrusts to suit her breathing.

Ana held him in her throat for a few seconds, breathing through her nose. She then took a deep breath, and pulled him right into her, feeling his hairs suddenly press against her lips. She sucked as hard as she could, but with him now down her throat, the most pressure she could exert was when she clamped on him with her swallowing actions. She needed to breath, and pulled him back out, sucking hard on his crown, as she took air through her nose a couple of times, then pulling him deep into her again.

She very quickly got the rhythm she needed, and Mike picked up on that. He'd only been deep throated a few times in his life, and few preteens could do it. Usually poorly. Only once before had it been as good as this, and that had been a girl in Thailand, but she had been thirteen. Ana had mastered it aged seven. This was as good as it got. He looked down Ana's body, where it merged into Kat's. and then on. Kat was sitting partly up, resting her weight on her elbows, watching Ana. The expression on her face said it all. She was amazed at what her little sister was doing. She knew about blow jobs, her uncle wanted them often enough. But all the way into her throat! Wow! She'd never do that for Uncle, but she liked Mike, and for him, perhaps she'd get Ana to show her how.

They all knew this wouldn't take long now. Both girls were at a high state of arousal, and Mike was only holding on through years of experience in holding back. It was Kat who came first, but only a heartbeat before her sister, their pussies pushing against each other in a grinding motion. Mike looked at Ana, and muttered: "cuming, now", as he pulled back, his crown now in her mouth, she sucked hard again on him, once, twice, then he came with a small squirt. There was a pause of a couple of seconds, before suddenly, her mouth was full of his semen. She was waiting for it, and swallowed hard, clamping his crown as she did, forcing another massive spurt from him, immediately swallowed by the willing child. For the next minute, a rhythm of spurt, swallow, clamp, spurt, swallow, clamp went on. Throughout, the girls were continuously climaxing with a combination of the vibrator, their fingers in each others' pussies, and watching Mike emptying himself into Ana's mouth, as he blasted into her, in one of the best orgasms Mike had ever experienced. It was just sensational.

All good hings cum to an end, and finally it was over. Mike waited until Ana had sucked and swallowed the last drop from his, now wilting cock, and pulled it from her mouth. Kat, got onto her elbows again, and pulled back from the vibrator, leaving it impaled in Ana, who reached down, and carefully pulled it out, switched it off, and put it to one side. The two sisters, realising they had a whole new relationship, cuddled together, Their sororal love greatly increased. After a few minutes, still cuddling together, they were propped up against a pile of pillows, flicking through the TV channels.

It was only five o'clock. And Mike, knowing he was heading off the next day, wanted to make the most of the opportunities before him. He lay down on the bed next to Kat, and started to read his e-book again about 'Choices'. He must have dozed off, because when he came to, he saw it was half passed six. Looking across, both girls were snoring, but with contented expressions on their faces, their arms still around each other.

He carefully got off the bed, and moving to the foot of the bed, looked at the two girls, lying side by side, naked. His cock was alerted, and coming to attention. He wondered if he could take advantage in any way. He positioned the tripod mounted camera and set it running. He grabbed the KY Jelly and smeared plenty of the grease around his crown. Next, moving to Ana's side, he carefully untangled their arms from each other, and pushing his hands under her, pulled her away from her sister, to give him some working space.

Mike then shuffled onto the bed, gently pushing Kat's legs apart a little, before lifting each in turn and resting them on his shoulders. Pushing forward a little, her beautiful bum lifted off the bed. Taking the tube of KY, he squeezed a dollop onto his finger tip, and spreading her bottom apart with one hand, found her anus with the KY coated finger. Slowly, carefully, he pushed in, feeling her sphincter suddenly give way to his intrusion. He paused a moment, letting her adjust to him, then turned his finger one way, then the other, spreading the jelly around. Wanting to feel her rectum, he pushed gently into her, feeling her buttery passage part for him. His cock was now like an iron bar. Time to fuck.

Mike gently pulled his finger back out, and immediately put his crown in it's place. Pushing carefully. Because she was sound asleep, she was relaxed, and it made it so much easier, as the rim of his crown slipped through her sphincter. She murmured in her sleep, but otherwise, there was no reaction. She was obviously very tired from earlier and probably still quite drunk too. He pressed forward very slowly, feeling her rectum opening up, her passage peeling apart for him. He took his time, and kept a steady light pressure, feeling his cock sink deeper and deeper into the child. He bottomed out, as his pubic bone nudged against her perineum. Again pausing, he wanted to just feel her insides for a while, eight inches in.

Taking her calves, one in each hand, he carefully lifted her legs upwards, until they were vertical. Knowing she was a gymnast, he then parted her legs slowly outwards, watching her pussy open further and further, her cleft parting, her clit becoming exposed, the inner thighs coming under tension with her position, now in a full splits. Next, he slowly pulled his cock back, not quite coming out of her, before reversing into her again, all the way. Feeling her passage gripping his crown so tightly. And, back out and in again, repeating and speeding as he went. He was so turned on by bugging this sleeping eleven year old. He was enjoying this more than he could have anticipated. He didn't want to wake her, so carried on his gentle rhythm, pleasing himself. It was fantastic, and he was loving every second.

Holding her legs as he was, he had no spare hand, otherwise he would have reached over and simultaneously molested Ana. Mike was surprised how tight this girl was. He'd sodomised many girls much younger, who felt larger than Kat. Even Ana. Soon he felt the signs, and didn't want to delay this, because he still wanted to pussy fuck both girls before they went home. So he let himself go, and felt the surge from his scrotum, up his shaft and pressing himself as deep into her as he could, blasted out into her bowels, pumping his

semen again and again into her. After a minute, he slowly brought her legs back to his shoulders, and carefully pulled out of her bum, hearing a sucking sound as he did. Looking down, almost no semen could be seen. It was all deep inside her. Finally, bringing her legs down either side of him, he shuffled back down the bed.

He fell asleep in the same position he'd been in before, beside Kat. He woke, when he heard whispered voices. A loud fart from Kat had woken him, followed by the whispering. The girls were awake. He kept his eyes shut to listen.

"what am I going to do about Uncle?" asked Kat. "I can't let him fuck me any more, Ana. Before I didn't know, but now I do. Mike is so kind and nice. He's made me feel really good. All Uncle will do is hurt me and take his pleasure. He stinks and he's disgusting. I won't do it any more."

Mike made a play of waking and turned towards them. It was coming up for eight o'clock. "Hello, girls, have a nice sleep?" he asked. They both nodded.

They chatted for a few minutes, before Mike said: "Ana, you know what I said about your mum earlier, and the job she'll be offered?" She nodded. Kat looked bemused. Mike quickly explained to her what was going to happen.

"Well I've been thinking, and I have decided you two must give your mum a message. Tell her this tomorrow after she's been offered the job, OK? Are you good at memorising?" they nodded seriously. "Excellent, then tell her this: 'You met a man who said he was from the Minskyovski Bank. He is in the welfare department. He wanted to meet your mum, but she wasn't at home.' OK so far?" Another pair of nods. "Good," he continued, "the man needed to know all bank employees, and their families, were looked after and cared for. The bank couldn't afford any scandal and monitored their employees carefully. He'd heard a rumour that your mum allowed her brother to perform incest with you two. If this was proven to be the case, she would lose her job without further warning.' How does that sound?"

"What's incest?" asked Ana.

"It's what Uncle's been doing to me in the afternoons, Ana," she replied.

"Tell your mum what I just said," Mike emphasised, "and I think you won't have any more problems with your uncle." Kat surprised him, when she leaned forward and kissed him.

"Ow!" said Kat, holding her tummy. "I've suddenly got terrible tummy ache. I'm not sure I will be able to let you do it up my bum Mike, I'm sorry." Mike smiled to himself. He remembered how Sammy, last week, had tummy ache after he'd fucked her bum. It had turned out to be all air. He'd pumped masses of air into her. He reckoned Kat had the same problem.

"Don't worry, Kat, It's not a problem. Lie with your legs straight out. Ana, could you go into the bathroom, and get a small towel for me?"

When she came back, Mike took the towel and asking her to lift up, spread the towel under her bottom and thighs.

“Now, Kat, I want you to relax. Don’t clench your tummy muscles. Ana, take one of her legs, I will take the other. Do what I do.” Mike lifted her calf, and bending her knee, brought her heel to her bottom. Then he swung her leg slowly outwards, mirrored by Ana.

“Can you feel any movement, Kat?” he asked. She nodded.

“I feel like I need to poo,” she said.

“I don’t think so, Kat,” he encouraged, “I think you just have a bit of wind. See if you can push it out?”

There seemed no embarrassment in the girl, as she grunted, and pushed. Suddenly, a little fart was heard, followed by a sigh, as she caught her breath again and pushed. This time, there was a huge, loud, rasping wet fart, which seemed to go on and on. As Ana and Mike looked down, they could see Kat’s anus vibrating with the escaping air, then suddenly a spurt of semen shot from her bottom in a great long gob, six inches onto the towel. She clenched again and another equally long loud fart followed, with even more semen spurting from her. Both Ana and Mike recoiled with the sudden smell which came up.

Ana, recognised the semen, and fell into fits of laughter, realising what had happened. All she could do was laugh, holding her stomach with one hand and pointing with the other. Kat was completely bemused, until Ana finally calmed, and between giggles, managed to tell her sister what had happened. Kat looked down at the puddle of semen on the towel, and frowned, then looked accusingly at Mike, then smiled and said: “I still get paid, right?” He grinned and nodded. “Never felt a thing,” she said. “I think I like anal sex!”

They lay on the bed side by side for twenty minutes or so, chatting again. Mike told them he was going to spend a few days in Spain on a beach, before he flew back to London. “I have a friend, Carlos, who lets me stay at his place.”

“I wish we could go there for a holiday,” said Ana, languorously. “We’ve never had a beach holiday.”

“Perhaps we can arrange something in the future,” he suggested, “when your mum settles into her new job.” They lapsed into silence for a while.

“Who would like the first fuck?” asked Mike. “How about you, Kat?”

She smiled and nodded. Even though he’d fucked her bum while she was asleep, she was really turned on by the idea, and wanted to enjoy herself now. Really enjoy herself.

Kat was already in the centre of the bed. All she needed to do was pull out the towel under her and she was ready. Mike was dabbing some KY onto his cock, and smeared a little into her opening for good measure. He knelt between her spread thighs, lifted her calves up onto his shoulders, and grabbing his cock with one hand, pressed his crown to her opening. He expected her to be tight. Certainly her bum had been. But in fact, he slipped straight in, and all he had to do was feed his cock in, and she took it.

Nudging her cervix, she grunted, feeling her arousal flowing hard now. She curled her hips up, like she'd done before, and felt his cock slip into that recess deep inside her again. As he pressed, she felt him slip now deep into her, his long cock going all the way in.

Mike had always believed cervical penetration to be impossible, but he'd heard some women would open up. It would seem both these sisters did and could. He wasn't complaining. His pubic hair ground into her smooth hairless mound. He paused, and then, knowing this girl was up for it, and had been fucked regularly, he started to pull out and press in, gaining speed and depth quickly. Soon he was pounding into her, when he heard the magic words: "Harder, Mr. Mike, harder, please."

With the green-for-go light shining, Mike upped his pace, and started slamming into the girl hard now, the slapping noise as he thrust into her as loud as the clapping of hands. Then he felt it. She started clamping on his cock hard. She took a deep breath, and seemed to hold it, then it all happened at once. Her breath whooshed out, she curled her legs around his waist and pulled him in harder. She grunted and moaned in time with her rhythmic clamping on his cock, as her climax continued. For one who'd never climaxed before except when masturbating herself, she seemed to be having an amazing time of it. He was pleased for her. Mike had cum simultaneously with Kat. As he blasted into her, her climax seemed to go up another level. Certainly, it was as good a preteen pussy fuck as he'd ever enjoyed. Suddenly, she calmed, almost as fast as her orgasm had swept over her, it ebbed away. She relaxed her legs, and laid them on the bed, her arms at her sides. Her heavy breathing continued for a minute, then she took on a peaceful expression as she looked at her sister and said: "Jeez, Ana, that was good. I need to get a boyfriend, someone who knows what they're doing. When are you coming back to Minsk, Mr. Mike? I need that again soon."

He laughed. "You never know," Kat, "when I get a commission, like the one here, I quite often get asked to come back for a follow up. It might be next week, or next year. I never know. But one thing's for sure, if I do come back, I will come and see you two. Do you want another drink? It might be a while before I'm ready for Ana's last fuck. Do you want to put the dildo or vibrator into your pussy, Ana, so it doesn't take me long to get into you?" She nodded, and reached across to the bedside table and picked up the double ended vibrator to insert.

For the next couple of hours, Ana and Kat watched the German cartoon channel, sipping their glasses of Krumbambulia, at a more sensible rate, now. "Ready for that fuck, Ana?" he eventually asked the seven year old. She smiled and nodded, nudging her sister across, to make space in the middle. Ana, though had been watching Frozen, which she'd not seen before, staring her namesake. She asked Mike if it was alright if she could watch it while he fucked her.

"Of course, Ana," he said. "If you get onto hands and knees facing the TV, I'll come behind you, if you like." They shuffled into position. He knelt behind her, looking down at this vision of seven year old loveliness, who he had only known three days, taken her virginity and fucked so many times. She always aroused him.

"Ready?" he asked.

“Ah hah,” she nodded.

Mike stroked his cock once, pre-cum oozing from it's tip. He reached for and slowly twisted and pulled the long vibrator from her pussy, seeing the glistening of her arousal on it's shaft as it came slowly out. As it popped clear of her entry, his cock was there immediately, and without pause, he pressed into her, slowly filling her with his rock hard penis, sinking deeper and deeper. Fuck was she tight, though. The number one joy of a pedo. Her cervix, having been penetrated already by the toy, presented no barrier, and suddenly, he realised his pubic bone was pressed to her bum. She giggled at something on the screen, Princess Anna had fallen in the snow.

He paused for a moment, just appreciating her incredible tightness, then he pulled back, and thrust in. She was ready for this, and in three strokes, he was able to get up to a great, full penetration, rhythm, pumping gently into her. He'd already cum three times tonight and a couple of times this morning. He knew he wasn't going to blast off like a young teenager, he was going to enjoy this one to the full. Make it last. Savour it. And that's what he did. He took his time, fucking the child, while she watched her movie, smiling at her occasional giggles at the antics on screen. Every now and then, he felt a flutter on his crown, as she gently came, but she made no sound, her eyes remained on the screen. Only he knew.

It was interesting, when he looked across at Kat, instead of watching the TV, as he'd expected, she was on her side, her arm bent at the elbow, her head propped on her hand, watching from only two or three inches away, where he was conjoining her sister. Her other hand was in her own pussy, openly masturbating herself, despite him having fucked her thoroughly a couple of hours before. He knew these two girls were going to enjoy a whole new relationship in the future. Kat had a distant expression on her face, and smiled up at him, when she noticed him staring at her.

Half an hour passed and Mike was content to just continue fucking Ana in a slow leisurely way, simply letting his cock feel inside her over and over again. It would have gone on a lot longer, but on screen, Elsa in a moment of true love, hugs her sister back from her frozen state and in a, 'happy ever after' moment, Ana came hard. Her pussy clamped again and again on him, forcing him to cum himself deep inside his favourite Belarusian girl.

Mike was absolutely knackered by the time he had got his mind together, the girls were washed and dressed and packed off home, with promises he would see them again soon, clutching their 500K Rubles each for a job well done. He'd also let them keep the Krambambulia, the dildo and double ended vibrator. He reckoned they would make very good use of both. He hoped he would see them again soon. Before he crashed out for the night, though, he had one more duty to perform, and that was to retrieve the surveillance cameras from the bank. He was back within an hour, everything in the bank looking as it should.

= 8 =

Thursday Morning

It was raining again the following morning, but Mike awoke feeling very refreshed. He didn't even mind the inedible breakfast in the empty dining room. He checked out of the

hotel, but for a small fee, arranged for them to hold his luggage until he needed to leave for the airport. Soon, he was walking across the park in his raincoat, under an old umbrella the hotel lent him.

He knocked on Ivana's door, and it opened in a few moments, Elsa's face peering round the edge, smiling up at him. He ruffled her hair as he walked passed her. In the kitchen Ivana was feeding the baby. One of her full breasts hidden by the child's face as he fed, the other in full view. She smiled up at him, obviously not embarrassed in the least at her nakedness.

"He's so hungry in the morning," she said, looking first at the boy, then up at him. "Just like his father. Talking of whom, my brother-in-law came round earlier with a message from my husband. He tells me he's met someone, and he's going to stay in Gomel. I'm not surprised. It's been building up to this for some time. I'm well rid of him."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, Mike thinking the baby had bitten her tit, "I had a visit from your Mr. Georgi Banovski. He seemed very nervous. Anyway, he offered me that job you mentioned. Very mysterious, that. Why did he offer me the job?"

"Do you not want the job?" he responded.

"No, no, it's not that, of course I want it. It's just such a surprise."

"Let's just say that I'll scratch your back, if you scratch mine, Ivana," he said "but let me say Mr. Banovski needs me on his side. He must never know who I am, understand?"

"I can't tell him anything," she said, as she moved the baby to her other breast, "other than you call yourself Mike, and are interested in photography, oh, and you like to fu..., err photograph my eight year old daughter, I know nothing about you myself."

"It's best we leave it that way. Oh, there's one other thing. There will be another young woman joining the bank with you. Her name is Natallia. You can talk to her. Make friends with her. Never mention me to her, though, we have never met. But she has two lovely daughters, Anastasia and Katerina, who I have become very fond of. I have, err, photographed them a lot. You understand. If you get to know her, I would like the three girls to make friends. Perhaps they could come on holiday with me some time. I think they would get along together very well."

She looked at him, raising an eyebrow and gave a small smile, in understanding. She lifted the baby into a cot beside her, and pulled some covers over him, before leaning back in her chair, seemingly oblivious to him staring at her swollen milk filled mammaries. "Would you like a cup of coffee," she asked, "it's only ersatz, I'm afraid, but it's all I've got."

"No thanks," he replied, "I've not long had breakfast. When are you going to see your mother, today?"

"I'm not," she replied. "my brother looks in on her on Thursdays, so I don't need to go. Are you sure you don't want a drink?" She hefted one of her breasts in a very meaningful way. He looked at her face and down to her boobs. He'd never tasted human milk and had wondered what it was like. He'd heard from a friend once that if a man tasted it, he

yearned for it the rest of his life. "I will be here the rest of the day," She continued "I'm not going out in this weather. I thought I might watch Elsa having her, err, photo taken! Are you sure you won't have that drink?"

For some reason he found the idea quite arousing. He sat down on the seat beside her, and still keeping eye contact with her, he placed an arm around her shoulder, and lowered his lips to her breast, feeling the stiff, hardened nipple slip between them, his tongue naturally rasping against it. He felt her stiffen slightly with his contact. He didn't just suck, instead he ran his tongue repeatedly over her nipple and areola, feeling it harden further. He brought up his hand and caressed her other boob, tweaking and rolling her nipple between his fingers. Suddenly, he felt dampness running down his hand, as some milk dribbled from her.

Mike finally started to suckle her, and was amazed at what followed. A tiny jet of milk spurted to the back of his mouth. It instantly tasted wonderful to him. It was unmistakably milk, but very sweet, with an almond tang. It was warm, of course, and delicious. She arched her back and before he realised what had happened, she came. He sucked again, taking more milk this time, savouring the flavour, becoming aroused. He moved to her other tit, and sucked her again. She clasped her hand around the back of his head, pulling him harder to her breast, as she moaned her climax. "What a sensual woman," thought Mike, as he finally pulled away from her. She looked at him, with hunger in her eyes. Her breasts heaved as she panted out her climax.

"Where's Elsa?" asked Mike, who had never enjoyed sex with anyone beyond puberty. But, suddenly awakened to another new perverse quirk in his makeup.

"She's watching a cartoon on TV," she replied. "Why?"

"Here's the deal, Ivana," he said, adrenaline pumping through his veins, "I'll suck you, while she sucks me. What do you say?"

She nodded, as aware of the perverse and depraved act they were about to perform, as he was. They stood and walked through to the sitting room, where Elsa was lying on the settee, still in her thin nightgown. Mike could see from the pink shadow through the cloth, she was wearing nothing underneath.

"Hello, Elsa," he greeted her, "how did you get on with your homework?"

She turned towards him, held up the dildo, tilted her chin up in the air, and pushed it into her mouth and throat, swallowing its entire length. She pulled it out, and dropped it on the coach with a smile. Ivana whispered something in the child's ear. The brief conversation went on for nearly a minute, before Elsa smiled at her mother, and nodded. She immediately pulled off the nightgown, and lay back on the settee, watching the two adults.

Mike pulled off his clothes in a few seconds, and as he glanced over, saw Ivana had done the same. She gaped at his eight inch cock, now as stiff as an iron bar, and wondered how her daughter was going to swallow it. She had been up half the night, coaching her, until suddenly she got the hang of it. In the process, she had become really aroused, and needed relief. Relief her husband hadn't given her for several months, before he cleared off to Gomel. Elsa's dildo had been an essential alternative. It had helped that Elsa had

applied it for her. Later, after a lot of persuasion, the child had even pushed her tiny hand into her mother's pussy, fisting her until she's climaxed.

Mike lay down on the couch and indicated for Elsa to lie on his chest, in a sixty nine position. Whereas he would be able to touch her pussy, he wouldn't be able to lick her, as she was too short, so he couldn't reach. But then, he would have Ivana instead. And besides, the object of the exercise was to see if Elsa could swallow him whole. She did as he asked, and as soon as she was in position, grabbed his cock with both hands. He expected her to try and put it into her mouth and down her throat, much as Ana had done, the night before, but instead, she started to lick him and kiss his cock all over and even down over his balls. She pulled his foreskin back and bringing her puckered lips into play, sucked his pre-cum in a long spaghetti like strand into her mouth. He knew she'd been coached by Ivana. He looked up at the woman. She smiled down at him, as she knelt beside him, and brought one of her large breasts to his face for him to suckle.

He took her nipple into his mouth once more and sucked, savouring the nectar of her milk, as she fed him her ambrosia. He reached down between her thighs with his left hand, and started to stroke her pussy. He got no joy in this, but he felt he owed the woman some pleasure, as he masturbated her the best he could, being as inexperienced as he was with grown women. At the same time, he brought his right hand to Elsa's pussy, and pushed his middle finger into her entry. He was working blind, as there were two large breasts blocking his vision.

It wasn't long before Ivana came again. Mike could feel her clamping on his finger. She certainly had a short sex fuse. He thought it might be fun to see if he could get mother and daughter to climax simultaneously. Mike felt the change, as Elsa opened her mouth wide, took his crown in, and started to swirl it around with her tongue and sucked. She pulled his foreskin back again, filling her mouth with a coating of his slippery pre-cum. She was working on him like a veteran. Definitely coached. Then the coup de grace; she bent her head forward, and dropped straight down, his cock sinking into her throat in one long, spectacular plunge. Her nose and lips mashed against his balls, her chin pressed to his hair. She paused a moment, smiling as she heard him mutter "Fucking hell," through a mouthful of milk.

She lifted up from him, taking in a lungful of air, and dropped down again. He heard Ivana say: "That's right, darling, just like I showed you."

Mike sucked on her tit harder, getting another squirt of warm nectar from her full nipple. He curled the fingers of both his hands into the two pussies, and started to work them with all the skill he knew. Both were reacting to him. Ivana cuming continuously, now, and Elsa rising, definitely rising. She too was working hard on his cock, now. He could feel her tongue and throat muscles moving constantly, massaging his shaft, while, at the same time, she lifted and dropped on him, his crown sinking deep into her throat as she did. His prostate gave a jerk. An early warning. That light pressure at the very base of the stomach, followed by the tingling in the balls and tightening of the scrotum, and the surge at the base of the cock, all in the space of about three seconds. He was pressing his fingers into their pussies still, like a steam piston, his thumbs rubbing their clits, massaging them as well as he could, mother and daughter.

Despite his mouth being half full of milk, he managed to gasp out: "Cumming Elsa," as he blasted into the child's mouth. Elsa grasped his shaft hard, as if to make sure it didn't escape her control. He couldn't recall afterwards exactly what happened, because he had sensation overload. But, he had one of the best orgasms of his entire life. Some in her throat, some in her mouth, she never gagged. Some, he wasn't sure, might have even been stolen by Ivana. He certainly felt movement between them. Both Elsa and her mother were clamping on his fingers, as they climaxed out their amazing double orgasm. He would have loved to have watched, but with his face full of breasts, he still couldn't see very much. They all slowed, and finally stopped, heavy breathing continuing, like runners after a race.

No one moved for at least a minute, before Mike pulled his fingers slowly from their pussies, feeling the wet suction trying to hold him in. Ivana lifted her weighty breasts from his face, and tucked them back into her nursing bra, still stretched around her chest. Elsa lifted her face up and looking over her shoulder smiled at Mike, waiting for the praise she knew was coming. "That was the best blow job I've ever had, Elsa," he said. "The very best." She smiled back at him, then opened her mouth, showing a large quantity of cum still spread over her tongue and around her teeth. She closed her lips, and made a great play of sensuously swallowing the lot, smiled, then opened up again, to show her empty mouth. Her mother had coached her well, and earned her fun this morning.

They sat up in a row on the settee, and chatted. Mike explained he was off to Spain on an afternoon flight, via Frankfurt. He was going to sun himself for a few days. He asked them if they would like to join him for an early lunch, which they gladly did. Down the road, near the Italian place he and Elsa had visited the day before, was a little place serving French cuisine. Both mother and daughter ate large amounts, reflecting the austere diet they'd endured before Mike had come into their lives. Even the little baby enjoyed some of the French fare spooned into him by Mike and Ivana.

Back in the apartment, Ivana made some coffee, and they sat, while Elsa selected a cartoon. Mike smiled to himself, when he realised it was the same one Ana had watched the night before, Frozen. He almost laughed out loud though, when he realised the irony. In the movie, the two main characters are called Anna and Elsa.

"Before I go," he said, "I would like to fuck Elsa one more time, if that's alright." Elsa looked across at her mum, and nodded with a smile. "If you like, Elsa, you can carry on watching the movie while we do it. If you lean over the back of the armchair, I'll take you from behind. OK?" She grinned and nodded, jumping up immediately, she was stripped naked in seconds and bounced over to the chair. She was too short to bend over it, so she hopped up and wriggled into position, her feet now, several inches off the floor.

Mike took the final swig of ersatz coffee, and dropping his clothes onto the settee, walked up behind the girl. He knelt down, and surprised her, as he buried his face in her bum crack, licking her slightly sweaty valley. He reached up and taking one of her globes in each hand, prised apart her cheeks. He could now see all the way from her clit, passed her vagina, and perineum to her little anus he'd enjoyed so much before. He licked her several times through her cleft and bum crack, enjoying every millimetre.

Standing again, his cock now as rigid as ever and drooling pre-cum, he positioned himself, bringing his crown into her recess. He reached either side of her with his finger tips, and

slowly, carefully pulled her open, pressing into her as he did so. He knew he mustn't rush this. To force himself into her would only hurt her and spoil everything. Besides, he had time. He looked across at Ivana, who was now sitting in the other armchair in direct line of sight of Elsa, beside the TV. Her legs were up and over the arms of the chair, and she was already masturbating herself openly to them.

After a few minutes, he felt the familiar slipping sensation, as she dilated, and his crown pressed deeper into her entry, before suddenly popping through. He paused, letting her body adjust to the intrusion, then curled his hips inwards, feeling his cock start the journey into the eight year old child, her passage peeling open for him. His pre-cum was flowing well now, and he wasn't sure she didn't still have stickiness inside her from yesterday. Deeper and deeper he sank into her, until he bumped her end five inches in. She gasped as he nudged that sensitive spot there, she so needed satisfying.

He slowly pulled out of her. And pressed in again and repeated it, building pace and scope each time, until he was fucking her at a wonderful steady pace. He glanced across the room, where Elsa on the screen had tumbled down an icy slope, showing lots of leg and underskirts. Next to the screen, Ivana was cuming constantly, watching her eight year old daughter being fucked by the twenty five year old Englishman. She was so aroused. She knew she was going to need to explore the relationship with her daughter for her own purposes in the days and years to come.

Mike was by now slapping into the girl at a steady pace. He looked at his watch, he needed to get to the airport. He had to get a taxi and pick up his luggage at the hotel. He reckoned he'd got half an hour. So he slowed his pace, and thrust gently into Elsa's tight pussy repeatedly. At times like this, his mind often drifted, and he had a funny thought about the childrens' book, *Wind in the Willows*. How would Kenneth Grahame have put it: "There is nothing - absolutely nothing - half so much worth doing as simply messing about in an eight year old."

Ivana was gently massaging her pussy now, nothing frantic. Every now and then she shivered in a mild climax. Her eyes remaining closed, only opening periodically to glance and see how her daughter was doing. Elsa had climaxed herself several times, she pretended she was concentrating on the movie, but he knew her delicate thrusting back at him told a different story. This was how it went on and on. Mike loved long slow languorous fucks in his young girls. No rush, no pressure, just the exquisite feeling of his cock sliding in and out of her tight vagina, feeling her clamping tighter on him as she came from time to time, squeezing his crown in the most wonderful way possible. "Make it last," he kept telling himself, but he knew he couldn't hold on much longer, and the end arrived suddenly.

Mike felt Elsa cum yet again, squeezing his cock hard, massaging him exquisitely. And then everything tightened up. His scrotum, his balls, his prostate and the base of his cock, then wallop, he was blasting into her. He spurted again and again, into her preteen pussy, milking him dry. He was in wonderland and Alice was making him feel fantastic.

He glanced across at Ivana. She was pounding her pussy again with one hand, as she watched her daughter being filled with the semen of a man three times her age. She had climaxed so much in the last half hour; she would be sated for weeks. Ivana was clutching a breast with her other hand, and a dribble of milk ran down her stomach towards her well

trimmed pubic mound. Certainly, she would never desire her husband again, if he ever actually returned. Anyway, she had her daughter, now. They would look out for each other in a very new relationship. Elsa was herself in a world of wonder, her feelings beyond anything she'd ever experienced before. She hoped Mike would come back soon. She'd really enjoyed everything he'd done for and to her. The thought of going on holiday really appealed too. That would be fun. She'd never had a seaside holiday. Maybe he would take them there.

The plane took off on schedule for Frankfurt. It was only half full and he was able to stretch out. Before they had reached cruising height, Mike was asleep. He needed a rest; he was really, really tired for some reason! He'd called Carlos in Spain back at the terminal and Carlos said he could stay at his apartment as usual. With the same arrangement of looking after the beach loungers. He said it fitted in with his own plans, as it was his grand daughter's birthday this weekend, and he had hoped to get to Rhonda to join the family. Mike was looking forward getting down to Andalusia, where Preteen pussy was on open display everywhere, if you knew where to look for it.

THE END

Find out how Mike gets on in the Costa Del Sol in:

[Mike The Mechanic – Book 3 – The Beach Girls of Andalusia.](#)

[All my stories may be found here](#)

© Broadsword

Authors always value feedback for their work. Please spend a moment and let me know if you enjoyed my story. To:

Broadsword1954@protonmail.com