

<!--ADULTSONLY-->

Mike the Mechanic - Book 6 –The Walking Holiday or Love in a Very Cold Climate

Author: Broadsword

You can find all my stories on either of the following links:

<https://archiveofourown.org/users/broadsword1954/works>

OR: [** All Broadsword's Stories ** \(asstr.org\)](https://asstr.org/)

Each of these stories may be read in isolation to the others in the series. A full list of characters in this story may be found at the end.

Keywords: Man/young girls 7 - 11, M/g, ped, oral, anal, 1st, Photo, some N/C, some BDSM

Warning!

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

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

Summary: Mike has, at last, been given the mission to go to Russia and finally terminate his nemesis, Sergei Bollockov, who was the threat to himself, his lover Katrin and her mother, Alex. The winter was quickly closing in, and in the far north of the Siberian arctic, he makes his way to Sergei's mountaintop lair, to end the threat, once and for all. Along the way, he stays in some Russian homes, where the warm welcome he receives, is very warm indeed. Finally approaching Bollockov's dacha, in a severe snowstorm, he rescues a young girl from a crashed helicopter. She nearly freezes to death, but Mike knows how to warm up little girls. The story ends with their developing relationship blossoming on their return journey back through the wilds of Siberia.

At the end of this story, there is a list of characters

= 1 =

Saturday Afternoon – Flying on a wing and prayer.

Mike sat in the airport's domestic departures lounge. Thinking. He'd spent a very dull evening in a nondescript hotel the night before. Sometimes half his life seemed to be spent sitting around in airports around the world. Pulkovo Airport, 23 kilometres from the centre of St. Petersburg, is a very impressive building. A masterpiece of Soviet post-modern architecture.

But it wasn't the building, or it's amazing architecture that had gripped Mike's attention. It was the man sitting someway across from him, three rows in front, ten to the side. With him, was a young girl, perhaps seven or eight years old. They had entered the lounge from the international arrivals hall, shortly after a flight had arrived from Tallinn. Two things had struck Mike. The first was the man's reaction on glancing across and spotting Mike. Clearly, he had recognised him, he'd done a double take. Mike had never seen the muscled, cropped haired, lean, tall, hard looking man before, who looked just like one of the baddies from a James Bond movie. But the man had given himself away, by showing surprise on seeing Mike, before he'd disguised his expression.

The second thing which had struck Mike, was the girl. If he hadn't known better, he would have said she was Katrin's sister. But he knew Katrin had no siblings. He looked at her, studying her features and movements. They were so alike, there had to be a connection. But the girl wasn't well, or so it looked. The man guided her to their seats, and, placing his hands on her shoulders, lowered her down into the seat. Mike could tell she had been drugged. He'd seen it many times over the years. In fact he'd done it himself more times than he cared to remember. With the correct dosage of the right drug, you could manoeuvre anyone to do your bidding, whilst telling observers they were feeling under the weather today. The man stood, and moved to the ceiling mounted screen displaying departure information. Mike saw the furtive glance in his direction. He'd clearly got Mike marked. A few minutes later, the man was making a phone call, and even glanced in Mike's direction, confirming to Mike, whom the call was about.

It wasn't too long before the flight for Salekhard was called and the passengers climbed aboard the Bombardier aircraft. As they walked out to the aircraft, the snow was starting to fall. Mike settled into the aisle seat he'd requested, at the rear of the aircraft on the starboard side. There was no one next to him, nor the other side of the aisle. The plane was only half full. The man and girl were about halfway down the cabin on the port side, where Mike could observe them without being obvious. They both remained in their seats for the whole flight. The journey was uneventful, and they touched down in Salekhard just before 5pm local time. The weather front had reached this far east already, and snow had started to fall here too. The airport weather display was forecasting deep snow and very low temperatures for the following week. Already the thermometer was reading ten degrees below freezing. Collecting his large pile of luggage, consisting of his camping gear and rucksack, he pushed the baggage trolley to the car hire desk. There a bored woman, bemoaning her husband's infidelity with another woman, to her equally bored colleague, processed the documentation quickly enough, handed him the keys and went back to gossiping with her friend. Mike went down to the car park, where every car in this arctic town was a 4x4, and found his rental.

As he suspected would be the case, Mike spotted the tail as he drove the four miles towards the town centre. He waited until an exit was coming up, signalled to overtake a lorry, passed it, then cut in quickly, getting loud horn blasts from the lorry, as he left the highway, skidding on the slippery surface, but trapping his tail in the outside lane, blocked by the lorry. Mike went over the bridge and back onto the highway, returning to the airport, checked the car back in, saying he didn't like driving in snow, went to the airport bus terminal and caught a courtesy bus to the city centre. He hailed a taxi and piling his bags in the back, asked the driver if he knew anywhere that hired out cheap, but good quality, four by fours for cash. The driver took him half a mile to a residential area of town, and parked outside a shabby looking, timber building. He explained his wife's brother ran a

lumber business, but had had an accident with a chainsaw and was going to be in hospital for a couple of weeks. Parked outside was a fairly new Toyota Land Cruiser.

They went inside, where Mike met the driver's sister, who spent as much time bemoaning her husband's stupidity when using the chainsaw, as she did insisting that Mike sat down and had a glass of vodka with them. Half an hour later, Mike had consumed three of the lethal locally produced brew, and knew he was in no fit state to drive anywhere. Looking out of the window at the blizzard, he knew it would have been foolish to attempt sober anyway.

Nikita and Valentina, the taxi driver and his sister, insisted he stayed the night and by the time he'd got his luggage inside, and found one of his bottles of duty free whisky, the evening had gained a direction of it's own. The local vodka was ignored by the two Russians, after they had sampled Mike's Glenmorangie single malt. After about half an hour, there was a noise from the front door, which opened. Mike heard voices. It was Nikita's wife, Tatiana, having returned home from the school, where she worked. With her were her own two children a boy called Ivan about six, and a girl, Ana, nine, together with Valentina's daughter, Nina, about ten. The three children, like the adults, were striking, in that, as with many people in these high latitudes, were all blond, almost platinum blond, with striking pale blue eyes. There was some rapid introductions between Mike and the new comers. Without a moment's hesitation, Tatiana sat down, and picking up a glass, filled it to the brim with a generous helping of Mike's scotch.

It was at this point, Mike realised that if he wasn't careful, the evening was going to turn into an alcoholic haze. He needed to be sharp the next morning. So he took charge. He offered to order in some food, which the children were very enthusiastic about, and the adults pretended to protest, but accepted anyway. It was obvious this was not a wealthy family, and treats, such as bought in food, were a rarity. He suspected, like many Russians, most of their money went on booze. Mike went to the kitchen to order the food, carrying two bottles, an empty and a half full bottle of Vodka with him. He found a cupboard where the vodka was stored, and put the half full bottle in it. He then went to the tap, and filled the other bottle to about the same level. The Russians were drinking his Scotch, so they wouldn't notice him drinking water.

The food arrived, The delivery man said the weather was getting so bad, it would have to be the last delivery of the night for him. He gladly accepted the glass of whisky handed to him, before he left, and the front door was locked and bolted behind him. The three children tucked into the food as if they hadn't eaten for a week. Mike couldn't help thinking he'd seen them before. Perhaps in an advert, or brochure. The three Russian adults seemed to wash every mouthful down with another of whisky. By the end of the meal, every scrap of food had gone, and Mike was opening the third litre bottle of Scotch. The next hour was spent in the small family room, toasting everyone and everything from Vladimir Putin, to Winston Churchill, The Queen and even the weather.

Finally, when the last of the whisky was finished, and Mike's empty vodka bottle had rolled across the floor, Tatiana and Valentina stood up on wobbly legs, looking at the almost unconscious Nikita, both rolling their eyes. "We'll not get a lot of use out of him tonight," Tatiana said. They turned towards Mike, their expressions transparent. He stood, and almost formally thanked them for their hospitality. The two women got the message alright, and each taking one of Nikita's hands, hauled him from his chair.

“Come,” called Tatiana over her shoulder, “I’ll show you the way.”

They reached the top of the narrow wooden staircase, without anyone falling and breaking their necks. The door of a bedroom, immediately at the top, was kicked open, exposing a large double bed inside. Nikita was propelled onto it without ceremony. While Tatiana started to pull her husband’s boots off his feet, Valentina came out, and waved Mike along the gloomy corridor. She pointed into an open door, halfway along the passage, and indicated the bathroom. The only other doors were on opposite sides at the end.

“You can share with Ivan,” she slurred, the alcohol showing its effects, “he never wakes up in the night. He won’t disturb you. The girls sleep in there,” she nodded to the other door across the passage and slurred a giggle, “I hope they don’t disturb you either.” Mike wasn’t sure what she meant by the remark. She entered the room, leaving the light off, so as not to wake the boy. In the room, there was just one double bed, a small chest of drawers, and a cluttered desk under a curtained window. A computer screen was on, glowing, giving off just enough light to make out the inside of the room.

Mike followed Valentina out, to use the bathroom, expecting her to enter the girls’ room, but instead, she returned to Tatiana and Nikita’s room. He heard the door click shut, and that was the last he heard from them, other than some very noisy snoring, for the rest of the night.

He sorted out his rucksack, and pulled out some nightwear. Glancing across at little Ivan, he watched the angelic face for a moment smiling to himself. He was about to get into the bed alongside the boy, when he wondered whether to shut down the computer. He sat at the desk, and as he moved the mouse, a screen saver picture appeared, covered with the usual icons most home screens display. But what caught his eye was the picture behind the icons. It was a family snap, showing the three children, in their swimsuits, on a huge empty beach, the sea, spread towels, buckets and spades and a few little sandcastles behind them. It had been taken perhaps a year or eighteen months previously. Mike had seen the photo before. It was the first photo from a series of sets from a website Mike had hacked into before he had managed to make his own collection. He smiled to himself. He knew he’d seen the kids somewhere before. The photo was the first from a set. But he also knew the other sets. This first set just showed pictures of the kids playing in the sand and sea. But the other three sets in the collection were another matter. They were progressively hardcore.

Mike quickly looked at the directory of the computer, and realised there must be an encrypted drive here somewhere. Ordering files into size order, he spotted an obvious one. It was labelled Odessa Holiday, but apart from being encrypted, it was over a gigabyte in size. Mike rummaged in his rucksack, and found the external hard drive he carried with him, when he couldn’t manage to take his laptop with him. He plugged it into the USB slot, tapped a few keystrokes, and let the programme do its work. It cracked the de-crypt code in less than four minutes. Inside, was a directory, containing two files. One marked “Images”, the other “Vids”. He double clicked “Images”. There he found six files. Four were known to him already. He wondered what was in the last two. He enjoyed the anticipation. The first thing Mike did was to copy everything across to his encrypted drive. He wanted to be able study everything in detail, when he got home. Mike had had many

hours of pleasure studying the four sets, and felt he'd got to know the children very well. But he couldn't wait to see what was in the last two.

Mike moved the mouse and opened the first set, starting with the little children on the beach. They were very high quality photos, taken by a professional. He quickly scanned through the familiar thumbnails, confirming it was the set he'd seen before. They consisted of the children playing in the sand and sea, soon removing their swimsuits and playing as children do on the sand. Lots of shots showed the children from behind, kneeling in the sand, grains plastered around their bottoms. The girls had beautiful vulvas, swollen and pert. Mike could see why the agency had chosen them as models. The little boy, five at the time, was just there as an extra, he guessed. He came to the last one in the set, where the three were waving at the camera. There were a couple more pictures after that, which he hadn't seen before, close ups, but nothing unusual. The set was exactly as he remembered it.

The second set, again of professional quality, showed just the girls playing in some woodland on a hillside. After the first few, they were naked, and climbing the low branches of some scrubby trees. The camera operator guided them in swinging from the branches, and rolling on the ground, showing off as much of their beautiful pudenda as possible to the camera.

The next set, was taken in the sitting room, downstairs. The two girls had rubbed baby oil into each others skin and both naked from the start, lying on the settee. Again the boy wasn't in the set. They were being instructed from someone off set, to masturbate each other, with fingers and tongues. This became apparent to Mike, when he saw some pictures, not in the set he kept at home, in which a man's hand was in shot, demonstrating what they needed to do. Towards the end, the girls both had orgasms. At least it looked as though they did. It convinced Mike, anyway. Certainly they were enjoying themselves.

The fourth set was in a large bedroom, which he assumed was the parent's bedroom along the corridor. In this last set, it started with the girls doing things to one another with their fingers and mouths. Then there was a staged scene, where they were supposedly caught by their "uncle", who had called in to see their parents, who had in fact gone to a football match. Mike nicknamed him in his mind as 'Ivan'. The actor, playing the part was a young man, perhaps twenty years old, very fit looking, highly muscled, with shaven head. Mike had seen him in other videos and photosets. The main reason, apart from his handsome features, was his long cock, which must have been at least nine inches long, circumcised and rigid as a steel bar. It was obvious the "uncle" was demanding their cooperation, in return for his silence, and he too stripped off and joined them on the large bed. After fingering, licking and spreading them for the camera in every position possible on the cramped seat, he sat in the centre, and instructed the girl, Ana, then eight and nine year old Nina, in how to give him a double blow job. Both showed willingness to please him, and took turns sucking him hard, their pink lips spread around his tip, and pretty, ivory coloured cheeks sunken with suction, as they took turns sucking him and caressing the underside of his cock with their tongues. The video ended with the girls lying cheek to cheek, as the man sprayed their pretty faces with large amounts of his semen. Both girls, obviously on instruction, opened their mouths together, and each received a generous squirt over their little pink tongues. The actor could certainly deliver a full load.

By now, Mike was very aroused, and knew there were two, not-so-innocent girls across the way he could rape, or certainly molest, without their knowledge. He certainly had all the drugs he needed with him, should he choose. He glanced at little Ivan. He'd never tried pederasty before, but ever since that day on the beach in Andalusia, when that little boy had bent over the ice cream freezer, and shown off his tiny anus, Mike had wondered whether to give it a try. "No," he thought, "not tonight. Too dangerous. And, anyway, those girls looked fabulous. I might look in on them in a while."

Mike clicked open the fifth file. It was apparent immediately, he opened the first image, that these were shot in a studio somewhere. Also, this wasn't tastefully done, as the other sets had been. This was raw sex, for hardcore porn. The action was underway from the very first picture. Both girls were naked, and were either highly aroused, or more likely pre-prepared with copious amounts of KY Jelly. At every movement of the camera, they spread their thighs to show themselves off. From their expressions, Mike wondered if they had been plied with alcohol or perhaps drugs.

Although obviously in a studio, the scene was set as a living room, with a large leather settee, tables and rugs on the floor. Ivan was there again, his huge cock curving up from his groin towards his belly. The first pictures showed the two little girls sitting either side of Ivan, toying with his cock with their fingers, while he had wrapped his arms around them, his finger tips playing over their mounds into the top of their clefts, just touching their clits. He kissed first one, then the other girl, and worked down to their flat, pink areolæ, with pinhead nipples standing proud under his stimulation.

After a few minutes of this, he got the girls to lie face downwards across his lap. Ana up against his belly, Nina over his knees. The tip of his cock could be seen sticking up between the two girls. Mike noticed that from the start, for some reason, Ivan had never made any attempt to touch either of their pussies, although he'd ensured the camera got plenty of views of them. Reaching over, he picked up a tube of KY, and unscrewing the top, spread little Ana's bottom cheeks with the fingers of one hand, and pushed the nozzle into her anus with the other. Having done this many times himself, Mike knew the nozzle had gone in at least an inch or more. She squeaked when he squeezed the slime into her. Immediately, he repeated the process with Nina. Then tossing the KY to one side, he spent a few minutes trying to insert his middle fingers into the two girls' anuses.

From their expressions, they didn't seem to mind what he was doing to them, although neither were they showing any great pleasure either. The camera, now being used hand held, was getting very close-up shots of what was going on. Soon, Ivan had got his fingers as deep as possible into the two girls, and started to pump in and out of them slowly, but forcefully. Then, keeping his finger in Nina, Ivan pulled out of Ana, and reached across out of shot, and picked up a long tapered black dildo. It was narrow one end, about the same size as Ivan's finger, thickening towards the other. Quickly coating it with more KY, he pressed it to Ana's bum, and pushed it in. Soon, it was in as deep as his finger had been, but now the diameter of the toy was at least twice as big. He paused for a second, and said something to her. She grimaced and nodded, before he pushed in deeper and deeper. The camera was so close, her bum hole filled the screen. By the time he stopped pushing it into her, Mike estimated it must be at least eight or nine inches into the eight year old. But more to the point, the thickness of the dildo was at least a couple of inches, and it was obvious from her expression, despite her drugged state, the girl was feeling a

lot of discomfort. But she was trying to be brave, and pretend it was OK. The skin of her anus, was stretched around the shaft, under tension. There was only an inch of the shaft not inside her, and this was ribbed. He leaned to her ear and said something, then pushed the last of the shaft into her. Her eyes were screwed up in pain, a single tear ran down her cheek.

Ivan's other finger had remained in Nina's bum all this time, constantly pushing slowly, but firmly, in and out of her.

"I didn't like those men very much," said a voice behind Mike's shoulder. Mike was more startled than he cared to admit. Partly because he'd hacked into his host's computer, but more because he hadn't heard Nina leave her room, and enter this one. "That man there," she pointed at Ivan, hurt my bum. I was only nine, and he stuck his big thing all the way into me. It really hurt. He hurt Ana too and she was only eight. The other man hurt me even more, but you'll see what he did later."

Mike, trying to be casual, as if looking at hardcore porn with a small child was an everyday thing said: "Come and stand beside me Nina and tell me what happened as we look at the photos."

As she shuffled forward, her hip nudging his side, he put his arm around her waist. He could feel her warmth under her thin cotton night gown. "Why did you let them do these things to you, Nina?" he asked quietly.

"For the money Uncle Nikita owed them," she sighed. "He used to gamble, he owed them millions of Rubles. They said they wanted us to pose bare for four sets of photos. So Ana and I did them. I think you may have seen those already." He nodded confirmation. "But they wanted more. They came back a few weeks later and said if they could do things to us, and take pictures, they would give us much more."

"What did they offer to pay you, Nina?" asked Mike

"Ana and I got nothing. But they said they would give us the Toyota truck. Uncle Nikita had had all the payment before, because he owed them so much, so Papa and he agreed he should have the truck, so he could start his lumber business."

"So why didn't you like the men in the pictures, Nina?" he asked carefully.

"Well, they kept pushing fingers and things into us, but Mama told me it was OK and I was a good girl," she replied. "But what made me very cross," she continued, "was when he said I had a scrawny bottom. I don't do I? Do you think I have a scrawny bottom, Mr. Mike?"

"I don't think so, Nina," said Mike casually, slipping his hand down from her waist, over her bum, cupping her muscle toned buttock in one hand. "No, I'd say you have a very nice bottom." Mike squeezed her cheek gently, enjoying the feel of her nakedness under her nightgown. "In fact," he continued, "I think you have a very nice bottom indeed." She smiled at his compliment, as if he'd proved the man wrong, all those months ago.

Mike paged through the next few photos. Ana remained where she had been left, the end of the dildo clearly to be seen in her rectum, her knees pulled up to her shoulders, her pussy wide open for the camera to see, close-up. Meanwhile, Ivan rolled Nina over, his finger remaining deep inside her, then lifted her up, her weight held on his one hand. He was clearly a very strong man. Finally, he turned her so her back was towards him, her spread legs facing the camera, her pudenda an inch or two above his rampant long cock.

Ivan started to lower Nina down. As he did, he pulled her bottom as far open as he could. He was not being gentle at all, located her anus with his tip, and dropped her down a couple of inches. The camera caught his crown popping into her, passed her sphincter, a look of distress and pain appearing on her face.

"Not many little girls are big enough to be able to do that so quickly," complimented Mike, "even older girls, most take half an hour, or more, to do what you did then. You must have a really special bottom." He turned towards her, and squeezed her buttock in affection.

"Do you really think so, Mr. Mike?" she asked innocently.

"Sure, I do," he said slipping his hand down over her nightdress, under the hem at her knees, up again, until he was cupping her now naked buttock again. Not wanting to push his luck, yet, he left his hand there. Certainly she hadn't objected.

Mike clicked through the photos, showing Ivan's long cock sliding slowly but surely into Nina's rectum, inch by inch. Mike now moved his fingers down through the valley of her bum, and soon found her anus with his finger tip. He pressed very gently. She didn't seem to mind at all. "Did he hurt you, here," he said, pressing slightly into her a fraction.

"It was more uncomfortable than painful," she said. "Before they started the photos, they did stuff to us. Told us what they were going to do, and put some slimy cream in, which was meant to take any pain away." They looked at the sequence of photos, showing Ivan's nine inch long cock slip the final few inches into Nina's bowels. After a few minutes, she looked as if it was no longer uncomfortable.

"I could feel it right up to here," she explained, tapping her chest in an exaggerated gesture, now smiling at Mike, who's fingers, on the move once more, were carefully exploring further down between her thighs.

"So back to my original question, Nina," asked Mike "what did you, yourself, get for them to do all those things to you?"

She looked at him, her expression unreadable. "Nothing," she said quietly, her bottom lip quivering slightly. Mike had obviously touched a sore point. Everyone had gained from the photo shoot, except Nina and Ana, who were both very sore for days.

"But that's just not right," said Mike, echoing what he knew she was thinking, "I would have paid you two loads to do stuff like that to you." This piqued her interest, as he knew it would. After a pause, she asked quietly: "How much?"

He looked at her as if the question had never crossed his mind. "What do you think they should have paid you?" he asked, turning the question back on her.

She screwed up her face for a second, before she smiled at him and said: "one hundred Rubles!" Mike did a quick sum in his head. It worked out to just over £1.

"So what if I were to pay you a thousand Rubles?" her mouth dropped open, speechless. She'd never owned such a sum in her life.

"Every time I put it in here," he continued, tapping her anus, "or in here," he said, touching her vagina for the first time. She looked at him in disbelief at what, to her, was a huge sum of money, for a few seconds, before he added: "For you, and also for Ana, if she wants." By now, Mike's fingers were roaming freely between her thighs, Feeling her shape, her curves, bumps, her cleft and hardened clitoris. Her labia were firm, but now slightly bloated, engorged. She was becoming aroused. He cupped her mons, feeling it's rounded firmness under his touch, slipping an inch lower, letting his finger slip into the top of her cleft, her dimple yielding to his touch. Slowly, he slipped down, and finding her tiny nub, caressed it, gently at first, building speed and pressure later. It was less than a minute later, he felt her involuntary hip movement, as she responded to his touch. Another minute, she was thrusting her hips back and forth, meeting his stimulation. After another minute, she took in a sharp intake of breath, as he felt the little contractions of her climax on his fingers. Her breathing short pants, her eyes closed.

"What, err what was that?" she demanded. "What did you do to me? That feeling. So nice." She looked bewildered. It was at that moment Mike realised she'd never cum before. She'd experienced hardcore sex, but never cum. He watched, as she reached down, her own hand going up inside her nighty, between her legs. She removed her hand and inspected her, now, slimy fingers, before holding it out for Mike to see. She smiled shyly.

"You go and talk to Ana, Nina," he instructed. "Ask her if she would like to join in. It's OK if she doesn't, you and I can still have fun on our own. While you're doing that, I'll finish looking at this set, and check out the last one."

Her eyes flashed with concern, tears almost brimming in moments. "You can't look at those last pictures. You just can't." her bottom lip was quivering in emotion.

"It's OK, Nina, don't worry," he tried to reassure her. "If you don't want me to, I won't. But why does it worry you so much?" She looked at him, silent for many seconds.

"They were taken the day after the others," she finally said in almost a whisper. She looked at Mike, as if weighing him up. She'd never spoken of what had happened, to anyone. Not even to her mother. Her parents hadn't been allowed to attend the last session. They'd been told not to ask the girls about what happened. All they'd been told was that it was to be a little BDSM. The greedy parents had accepted the offer of the truck, and let their daughters enter a torture house. "They tied us up, side by side. Then they put clamps on us, all over. They hit us with whips and thin sticks. They put electric wires in us, and gave us electric shocks. They even stuck safety pins into us, you know, down there, and tied things to them. They made us both bleed. Then the two men forced their, you know, things, into us. They really hurt us. They weren't kind. And as we were tied up, we couldn't move. It was horrible. Before it started, they'd given us something to drink. It tasted funny and made us feel weird, but it must have taken some of the pain

away. It went on all morning, four hours before they untied us. We both cried all day. They gave us a bath and told us to wash well. By the time our parents came to collect us, and the truck, it was late in the day, and they'd put cream on us, where they'd hurt us. It tingled and felt warm and didn't hurt so much. They told us if we said anything, they'd come and take the truck away." Suddenly realising what she'd said, she looked at him in panic. "You won't say anything, will you, Mr. Mike?"

"No, of course not," he reassured her. "And I won't look at those photos either." He added with an easy lie, and in his head thinking: "At least not tonight."

"You go and wake Ana and talk to her," he said, turning back to the computer screen, as Nina moved silently to the door.

The photo showed Ivan sitting on the settee, his cock nine inches up Nina's rectum. Her bum rested firmly on his pubis. He was holding her legs under her knees, pulling them back and outwards, showing her off to the camera again. He certainly knew how to model for the viewer.

It was at this point another person appeared in the shot, standing beside Ivan and Nina. He bent down, to look closely at where Ivan's cock disappeared into her. But Mike did a double take. For there in the photo was none other than Sergei Bollockov. These last two photo sets must have been funded by Sergei, for his own personal collection and pleasure.

Mike sat staring at the screen in disbelief. But then as he thought it through, he realised it wasn't such an amazing coincidence. Salekhard was the nearest city to his high mountain dacha. He must be one of the most wealthy criminals in the region and if he wanted a bit of underage nooky, or any other entertainment, then Salekhard was the obvious place for him to find it.

Clicking through the next few photos, Sergei dropped his pants. His cock was small, but compared to Ivan's, it looked tiny. In what looked like a well practiced manoeuvre, Ivan, still fully impaled in Nina's butt, lifted himself and Nina up. The strain on his thighs must have been considerable, but he did it without any appearance of discomfort. Her pussy thus lifted to the right height for him. He lined up his cock on the entrance to her virgin vagina, rubbed his pre-cum into her for a second, then shoved into her in one brutal movement. From her face, it was obvious she was in a lot of pain. From his face, he had clearly enjoyed himself immensely. He shoved in and out of her a few times. It was as if he lost interest in the girl, because he pulled out of her, looking down at his cock covered in moisture, stained with her virginal bleed.

Sergei looked at Ivan, smiled and nodded towards Ana. Ivan lifted Nina effortlessly off his long cock, and swung her sideways, as though she weighed nothing at all, out of camera shot. He then lifted Ana with the same effortless strength, onto his lap. Reaching down, he grabbed the end of the huge dildo, still fully inserted in her rectum, and pulled it quickly out of her. Other than a small wince, she showed no reaction. In a moment, Ivan's cock was at her anus, still hugely dilated, and he simply guided her down in less than a second nine inches inside her. Once more lifting himself up, so she was at a better height, Sergei positioned himself, his still bloody cock pressed to her, and once again he shoved himself all the way into her with one press of his hips. Ana screamed. The tears were pouring

down her cheeks. Even Ivan had to hold her firmly, to stop her flailing arms and legs hitting Sergei. Clearly Sergei enjoyed her agony more than Nina's, for he shoved in and out of Ana a few more times than he had Nina. Suddenly he came. Mike could see the white, pink and red moisture slipping from her pussy as his cock stopped moving.

Sergei gave Ivan a nod, pulled away from the girl, bent and pulled his clothes up and left the photo shoot. Ivan, now on his own once more, simply lifted and dropped Ana up and down his long cock, dropping her the full length each time. She was clearly in a lot of discomfort. But fortunately for her, Ivan had been bugging the two girls for the past hour and a half, and soon he reached the short strokes, lifting her up and down at a metronomic speed, until he pushed her down as far as he could, pressing down on her shoulders, getting his cock as deep into her bowels as he could. His face declared when he came, and it was obviously a huge one, going on for a full minute or two. At last, after remaining still for a full five minutes, he lifted Ana off his cock, tossed her to one side, stood and left the studio.

Mike sat thinking through what he'd just seen. He was no lover of violent sex. It wasn't his thing at all. And yet, there was another set of pictures, which Nina hadn't wanted him to see, because they were, in her mind, far worse than what he'd just looked at. Well he'd know the answer to that another day. In the meantime, he had a willing child prostitute waiting for him, and possibly two.

= 2 =

The room was getting progressively colder. Mike's phone weather app told him it was still snowing outside, which he could see for himself in the glimmer of the city lights. It also said the temperature was now twenty below and falling. So he dismounted the encrypted drive and switched off the computer, plunging the room into darkness. He slipped under the heavy bed covers. The little boy stirred in his sleep, and rolled over away from Mike.

Mike got under the covers, wondering how long the girls would decide on what to do. He had thought it would just be a few minutes, then he would be called in. If Ana refused, then he'd expected Nina to go it alone. As he warmed up, he found the boy had unconsciously moved towards him, seeking warmth. Until this moment, he hadn't realised the child was naked. Mike placed a hand on his hip, and moved forward, spooning the boy. He didn't get an erection as such, but his half tumescent cock popped out through the gap in his boxers, nestling into the valley of the little bottom. Slipping his fingers down, he explored the boy's anus gently, before moving further on. He found the wrinkled skin of the immature scrotum, feeling tiny balls inside. On the front of this, he found the boy's penis, but was surprised to find it was stiff. Mike already knew he wasn't into little boys, but then he had enjoyed the experience more than he'd expected. He rolled back over, and was almost drifting off, when he heard the sound of movement outside.

The door silently opened, and Mike could see a shadow, in the glimmer of the hall night light, that it was Nina. She moved to the bed, and lifting the covers, slipped in beside him. She shivered in the cold, despite having only been out of her own bed a few seconds, and cuddled into Mike for warmth. He waited for her to indicate Ana's decision.

Eventually, her face appeared above the covers, their noses now only an inch apart. Nina whispered so quietly, he could barely hear her. "She won't do it, Mr. Mike," said Nina. "She

was so badly hurt last time, she won't consider it. I even said you'd pay her extra, but she still said 'no'." Mike made to say something, but Nina placed her fingers on his lips. "There's more," she continued, "she says she wants to watch everything we do. She says if I don't agree, she'll go and wake Mama. Do you mind, you know, her watching us?"

"Not at all, Nina," Mike said quietly. "You never know, when she sees you enjoying it, she might want to join in. I've seen it happen before. Let's just see how it goes. But if Ana wants to make rules, then, I have a rule or two of my own." Nina looked quizzically at him. "If she wants to watch, then she must be naked too, fair enough?" Nina smiled and nodded. "And another thing, she's not allowed to touch. If she starts to touch, then we can touch her too. Agreed? If she doesn't like the rules, then she can come and sleep in here with her brother." Nina grinned at that. She liked her younger cousin, but sometimes she wanted everything her own way. "You go and tell her the rules. I'll be with you in a moment."

They got out of the bed. As Nina left, Mike pushed a pillow and a rolled up towel under the bedding to give the impression he was there, should anyone check. He followed Nina out of the room, closing the door behind him and entered the girls' bedroom. Nina had already slipped under the covers, her nose just showing.

"Haven't you brought your camera?" she asked. "I thought when people have sex, they always photograph it. Mike realised her one and only experience of sex had been for taking porn shots. He nodded, and returned back to his room. He grabbed his camera and portable tripod, but on a whim, he also grabbed what looked like a wash bag. He opened it, and took out what looked like an asthma inhaler, and palmed it. Walking back into the girls' room, he could see from the shadow in the corner, Ana had shuffled herself to the far side of the bed, to make more room for Nina and Mike. There was so little light in the room, it was difficult to see anything really, as he placed the camera and wash bag on the bedside table, keeping the inhaler hidden in his hand.

Wasting no time, Mike placed his one hand on Nina's cheek, while with the other, he held the inhaler under her nose and pressed the button. There was a hiss. She was instantly unconscious.

"What was that?" asked Ana, "I heard something."

"It might have been this," he replied, holding the inhaler up towards her. She leaned towards his shadowed hand and got a dose directly into her nose, slumping sideways, insentient.

Mike moved rapidly. He knew he had just five minutes, or less, before they came round again. He reached across, and switched on the light mounted above his camera on the tripod, bathing the room in light. He grabbed the wash bag, and unzipped it, pulling out a self seal polybag. He climbed over Nina to get at Ana. He could see she was curled up in a ball, facing the centre of the bed. He pulled the covers away from her, took hold of her feet, and rolling her onto her back, pulled her down the bed. She was already naked, as she had agreed to be. He opened the self seal bag, and pulled out a thin plastic tube. He then pushed her knees back towards her chest, so her bum lifted off the bed and pressing his knees outwards against her thighs, he watched as her buttocks and cleft peeled open. He took a moment to admire her pussy. It was absolutely gorgeous. She had a very large

pair of labia for a nine year old. They were engorged. She was aroused, which was confirmed as he put his fingers either side of her vagina, and peeled her open. The light glinted off the moisture moving inside her. He knew he was going to fuck her tonight. He just wanted her to want to do it, rather than using nefarious means to get his way with her.

Mike pressed the tube into her vagina, watching it sink further and further into her, until it was about five inches in. He felt it bump against her cervix. Next, he took out one of his long cotton buds and the eye drop bottle of Golden Lotion. Opening the bottle, he dipped the cotton bud in, soaking the end. He then pushed the cotton bud into the tube, and watched as it sank deeper into her. He knew when he hit her 'G' spot, because she jerked. Mike moved the tube around and the cotton bud with it, ensuring she was well coated with the lotion. Just for fun, he pulled the cotton bud out and dipped it into the lotion again and slipped it back into her. It was unnecessary, but had given some spectacular results in the past. He recalled how Lucy had gone off the Richter Scale when he'd done this to her when she was conscious. He hoped for a similar result now.

He had just covered the girls up with their bedding, put his bits and pieces away, and moved back across the bed to where he'd started and switched off the camera light, when he felt Nina start to stir. Mike knew the effect of the gas could be passed off as sleepiness. There was never any nausea or headache. There was a slight moan from Ana, before she started to snore gently.

"Are you awake, Nina?" asked Mike, leaning to her ear. There was silence at first. She too had drifted off to sleep. Mike reached down over her belly and let his finger tips slip into her cleft. He gently rubbed her clitty, feeling it engorge, enlarge. She stirred and took a deep sigh.

"I must have drifted off," she whispered, "was I asleep for long?"

Mike said: "No, only for about ten minutes. Ana's still asleep. Would you like to start without her watching?" He could sense Nina's delight at the idea. Mike had continued to play with Nina's clit the whole time, and could feel her responding. Microscopic hip movements, a shortening of breath, tiny jerks of her body, all suggested to Mike she was coming along just fine. Her only previous sexual encounter had ended as a horror story, and he wanted to make sure she wasn't put off for life. He really wanted this to be good for her. She came quietly, like she'd done in the other bedroom. She grabbed his wrist, while he slowed his motions on her nub, and controlled the pace, gradually slowing down. Mike had felt her labia clenching on his finger tip as her climax had overtaken her. It had been very gentle, compared to some girls he knew. Had he not felt her pussy clenching on his finger, he wouldn't have been sure she came at all.

Mike was ready to go. He had been for the past hour or so, following the viewing of the photo sets, playing with Nina and bringing her off, not to mention giving Ana a dose of the Golden Lotion. But was Nina?

"Nina, how would you like to do it?" he asked. "Do you have a preference?"

There was a long pause, before she said carefully: "But, but, I thought you just wanted to 'shove it in' a few times, grunt a bit and go away. Why would you ask me what I want?"

“Because,” he replied, “it makes it nicer for me if you enjoy it too. Did you enjoy me playing with you just now?”

“Ahha,” she affirmed.

“Well when we do it properly, you know,” he explained, “I want it to feel like that for you, all the time, but much better. So would you like me on top, with you lying on your back, like you are now, or you can kneel and I can come in you from behind. I can go in either hole then as well, but I think for your first time tonight, you might prefer me in your pussy. What would you like?”

“I don’t know,” she said, “it hurt so much last time, I thought it would hurt this time too. That’s why Ana didn’t want to join in. I never thought about how I might want to do it. You’ve done it before Mr. Mike. Would you show me different ways, please?”

“Ok,” he said, “let’s do that. We’ll try different positions. We’ll start with us cuddling on our sides, facing each other, shall we?” She rolled over, facing him. He brought up his fingers, and gently stroked her tiny boobies, which were just little cones about an inch in diameter, standing out about half an inch, a slightly darker pink than the rest of her chest. Her nipples hard, poking out another quarter inch. His other hand headed south once more, and as he explored, she lifted her leg to give him room. Once more, after a minute or so, she shuddered into another very gentle quiet orgasm.

“OK, Nina, that was nice, wasn’t it?” he said. “Roll up on top of me now.” Mike held her by one hand on her shoulder, and the other scooping under her waist, while he rolled over onto his back, taking her with him. Her chest now pressing to his, her delicate thighs against his muscled legs. She clung to the sides of his chest, while he cupped her buttocks, one in each hand. She felt the unmistakable sensation of his cock slipping up between her thighs, coming to rest up against her cleft. His hair against her completely bald mons, his shaft in her valley, his crown between her open bottom cheeks. She felt a warm wetness against her skin, as his pre-cum ran down between them.

“Kiss me Nina, would you?” he asked.

She had never kissed anyone before, other than family, and was tentative as she pressed her lips to his. Feeling her reticence, Mike didn’t push the pace, but ran his tongue against her tight lips. She got the message, and pushed her tongue out to meet his. They did a short but sensual tongue dance, and were soon exploring inside each other’s mouths.

As this continued, Mike ran his fingers down over the globes of her lovely soft, warm, bottom, moving inwards, finding her valley, now soaked in his pre-cum. He gently rubbed up and down, feeling muscles slowly relax, as she became accustomed to his intrusion. Mike now slipped his hand under her belly, and took hold of his cock. Lifting her up by raising his knees a little, he managed to bend it back and brought his crown to her entry. She tensed up again, but relaxed once more as she realised he wasn’t about to shove it in, as she had feared. With one hand holding his cock where it was, he slipped the other down to again stroke her sensitive clitty. She’d already cum three times tonight. He didn’t see why it couldn’t be another three.

Nina lay on Mike's chest feeling the most wonderful sensations of her whole life. Her pussy was tingling and then he placed his fingers in her slit and made her feel even better. She didn't even mind when he'd put his fingers a little into her bottom. He hadn't hurt her at all yet. It had only felt nice. He was playing with her 'spot' again. She knew in a few seconds that nice feeling would happen again. Then something happened. His thing had slipped just inside her entrance. It felt tight, very tight, but at the same time it felt nice. Really good. Then that nice feeling returned. The feeling that made her think she was going to pee herself. This time it went on and on. So good. Finally it slowed and stopped. Then she realised he was all the way inside her. She was full up.

"Is that nice Nina? Feel good?" he asked. She could only groan her acknowledgement. Mike now started some small, gentle humping. His cock slipping in and out of her just a fraction. His finger on her clit was still now, waiting for the moment to start again. In a couple of minutes, he was slowly moving in and out of her almost all the way. When he heard her moan again, he started to strum her. She immediately stiffened, her chest lifting up a few inches. He thrust again, and she lifted further. On the third thrust, she was upright. Her whole weight on the point where their bodies joined. Her orgasm was now continuous. She was out of her mind, it was so good. She lifted her knees up now, so only her feet touched the bed either side of his hips. In this squatting position, she lifted up, feeling his cock slipping from her and dropped down, feeling a surge of electrical pleasure, as his cock hit that spot deep inside her. And up and down.

Ana had woken when she'd felt the bed bouncing. All she could see was the shadow of her cousin, as she lifted herself up and down on the Belarusian. It almost sounded as if Nina was enjoying herself. But that couldn't be, could it? But what she couldn't understand was why she felt the way she did. There was an intense tingling inside her, deep inside. It made her feel unlike anything she'd felt before. She had heard her school friends talking about when they played with themselves. And like Nina, she'd never felt the need to do it. But already, she found she couldn't stop herself from cupping herself, letting her middle finger slip into that place. Suddenly, Ana felt a surge of pleasure course through her. She snatched her outstretched hand away, feeling the intense sensations ease away slowly. But in moments, she found herself doing it again. But, this time, she went right over the top, a cascade of coloured lights flashing behind her screwed up eyelids, like a human kaleidoscope. She hadn't realised she'd called out in her ecstasy, confirming to Nina and Mike that she was now very much awake.

Ana lay panting. She'd never felt anything like it in her life. But even now, she felt the need to do it again and again. She looked at the shadow of Nina on top of Mike. She had to see more.

"Mr. Mike," she whispered, "could you put the light on, please? I want to see."

Mike reached over, and switched the camera light on, instantly bathing the room in light. He also pressed video record button.

Nina didn't know it, but Mike realised she was multi-orgasmic. She was one of the lucky girls who could cum again and again. When she finally stopped her squats on his cock, she panted, catching her breath for a couple of minutes.

“Ready to try something else, Nina?” he asked. She looked down on him hungrily and nodded. “Turn around, facing my feet, then lean back lie down on my chest again.”

Quickly, Nina spun round and adopted the position he’d described. Her feet were either side of his knees. She could feel his cock hard between the cheeks of her bum, curving up and into her cunt. It felt so good there. She wanted to feel that feeling again and wondered what he was going to do to her next.

Mike brought one of his hands up over her boobs, and started to stimulate her nipples, feeling them pucker up. His other hand slid down her belly and cupped her mound, now feeling its fullness properly for the first time. He massaged her for a moment, before slipping into her dimple at the top of her cleft, and on down, finding her cowl hiding the hard nub of her clitoris. As soon as he pressed against it, starting to arouse her once more, she immediately curved herself against his fingers, trying to increase her stimulation. He simultaneously started to hump her, feeling his cock slide in and out of the ten year old girl, feeling tightness, gripping his cock hard along it’s whole length.

Mike knew this was special and decided he needed to be able to see every detail of this later on screen. So he twisted himself around ninety degrees, so the camera was now pointing directly between his thighs, showing in close-up his cock impaled in the child’s body. Her climactic spasms could be clearly seen, making for some very sexy viewing in the years to come.

Ana was spellbound. The feelings inside her, demanding her attention on her clit just wouldn’t go away. Again and again she had had to rub herself, repeatedly and again and again she’d only got a little relief, before her body demanded more. What was wrong with her. She’d never felt like this before. But she’d never experienced Golden Lotion before. Ana was jealous of Nina. Nina had tried to persuade her to let the Belarusian fuck her. She’d been frightened it would be horrible and painful, like what happened last year. But Nina was obviously enjoying herself immensely, and getting paid for it too. It was so unfair.

She couldn’t see what was happening now. They had turned on the bed, facing away from her. She needed to see. Ana moved across the bed and leaned in over Nina’s tummy so she could watch closely.

“You’re in the way, Ana. Move aside. The camera can only see the back of your head,” said Mike. “We’re trying to fuck here and make a movie.”

Driven by the power of the Golden Lotion, Ana knelt on the bed beside the copulating couple. Her knees were far apart, both her hands were once more at work between her thighs. In seconds, she came again, but it wasn’t enough. She was becoming frantic now. Mike looked at her and realised he might have overdone the Lotion. Nina had been cumming constantly on his cock for the last ten minutes. Her breathing just short pants. She kept muttering little “ohhhgoddss” constantly. She was sated for the moment.

He stopped his humping into Nina, allowing her to calm for a while and turned to Ana to ask a question he already knew the answer to: “Are you alright Ana? Do you need me to get your mother? You don’t look very well.” Ana opened her screwed up eyelids a fraction and looked at him for a moment as though she hadn’t realised he was even in the room.

"I, I feel like, I don't know what's happening to me. I really feel so...you know, down here," she bent her face towards her spread cleft, her fingers hard at work once more. "Please help me, Mr. Mike, I don't know what to do, I,...I oh ahhhhhhhhh, nnnnggg, hmmmmmm. Help me!"

Mike knew she was in real distress. If this carried on, there was a danger she would scream, and wake the whole house. It was a repetition of what had happened to Lucy the other day, but much more intensely. Mike whispered into Nina's ear. She lifted her head, smiled and nodded. She sat up on Mike's lap, before she rolled to the side. Mike was lying in the middle of the bed, Nina to one side, Ana the other. His seven and a half inch cock sticking rigidly upwards, like a centre line dividing two sides in a competition.

Ana, leaned forward, her breathing just pants as though she were out of breath. One hand still in her crotch, the other extended forward, shaking in the air, moving towards his tumescence. He could almost feel the heat of her hand in the freezing room.

"Now, now Ana, no touching," he said quietly, "that's what you said. It's your rule, remember?" She snatched her hand back, clutching it to her chest as though it had been stung. She looked at him, appealing, a haunted look in her face.

Finally he smiled at her. "You want me to sort you out, Ana, make you feel good like Nina. Are you going to forget your silly rules now?" She looked up at him. What else could she do? This feeling..... She bit her lower lip and nodded. "OK," he said, "but this time, we do it my way, with my rules, agreed, or not at all?" For a moment, she looked like a trapped animal, before she focused on him and nodded. Submitting to him.

"Alright Ana, first I want to look at you," he said. She blinked both confused and disappointed. She needed to get at that cock. "Stand on the bed," he instructed. Put your feet either side of my head. No, much further apart than that. Wide apart. Good, now lower yourself over my face, so I can get a good look at you." Ana squatted down in a moment. The feelings within her left her with no self control. She just had to do as he said. "That's nice, Ana. You've got a very pretty pussy. I think I might like to fuck you later, if you're good. Would you like that?" he didn't wait for her answer, as he then said: "now bring both your hands down, either side, slip your fingers underneath and touch yourself. No don't rub. Pull yourself open for me, so I can see inside you. Yes that's nice, Ana. Oh you're all wet in there. Did you know? Now lower yourself a little more. I would like to taste you."

Ana's mind was in complete lockdown, She had no independent thought now and just did what he said. Her pussy nudged against Mike's lips. He could smell her pungent odour. He realised that this girl was out of her mind. He sucked her and licked around her pussy, moving his tongue back and forth through her cleft, tasting her unique flavour. He could see from her contractions she was cuming once more. She gasped repeatedly in time with her little nine year old vagina opening and closing on his tongue. He was ready for another fuck. Mike was expert at coercing little girls into his bed, always had been. But he loved it, when, like this girl, they wanted to do it even more than he did.

"Stand up again, Ana," he instructed. "Step back a few feet. Yes, that's right," he said, as she moved her feet either side of his hips, "now squat down again." Mike grabbed his rampant cock and aimed it at her lowering pussy, feeling it nudge into her entry. "Good

girl, Ana, now what I want you to do is press down. No, not too hard, take it slowly. Let it in carefully, so it doesn't hurt. Yes, that's nice."

Mike watched, as the child kept up a constant downward pressure. After about thirty seconds, his crown popped through her tight entry. She paused, letting her adjust to the intrusion. Already, though, Mike could feel her clamping on him. Another orgasm washing through the child. She started to pant again, and the next thing he knew, she suddenly dropped down on him, her full weight on his cock, forcing him deep into her. She never flinched. All she said was: "ohh, yesss, yess, there."

Mike knew he was up against her cervix, because his cock suddenly stung with the Golden Lotion. It had happened with Lucy and one or two before. He suddenly felt very sensitive. Every move she made felt wonderful on his crown.

He waited for a few seconds until she settled again, before instructing her to lift up and then lower herself slowly. She did, and repeated it, lifting up and down, getting quicker each pass. Mike lay back and looked at the nine year old getting herself off on his cock. She must have been quite athletic, because her legs were working hard, lifting her weight without rest. Mike knew Russian children did gymnastics at school. A compulsory subject. He wanted to try something, so after she stopped once more, another climax overtaking her, he waited a moment until her clamping eased, then said: "Right Ana I want you to lower yourself down as far as you can go please."

She carefully complied, her pussy sliding down lower. His crown was up against her cervix now, and he still had an inch or two to go. "Lean back and little, would you. Good, now lift a fraction, now down again." They both felt it, as he popped in that extra couple of inches. They looked at where their bodies joined, her pussy now pressed hard against his pubic hair.

"Ana," he asked, "can you do the splits for me?"

Already Ana could feel how deep he was inside her. It seemed to be right up at her tummy button. It felt so good to her. Nothing in her life had ever been this nice, ever. Her mind flashed back to a year ago. That terrible pain. But now, all she could feel was pleasure. She wanted it to last all night. Longer if possible. Ana was in a squatting position. So she unfolded her legs, bringing them to Mike's sides. Immediately, she felt more weight press downwards, pushing him deeper in to her. So good. Then she swept them outwards, further and further, until at last they were sticking out sideways. "She must be very fit to be able to hold this position," thought Mike.

Mike placed his palms under her calves, and gently lifted them off the bed, further and further up. She surprised him, when she reached out, and took one of her feet in each hand. She looked at him, knowing she had pleased him with her ability.

Mike now brought his palms inwards, and placed them under her knees. "Can you hold that position for a few minutes, Ana?" he asked. She nodded, anticipation in her face. This was getting better and better for her. His cock had already eased the terrible itching she'd had, replacing it with a wonderful soothing sensation. He lifted her. As he did so, it had the effect of bending her legs even further up. She hooked her elbows around her calves. Mike had never seen anything like it. Her legs seemed to stick straight up. until he felt his

crown at her entry. She was as light as a feather on his strong arms. Then he lowered her, feeling his cock slide over seven inches back into the girl. Her full weight was pressing her down on him. As far as Mike was concerned, pedo sex didn't get much better than this.

He lifted her again, and dropped her, hearing her breath whoosh out, as the sensations rammed into her, in time with his cock. Down and up, down and up. Speeding up each time, her bum now slapping into his pubis as she bottomed out. She was clamping on him again. These two girls knew how to cum, alright. Mike felt the telltale tingles deep down, and knew the dominos of his own orgasm had started to tumble. A few seconds later, he exploded seven and a half inches inside the Siberian child, splashing the whole of Ana's womb. Her passage clamping, massaging and coaxing every last drop of semen from him. Pulse after pulse. She was so tight. It was ecstasy. Such pleasure, so good.

It was a few seconds before Mike came to his senses. Both he and the girl were still panting. He looked across at Nina, huddled under the covers, her face peering out having watched the sexy scene. She was very happy. She felt wonderful inside. She'd watched an amazing show before her with her reticent cousin performing acrobatic sex with a stranger. And she'd earned a stack of cash. Then she heard it. The unmistakable creak of a floorboard. The one inside her parents bedroom.

"Quick, Mama's coming," hissed Nina, looking panicky at Mike. He leapt from the bed, as Ana grabbed the covers and pulled them over her. Mike grabbed the camera tripod, flicked the switch, plunging the room into darkness, and cradling the tripod to his chest, stood behind the door, just as it opened.

The woman peered into the room with only the hall nightlight behind her providing any illumination. She could see the two girls facing opposite ways in the bed, their angelic faces framed with their beautiful silvery blond hair. Such innocence. She wished she'd had the moral strength to have refused to allow the men to photograph the girls, last summer. The first four sessions had been fine. It had got them out of debt. But after the last two, the one they got the truck for. The girls hadn't been the same since. More introvert, reclusive, morose and unwilling to talk about it. Only Nikita seemed to know what had happened that day, and he wouldn't talk about it either. But then, it had sorted out their financial problems. "Yes, on balance," she thought, "She'd do it again. Several of her friends had taken their girls to the same photographer in town. She wondered if the photographer had any more work for them. Perhaps she'd call him one of these days."

The woman left the room. Mike breathed out again. He heard the door to the boy's room across the passage open, and a few seconds later, close again. Then the bathroom door, the toilet flushing, then the house returned to silence. Mike gave it a few seconds before switching the light on again and standing the tripod by the bed.

"Well girls," he said lightly, "did you enjoy your nice little fuck then?"

Both girls smiled up from under the covers, nodding, as Mike got back into the large bed, between the two of them. Both girls reached down to find his cold wet cock flaccid and a fraction of the size they had enjoyed a few minutes before. Mike put his arms around the two of them, and cuddled them into his sides. Both had to stifle squeals, as his freezing body came into contact with theirs. The three of them soon warmed. Mike looked at his watch. It was just after one in the morning.

Needing to let his cock regenerate some energy, or not to put too fine a point on it, recover from one of the best double fucks he'd ever had, he said: "Right you two. I think we should get a few hours sleep, don't you. What would you like to try when we wake up?" Inexperienced as they were, they looked at him blankly and shrugged. "Well, have a think about it," he continued. "There's lots and lots of ways you can do it. If you think of something you'd like to try, just tell me when we wake up." Mike reached for his wash bag. He opened up a compartment and selected a little blue pill and swallowed it. He was asleep in less than two minutes, and he knew he would awake in about three hours time.

When he woke, the cold in the room was intense. He was reluctant to get out of the warm bed, to go to the bathroom for a much needed piss. However, his bladder won the argument and wrapping in his gown, he padded down the corridor. Mike looked at the uncurtained window, as he relieved himself, and realised the condensation on the glass had frozen solid. It was a double glazed window, so the cold outside must have been intense. He knew his trek up into the mountains was going to be hard. At least he had the right equipment with him to do it. Returning to the bedroom, he slipped under the covers, shivering for a few minutes, regaining his circulation., slowly warming up again.

At last, he reached out and touched Nina's soft buttock. She was sleeping face downwards, her hands under the pillows, her legs spread out. Her head was turned towards him. Reaching across, he powered up his camera, not to record anything, but to use the light, which he set on it's lowest level, and switched on. He gently ran his fingers down over the sleeping girl's body. She was fit, well toned, not an ounce of fat on her. She felt gorgeous. He let his fingers press into the valley of her bottom, immediately finding the little dip of her asterisk shaped anus. Passing further down, over her perineum, he found sticky moisture, heralding her cunt entry, which he'd had the pleasure of fucking just a few hours before. He pressed his finger into her, finding her slick still. He pushed into her as far as he could reach. Mike just so loved molesting girls when they were fast asleep. It added something. It made a simple pleasure so much more. So sexy.

Pulling from her, he lifted his finger up, and slipped it into her bum. Applying gentle pressure. One knuckle, two, all the way in. He'd seen the video of what those men had done to this rectum last summer. Almost wrecked it! That didn't stop Mike from having his nefarious pleasure with her while she slept. Suddenly, she stirred. He felt her clamp on his finger. He slipped it from her, before she came to.

Looking to his other side, Ana too was laying on her tummy, in a similar position to Nina. It was obvious, though, that Ana was enjoying a far deeper sleep than her cousin. Perhaps the Golden Lotion had exhausted her. But whatever, she was out for the count. Mike rolled a little towards her, and repeated the same molestation he enjoyed with Nina. She didn't stir at all. Mike decided he would take advantage of the situation. Trying to be careful not to wake her, he rolled further towards her, lift first one, then his second knee over her outstretched leg, so he was kneeling between her thighs. He spent the next few minutes nudging her anus with his crown, spreading as much pre-cum into her as he could. His KY Jelly was in the other room in his pack. Too late to worry about that now.

Having got her really slick, he pushed his finger back into her bum, working it in and out a few times. He then carefully slipped in a second and finally a third finger, working her open, dilating the nine year old. He held his fingers there for a while, before pulling them

out and bringing his cock to bear. He pressed to her, feeling the resistance of her sphincter clenching against him. Then it happened. He popped into her. He'd been pressing so hard, he found he was already in a couple of inches. She sighed in her sleep. Other than that, she gave no reaction at all.

This got Mike so aroused. He spent the next few minutes pushing himself further into her, until finally, he felt his pubes brush against her beautiful bum. He paused for a moment. He wondered if she would wake when he started to thrust into her. But first, he wanted her in the right position. Carefully, using his right leg, he pushed her right leg further outwards. He did the same with the left, until he'd got her legs spread well apart. Next, he slowly lowered himself, taking his upper body weight on his bent elbows, his arms under her, cupping her shoulders his pubis was pressed to her buttocks, his knees pressed to the bed between her outstretched legs.

Mike carefully pulled his cock from her, feeling her rectum grip it in its tight deep passage, reluctant to release him. She felt fantastic. There was nothing to beat bugging a willing nine year old. Doing it when she was asleep was an added bonus. He pushed back in again, feeling the passage of her buttery rectum slide along his shaft. So tight, so sexy, so good. Back out, quicker now and in, like a locomotive building up speed, his piston went faster and harder. Deep in, almost out, deep in.

As he looked down, his cock seemed to drag her surrounding flesh in with it, then as he came out, her anus seemed to turn inside out, brown flesh gripping his cock, before he plunged in once more. Mike was now in pedo heaven, slamming in and out of the child, as she lay prone beneath him. His climax quickly approached suddenly, and before he knew it, he was spurting deep into her bowels, his semen filling her, getting forced deeper, as he pumped into her, finally ending.

He paused, to catch his breath. Ana had taken his first cum in her pussy and the second up her arse. He looked across at Nina, regretting not having deposited at least one load in her. But then again, there may be another opportunity. He had to return the car in a few days time. Perhaps he could do her justice then. He reached across for his little bag, and pulled out some Kleenex. He finally pulled out of Ana's arse, and wiped the semen and shit from his shaft and her bum. Carefully getting out of bed, he looked around to make sure he'd left nothing behind to betray his visit. He moved to the door, clutching the wash bag and camera tripod, switched the light out, and returned to the boy's room in moments. He slipped under the covers, and was asleep in minutes.

= 3 =

He was woken soon after dawn. A sound at the door had disturbed him. He opened his eyes, and saw Tatiana's profile, as she entered the room, carrying a tray. On it was a glass cup held in a metal cup holder, containing tea, in the traditional Russian style.

"Good morning," she said smiling at him, as she placed the tea on the table beside him, before drawing the curtains open, "I trust you slept well. Did you enjoy having my little boy in bed with you?" she asked mischievously.

"I slept very well thank you Tatiana, and you?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she said, "very, I thought I heard a noise from one of the girls in the night, but it was nothing. Yes I slept very well thank you. I will make some breakfast now. No one else gets up this early, just me. So if you would like some hot water for a shower, this is the best time to have the bathroom to yourself. Will you be wanting to stay the night when you bring the truck back, before you fly home?"

"I hadn't thought about it," he said honestly, "but that sounds very nice. Yes please, if it's not too much trouble, I would love to. I will of course pay the usual private rental rate."
(Author's note: In Russian rural and remote areas, residents routinely offer travellers accommodation for a locally fixed fee.)

"Good, it is agreed then," she said, "Ana and Nina will enjoy that, as you will too, I think." She left her comment hanging in the air, as she swept out of the room, she looked at his camera still mounted on its tripod. Even to the untutored eye it was obviously a very expensive professional item. The light was still mounted on top. She stopped, put her hand on it, and turned to him.

"You enjoy photography." It was a statement, more than a question. "When you return with the truck, perhaps you might like to photograph the girls," she paused, "for a fee." She looked levelly at him. "They have worked in a professional studio before."

"I know," he replied, "I've seen their work. They are very good. In fact, I thought the photographer caught their skin tones particularly well." She blinked at that unexpected reply. Suddenly they both understood each other. "If I can have the house to myself, I would love to do a photoshoot when I return. I will pay you twenty thousand Rubles for two hours and if I can touch them, I will make it fifty." They both knew what he meant by 'touch'.

The man from Moscow had paid them more, a lot more. But then he'd wanted to hurt the girls really badly. All this man wanted was to take some porn pictures and mess about with them for a couple of hours. What harm was there in that? "When will you be coming back?" she asked.

"I'm not certain, but probably Friday."

"That's good," she said in a businesslike tone, "Nikita will be on nights later in the week, covering the station and airport, Valentina and I can go to the social club. If you make it one hundred thousand," she said smiling, although her eyes didn't, "we will go out all night. You'll have the house to yourself. You'll have to agree your, err, modelling fee with the girls."

"I think we understand one another," he replied.

She left the room to wake the girls in their room across the passage. Moments later, he heard Tatiana's footsteps retreat along the corridor and down the stairs. He finished the tea, which was hot and sweet, with no milk. It tasted very refreshing. Mike got out of bed and looked at the boy, who hadn't stirred, even when his mother had entered. He grabbed his wash things, and clothes for the day, before heading for the bathroom. He was just going to close the door, when a hand quietly pushed it back open. She slipped silently through the door, closed and locked it behind her.

"Nina," whispered Mike, hoarsely, "what are you doing in here? Your mother could come looking for you at any moment. If she finds you in here with me, your dad might have something to say about it."

The girl, realising she had Mike at a complete disadvantage, looking at him with a coquettish expression, said: "I don't know, shall I call her and ask her?"

Mike knew she was only messing around and smiled at her with a complacent expression, when suddenly she called out loudly: "Mum," Mike held his hands up in surrender.

"What is it, darling," came a voice from downstairs. "Do you need me to come up?"

Nina looked at Mike with an eye cocked as she said: "You can do anything you want to me for two thousand Rubles. OK? Anything you want." She had a distinct glint in her eye. Mike nodded in reply.

"It's OK," she called out to her mother, downstairs, "I just realised Mr. Mike's just going into the bathroom. I'll have a quick pee now, and have my shower after he's finished."

"OK, darling," came the voice from below, "no one else is awake yet, take your time."

Nina smiled up at Mike. "There you are, that wasn't so hard," she teased, "and Mum says you can take your time as well." Mike's cock lurched.

Nina took a step forward, pulled the tie on Mike's bathrobe, pushed it off his shoulders and watched as it dropped to the floor. She pushed her own night gown off her shoulders, letting it slip to the floor, standing naked in front of him. She grabbed his half tumescent cock, and leading him, walked backwards to the toilet, where she sat, her face at the same height as his erection, still clasped in her hand.

She looked down and parted her knees, Mike's glance automatically following hers. At that moment, he saw a golden spray of urine flow from her urethra. Some spurted straight down, some ran down her inner thighs, before dripping down. Nina leaned forward, her pee in full flow, as she brought her tongue to his cock, and licked the underside of it for a moment, before engulfing his crown in her little mouth. She ran her tongue around his end for a minute, before pulling away. She looked up at him, just as her piss stopped dripping into the toilet.

"Tastes different to what I thought," she said, her eyes alternating between his face and cock.

"Maybe that's because it was in your sister's bum a couple of hours ago," he retorted, knowing it would take some of the wind out of her sails.

"Eww, that's disgusting," she said., "Why did you let me do it?"

"You told me I could do anything I wanted to you for two thousand Rubles," he stated. She huffed. "But," he continued, before she could respond, "if you let me do absolutely anything, without question, I'll make it three thousand." Her face lit up. She leaned

forward, and sucked his end into her mouth once more. After a moment, she stood and flushed the toilet. She went to the door, unlocked it, opened it and called out "The bathroom's all yours, Mr. Mike." She waited five seconds, before closing the door again and locked it.

They entered the shower cubicle together. She switched on the water, and waited for it to warm up. She turned to him and stretched up on tip toes. Realising what she wanted, he bent down and kissed her. Their tongues were soon wrestling, their passion commencing. After a while, she leaned back and said: "The water goes cold after ten minutes. That's how long you've got. You'd better get on with it. How do want to fuck me Mr.?" Her eyes twinkled. She knew how to push Mike's buttons alright.

"Turn around, Nina," he instructed. "Bend down. Grab hold of your ankles. Don't bend your knees. I'm going to play with your bum for a while, first." She spun round and quickly adopted the position he wanted. Her long blond hair draped down in front of her, the ends trailing in the water by her feet. Mike ran his eyes over her perfect body. Her legs and buttocks were well toned, from gym at school. Her position pulled her globes tight, firm to his touch, as he cupped one in each hand. In this position, her valley had opened right up, exposing her asterisk shaped anus, and below it her vagina, which, if he wasn't mistaken, was oozing arousal mucous. It was either that, or the residue of his pre-cum from their night's activities.

Knowing he had just ten minutes, he didn't waste a moment. Grabbing the large bar of soap in the wall mounted tray, he rubbed it against her anus, greasing her as much as possible, then soaped up his hands into a lather. Next he pressed his middle finger to her entry, and applying steady pressure, felt her sphincter suddenly give way, dilate and let him in. Apart from a quiet grunt, she remained silent. He pushed it in and out of her for a few seconds, feeling her loosen a little, before bringing his cock into play. Again applying steady pressure, he watched the skin around her anus bulge out, turning light brown as he pressed, and pink as he pulled back.

He suddenly felt her easing, slippery movement, then he was in. He heard a little gasp from the child, as her ten year old sphincter let him passed it with a pop, her muscle tight around his rim. He paused only a moment, before applying pressure again. She grunted and moved, having to take a step forward to balance. He held her hips, and pulled her towards him, feeling his cock now slide into her, her passage peeling reluctantly open, as he pressed all the way into her. He mashed into her buttocks with his pubis. Not wasting a moment, he pulled back and pressed in, back and in, slapping her buttocks with his thighs. Conscious any regular slapping sound might be recognised, he slowed. But he wanted more from this girl anyway. Much more.

He pulled out of her. "Turn around, but stay bent. Suck my cock again," he said forcefully. She turned, looked at him and was about to say something, but he pre-empted her. "You want your full three thousand, Nina?" more of a statement than a question, he asked. She blinked looked at his cock, and back up again. She grabbed his shaft, and wiped him with her hand under the flowing water. "No, Nina, straight in, now," he demanded. She moved towards him, paused, then opened her mouth and took him in as far as she could. It was more than he expected. "OK, that's good, Nina, now suck on it. Suck really hard....oh yeah, that's good" he muttered, as she did as he said. He let her continue for about another minute, before he told her to turn around again, like before.

Nina had at first been disgusted by the things he'd told her to do, but at the same time excited. Then, as he started, she found it more pleasurable than she'd expected. Her pussy tingled, like it had last night. She bent and held her ankles, moving her feet apart, as she'd done before. She felt him hold her bottom, caressing her. It was nice. Then his cock was at her entry. It made the tingle increase. The itch inside her was becoming urgent. She needed this as much as he did. Suddenly he was inside her. He bumped her end, where it itched so much. So good. And again, "yesss, Nggggg, ahhhhh," she gasped out. She was aware he'd clamped his hand over her mouth. Coloured lights flashed around behind her closed eyelids.

It might have lasted a moment or an hour, she'd lost track of time. Then suddenly, she felt him twitch, pause his movement, pull himself as deep into as he could, and blasted his cum into her. Her climax increased tenfold. For a moment, she thought she'd fainted, but he was holding her firmly in his strong hands, his cock moving gently in and out of her, as his pulses eased, and became little twitches. She felt him shrink inside her, and suddenly he was out of her. She reached out and held one of the pipes to steady herself, catching her breath. She was only half conscious of him stepping out of the shower, rubbing himself with a towel and leaving her there. She suddenly realised she had to brush her teeth. Her mouth tasted disgusting. The other thing was the water suddenly turned freezing cold, making her scream. Mike, by this time, was already downstairs, though. Tatiana smiled at Mike called up from downstairs. "You used all the hot water again, Nina?"

"Yes, Mama," came the reply.

"I really don't know how you manage to spend so long in the bathroom," Tatiana called back, winking at Mike. He said nothing, enjoying the banter between the two. His mind was already on the day ahead.

It was an hour later before Mike set off. He'd palmed the girls the money he owed them, while upstairs, packing his few belongings. Nina grasping her five thousand Rubles with glee, while Ana thinking she'd only earned one thousand was surprised when he handed her two. "You were asleep for the second one," he explained. "Will you two like to see me again in a few day's time? I have to return the truck, before I go to the airport." They both grinned, knowing they could earn a lot more from the Belarusian businessman. "Yes," he continued, "and Tatiana says I can photograph you both, when I come back. And you know what I want to photograph, up close, really close." He left that hanging in the air.

By arrangement, Mike left a bag of non essential clothes at their home. He had no need to carry pyjamas and dressing gown, slippers or other such items, where he was going. He took out his passport, giving his name as Mikhail Davanov, and showed it to Nikita, before dropping it into the bag with his other stuff.

"Would you keep this safe for me, Nikita? Will it do as a deposit on the truck?" asked Mike.

"Da, da," agreed Nikita, clutching the wad of money Mike had just handed him as the upfront payment on the truck hire. It was more than he'd clear in a month of taxi driving. "The weather is going to be bad for a few days," said the Siberian man, looking at the heavy grey clouds, as he carried Mike's pack out to the truck. It had snowed off and on

throughout the night, and was looking like more was on the way. The temperature had warmed up to minus ten degrees. Mike knew the situation precisely. He'd checked in with Bob-dob, and scanned the satellite weather pictures. To go where he needed to be, snow cover was ideal. The main saving grace was that because heavy snow was so common here, the roads were cleared almost before the snow had fallen. Snow ploughs had been out all night, and were still operating. A few minutes later, he drove off down the road, leaving different family members pleased with the money he'd left with them, and the promise of more to come on Monday.

= 4 =

Far up in the mountains, over 500 miles to the west of Salekhard, Sergei Bollockov sat in front of a huge panoramic, quadruple glazed window, gazing at the whiteout snow, hammering against the glass. He was fuming, and Ivan felt he was treading on eggshells, as he tried to explain the setbacks which had taken place. Sergei was not one who took bad news well.

"So let me get this straight, Ivan," hissed Bollockov. "Vasili gets the call from you to go to the airport in Salekhard after Nikolai spotted the Englishman in the airport at St. Petersburg. They were on the same plane together, so we know he got to Salekhard. You told him to follow in his car. The distance is only seven fucking kilometres on the highway, and he loses him, half way to the city. What sort of cretin is he? So what happened then. Tell me again."

Ivan swallowed. "He returned to the exit, where he lost him, found no tyre tracks in the snow, went back to the airport, and found he'd returned the hire car. He then vanished. He didn't hire another, so he must have taken a taxi or bus into the city. Do you want us to check all the taxi and bus drivers?"

"No, don't bother," seethed Sergei, holding his arm, still painful in it's sling, even now, "you'll just waste time. We know why he's here. We can wait for him. Now is there any news of Nikolai?"

"Yes," replied Ivan, pleased to be able to change the subject, even though the news wasn't that good, "Nikolai found the Mesikov couple and their daughter at their address. He got rid of the parents, and took the girl. She resisted, but he used the drug on her. She came quietly after that. There were no problems getting her on to the flight out of Tallinn. That passport you got for her worked well. It was only at St. Petersburg was there any concern, but the Englishman didn't cause any problem. Nikolai arrived in Salekhard, as you know, but he's stuck there until he can take off in the jet. There was a mechanical fault with the jet, down on the landing strip here. Anyway, they fixed it, and it's on the way to Salekhard now. He should be here tomorrow night. The main worry is more snow is forecast. The helicopter can't fly up here in this," he waved his hand at the weather through the window, "and there's more of the same coming through tomorrow."

Bollockov owned a Sikorsky S-67D helicopter to ferry passengers up from a landing strip he owned down on the plane, near the foothills. From there, his Executive jet could fly either to and from Salekhard, or Moscow as he chose.

“What do you want to do with the Mesikov girl, boss? Give her the usual?” There was a sneer in his voice. Sergei had particularly sadistic tastes, when it came to young girls. At the very least, he needed to hurt them, to get off. The problem was not many parents allowed him to do that, and even fewer to damage them much. Unbeknown to them, Nina and Ana had had relatively light treatment at his hands. They had physically recovered after a couple of weeks. His ultimate pleasure, of course, was to make snuff movies. With this in mind, he’d gone to a lot of trouble to arrange the kidnapping of the Mesikov girl. Living in Tallinn hadn’t helped. Her name was Nesy, derived from her birth name, Vanessa. She was going to suffer before she died. Her older sister and brother had caused him a huge amount of trouble. They and their incest derived daughter, who was a year older than Nesy. He had caught and dealt with the brother. He’d taken a long time to die. He would deal with Alex and Katrin Mesikov in the fullness of time. First he would take his pleasure on Nesy. Perhaps he would take his time with her. Make it last over a few days. In the meantime, he had two other girls downstairs to occupy him until Nikolai finally got here. This fucking snow.

“No, Ivan,” he said, his mood finally lightening, “not the usual. We’ll arrange something particularly unpleasant for Miss. Mesikov, when she finally gets here, shall we? In the meantime, go downstairs. Bring up the dark haired ten year old girl. We can spend the morning amusing ourselves with her.” The terrified child downstairs didn’t know she only had a couple of hours left to live.

Mike’s journey had been as tedious as it was tiring. The main highway from Salekhard to Moscow led in a south westerly direction, whereas Bollockov’s dacha was well to the north of that road. And whereas it would have been faster to have headed along it, then cut north later, that’s what would have been expected by anyone on the lookout for him. And he was sure they were on the lookout for him. His route had taken him through flat countryside covered in an endless forest of evergreen pines. The roads were just dust tracks. Because of the strong wind blowing from the north, the falling snow, only light fine powdery dust now, had drifted among the trees, but left the open road largely uncovered. There had been an occasional hut, or house, and even a couple of neglected looking villages. But other than that it was featureless. Why anyone would choose to live out here, he couldn’t imagine. Mile after boring frozen mile. It is a little known fact that Siberia, if it were still an independent country, would be the largest country in the world. The place was vast.

He stopped for a break at midday, and ate some of the food which Tatiana had insisted on giving him. A large lump of, quite tasty, home made bread, local cheese, and a strip of dried reindeer meat. He got out of the truck to take a piss, and was fascinated as his urine froze a few seconds after it hit the ground. The truck thermometer read minus fifteen degrees centigrade. Even for these latitudes, at this time of year, it was cold. He started the vehicle and drove on. It was too cold to leave the engine off for long, and anyway, if it didn’t re-start, he would be in deep trouble.

It was late in the day, twilight approaching, when he saw the lights of a small group of buildings up ahead. He pulled up outside a wooden house, which reminded him of a Swiss chalet, with an apex shaped roof, which almost met the ground. There was laughter and loud talking coming from within. He walked up the four wooden steps leading to a

veranda, which surrounded the whole structure, and rang a large brass bell hanging by a wide, ornate door. Suddenly there was silence from within. Mike heard an interior door being opened, and light shone through a glass panel in the door. Shadows showed movement within.

The door swung open, and a jovial looking, woman of about sixty, looked out at him. She took one glance, and beckoned him inside, out of the cold air. The falling snow had eased off now, but the temperature was falling again. He stepped into a small inside entry hall, designed to stop the rest of the house freezing, when the front door was opened, and brushed off some loose snow from his boots.

As if she'd expected him, she remarked: "You'll be wanting a bed for the night, young man. My name is Ivana. I only charge a thousand Rubles for board. With this weather, no one's on the road. You're the only traveller staying tonight. It's just as well, because my son's here for a visit, and he's using the only other room I have." Mike wondered how many visitors she got at the height of the season. Not many, he suspected. "Bring your bags in, I'll put something on the stove for you to eat."

He returned a few minutes later, humping his rucksack over one shoulder and his small overnight bag over the other. He hung his heavy coat in the entry hall on a large wooden peg, alongside other similar garments, and kicked off his boots. Opening his bag, he pulled out some house shoes, and slipped them on. He opened the inside door, and found himself in a large, warm, comfortable looking room. Every item of furniture inside looked as if it had been built on site from the timbers of the forest. The only exception, was a large iron log burning stove, which was giving out a very warm glow, attracting him to draw closer.

A man of about thirty stood, and holding out his hand introduced himself as 'Paul'. "I live in the town now," he explained, "it is a couple of hours drive from here. I run the sawmill." He spoke in a way suggesting that no other idiot in the whole of Siberia would be stupid enough to work there. Mike wasn't taken by the man. He made a mental note to keep his valuables close to hand overnight. Suddenly, a door at the back of the room opened, and Ivana entered, carrying a heavy pot, which she placed on top of the iron stove. She was followed a few seconds later by a small girl, carrying a wooden tray, stacked with various items.

"This is Yenna," said Ivana, "my granddaughter, Paul's girl." Mike appraised her. She was very pretty, although slight of build, and could have been any age between seven and eleven. She had an elfin look in her face, suggesting perhaps there had been some inbreeding in her ancestry, which Mike knew was not uncommon in these remote areas. Her long blond hair hung to her waist, framing her permanent smile beneath her twinkling blue eyes. Mike noticed she never spoke unless spoken to the whole evening.

Ivana quickly prepared the food, and ladled out a generous portion into some wooden bowls, one of which she handed to Mike. He looked at the slop before him. It contained carrots, potatoes, onions and meat, which he suspected was reindeer, all in a brown looking sauce. He dipped his spoon in and tasted it to find it was delicious. Soon his saliva glands were running overtime and the food vanished quickly. He hadn't realised just how hungry he was. Ivana nodded at him with approval.

They asked Mike about himself. He related his rehearsed story of being a banker from Tallinn on vacation. He'd been given a bonus for discovering a fraud, and was spending it on a week's holiday. Before returning for his expected promotion, he was trying to follow his pet hobbies of walking in some of the world's wildest places, and photography. He asked if he could photograph the family group, which they were happy to permit. He showed them the results, which Ivana loved. He wished he could have printed it off for her.

Ivana showed Mike up to his room. It was small, but homely. She had lit a small paraffin stove to take the chill off, but all it seemed to do was make the room smell. Ivana said she was going to bed, but when Mike asked her to join him in a whisky, she smiled and returned downstairs with him. After a couple of Mike's whiskies, and another couple of vodka's, Ivana made her excuses and went to her room. She hadn't noticed the little green pill he'd dropped in her drink. It would kick in, in about an hour, and keep her under for about six hours. Mike wasn't sure at this stage how he was going to molest Yenna, but didn't want her granny interfering when the time came.

Mike chatted to Paul for a while. Yenna, Paul explained, was eight, nearly nine years old, was shy, but always did as she was told. Paul talked about his wife, who he said had fucked off with his best friend. He missed the friend. But he had Yenna now. They were very close, and spent every moment together. Mike didn't miss the message he was sending. So pushed the conversation a little. "She has nice bone structure," he said, "I wouldn't mind doing some portrait photography with her."

"How much?" was Paul's curt reply. They were on the same wavelength already. Negotiating.

"Dressed as she is, for half an hour, say a hundred," mused Mike.

"And if she wasn't dressed like that?" Paul's meaning clear.

"Five hundred," said Mike steadily, "and if she posed anyway I wanted, it would be a thousand. For the night, I'll make it two."

"For three," Paul interjected, "you've got a deal."

"Like one more drink, Paul?" asked Mike, as he handed over three, one thousand Ruble notes. Mike turned and picked up Paul's glass. Like his mother, Paul never noticed the green pill Mike dropped in the generous helping of whisky he poured into the glass.

Paul took the child to the corner of the room, and they talked for a minute or two. She looked across at Mike several times, her smile never diminishing. Clearly, this was something they had discussed on previous occasions.

She walked over to Mike, and took his hand in hers, tugging gently. He stood, and let her lead him upstairs. On the way he grabbed his half empty bottle of Scotch. Had he not done so, he knew it would be empty in minutes, left with Paul.

Mike closed the door behind the child, and watched, as she started to undress. There was no shyness at all. In fact, it was as if she took particular pleasure from him caressing her

naked body with his eyes. She was thin. Every rib on her showed, and yet she didn't look hungry. Just made lean. He reckoned she probably weighed about 45 lbs. Her buttocks were compact, firm, but small. She had pencil thin legs and arms with a parallel sided torso. She hadn't started the long journey towards puberty, which would give her female curves, just yet. The only real curves she had, were her bum and her mons, which looked full to Mike, pouting out from her lower belly, completely bald, smooth attractive, and split with a deep looking cleft, which seemed to wriggle with her movements.

It was too cold to stand around in the room naked, so Yenna jumped onto the bed and snuggled under the covers. Mike, realising just how cold it was, stripped and was under the bedding in moments. He was surprised, though, when she cuddled right into his side, one arm across his chest, her thin leg lifted and over his waist, moving down, finding his rising tumescence and pressed against it. She reached down with her free hand, and grasped his long cock, running her fingers along it's length, appreciating it's size. Still the child hadn't spoken a word.

The girl suddenly giggled and dived under the covers, her cheek sliding down Mike's chest and tummy, until he felt her breath against his end. Her hand pulled him upwards, and in a moment, he was engulfed in the wet warmth of her tiny mouth, her little teeth scraping along his shaft, her tongue searching for the sensitive spot of his frænulum, beneath his crown. This girl was no novice. She knew exactly what she was doing. She started to frig Mike hard, her hand working up and down his shaft, expertly, while her cheeks sunk inwards, as she applied suction. But then, she leaned forward, and swallowing, took him into her throat, letting him slide all the way down. Mike knew he wouldn't last two minutes at this rate, and wanted so much more, before he blew his load. He gently reached down, and placing his hands either side of her head, lifted her up and away. It had been a masterful blow job, but he wanted so much more from this skilled tiny child before the night was over.

Pulling her up, she slid up over his chest, her lips reaching for his, her tongue instantly searching, seeking, finding his. Her legs, too short for her to kneel over him, pushed down with her feet, stretching her legs out sideways, trying to gain traction. Mike grasped her buttocks. They were so small, he could almost cup both in one hand. He nudged his cock against her, feeling his pre-cum run over the child's valley, making her slippery. His middle finger automatically sought her anus, finding her already pushing to dilate herself, letting him slide into her buttery interior. This girl was no beginner, Mike knew. When it came to the little techniques in making a man feel good, she knew just what buttons to press. She was fucking stunning. Mike reamed her rectum for a few seconds, while she wriggled over him, manoeuvring her pussy towards his tip. He wondered if she would be too small to take him, as his crown seemed to fill the whole gap between her little thighs.

The child wriggled and wriggled, applying constant pressure, seeking to work him into herself. Mike lay there and let her do the work, feeling the most wonderful sensations, as his helmet shaped end slipped fraction by fraction into her tiny, tiny hole. At last, his rim popped through her entry. She lifted her head, and looked him in the eye and grinned at him, her blond hair sweeping across his chest. Considering how incredibly tight she felt, to the point of being painful, he expected her to pause a moment, but instead, still looking at him, applied her weight, pushing down on him. He felt his crown forcing itself into her passage, her walls peeling reluctantly apart, as his seven and a half inches slid inexorably

into her. All the way into her. A bulge in her tummy suddenly appeared. This girl was amazing.

As she ground her vulva into his pubic hair, she grinned once more at him. Still wiggling, she lifted herself up, until his crown, once more was gripped by the tight muscles of her entry, before she dropped down. Quicker this time, his cock sliding into her incredibly tight, exquisite cunt. Up and down she went, like a steam engine, up and down. Her lovely blond hair swept across his chest repeatedly with her movements. Her grin and eye to eye stare continuing. Mike had been a pedo all his life. He had fucked hundreds of different little girls. But he knew, without a doubt, this girl had earned a place in the top ten hall of fame. She was just too sexy, so oozing with sensuality, as though she knew exactly how to maximise his pleasure.

He felt the stirrings deep inside. He was going to cum. For him, much sooner than usual. He could usually make it last. She must have sensed it too, because she started to clamp on him, and take shorter cycles. She was certainly cuming, the way she was breathing and clamping on him. But what she did next astounded Mike. She was looking intently at him, judging the moment. Then, just as his first little pulse heralded the start of his incredible orgasm, she lifted her feet up off the bed, and cuddled her knees to her chest, concentrating her entire weight onto his pubis, forcing every tiny bit of him deep into her. All seven and a half inches. The bulge near her tummy button pushed out, indicating just how deep into her he'd penetrated.

Mike exploded into the girl. Again and again he blasted into her, feeling her whole passage, like a huge fist, moving up and down his shaft, even though she was no longer moving. He opened his eyes, and stared into her bright blue eyes, still gazing at him, her warm smile hoping he was enjoying it. At last it ended. Yenna put her feet down again, and carefully lifted herself off his cock, looking down at the semen dripping from her pussy onto his lower belly. She held herself there, clearly amused at what she was doing. When the stream had turned to drips and the drips seemed to end, she leaned forward, and extending her tongue, proceeded to lick the semen from him. Taking several minutes, she cleaned him off completely. It was just so sensual. Even flaccid as he now was, Mike found this incredibly arousing.

Satisfied she'd completed the task, she climbed off Mike, and cuddled into his side, one arm and one leg draped over him. She was snoring in less than two minutes, while Mike lay there recovering from the best fuck he'd had in a while. Suddenly, it occurred to him, throughout the evening, and since coming to bed, he hadn't heard her speak. Not once. He drifted off to sleep with that thought in mind.

He woke during the night, needing a pee. She had, by now, rolled onto her side away from him. Returning to bed, Mike found Yenna still curled on her side, as he'd left her. He lay there, waiting to warm up, before he cuddled into her back, thinking about what a remarkable girl she was. She was so good at what she had done to him earlier, he realised she must have been trained. Had to be. He felt sorry for her, in a way, knowing she lived in the backside of nowhere, had a father who had led her into a life of prostitution, and she would stay that way, until she was pregnant, or too old to continue in that trade, or both. Her grandmother, sleeping in the next room, in all probability, started the same way. The cycle would then repeat with Yenna's own children one day. But, as Mike knew, in remote places like this, people made a living how they could.

He lay there, running his fingers up and down her flank, feeling just how slight and curveless she was. Her bum was so small. Just his fingers alone could cover each cheek. That didn't stop him from pulling them apart and letting his rising cock explore her hidden entry, her brown asterisk shaped tunnel. He let his crown dab into her recess, letting his pre-cum lubricate her, feeling the slipperiness start to spread.

Mike really fancied a torrid fuck right now. All he wanted was a fuck toy to bugger hard. She didn't need to do anything, nor did she need to know anything about it. He felt this girl had worked hard earlier, she deserved her sleep now. So he reached over for his wash bag, and unzipping it took out a small eye dropper bottle. Inside was a colourless, odourless liquid. He used the dropper to suck up some fluid and held it over the girl's open mouth, as she gently snored. Just before she took an intake of breath, he squeezed out three drops. They fell between her teeth onto her tongue.

By the time Mike had got out his tube of KY Jelly and put the bottle and wash bag away, her breathing had changed. She was going from a deep sleep, to deep unconsciousness. She would be out for the count for a couple of hours. More than enough time for the depraved act he wanted to perform. Wasting no time now, he got the KY and spread a dollop both under and over his foreskin. He then pulled the girl up with one hand under her belly, so she fell into a kneeling position, although she was almost bent double, her face pressed to the mattress. He shoved the nozzle into her anus, and squeezed the tube, ensuring she was well coated for what he wanted to do next. Putting away the KY, he got up onto his knees behind the girl. His knees were spread out, the inside of his thighs pressing against the outside of hers. He wanted this as tight as possible.

Mike lifted Yenna up with one hand, while guiding his cock down to her recess with the other. He pressed against her, quite hard. Immediately, he started to sink in. Her sphincter was offering no resistance at all, she was so comatose. He felt his foreskin being ripped back, as he sank in, despite all the KY he'd applied to them both. Fuck, she was tight in there. A sudden release in pressure told Mike he was inside her entry. He paused for a minute, allowing her to dilate a little, before he commenced his journey into her interior. Holding her hips in both hands, he lifted her off the bed and pushed. At first, nothing seemed to happen, except the tension of his foreskin being ripped back increased. Then he slipped in a fraction, then another, and suddenly, he was sliding into her. He could feel her rectum opening, peeling apart, as he penetrated into her bowels. Finally, his pubic bone was pressed to her anus. He was all the way in; and she was so, so tight.

Mike's blood was getting up now. He rarely had the opportunity to really let rip with a girl up the arse, because it hurt her too much. But now was his chance. She might feel a bit sore in the morning, but that's all. He got up from his knees, onto his feet. He was bending over the girl, his legs bent in a squat, Her entire weight held in his hands grasping her hips. He pulled back, almost coming out of her, and pushed quickly back in, and out again, faster and in. He soon built up pace. In a few cycles, the girl was swinging forwards and backwards, between his bent knees, his cock plunging all the way in and out of her bowels, as she swept back and forth. Mike started to undulate his pelvis into her, as she swung towards him, starting a slapping sound, as their bodies collided together. The slapping got louder, as his pace increased, smack, smack, smack. Seven and a half inches, his cock pounded into the girl, every half a second. He had a funny thought, as he

often did at these times. It worked out as 15 inches a second, or 75 feet a minute. Give her ten minutes of this, and the girl would have had a 250 yard fuck. Enough for any girl!

Mike was hammering into her now, they were slapping into each other hard. He hoped she wouldn't be bruised in the morning. Her body, hair and arms were waving around, like a rag doll's. Her rectum was so tight on his shaft, as he slid in and out of her, he could feel every ripple of her passage against his crown. So good. But the inevitable soon arrived, and with it his climax. He stopped dead, pressed himself as deep into her as he could manage, then he blasted into her, feeling his semen shoot inches further into her bowels. Again and again he shot into her, feeling an overwhelming sense of release pass over him. So good. So fucking good.

As Mike's final surge spurted into the eight year old, his legs, in their cramped position, gave out, and he collapsed on top of the girl. Still holding her tight to him, still fully impaled in her bum, he rolled to the side, and in moments was asleep.

= 5 =

Mike awoke at dawn. The room was freezing, and he pulled the covers over him and the girl. She slowly stirred. His flaccid cock had remained partially inside her, and as they woke, he engorged, becoming tumescent. She groaned, her rectum bruised and sore, and pulled away from him, his cock flopping out of her. But almost immediately, she rolled over and lifted her head out from under the covers, smiled at him and scooted down. She turned herself round, under the covers, and the next thing Mike saw were her naked legs emerging. She lifted herself over him, and before he knew it, she had grabbed his cock and sucked him deep. But her hip thrusts were unmistakable. She expected Mike to reciprocate, to eat her out.

He held back for a second, admiring her narrow, long, but full mons, with it's deep cleft, as she pressed herself once more towards him. For an eight year old, this child was going for gold. She really knew what she was doing. Mike dipped between her thighs, and in a moment, was feasting on her pussy. His nose was pressed to her anus, and was slimy with his own semen, which was leaking from her constantly. But, her cunt taste was exquisite. Mike had always found the younger a girl was, the nicer she tasted and Yenna tasted really delicious. Meanwhile, Yenna started a cycle of suck, lick, push down, pull back. This went on for a while, before she paused, angled her head, and suddenly dropped her face down, engulfing the whole of his seven and a half inches down her throat. Mike gasped. Then it got even better, as she then lifted and dropped on him, his cock sliding in and out of her tight, tight throat. She had a pace which was fast, but enabled her to gasp a breath as she lifted up. Then it got better still. As she moved, she started gulping. The effect on his cock was like the grip and release of a strong fist. This girl had definitely been trained by someone, who really knew how to please a man. For an eight year old, she was world class.

Mike had cum twice during the night big style. Just one would have satisfied him for a day or two. Now he knew he was going to cum a third time, and it was going to be a monster. He pressed his tongue as deep into the girl as he could. She'd earned a nice cum herself, and her tiny labia enveloped his tongue in their smooth slippery grip, as he tried to press in. He felt a sense of urgency in her movements after a short while, and as he expected, he felt her little vagina open and close, open and close rapidly. The only other sign of her

joy, was the speed she gulped his cock in her throat. It wasn't even spoilt, when she paused for a second, and farted straight into his face. She giggled for a moment, before carrying on.

Her little orgasm was the final straw for Mike, as he felt the signs. He couldn't hold back any longer, and felt the first little pulse of his cock. She moaned, when his semen spurted deep into her throat. He'd expected her to pull back, let him cum in her mouth, but she didn't. She surprised him yet again. In fact, in anticipation of his next pulse, she lifted off him, took a deep breath, then plunged all the way down and pushed her lips hard against his cock base, forcing him all the way down her throat. Mike blasted his second, third and fourth pulses into her, feeling her gulping continue. He was getting ecstatic pleasure from this. It was sex as good as it gets.

Eventually, she pulled off him, gasping for air for a few seconds. Then as she calmed, she then did another incredibly sexy thing. She turned to him, looking him in the eye, with that permanent smile painted across her face, her long blond hair hanging down her chest. She moved her chin a couple of times, took a deep breath, then burped loudly. Still smiling, she burped again, then opened her lips into an 'O' shape, and like with chewing gum, blew a great big semen bubble, which expanded in front of her face, popped, and splashed over her lips and cheeks. This girl was just amazing.

For the next ten or fifteen minutes, they cuddled together. Mike heard movement downstairs, and was about to suggest she should get back to her own room, when the door swung open. In came Ivana, with a bright smile on her face. She was carrying a tray of tea with a plate of homemade bread, butter and jam. There were two glass cups on the tray, indicating to Mike that Yenna's presence in his bed was by no means a surprise to her.

Yenna, who Mike had not heard speak at all since his arrival, suddenly spoke to her grandmother in a rapid staccato language, which Mike didn't understand. It would be a local Siberian dialect, of which there were many. The two were smiling warmly. Mike guessed Yenna was giving her a full account of the night's events. Eventually, the conversation ended, and Yenna picked up her tea and sipped at the scalding liquid. She lifted one of her buttocks and farted long and loud, before taking another sip of her tea.

Ivana looked at Mike and said, still smiling: "Well, Young man, I hear you've had an interesting night." Mike, despite himself, blushed slightly. "She's quite a girl, our Yenna, I think you'll agree, I taught her well, didn't I?" she said, matter-of-factly, stroking her fingers through the child's long blond hair, exposing her naked chest. Her areolæ were as flat as any eight year old's, but her nipples were standing out, hard, in the cold air of the room. "She tells me you waited for her to go to sleep after she fucked you, and then you went and bugged her up the bum. You shouldn't have done that without asking her. She feels very sore." Mike was almost embarrassed how this family matriarch discussed his abuse of the child so calmly, as if discussing the weather. "I can put some salve in her bottom, which will take away the soreness for her," she continued. "It's expensive salve," the woman said steadily, her meaning clear.

"How expensive?" asked Mike.

“Oh,” she said pensively, “about a thousand Rubles...” Mike reached for his wallet, when Ivana added: “...for the Salve, and another for her.” Mike smiled and handed each of them a grubby one thousand Ruble note, which they each snatched from his hand. For the night he’d enjoyed, it was worth every Ruble. “She has to come downstairs soon to help in the kitchen,” said Ivana, as she picked up the tray and moved towards the door, “could you send her down when you’ve finished with her?”

Mike got out of bed. He wanted a shower and shave, but realised he had a window of opportunity with the girl if he wanted it. He pulled on a pair of trousers and fleece top, grabbed his camera case and indicated to her to start posing. Mike, being the professional photographer that he was, expected to direct the girl in posing as he wanted. But there was no need, because this girl posed in some of the most erotic positions he’d ever seen. She posed standing, lying down, squatting, bending over and holding herself open. At the end, she even managed to burp again and blow another semen bubble.

Mike had his shower, packed his belongings, and went downstairs for breakfast. Ivana and Yenna had laid out a big spread of local produce, and Mike enjoyed a breakfast of eggs, bread, yoghurt, cheese, jam, honey and ham. Everything had been produced within half a mile of where he sat, and tasted excellent. Soon after, he pulled on his heavy coat, and loaded his few belongings into the truck. It had started to snow lightly again. The temperature hadn’t risen, and he knew he had a long day ahead.

“Where the fuck has Nikolai got to,” ranted Sergei. He had enjoyed the dark haired girl the previous day. She had died slowly, painfully and messily. Just how he liked it. But there was only one more girl downstairs now. He usually had half a dozen down there, and if Nikolai had been delayed with the Mesikov girl, he’d have to make this last one last longer.

“I called him earlier,” said Ivan . “After the jet finally got to Salekhard, they had to make some repairs to the hydraulics. There’s been an ongoing problem with it for a few weeks now. The parts had to be flown in from Moscow. They worked on it overnight It took longer than they expected to fix it. Even now, they think the main pump needs replacing....”

“Yes, yes,” shouted Sergei, impatiently, “but when will he be here.”

“He will take off any time now, with the girl, but there is another problem,” he said quietly, knowing Sergei wouldn’t be happy.

“What?” asked Sergei in a tone to freeze the room colder than the outside.

“He’ll land down at the airstrip in about an hour’s time, but....”, Ivan paused.

“What?” repeated Sergei, coldly.

“The weather’s closing in now, heavy snow falling,” explained Ivan. “The front has already reached the airfield. It’ll be up here any time. He’ll be very lucky to land the jet, let alone take off in the helicopter. Certainly he’s got no chance of flying it up here. Zero visibility

and winds of sixty knots expected. He's going to be stuck down there for two or three days."

"No he's fucking not," exploded Sergei. "Tell him he's going to get here today. If he doesn't, he'll go where all the girls end up." He indicated a trap door in the corner of the floor. Beneath it was a sheer drop of over a thousand feet. "That'll get the fucker up here soon enough. Now what are we going to do with that little blond girl downstairs? How old did you say she was?"

"Seven, Sergei. But only just."

"Well in that case," said Sergei with a leer, "We'd better make her last a bit longer than the others, then. Get her up here. When're the next girls arriving, did you find out?"

"Same problem, Boss," said Sergei, again glad to change the subject, "Nikolai was to have picked two up from Kiev yesterday, but we sent him to Tallinn instead for the Mesikov girl. If it hadn't been for the weather, he'd have been there and back by now."

Mike drove on through the deteriorating weather. He estimated he'd travelled four hundred miles the previous day, never exceeding forty miles an hour. Tedious driving. A long day, with big rewards at the end of it. Today was slower, but at least he only had a hundred miles to go, before the road entered the rising ground of the Urals. Passing through a small community about half way through the morning, he was able to fill the fuel tank. The man in the shop took his money for the fuel with the advice that he should stop somewhere soon, there was a big weather front expected in from the north, and a lot of snow followed by a deep freeze, according to the forecast. For a few Rubles, the man helped Mike fit the snow-chains to the wheels. Mike thanked the man, and drove on, hoping to get as many miles behind him as he could, before the whiteout arrived.

As he reached the edge of the small settlement, he noticed the small airstrip, which was outlined in his briefing notes. It had been built during the "Great Patriotic War" to ferry people and freight from the west over the Urals, after the Nazis had invaded. It was now owned by a holding company in Bollockov's name. He slowed down, and pulled into the cover of some trees to get an idea of activity if any. He watched for a while, but the heavily falling snow made any visual discovery impossible. He was just about to drive on, when he heard a small executive jet come into land. "Must be flying blind, landing on radar," thought Mike. "There's no way any pilot could see the runway in this. He must be very brave or very stupid." Mike drove round the perimeter road. Some ramshackle buildings came into sight. Parked nearby, was a Sikorsky S-67D helicopter. Mike had seen a few over the years. He thought it worth a few minutes of his time, so parked again out of sight, and waited.

He could hear the jet in the distance. It was manoeuvring along a taxiway. As it turned, he could see the glare of its landing lights approaching. It came to rest alongside the black helicopter. Almost immediately, the door opened, and two figures climbed out. A large burly man, and a child. Even from here, he could see her hands were tied behind her back. It was too difficult to see who they were, but Mike couldn't help but remember the man and girl he'd seen in the airport back at St. Petersburg. Could it be? He watched, as

the man waved his arm at the girl. She turned and kicked his leg. Mike grimaced, when the man hit her backhanded across her cheek. He heard the engines of the helicopter start up, but there was no attempt to take off. Because at that moment, the ferocity of the snow storm hit, and all vision closed in. After about five minutes, Mike heard the helicopter's engines shut down. He'd seen enough. It would be slow enough for him to travel, but at least he could follow the snow poles, that, and use his thermal imaging camera, a device of his own design, which showed the path of a road beneath a thick layer of snow, and make some progress.

Soon, the road started to rise steeply. He was fortunate, in that the strong crosswind was still blowing from the north. It formed drifts either side, on the edges of the trees bordering the road, but largely kept the road clear. The road, such as it was, had been built with convict labour, back in Stalin's time, to access the higher areas of forest. Mike kept going as long as he could, but about seventy miles from the airstrip the road finally gave out at the high altitudes, where the trees ended. He backed down a hundred yards, and seeing a gap, manoeuvred the truck under the canopy.

Mike got out of the vehicle, and started to don his arctic clothing. The cold was penetrating, and he would need all his skills to ensure he didn't freeze to death. It was midday, and he hoped to make a few miles before he camped for the night. Setting off at a good pace, his heavy pack on his back, snow shoes and walking poles, goggles and mask, he looked like an explorer heading into the Himalayas.

High up, in his mountaintop lair, Sergei Bollockov had calmed. The child had been good. He'd taken his pleasure on her, and he hadn't damaged her too much. She would be good for more the following day. Ivan had taken her back to her room. When he returned, Sergei was looking out of the window at the whiteout.

"Any news on Nikolai?" Sergei asked calmly. "I don't think he should fly in this, Ivan. Call him. Tell him to leave as soon as he can, when he thinks the weather's cleared enough."

"Yes, Boss," said Ivan with relief. He'd called Nikolai earlier and told him what Bollockov had ordered this morning, and all Nikolai had said was: "It would be suicide, Ivan. There's no way I'm flying in this. I wouldn't get half way up there in this weather." So when Ivan called Nikolai again, they both expressed their relief.

"I will take off at the earliest opportunity, Ivan," Nikolai said. "The girl is a fucking nightmare. She moans and complains and never stops. I will be glad to be rid of her. I tell you Ivan, the boss is welcome to her. She's worse than all the other girls put together."

Ivan laughed, as he clicked the phone off. Nikolai was his younger brother, and they had been through a lot together with Sergei, over the years.

The afternoon proved to be a gruelling yomp for Mike. Not since he'd endured arctic training with the army, had he felt so exhausted. Despite his snow shoes, and picking his route skilfully, he found patches of soft snow, which engulfed him. At other times, he made

excellent progress. Ever upward. Occasionally, the snow would inexplicably clear for a few seconds, and he would get a momentary glimpse of the high peaks ahead of him. Mile after mile he trudged. It was getting late, and the light began to fail. Mike's G.P.S. told him he'd walked ten miles from the truck, and the altitude had increased three thousand feet. He looked for and found a suitable spot which was both out of the wind, but hadn't filled with drifting snow. He quickly erected his tiny tent, and slipped inside. He lit one of his small stoves, and melted some snow to boil for some tea, and one of his dehydrated food packs. Getting out of his thick clothing, he soon felt human again. Mike loved challenges such as this climb. It was a shame the weather was so severe, though, because he would have enjoyed photographing the scenery had it been clear.

The following morning, Mike woke just as the first grey tendrils of dawn were showing. He made a hot drink, filled a Thermos flask, packed his gear and tent, and was on the move twenty minutes later. The snow had eased off, but the cold, if anything, had become even more intense. Certainly it was far colder than the average for this time of year. He hoped the risk of avalanche wasn't too great. On he walked, hour after hour. Late in the morning, he estimated he'd made at least twelve miles. He was now at the altitude where most of the mountains rose up to their peaks, up in the clouds.

He stopped for a quick break and a sip of coffee. His G.P.S. told him he was now close to Bollockov's lair. There was a sudden break in the clouds, and a shaft of sunshine flashed through the gap. He pulled his camera from his pack, and got off a couple of great shots, before the clouds closed in and the snow started to fall once more. Looking at the results in the viewfinder, he could see a tall, sheer cliff, less than half a mile distant. It had to be a thousand feet straight up. Vertical. At the top was an overhanging bluff, and above it, the unmistakable shape of a building. He'd arrived. However, he saw something. He zoomed in, enlarging the image in his high definition camera. His blood chilled, because beneath the bluff, was a tiny figure, spread eagled in the air. A falling person. And even from this distance, Mike could see it was a child. The figure was small, naked, long hair trailing. A little girl. His blood was no longer chilled, but boiling. His anger overflowing.

Mike lowered the camera, and switched it off. Suddenly he was calm, deadly calm, as he unconsciously put the camera away in its case. He picked up his gear, and walked towards the spot, beneath the cliff, where the child had fallen. It only took him fifteen minutes to reach the place.

She lay on her back, spread eagled, five feet deep in a snow drift. Her pretty blue eyes were open, looking back at him, as if in hope. She looked serene in death. As he looked at her, he realised she hadn't died from the fall, she was already dead. A leather ligature around her neck, which had left red and blue marks on her, otherwise unsoiled skin, testified to how she had met her end. The only other marks he could see on her, from where he stood over her, were the blood stains covering her inner thighs, and the snow between them.

Mike was stunned. There were few things in this world which shocked him, but this was one of them. Already his analytical mind was working out how to get at and terminate the threat that was Sergei Bollockov. He looked around him, and for the first time, could see other signs in the snow. A little hand here, a foot there, some hair appearing on the snow, as if it had grown there. It was a frozen graveyard of discarded children. Every one of them young, very young. He took out his camera, and quickly photographed the scene.

Mike was a paedophile. He loved little girls. But he would never harm one, and here around him was a desperate scene, which saddened, angered and appalled him. And, it was at that moment that two things happened. First, he heard the distinctive whomp, whomp, whomp sound of a helicopter, and second, the snow storm suddenly re-enveloped the area, but this time with far greater ferocity. It was as if the god of little girls was enraged, and wanted revenge.

Mike had to find shelter, fast. This one was bad; as if everything before had just been a rehearsal to the main storm, which had now broken. He moved away, towards some low broken rocks. He could just make out their profiles. He knew with this north wind the drifting would be to the south, but at the same time wanted as much shelter from the driving gale as possible. The wind chill would be more deadly than the twenty degrees of frost his phone indicated. He found the ideal spot, a series of walls of rock, each about thirty feet high. Each wall was about thirty yards from the next. The snow was drifting between them in diminishing quantities, so the one furthest downwind seemed to have least drift. He found a small indent in the rocks, and pitched the tent there. As Mike settled into the shelter, unpacking his stove and food supplies, he could hear the helicopter once again, through the scream of the storm. It seemed to be circling.

Nikolai was desperate. He fought at the controls to the Sikorski, trying to keep it flying in the worst whiteout he'd ever seen. The flight had started so well. He'd had a call from Ivan, telling him to get up here as soon as possible. The Boss had finished with the last girl, and needed the Tallinn girl immediately. Ivan had told him how Sergei had ranted the previous day and threatened them both if he didn't get his way. Nikolai had explained there had been yet another delay. The main rotor gear box was leaking hydraulic oil. It needed to be fixed. The parts they needed would have to come from Moscow. Ivan told him, if he didn't want to end up going where the girls ended up, he'd better order the part now, fill the hydraulic tank as full as he could and fly up with the Mesikov girl immediately. So here he was, trying to find somewhere, anywhere, to land and wait it out. He couldn't get high enough, in this storm, to use the helipad, and even if he did, the helicopter would be blown off it anyway. No, his best option was to land down below, in the lee of the mountain, if he could.

It was then it happened. Nikolai heard a loud bang from above and behind him. He knew what had happened instantly. The hydraulic pump, overworked, beyond its capacity had failed. The leaking oil had probably made it happen sooner. The main rotor gearbox had then exploded, cutting all power to the blades. They were going down!

Mike heard the sudden silence following the bang. The helicopter was in trouble. He slipped out of the tent, pulled on his snow shoes, and waited, standing alert. He heard a tearing sound, as if the aircraft had skidded over some rocks, ripping itself apart, then a moment's silence again, followed by a loud thump, and the sound of splashing water. That was the last he heard, but he had a direction. He knew it wasn't too far. Perhaps half a mile, or less.

Running and sliding down the slope, he came to a sudden drop. There was debris everywhere. The helicopter had hit the side of a nearly vertical slope, which combined with the spinning rotors and thick snow had broken the fall. It had then continued down the hill, the slope easing, before running off the edge of another steep bank. The deep trench in the snow could have been followed by a blind man. He ran on down and paused, looking

down. Despite the raging storm, he could make out below, the dark shape of the broken helicopter, lying on it's side, on the ice of a small tarn. The lake was similar to many he'd seen in Scotland and Norway. Running down the last of the slope, he moved carefully across the ice. He could see the aircraft had smashed a large hole, and the hot engines had melted a sizable area. The ice wasn't thick. Only a few days ago, the temperature had been high for the time of year. It was only the last forty eight hours that had been so cold.

As Mike approached the helicopter, he could see it was sinking slowly, as the ice melted and cracked around it. He pulled open the door to the cockpit, and inside he could see chaos. It was full of water. Nearest him, was a young girl, not just strapped in her seat, she was tied to it. She turned her head towards him, and he immediately recognised her as the girl he'd seen back at St. Petersburg airport. Her similarity to Katrin was astounding. He unclipped the safety belt, but she was still tied. The helicopter gave a lurch. It was going down. Mike had to step into the cockpit to reach her. The chill of the freezing water took his breath away. He reached into his boot, and pulled his knife out. He cut the bindings freeing her. He then had to climb up and out himself, get back onto the fragile ice, reach down, and taking her hand, lifted her bodily out, as the helicopter sank beneath her. The last thing Mike saw of it, was the pilot, the same man who he'd seen escorting her. He was trapped in his seat. The frame of the cockpit had bent inwards and was holding him, pinned down. The man was looking appealingly at Mike, his gloved hand held out towards him, his terrified eyes knowing what was about to happen. Mike grabbed the girl, and ran away from the hole in the ice, fearing the whole surface might be unstable.

They stopped at the edge, and turned to see there was nothing left, other than broken pieces of ice bobbing on the water, which was already beginning to freeze over once more, hiding the secret of the crash. The girl was only wearing a pair of jeans, a T-shirt and a thick jumper. She was soaked to the skin, and Mike could see already the water was freezing on her, as it was on himself. At least he had many layers of arctic clothing on, and he was only wet from the waist down. Ice had formed in her hair. She was already in a bad way. If he didn't get her warm, fast, she would die. She was already shivering heavily.

He guided her up the bank, but without snow shoes on, she was sinking into the deep drifts, waist deep. By the time they had gone a hundred yards, she was losing her focus, so cold was she, and after another hundred yards, she fell face forwards into the snow, unable to proceed. Moments later, she passed out. Mike took hold of her, and lifted her up over his shoulder. He turned and started to walk slowly back up to the tent. It had seemed such a short journey, as he had trotted down to the crash site, but a long slog, carrying the girl up that steep, snow covered slope. His own strength was giving out, the cold penetrating his soaking clothes. His balls felt as though they were in a vice. The blizzard was screaming, snow like sharp ice darts finding any exposed skin, like tiny needles. It was a monumental effort to walk that last half mile. Suddenly, out of the storm, Mike could make out the shadow of the rocks. His phone G.P.S. had guided him true. He was almost on them, before he saw the ridge of his tent, nearly now buried under the drifting snow. He laid the girl down in the snow, and using his hands, dug his way down to the tent entrance. Once in, he dragged her down and into the shelter. Out of the wind, the change was immediate, the wind chill gone. But he needed to warm the girl fast. He already wondered if it was too late.

Mike lit the stove, and put some water on for a hot drink. He lit his spare stove, to provide extra heat. In such a small area as his tiny tent, the temperature soon rose. The insulation of all the surrounding snow would help too. He turned back to the girl. She was looking deathly pale. The ice in her clothing and hair was beginning to melt, drawing further heat from her body. Quickly, Mike took off her shoes and socks, followed by her jeans and jumper. Her panties and T-shirt followed. No sexy thoughts passed through his mind. He was fighting to save her life. After drying her, the best he could with his small hand towel, he vigorously rubbed her arms and legs, trying to get her circulation going. She was not responding yet. He unzipped his sleeping bag and pushed her into it and zipped it up again.

Next Mike removed all his own soaking wet clothing, suddenly becoming aware just how cold he was himself. He used the, now, wet hand towel to wipe away what he could. Knowing they were going to need their clothing, he wrung it all out the best he could and hung it up. It would take a long time to dry. Mike knew he had to get the girl warmed up and fast. She was showing all the classic signs of hypothermia. His phone could take temperature readings, and showed she was down to 30 degrees centigrade, which is 86 degrees fahrenheit. Her skin was blotchy and she had lost consciousness almost half an hour ago. He made some coffee in a sipper flask, and unzipping the sleeping bag, climbed in with her. It was a struggle to re-zip it, as the bag was only made for one person. He instantly realised how cold she was. Her skin felt like stone. Taking the sipper cup, he tipped small quantities between her lips, trying to get some warmth inside her. She swallowed some, and moaned quietly in her comatose state. The best thing Mike could do now was wait. That and keep rubbing her limbs. As warmth slowly pervaded through his body, he fell into a deep sleep.

Sergei stood looking out of the window. He'd not moved for twenty minutes. Ivan thought he was rooted to the spot. They had both been in the panoramic room, when it had happened. They had not long finished with the girl. She had not excited Sergei, so he got rough with her and the next thing was she just went and died. That didn't stop Sergei, though, he'd carried on until he was sated. Even Ivan wasn't interested in fucking a corpse. Then she'd been dropped through the trap door, like all the others before her and that was that. Then minutes later, they heard Nikolai on the radio. He was in trouble. They'd both looked out the window at the very moment a dark shape appeared through the whiteness of the snow. It had been carried suddenly upwards by a massive vortex of wind, coming close to the building, before dropping to it's doom. Even through the quadruple glazed window, they'd heard the bang, and saw the gear box come apart, just below the rotor. A wind eddy must have whipped round the building, because hydraulic oil had even sprayed the outside of the window. Then, the aircraft had just died, like the girl had, and dropped out of sight.

Realisation slowly dawned on Bollockov, as he stared out of that window. Nikolai was dead. The helicopter down. Their immediate route out of the mountains gone. He'd have to radio the airstrip for someone to come out. It was already too late to do that today, no one would be there now. They'd have to find another helicopter from somewhere. It could take days. And on top of all that, there were no more girls to play with. He wondered where the Englishman had got to. He knew he'd arrived at Salekhard. Then the weather had closed in. He would be miles away still. By the time he got here, Sergei would be

safely in Moscow. He had a really big deal brewing and it needed completion. His partner there had more girls waiting for him. Yes, this helicopter business was inconvenient. Nothing more than that. He smiled to himself, surprising Ivan, as he turned back to face him. "Better get the screen set up, Ivan," he chuckled. "It's time we caught up on watching some really good home movies."

Nessy lay, staring up at the roof of the tent, watching the fabric waft in the wind. She could tell from the shape, the snow had covered the tent most of the way to the apex. Light was only shining through the very top part. She felt warm for the first time in days. When she woke, the fear of the last few days flooded back, and she had jerked upwards, restrained by the sleeping bag. That and the weight of the man in the sleeping bag with her. He was the man who pulled her out of the helicopter. He must have dried her off and warmed her in this sleeping bag, when she was freezing, and saved her life. He had stirred in his sleep, his arm over her waist moved to her belly, and pulled her into him, her bum against his...his what?

She had suddenly realised they were both naked. Shock swept through her. But her rational mind also stopped her moving or crying out. She was an intelligent girl. What could she do, where could she go, if she were to climb out of the sleeping bag? Her head returned onto the crook of his other arm, which was bent at the elbow, and she'd used as a pillow. Time to think. Her thoughts roamed over the last few days. The man, Nikolai, he'd come to the apartment Papa had shouted at him, but the man took out a gun and just shot him. He'd asked Mama where they kept their money. There wasn't a lot anyway. Then he'd just shot Mama too. Mama and Papa had never been loving, like some of her friends parents were, but they fed and clothed her, looked after her. They were all she'd had.

Nessy had fought the man, Nikolai, thinking she was next, but the man stuck a needle into her bum, and she fell asleep. She dreamt for, she didn't know how long, weird dreams. She dreamt she was in an aeroplane, flying. She dreamt she slept in a cold room somewhere, where there was a lot of engine noise. It was only when they flew in the jet she woke. But by then, she was tied up and couldn't move. She'd been put into the helicopter, and later it had crashed. This man, who now held her in his sleep, he'd come and saved her. Who was he. Why was he there, in the storm?

She moved to ease some cramp in her legs. As she did, she moved against him. Nessy had never seen a naked man before. Her parents had been strict, and old fashioned in their views. She'd never even seen her father without his clothes on. As she lay there, her bum against him, she tried to picture what he looked like. After a while, she needed to find out. Carefully, slowly, she reached over. His arm was a bit in the way, but she moved her hand down. Further. Then she felt hair. And moved her hand a little further down, and she touched him. At first she couldn't work it out. She'd seen little boys at school when she was young. They'd shown each other their 'things'. She pushed further down, and her fingers ran over his shaft. It was warm and soft. It was long and quite thick. She gripped it in her hand, and moved along it. She could feel it got wider at the end, with floppy skin. As she felt him, a thrill ran through her body, between her legs. She'd never felt that before. Her hand roamed further still, and found some loose skin beneath the shaft, and as she

explored, she felt his balls, fondling them in her grip for a moment. She returned her exploration to his shaft. It excited her for some reason.

Mike lay there wondering what the girl would do next. She'd stirred; her legs stretching. He'd taken the opportunity to reach down and, as if stretching in his sleep, pulling her towards him, his palm on her belly, just above her mons. His limp cock, now just below the rise of her buttocks, at the top of her thighs. He concentrated hard not to become erect. That would spoil the moment. Her hand reached down. She nestled his hair. Then she found his cock, and ran her fingers along it, exploring. She lightly ran her fingers over his crown. He could feel pre-cum starting to fill his foreskin. It hadn't leaked out yet. Then she fondled his balls for a minute, before returning her fingers to his shaft. He could take it no longer. He started to become erect.

Nessy immediately knew something was happening. She could feel him growing in her hand. She panicked. What would he say, when he woke and realised what she'd been doing to him? She pushed him down and let go of him, pulling her arm back. His crown had settled into her bum crack. It stayed there a moment, before she distinctly felt it moving. It slid along her valley. Then she wondered, was it slippery? On it moved, as if it had a life of its own. He hadn't stirred at all. He was still asleep. What had she done? It pushed hard at the back of her thighs, just where they met. She lifted her leg carefully up, and it moved onwards, slipping between her legs, up near her pussy. On it moved forwards. Then it popped out the front. She could feel it, growing, just below where she touched herself when Mama was asleep. It stuck out over two inches. She put her hand to the tip, touched it again, but it had changed. The soft skin seemed to have pulled back. The end was smooth, but covered in slimy stuff. She didn't know what to do. He was asleep, but she was getting covered in this stuff. It was all over her pussy and leg and hand. Then she knew it would be OK. She heard him snore loudly. He wasn't waking up.

Mike lay there, becoming more and more aroused. The girl had explored his body, in a perfectly innocent way, but then things got out of her control. He realised she didn't know what to do. Her hesitation told him that she was on the point of stopping her little game. Then it came to him. Snore. Make her really think he was in a deep sleep. So that's what he did. He started some rhythmic heavy breathing, getting stronger, then let his tongue rattle in his throat, making a low rumbling sound. There was no movement from her for at least a minute, then he felt her touch his tip again. She was curious.

She tentatively reached down and touched his tip once more. Her finger was covered in his slippery stuff. She pulled it upwards, and touched her little clitty. She suddenly felt a tingle, as if she'd been given an electric shock, and pulled her finger away. Her breathing was deep for a few seconds. She wondered what had happened, but couldn't help herself from repeating what she'd just done, and again and again. Then she couldn't stop. Before she knew it, she was pressing his tip into her clitty, moving herself into him. So good. So nice.

She rubbed and rubbed, for now, forgetting where she was, why she was here. But, for the moment, nothing else mattered. She suddenly felt wonderful feelings coursing through her pussy. She'd never felt like this before. Then she felt it getting better and better; and suddenly her mind was overwhelmed. He seemed to be pulsing against her. Her hand felt wet, so wet. It was slippery and slimy and hot and the feelings she felt inside were sooo goood. Eventually, she calmed down. She suddenly realised the mess she was in; they

were both in a mess and she had no way of cleaning them up. What would he say when he woke up? Suddenly a feeling of post orgasmic malaise swept through Nussy's body. She felt incredibly tired and before she knew it, she was asleep.

Mike thought to himself for a few minutes. He was stuck in the tent with this girl for at least a couple of days. Firstly, because his satellite phone suggested the storm would last at least that long, and secondly, it would probably take that long to get the clothing dried. They couldn't travel in wet clothing. Not in these temperatures. He reached across for his bag, and pulled out the little wash bag he carried with him wherever he went. He found the little dropper bottle. He carefully counted three drops, as they fell between her open lips. Soon her breathing changed. She was unconscious and would remain so for at least three hours.

He unzipped the sleeping bag and crawled out. There was little room to move. The tent was seven foot long, two and a half feet wide and about three foot six high. It was designed for one person. Spreading the sleeping bag out, he looked at the child for a minute, appreciating her form, her parallel sided, pencil thin legs, her ribs showing through her skin, her areolæ a light pink colour, only a shade darker than the skin of her surrounding chest, her pin head nipples, hardened in the chill air. He didn't have any time to waste, as she would get cold again soon enough. Taking her legs, he spread her out, bending her knees, to get her wider. He looked at her pudenda, his mouth watering already. He knew he was going to fuck her, but he loved the chase, and wondered how long it would take. He got out the little bag he kept the Golden Lotion in, and in a well practiced manoeuvre, had it applied in less than a minute, smiling, as her body jerked upwards, as the cotton bud had dabbed into her cervix, with the potent mixture already working its magic on her most sensitive place.

He quickly photographed her, ensuring he had all her most intimate places well recorded. Her mons was prominent, like most eight year old's were. Its oval shape pouted up at him, as if challenging him. Smears of his semen had found their way deep into her generous cleft, which as he parted it with his finger and thumb, left stings like cobwebs across the gap. Her vagina looked reddened, as if her earlier arousal was still active in her, or perhaps it was the effect of the Lotion, now working continuously on her cervix. Mike, being the photographer he was, had photographed every little girl he'd ever fucked, and there had been many. He made sure, within the limits of the confined tent, he had captured her from every angle possible. He then grabbed his hand towel. Apart from his semen, now beginning to dry on her white skin between her thighs, he'd noticed she smelled a little. She hadn't had a shower, and had worn the same clothes and had sweated fear, for nearly a week. The towel, of course, was still wet, so taking the little kettle from the stove, which was still warm, he wet it to warm it a little. He spent the next few minutes cleaning her up, before zipping her back into the sleeping bag. He now had another mission to fulfil, and that involved Bollockov's permanent downfall.

= 6 =

Mike knew exactly what he was going to do next. He had planned this back in England, and was equipped for the task ahead. He checked his pack, ensuring unnecessary items were taken out, and everything else in. As an afterthought, he put in all the wet clothing. Where he was going, might be a better place to dry it all. As he did so, he felt something in her jeans. He put his hand in the pocket, and pulled out a wet Estonian passport. Flicking

it open, he looked at the familiar picture. Familiar, because she could have been Katrin's double. And there, printed clear, her name: Vanessa Mesikov. The same surname. Common enough in Tallinn, but could it be coincidence?

He pulled on an extra pair of thermal leggings, as his arctic leggings were soaked and useless, but he didn't have too far to go. Unzipping the tent, Mike was met with a wall of snow. He carefully pushed it away, to reduce the snow falling in, and wetting the inside of the tent. He worked his way out, and zipped the flaps closed behind him, then started working his way up. Only a couple of feet above the tent ridge level, he broke into the outside world. He immediately felt the stinging fierceness of the blizzard, which continued unabated, as he knew it would. Another benefit having dug himself out was that the tent would need air over the next few days for them to breathe.

Pulling on his snowshoes and orienting himself, Mike strode out in a purposeful way. To his left, was the rising ground leading to the mountain. Mike was working his way round it. He had about a mile to walk, which in this weather, took him half an hour. Being guided by his G.P.S., he almost walked into the concrete wall of the building he was looking for. There was a low rumble of machinery, which he could hear plainly, coming from inside. He had already studied the layout, so turned left, went around the end, and found the entrance door. It was half covered in a snow drift, but as it opened inwards, did not present any problems. There was a light switch, just inside the door, which he flicked on, activating a row of neon tube lights. The building was a small generation plant for Sergei's dacha on the mountaintop. It was positioned here, because originally, the dacha had been a monitoring radio and radar station, watching over the arctic ocean from this high vantage point. The sensitive equipment on the mountain top, didn't need any interference from the generation plant. After the demise of the Soviet Union, it had all been abandoned. But this generating station had been left intact, and all the cabling still ran to the top of the mountain. Rather than having a noisy generator up there, Bollockov had had the generators restored, provided more electricity than he could possibly use. It fed all his heating, lighting and power requirements.

Mike hadn't been able to bring in any explosives, but he was "The Mechanic", and knew there was always more ways than one to skin a cat. Putting down his pack, he opened it and took out the wet clothing. Going over to the warmest part of the building, at the back, he found half a dozen old wooden chairs, and hung the clothing over them, and pulled them close to the body of the generator, which was giving off furnace like heat. It was powered with diesel fuel oil, which Nokolai flew up in the helicopter through the summer. The tank, underground, was big enough to keep it running for months. There was a second generator, identical to the one running, available, should the prime one require maintenance.

The output from the two generators was fed to a control room, separate from the noisy engines. Mike glanced along the panels, and could see most of the control gear was antiquated, but made to last decades. Moving to the master switch, a large 'U' shaped lever, he pulled it down. The neon lights suddenly brightened, and the generator quietened, as it adjusted to the sudden reduction in load. Mike had cut the power to the dacha.

Knowing someone would be down to investigate immediately, Mike set to work. He'd brought a small hacksaw with him, but on opening a tool chest found a bolt cropper. Much

better. He moved methodically along the panel, cutting the heavy cables leading into it. He then cut the same cables again, ten feet away, where they led to the generators. He dropped the bolt croppers, and collected the lengths of cable he'd just cut. Opening the door, he climbed out and threw the lengths, one at a time, as far away as he could into the blizzard. There was no cable in the building suitable to replace what he'd cut. It would take an engineer at least a day to repair the damage, even if there was cable and a repairman here, and he knew he didn't need that long.

Getting back into the building, he took out two small special cameras he'd designed himself. One was a thermal imaging camera and the other an infrared camera. He went to a small window, next to the entry door, and placed the two side by side, both focused up the hill. Next, he mounted a device over the door. It looked like a deodorant aerosol spray. He wondered how long it would take for Sergei to send his man down. Both cameras were blue tooth linked to his phone, so he went and sat comfortably in the warm and waited. It was only half an hour later, his phone 'pinged'. He looked at the screen and smiled. The screen showed a man approaching on skis. Mike stood and waited. Mike had his finger over a button on his phone, and as the door opened and Ivan entered, Mike pressed it. Hearing a sound above his head, the man looked up and was greeted with a small but deadly blast of hydrogen cyanide gas. He walked over to the figure, now lying on the floor and rolled him over. He immediately recognised him as Ivan from the videos, in which he'd fucked Ana and Nina up their bums with his massive cock, while Bollockov had taken their virginities with such viciousness. Mike heard a squawk of a walkie-talkie

Mike's briefing notes had indicated that when Sergei was up here, he kept staff to a minimum. The intel stated he only brought his closest, most trusted people here, usually only having two brothers, Ivan and Nikolai Stanislov with him. Both were now dead, leaving Sergei up there on his own. He had a long hard climb ahead of him, but remembering the sad sight of the tiny broken bodies in the snow, he was fired up and ready to go. He put his gear into his pack, pulled on the snow shoes, and started the trek. He set a gruelling pace, his mind kept seeing that little dead girl lying deep in the snow. Her dead eyes looking at him in appeal.

It was an hour later, guided by his G.P.S. and he could just make out the building now, through the blizzard. He found what cover he could, because he suspected Sergei would be looking out for Ivan's return.

As soon as the power went down, Ivan jumped into action. He knew full well they had less than an hour, before the temperature inside the building would drop to freezing, and an hour later, it would match the temperature outside. The only saving grace would be no wind chill factor. They had no means of reaching the outside world, other than by air, and with Nikolai's death, that option wasn't open to them immediately. With no power, they had no means of contacting the airfield to call up another helicopter, anyway. So the solution to their problems all focused around restoring the power. Over the years, the power had failed from time-to-time. It had always been caused by the main trip switch going, due to minor short circuits when the weather was wet.

So Ivan had donned his furs and skis and set off. He should have got the power back on no more than half an hour after he set off. Sergei was now worried. Either something had

happened to Ivan, or the problem with the power was going to take longer to fix than usual. Suddenly out in the snow, he saw a fur clad shadow moving towards the building. The electric wasn't back on, but at least Ivan was back. Sergei moved downstairs to the inner door and waited for Ivan to come in and explain what was happening.

Mike kept his fur hood up, face mask and goggles on. He stepped in through the outer door, closing it behind him. He could see Bollockov through the glass panels of the inner door. Mike had palmed his knock out spray. He pushed open the door, as Bollockov approached, demanding to know what was going on. Mike swung his hand up and blasted Sergei with the knockout spray and watched as the Russian mafia man dropped like a stone.

He looked around to orientate himself, still unsure if anyone else was in the building. He checked downstairs, which was utility rooms, kitchen, store rooms and staff quarters. He found one room which had pathetic relics of where the girls had been kept. It upset him to look, seeing a teddy bear on one bed and some scattered girl's clothing on another. There was a service lift, but of course, no power to drive it. In one of the rooms, he found a large spool of cord, no doubt used to truss up the girls, and quickly trussed Bollockov up. Sergei started to move, but Mike gave him another quick dose of gas to put him out for a further five minutes.

He went upstairs. There were only a few large rooms up there. The panoramic room, a bedroom and bathroom en-suite, a dining area and that was it. Near the huge bay window, was a divan sofa. It's use was obvious to Mike, who already understood what made Bollockov tick. Blood, semen, urine, shit and other stains on and around it, testified to it's recent use. Along it's lengths, were a series of wide Velcro straps and at each corner, were lengths of rope, obviously for tying victims down. At one end, between the divan and the window, was a large trapdoor. Mike went to it, and lifted up the handle. It was hinged on the window side. There was an immediate blast of freezing air and snow. He looked down, but couldn't see more than a few feet, as the blizzard continued. He dropped the trapdoor back.

He returned to Bollockov, lifted him up, and dragged him up the stairs. He took him over to the divan, where he strapped him down. Sergei was just recovering from the gas, when Mike tied the last knot.

"What the fuck's happening?" shouted Bollockov. "Who's there?" Mike was behind his head, out of his line of sight. He stepped into view and immediately Bollockov's eyes went wide. "You," he gasped, "how....where?"

"Hello Sergei," said Mike in a cheerful tone. "Didn't think you'd see me just yet, did you?" Mike looked at the shelf beside the divan. There was an assortment of stainless steel surgical tools laying there. Some were even coated in blood. All looked sinister. Mike picked up a pair of large scissors, like tailor's shears, and started to cut off Bollockov's clothing. In just a few minutes, he was laying there, naked on the divan. Mike's immediate observation was just how small Sergei's genitals were. He remembered the video with Ana and Nina, but in the flesh, he was as small as a ten year old boy. Mike pulled the remaining clothes out of the way. Bollockov protested continuously, but received silence in reply. A naked man, lying tied down spread eagled is not in a position to start being a

clever dick, so it was unwise when he screamed: "Let me go, you mother-fucking piece of turd. I will hunt you down and take you apart piece by piece."

Mike, still saying nothing, turned to the shelf, and picked up a pair of surgical clamps. They had cup shaped ends. Mike opened them, and in a moment had Sergei's balls clamped in them.

"Sorry, Sergei," said Mike, with a rueful smile, "I didn't catch that, what did you say?"

It was Bollockov's turn to be silent. Mike squeezed the clamps hard. Bollockov screamed.

"Not very pleasant to be on the receiving end, of one of your little games, Sergei, is it? Certainly those poor children down there didn't think so," he said quietly, nodding to the trap door. He squeezed once more and let go, leaving the clamps dangling from his balls, making Bollockov screaming continuously.

"What do you want?" gasped Sergei, through the pain of his balls which felt as if they'd been ripped off. "Do you want money? I have money. It's in the briefcase in the bedroom. Take it, it's yours. Just leave me, please." Mike looked up. The ceiling was supported by some timber beams. It gave him an idea that he would follow up later.

He walked into the bedroom, and glanced around the room. Lying on a table, was an aluminium briefcase. In the corner was an open safe door. He looked inside. There were papers, but nothing of importance. What did catch his eye, though, was a computer external disk drive. It was possible details of Bollockov's whole organisation might be held on it. Beside it was a leatherette wallet. It contained dozens of USB memory sticks. Each had a different girl's name and date of birth written on it. He suspected he already knew what he would find on them. He felt he owed it to the girls to take the wallet into his care.

He pocketed the wallet and external disk drive and picked up the locked briefcase and carried it out.

"Combination, Sergei," said Mike.

"8475," came the immediate reply. Mike dialed the numbers in and popped the lid open. He gasped, because inside there must have been £5million in cash. All hard currencies, high denominations. "There's six million Euros there," said Bollockov. "Take it," he repeated, "it's yours. Just cut me loose."

"I promise you, Sergei," Mike said reassuringly, "I will, in just a few minutes." Mike closed the case and thought for a moment. He walked downstairs and back into the store cupboard. He looked around and found the ideal thing. It was a ratchet winch. Also, he found some thin cord. Taking both, he returned to Bollockov, upstairs.

"Missed me, Sergei?" he asked, as he started to unravel the cord.

"Cut me loose," demanded Bollockov again. "I've given you the money. It's freezing in here. Cut me loose."

"All in good time, Sergei," said Mike, "all in good time." He picked up the ratchet winch, next and went back to look at the wooden beam. There was a strap on the winch for fixing it. Standing on a chair, he was able to toss the strap over the beam, and tie the winch beneath it. The winch was operated by some thin chain, which ran in a continuous circle around a gear wheel on the side. He took the terylene cable running from the winch drum, and tied it to Bollockov's feet. Immediately going to the winch chain, he started to pull the chain round and round. As he did so, the cable was slowly reeled in, lifting Bollockov's feet higher and higher. He was screaming in pain and indignation. The divan started to lift with him, so Mike released the ties holding him to it. The naked Bollockov went higher and higher, his feet up in the air. He rotated slightly on the end of the winch cable.

"What the fuck are you doing to me?" demanded the Russian. "Release me, now," he shouted.

"Sergei, Sergei," said Mike calmly, "as I said, I would release you in a minute, and I always keep my word." Mike was seething with anger at the man before him, but he'd always felt revenge was a dish best served cold, and Sergei was definitely cold, now. The final little twist was when Mike turned and picked up the cord. It was about a hundred feet long. With a twist of his hand, he tied one end of it to the handle of the trapdoor. The other end, he formed a slip knot, and grabbing Bollockov's bollocks, put the slip knot over his genitals, such as they were, and pulled it tight. He then turned, and pulled the trapdoor fully open. It leaned against the wall, almost vertical. The hole was about four foot square. A freezing blast of snow filled air was blowing up into the room. But Sergei now realized his doom was upon him, as he swung over the hole, a thousand feet above the rocks below, where his victims had all gone. He looked pleadingly at Mike, seeing the knife, which Mike had just pulled from his boot. He watched in fascination, as Mike stood on the chair and put the knife to the terylene cord. Bollockov saw the strands fraying, as the cord slowly parted. The last words he heard spoken were the Englishman saying: "Goodbye, Sergei, nice to have known you."

Mike watched, as the thin cord rattled through the trapdoor void. It suddenly went taught and pulled the trapdoor over the point of balance, slamming back home. He pictured Sergei's bollocks still hanging on the other end. Mike untied the cord from the trapdoor handle, lifted the lid an inch, and watched as the cord dropped out of sight. He felt a weight lifted. Alex and Katrin were now safe from Bollockov's malicious vengeance. The girls far below, although they would never live, laugh and love again, were able to rest in the knowledge that their short lives had been stolen by one, who had met a similar fate to their own.

He looked at his watch. Nearly two hours had passed since he'd left Nussy in the tent. She would wake in an hour, and if he had not returned by then, would become frightened. In his mind, he knew what needed to be done. First, he went to the kitchen and going through the cupboards, fridge and freezer, stacked up a small pile of food, which would suffice for the two of them, until they were able to get back to the truck. The food he had brought with him was basic survival rations, sufficient for one. It kept the wolf from the door, but tasted like shit. He hadn't eaten himself since yesterday, so made up some cold beef sandwiches. He made extra for Nussy to have later, together with a vacuum flask of boiling water.

He went downstairs, to see if there was any clothing she might be able to use, to supplement the inadequate clothing she'd been wearing. He found another T-shirt with a Disney cartoon of Pluto on the front, some socks and a pair of panties. But the big find was a one piece fleece lined thermal suit, gloves and boots. They all looked a little oversized, but would be better than not having them. Another great find, was a tiny gas powered heater, with a spare cylinder. It was perfect for the tent. He wondered why it was there, because there was no other camping equipment around. But it would mean he could heat the tent without using his limited supply of cooking gas. He found a small backpack, and filled it with the various items he'd collected.

He left the building, and set off back down the hill. He needed the G.P.S. to find the small power station, even though the line of poles marked the way, so intense was the blizzard now. He went inside, and collected together the clothing he'd left there, which was all reasonably dry. He was particularly glad to put his thick leggings on again to keep the freezing air out. Picking up Nessy's tiny panties, he looked at the skid marks in the crotch and smiled to himself. He lifted them to his nose, inhaling their scent, catching the unmistakable little girl odour he was so familiar with. If she put these back on again, he had every intention of getting inside them very quickly indeed. Tonight, if she'd let him. He recalled how she'd brought herself off on his cock, thinking him asleep. So she wasn't averse to having a little fun for herself if the opportunity arose. He also recalled her little pale body, her pudenda so pretty and virginal, as she lay there unconscious, while he cleaned her off and inserted the Golden Lotion. He was becoming erect at the thought. Time to go.

For no particular reason, Mike closed the fuel supply valve feeding the large generating engine. In a few minutes, the engine would stop. Good for the ecology, he thought. He tied his snow shoes to his pack, now filled with the briefcase. Going outside, Mike fixed Ivan's skis to his feet, and slipped on his pack. Picking up the other pack, he set off for the tent, G.P.S. in hand. It was downhill most of the way, and didn't take him too long to get there, despite the intense snowstorm. Finding the lines of rocks, marking the tent's location, he unclipped and stuck the skis into the snow. He needed to dig out the hole again, to get down to the entrance, five feet down. They needed oxygen, so keeping the hole open from time to time would be necessary anyway. As he unzipped the tent flap, he smiled to himself and wondered how long it would take to get her to willingly open her legs and let him take her. Then the thought came to him, better still, why not play a far more sexy game with her, by taking his time with her and seeing how long he could make it last, before she begged him to fuck her.

= 7 =

The first thing he did, on getting inside the tent, however, was to light the small, but efficient heater he had brought down from the dacha. With the tent being so small, Mike had to leave some items outside, in his large waterproof rucksack. He didn't think there was a risk of anyone passing by and stealing the cash, so that was one item out there, as well as most of the food and some clothing. By the time he had stored everything away and got out of his thick winter clothing, Nessy had started to stir. He got the sandwiches out he'd made in the dacha, and took out a flask of boiling water and made some coffee.

She smelt the coffee, her saliva glands running. She hadn't eaten for over a day and a half, and was really hungry. She looked ravenously at the sandwiches in Mike's hand, and

as he held it out to her, she sat up and grabbed one and shoved it straight in to her mouth, chewing and swallowing rapidly. She didn't seem to be conscious of the fact that she was naked, and the sleeping bag covered her only from the hips down.

They sat looking at each other, while they worked their way through several sandwiches. Mike then took out a couple of Pot Noodles, opened them and added the hot water, stirred them, and offered the choice to the girl. She was undecided, but eventually grabbed the beef, leaving Mike with the chicken flavor. She munched her way through the hot food, taking occasional sips of the coffee. Mike watched her as she ate. Her torso was thin, her ribs showed. She had light pink areolæ, with rings of tiny goose bumps surrounding each, with tiny, dark, pin head nipples which stood out from her like little pointers. Her long blond hair hung down around her shoulders like a shawl. But what he couldn't help noticing, was her astounding similarity to Katrin, with her beautiful thin elfin face, high cheek bones and startling blue eyes

Nessy looked at the man. It was the first time she'd been able to study him. He was lean and fit, that much was obvious. He had curly, golden coloured, shaggy hair. She liked his face. All she knew about him was that he had saved her life. That was a good start in her book. She remembered earlier, when she'd woken up, how they had been pressed together, naked. He must have taken all her clothes off. She blushed at the thought. Then she remembered how she had touched him, how he'd grown and then leaked that slippery stuff. It had made her pussy tingle, really nicely. She'd cum. It had never happened before. She knew that's what it was. One of her friends, Jennsi, had once explained that stuff to her. It had been really nice. But ever since, even while she'd slept and dreamed, she had felt something inside her. Deep inside, which tingled and tormented her. It was driving her crazy now, but nice crazy. It was making her think things she'd never thought before. Naughty things. Like how he had felt this morning pressed against her. Even now, she was getting wet, down there, really wet.

After Nessy had swallowed the last of a second Pot Noodle, Mike asked her: "Well, I suppose we had better introduce ourselves. My name is Mike and yours.....?"

"Nessy," she replied, wiping some juice off her chin with her palm, before offering the same hand for him to shake.

"I take it you didn't want to be in the helicopter, Nessy?" he asked with a leading question.

"No way," she said in an indignant manner. "That.....that, MAN," she hissed, referring to Nikolai, "he came to our apartment, where we lived in Tallinn. He shot my Mama and Papa and then stuck a needle in my bum. Here," she said twisting round and leaning over, "you can still see the mark. After that, I don't remember much, until we got to where he took me out of a plane and put me in that helicopter." She looked at him, realising he was still staring down at her buttock. She sat up straight again, blushing once more. He'd been looking at her bum, really looking. His eyes returned to hers.

"What were your parent's name's Nessy?" he asked carefully.

"Mama's name was Dagi and Papa's Eduk, why?" she asked, puzzled at his unexpected question.

"Oh, I didn't know them," he said dismissively, "but I know their daughter and son."

"It can't be the same family," she stated, looking at him steadily, "I am an only child."

"Well maybe I'm mistaken," said Mike, deciding to revisit the subject later. "It's getting warm in here now," he said, changing the subject. "Humidity's high too. That heater certainly works well." He nodded to the device near the tent entrance. He started to pull off his fleece and padded leggings. Beneath he just wore a T-shirt and boxers. After a moment, he pulled off the T-shirt too. He pretended not to notice how she was studying his torso, his fine golden hair curling on his chest and six pack figure; even the bulge in his boxers. He wondered how she was getting on after the first dose of Golden Lotion.

"Have you got a girlfriend?" she asked unexpectedly.

He studied her for a moment, before nodding. "Actually, I have nine." She gave him a look declaring her disbelief. "I have, I promise. There's Sammy and Emma and Sue and Elsie and Sarah and Jenny and Lucy and Linda. Perhaps Linda doesn't really count, because she is only five."

Nessy grinned at him. He was teasing her. They weren't really girlfriends at all, but maybe friends who were girls. She was about to pursue the point, when he suddenly said: "Would you like to see their photographs?" She nodded, and turned slightly to look at his phone screen, as he shuffled up beside her. Mike pressed a couple of buttons, and held the phone towards her, and brought the pictures up one at a time. "That's my Sammy. She lives next door to me, and here is her friend, Emma. He continued through the group, until he came to the last one. "You know I said I thought I know the daughter of your parents?" she nodded, the puzzled expression returning. "Well here's a photo of her daughter." He turned and showed Nessy Katrin's picture. Nessy did a double take. For there staring out at her, was a picture of herself, but perhaps a year older. Nessy took the phone from Mike's hand, and brought it close to her face, her expression now unreadable.

"How old is she?" asked Nessy.

"She was nine a couple of months ago, soon after I met her and her mother," he replied.

"Who is her mother, Mike? Please tell me the truth." Nessy had a tear in her eye. She realised he hadn't lied to her. Mike took back the phone, clicked a couple of buttons and showed Nessy a picture of Alex and Katrin together, on the beach in Andalusia.

"I took that picture on Katrin's ninth birthday. You realise who her mother is, Nessy? Her name is Alex. They both live with me now. She is your sister. They are both very pretty aren't they? Like you are."

Nessy glanced at him and smiled, before her concentration returned to the photograph. Eventually, she handed the phone back, but her mind was far away. "If I have a brother, where is he now?" Mike didn't want to go into long explanations about the relationship between Alex and her brother, Kristofer. That could wait another time.

"I'm sorry to say he was killed a few months ago, Nessy," he said.

"Who killed him," she asked simply.

"The same man who had you kidnapped and brought here. His name was Sergei Bollockov. He was going to kill you too, Nussy, in his house on top of this mountain. That's why you were in the helicopter."

"But why would he want to kill me?" she asked reasonably. "What have I ever done to him."

"It wasn't you," he said steadily, "it was your brother and sister. They worked for him, but took money from him, so they could escape, but he caught Kristofer, and killed him."

"So why are you here?" asked Nussy.

"I came here to kill Mr. Bollockov," he said truthfully.

"And, will you?" she asked, a tremor in her voice.

"I already did," he replied, "that's what I did this morning."

"Good," was her simple reply. "You said Alex and Katrin live with you," he nodded in affirmation, "does that mean that my sister, Alex is your girlfriend then?"

"No, Nussy, as I already explained, I have nine girlfriends, and one of them is Katrin." She was about to try and delve deeper, but Mike wanted her to ponder on it for a while, and changed the subject. "Right, young lady, the storm up there," he said, looking and pointing upwards, "is going to last for three days. You and I are going to be stuck in here the whole of that time. Do you remember how cold it was when you got out of the helicopter?" She shuddered and nodded. "Well," he continued, "it's every bit as cold now, but the wind is even stronger. We can't go out in it. We'd both be dead in a couple of hours." She looked at him, her eyes like saucers. "So we will have to fill our time in playing games, telling each other about ourselves, places we've been to, that sort of thing. Now one other thing," he looked at her eyes again, "we can't go outside, can we?" she nodded. "Well, sooner or later you or I will want to poop or pee." Her face screwed up in the realisation that he was right. "Well I've already seen you without clothes on, and we were in that sleeping bag together all night, and anyway you're naked now..." he smiled, as she pulled the sleeping bag up a few inches to cover her belly, "so we do what we have to do. No drama, OK" I picked up a pan this morning, when I went shopping. We can use that." He held up a small cooking pot tucked in the side of the tent.

"Now, Nussy, how are you at playing cards?" He rummaged in his rucksack, and pulled out a dog eared pack, and started to shuffle them. "There's no point in playing Strip Poker, is there," he quipped. She just grinned at him. She knew a game, which he was unfamiliar with, and had to teach him. She became quite absorbed. Certainly she was a good player, because he never won a game. Then they had a game of virtual I-spy. "I'm sitting in a field.....," he said, looking around at the trees and grass and cows and horses. "I Spy with my little eye, something beginning with 'N'."

"Nest," she said. "No," he replied. "Nitrate – you know fertilizer." He wondered where that one sprung from. "No," She tried again, "Nettle". "No," he stated. There was a long pause before in frustration she said: "Nuclear power station!" He laughed. "New born calf." "No."

Eventually, she gave up, "alright," she asked, "what is it?"

"The answer is 'Nessy'," he smirked. "You're there in the field with me."

"Not fair," she protested.

"Perfectly fair," he answered, "and you owe me a forfeit." Before she could respond, he added: "I want a kiss. A proper kiss," he pointed to his lips, "here."

She blinked at him. Her pussy gave a little lurch. The tingle down there had been getting stronger all the time. It was as much as she could do, not to put her hand down there.

"Come on, that's the forfeit, a kiss," he grinned at her. She leaned forward, but he was too far away, so she had to crawl on hands and knees towards him. As he looked along her back, he got a tantalising view of her buttocks wobbling from side to side as she crawled towards him. She puckered up her lips, closed her eyes and moved towards him. She felt his hands suddenly grasp her cheeks and guided her towards his mouth. She felt his breath, his lips, his kiss, his tongue. God his tongue! It was exploring her lips. She couldn't help herself, as she opened her lips, and let him in, his tongue suddenly wrestling with hers. Her pussy lurched again. That feeling, it was so strong. She pulled away, breathless now and blinked. She dropped back onto her bottom, sitting, looking at him in awe. She shuffled backwards to the safe spot in the sleeping bag, unaware that as she did, her thighs had parted and as she moved, her pussy kept opening and closing, as if in invitation to him.

"So," she said, at last, pretending to be slightly cross with him, "that's the way it's going to be, is it? My turn, now, I think. I spy with my little eye, something beginning with 'W'," she grinned at him. "And," she added, "it's in here with us now, inside the tent."

"Alright," he said, enjoying her feisty response to what had just happened, "waterproof." "No." "Watch." "No." "Wash kit." "No." And so it continued. Mike was getting desperate with answers such as "warm clothing and Walking boots." Eventually, she said: "Time's up. The answer is 'willy'. I can see it. It's poking down the leg of your boxers, there," she pointed. Mike looked down, and could see his, long, half tumescent cock was well down the leg hole of his boxers, and from where she was sitting, must have been in plane sight.

"Right," she said, in a confident voice, "your forfeit is, you have to take your boxers off. I'm not wearing anything, so why should you?" Mike was pleased how this was going, and after pretending for a few minutes to object to her demand, stripped off his boxers. She gasped, as his now semi hard cock, which had enlarged and lengthened in the last few seconds, flopped down between his thighs. It looked even longer than she remembered from this morning.

"My bum's getting cold," said Mike, "I'm sitting on the snow, with just the tent floor keeping me dry. Do you mind if I sit on the foot of the sleeping bag? You'll have to shift your feet for me, Nessy."

She moved her legs up towards her bottom, giving him a couple of feet of space. They were now sitting toe to toe, facing each other, their knees up to their chests. As Mike watched, her knees occasionally moved apart and back together. He was getting tantalising glimpses of her pussy as she did it. "Was she doing it on purpose?" he wondered.

For a few minutes, they changed the game to Rock-paper-scissors. For this, they had to shuffle a little closer together, he watched, as her knees were pushed a few more inches apart. Now, he could see her labia clearly, her deep cleft and her clitty poking out. Beneath that was a darker area heralding her vagina. What he could also see plainly, was the glistening of damp, as her liquid arousal seeped from her. Inevitably, his cock stiffened.

"Why has your willy got stiff?" she asked matter-of-factly. "Is it because you can see in between my legs? You know you shouldn't be looking there, it's rude. You've been doing it a lot. I was watching you."

"I know," he replied in a similar casual tone, "but I was just thinking you have a very pretty pussy, and my willy does so much enjoy it when I look at yours." She blushed, and clamped her knees together again.

"You're just rude," she said ending the subject. But that thrill her pussy transmitted through her whole tummy, when she saw his expression wouldn't go away, and she knew she was going to have to touch herself down there soon, before it drove her mad. She'd had such a kick letting him look at her, it was only a minute or so later, before she let her knees slip apart again, pretending it just happened. They continued playing Rock-paper-scissors. Suddenly after a few minutes, Nessy put her hands on her knees, signalling the end of the game. She was obviously thinking about something, and was wording the question in her mind. "M-I-k-e," she asked in that way kids do, stretching a name out, before asking a question, "when we get away from here, where will we go?"

"Well, I live in England in a little house with country views, a swimming pool and my girls, why?"

"What happens to me?" she asked bluntly. "Where will I go, who will look after me?"

Mike already knew the answers, as he had researched Alex and Katrin's family thoroughly in the past. But his replies were aimed at leading her on. "Do you have any relatives you could go and live with, Nessy?" She shook her head sadly. Mike knew her parents had been reclusive and kept away from society. They had no living relatives, and had treated Alex and her brother coldly. He had seen no emotion from Nessy about the death of her parents at all. She was being practical here, wanting to know what happened next.

"Well," he said as if he'd only just considered the subject for the first time, "I suppose you could go and live in an orphanage in Tallinn. Or perhaps a family there might adopt you. At least then you would be able to see your friends at school."

She sat looking at him. Her mind was clearly racing the options through, sorting them into some order. "What about my sister," she asked reasonably, "could I come and live with her?"

"Well there are a number of things we have to consider if you do that, Nussy," he responded. "First of all, Alex doesn't even know you exist. She never knew her parents had another baby after she and Kristofer were thrown out by your parents."

"Thrown out?" she asked aghast. "What do you mean, thrown out?"

Mike hadn't intended to tell her about Alex and Kristofer's incestuous relationship, resulting in Katrin's birth, and how her parents had responded, but Nussy would need to know sooner or later, so he briefly explained what had happened.

"But that's awful," she said. "I knew my parents were strict and had their rules, but..." she lapsed into silence, a tear appeared at her cheek. "I had a brother and sister all those years and I never knew, and a niece a year older than me." She paused, deep in thought. "Go on," she eventually prompted him.

"So I would have to break the news to Alex and Katrin, that you exist," he went on. "I would have to ask them if they minded you coming to live in my house. They are very nice people, though, they probably won't mind if you wanted to be one of my girlfriends."

"What...what do you mean?" she stuttered. "One of your girlfriends?"

"No, Nussy, it's not like that. No one's going to tell you what you must or must not do." He said quickly. "It would probably be best if I made arrangements for you to return to Tallinn. The authorities there will know what to do. I understand the orphanages there are very nice, these days. And maybe a nice family will want to adopt you, if they like you."

"But you said you would ask Alex and Katrin if they minded if I came to live with you, ," she stated hopefully, the pleading in her tone, clear, another tear appearing on her cheek. "and you said if I did, I would have to be one of your girlfriends I don't know how to be a girlfriend." Mike realised she was completely ignorant about sex. What little she did know, she'd probably picked up from friends at school

"I tell you what, Nussy, I have an idea for you. Call it a plan. It might make your decision easier," he suggested. She looked at him, now with hope in her eyes. "We're stuck in here now for two or maybe three days, aren't we?" she nodded. "At the end of that time, we are going to leave. You will either go back to Tallinn, or come to live with Alex and Katrin and me." She nodded again. "OK so far," he stated, as she nodded once more. "Now, how about, while we are stuck in here, I teach you how to be a girlfriend? I will show you everything you would have to know and do. Then on the journey back to Salekhard, you can decide what you want to do. Either way, I promise I will never tell anybody what happens in this tent, as long as you promise the same. What do you say?" He saw her expression and added: "Have a think about it for a few minutes."

Nussy looked at Mike. He did look nice, she thought. He would be a good teacher. Perhaps she would give it a try. But first she needed to scratch that itch for a while. She wouldn't be able to concentrate otherwise. Little did she know.

"Mike," she said, looking cutely at him, "I would like to lie down for a minute and think about what you've said. Is that alright."

Mike smiled at her. "Of course, Nussy. Take as long as you like. We're not going anywhere. I will have a look at some of my girlfriend's photos on my phone."

Nussy snuggled down into the sleeping bag. Mike got off the end of it, so she could stretch out. She flipped the bag over the top of her, covering her whole body, except her face. She felt really cosy inside it. Mike laid out his arctic fur lined jacket, and sat on that instead. He browsed through the pictures on the little screen. He smiled when he came to the ones of Sammy tied to the table in his studio, letting him do amazing things to her, and further on, Sue and Elsie swimming in his pool, naked, thinking he was away from home.

Nussy relaxed and spread her little legs apart. She had to be careful her knee didn't come out of the gap, where the zipper was still undone. She waited a few minutes, her middle finger pressed to her clitty. She moved it microscopically, feeling little jolts through her pussy. So good, so nice. She had to concentrate on her breathing; stop it from becoming a pant. She glanced at Mike. He was still thumbing through his pictures. But even as she watched him, she saw him nodding, his eyes drooping, his chin dropping onto his chest.

She relaxed more, starting to diddle herself properly now. She so needed this. The tingles inside her needed satisfying, and the only thing she could think of was to try and push her finger into herself. Nussy had never touched herself before. Certainly never penetrated herself with a finger. She used the fingers of one hand on her clit, flicking back and forth, making it become stiff, engorged, aroused. The middle finger of the other hand was sinking into her vagina, going boldly where nothing had gone before. She started to feel herself rise. Her hands were beginning to move faster over and into her body. She looked quickly at him once more. He was asleep. She could tell. His breathing was now a gentle snore, his head bowed down. She knew she could try and scratch that itch now. He wouldn't know. She felt that feeling deep inside her changing, like a tension building, like something special was going to happen.

Mike's head was facing down, and his eyes were almost closed. From her position, she would think they were. His phone was in his lap. He could see the screen, and the camera lens was focused on her. He watched as she started to masturbate herself. The Golden Lotion was certainly doing it's job on this one. She was quickly working herself up with a two handed wank. She was a quick learner. Her breathing started to get ragged, and she glanced anxiously across at him. So Mike added a little snore to his act. Thinking him fast asleep, her movements increased immediately. She then lifted her knees and parted them further. The sleeping bag fell off one knee, the zip edge falling on top of her hands. She irritably pushed it away, exposing her whole self to his view. Without moving his head, he opened his eyes, and looked at her. Her own eyes were now screwed up, as she descended into her valley of wondrous pleasure, while her climactic orgasm swept through her. Mike lifted the camera, still recording, and held it over her spread thighs, angled into her pussy, where her fingers were hard at work. He held it there for ten or fifteen seconds, before moving it up over her body, stopping over her face, which was screwed up in what could have been terrible pain, but was, in fact, wonderful pleasure. At last, he moved the camera down for the grand finale.

She had just come down from her earthquake of pleasure, her legs spread across the tent, her open, reddened pussy flowing with moisture, her fingers still impaled in her cleft and vagina. She was panting, slowly catching her breath, when she glanced across at Mike's bowed head, only to see his eyes staring back at her. She gasped, her face colouring up, as she struggled to pull her fingers back out of herself, straighten her legs, before flipping the sleeping bag back over her.

"Did you enjoy that, Nussy?" he asked in a quiet voice.

"But, but, you saw me...you saw what I was....oh godddd," she cried, hiding her face behind her sticky fingers.

"As I told you before, Nussy," he said calmly, "whatever happens in this tent will never be talked about again by me, and I hope you."

"Promise me," she asked, her eyes peeping between gaps in her fingers.

"Yes, I promise. Give me your hand, Nussy," he commanded, holding his out to her. She thought he was going to shake it, but instead, as she held it out to him, he took it and swiftly pulled it towards him and he sucked her fingers into his mouth. She felt his tongue swirling around her finger tips, which she'd only just pulled from her pussy. "Yes, Nussy, you taste very nice indeed," he quipped. "Now, have you made a choice yet?"

Nussy who hadn't considered her options since their discussion, thought fast. "Ah, yeah," she said, thinking as she went along, "could you start to teach me stuff, then if I don't like it, tell you to stop?" She was pleased with her off the cuff response.

"Sure Nussy," he answered. "We'll start with teaching you to kiss properly, like lovers do. Then we'll move onto other stuff."

"What other stuff?" she asked.

"Oh there's lot's of other stuff," he grinned at her, "like doing to you, what you were doing to yourself, just now." She blushed bright red at that. "But don't worry," he repeated, "I will never talk about it outside of this tent." He chuckled at her discomfort. He could tell she secretly loved being teased. It was all part of the game.

"Sit up straight," he said. "I will do the same, and we move hip to hip. Now, lean over a little towards me, like I am, then put your arms around my neck and shoulders. Now before we kiss, remember, your fingers can caress at the same time as you are kissing. They are important. Try running your hands up and down my back. OK, let's try that." She followed his instructions, and as her mouth moved towards his, her lips parted before they even made contact. She remembered that kiss from earlier. Her tongue was in his mouth, wriggling around, pushing at his tongue.

"Woa, slow down," he said, pulling himself away, "try again. It's not a race. Sometimes the slower you take it, the better it feels." They moved together again, her lips poised, brushing his. They touched. Her tongue brushed his lips, but withdrew before he responded. "That's good," he praised. "So much better. Now that was a sexy kiss. Try again." She was enjoying this. There was no pressure. She experimented, and under his

guidance, became more confident. But what surprised her, she really wanted to do more. It was turning her on. That burning feeling inside her was building up again. In the confined space, she could smell her own arousal, so she knew he must be able to too. She mimicked his hands, which caressed her shoulders and back. Once, he held her under her armpit, and she suddenly became aware that the pad of his thumb was gently rubbing her nipple. It had gone hard, but more importantly, to her, it felt really nice.

"Well Nussy," he said at last, "how did you like your first lesson?" She smiled at him. She really wanted to carry on the kissing lesson, but something told her that more was to follow. "The next lesson, Nussy, is to learn how to arouse your partner in ways which no one would think is out of order. So for example what does this feel like?"

Mike leaned over, and placed his arms around her, bringing her close. But instead of kissing her again, he kissed her neck, just below her ear. And as he did so, his tongue gently massaged her. There was a sharp intake of breath from her, as she lifted her head, her eyes closing. It was sooo sexy. The tingle shot through her again.

"So you see, Nussy, there are many ways to kiss. Would you like me to show you more?" she silently nodded, watching enthralled, as his mouth dropped to her tiny areolæ, sucking it so gently, she could barely feel it. But what she did feel was the tip of his tongue tickling her nipple. It had gone hard as he did it, but more to the point, her pussy was beginning to drive her crazy again. Why was that? He moved to her other side, her other nipple and repeated what he'd just done. But now, his finger tip was caressing her first nipple, keeping that feeling going. She became more and more aroused, as he continued his ministrations. She was losing it, and there was nothing she could do. Even with her inexperience, she knew what was about to happen, and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Then he said: "Touch yourself, down there, Nussy, it will feel nice. Go on, put your fingers there again."

The next few minutes were a blur to Nussy, as she crashed into a climax even better than the one before, her fingers working hard on her clitty. It was because he was there and was guiding her; but more importantly, was watching her. She was quivering, her muscles shaky, as she slowly recovered. Her breathing still heavy, for another minute or two. She looked up at his kind face. She was no longer embarrassed. She offered her fingers to him again. He seductively sucked each in turn, while never breaking eye contact with her. Apart from kissing her, he'd not touched her in any way. She suddenly realised, she was comfortable with him. She'd never felt this comfortable with anyone before. Even her Papa, who she'd caught looking at her sometimes in a way Mama might not have liked. She wondered what Mike was going to teach her next.

"Lesson three," he suddenly said. "Cuddling. It can be done at the same time as kissing. But for this lesson, we'll concentrate on just cuddling. Later we might add the two together." She wondered what he could teach her. She had often cuddled her friends at school. It was a regular form of greeting. Everyone did it. "Lie down on your side," he instructed. "I will lie on mine, facing you, face to face. Now put your arms around me, and hug me in close to you. Relax, enjoy it," he said, as she did as he instructed. Her face was turned sideways, her ear pressed to his chest, listening to his regular heartbeat. Mike let her settle into her position, then slipped an arm under her waist, his hand cupping her back. His other arm went around her, his elbow cupping one shoulder, his hand cupping the other.

At first, she thought that was all there was to it. Then she felt his fingers caressing her skin. Light feathery touches. Usually this would have tickled her, but not this time. His touch was electric. His fingers seemed to feel hot, as sensual as his kiss had been. Then it got even better. She felt his hand release her shoulder, and slowly move down her spine, caressing her skin all the way. Her tingling started to increase again. This was just so nice. Then his fingers reached the dip of the small of her back and moved around in circles for a while, before moving further down. She then felt him touch the rise of her bottom. Her breathing increased. She was almost panting. She never realised a simple touch could feel so nice. Suddenly, she felt his palm cupping one of her buttocks, but his finger tips were still trailing downwards. Gently running along the contour of her valley. He didn't try to press in, or explore her private places. He was nearly there. She wanted him to touch her there, but suddenly, his finger veered away, and instead was following the crease between her buttock and her thigh, moving away from 'that spot'. His hand finally came to rest on her hip bone.

"You see, Nesy," he said quietly, "cuddling can be sexy, without doing anything naughty. It is a way to make someone feel really nice, just by touch. Nothing more. There are a hundred ways to cuddle. All you need is your imagination to make it good." Mike looked at his watch. Four hours had passed since he'd got back to the tent, and he was feeling hungry.

"Shall we have something to eat now Nesy?" she nodded, realising her hunger had returned. While he started selecting some tins to open, he asked her: "How do you like the lessons so far, Nesy? Do you think you might like to be one of my girlfriends?"

She blinked at the direct question. "I have enjoyed the lessons, I've learned a lot." she admitted. "But I feel I still don't know much, not enough."

"That's why I'm giving you lessons, Nesy, so you can decide when you know everything."

She suddenly changed tack. "You said you had nine girlfriends, and Katrin is one of them." He was looking at her steadily. He knew her mind was back in overdrive. "But I thought if you have a girlfriend, you sleep with them, and do stuff to them."

"That's right, Nesy," he responded. "But I prefer to think of it as doing things with each other."

"What sort of things, Mike? Can you give me an example?" she demanded.

"Yes, Nesy," he said, giving her a half smile, "like the sort of thing you did to me this morning in the sleeping bag, when you rubbed my cock against your pussy to make yourself cum."

Her expression had frozen, her face pale, her open mouth miming, "ohmygod, ohmygod."

"But don't worry," he repeated yet again, in a reassuring tone, "everything that happens in this tent will remain here. I will never talk about it to anyone. Not even Alex and Katrin, OK?" She nodded absently. But her mind was a combination of intense embarrassment and arousal.

"But, while we're on that subject," he continued, "all you had to do was ask, and I would have shown you how make it feel even better. Tell me, honestly, was it nice?" She blushed beetroot red again, but biting her lip, she nodded, smiled and added, "yeah, it was," and giggled. It was the first time he'd heard her giggle.

"Alright," he said, grinning, "when we're in the sleeping bag tonight, if you want, I'll show you." Before she could respond, he added, holding up two Heinz cans in his hands: "Do you prefer baked beans or baked beans. Your choice."

She smiled at his little joke and said: "err, baked beans please."

"I think you made the right choice. But I hope they don't make you fart," he chuckled, "I'm the poor bloke who has to sleep with you!" She threw a towel at him. It was damp and still had white stains smeared on it. But his little joke had eased the tension.

Mike opened a tin of chipolata sausages and added them into the pan with the beans. While they ate their simple meal, both were thinking about being in that sleeping bag later. Both somehow knew what would happen in it, and both looked forward to it immensely. Neither discussed it, though.

As they ate, Nessy thought about Mike. She'd only known him for four waking hours. She already knew she was going to be his girlfriend and live with him, he'd seen her naked, but not tried to touch her, which Papa had done, when Mama had been out of the house. But, she knew before today was out, she would let him touch her if he wanted. She was eight years old, and she'd never wanted anything so much in all her life. But then, she knew nothing about the Golden Lotion burning away inside her, or what it would make her want to do the following day.

"You're watching me," she said indignantly, as she bent trying to pee. They'd eaten their basic meal, before lying down side by side chatting about themselves, their lives. She chatted about school and he about his home and his girls, their interests and school life. Eventually she said she needed to pee. "I can't go, if you're watching me."

"But I enjoy watching you," he said reasonably, as if that justified his actions.

Mike smiled. He knew she didn't really mind him watching her trying to pee. She was kneeling upright. Her head bowed under the ridge of the tent, her knees apart, while she held the little pan just below her pussy. "You'll make a mess, if you do it that way. You'll get your legs all wet," he said. "Give me the pan, I'll hold it. Now bring your fingers down either side of your pussy and pull yourself open as far as you can." She followed his instructions. "That's right," he encouraged. She was really concentrating now. He was watching her urethra, as it swelled slightly. A drip, two. She was almost there.

"You know, you have a very pretty pussy, Nessy," he said. Instantly, she clamped up, unable to pee at all. She snarled at him, angry at his laughter. It took her several minutes before she was able to go. She knew she would get her revenge. But she glowed inside. He'd said she had a very pretty pussy. Did he like it?

When she'd finished, Mike said he needed to go too, so they swapped positions. She watched avidly, as his semi tumescent, long cock started to pee into the pan. One hand holding his cock, one the pan. She made a couple of comments trying to put him off, to no avail. He was now in full flow. She reached out, and cupped his balls swinging to and fro between his spread thighs. His back was up against the ridge of the tent, his hands full. There was nothing he could do. She started to fondle him, her fingers reaching further up, stroking the base of his shaft. He was getting hard.

"Stop it, for fuck's sake," he hissed. "It'll go everywhere if you're not careful." She removed her hand, laughing openly, watching his discomfort, trying to pee through a half erection. Both pretended to be cross with each other, both had found the incident funny, and melted another barrier between them.

After Mike had taken the pan of urine out of the tent, and thrown the contents downwind into the blizzard, they settled down again, chatting. Neither seemed to be worried about the other's nakedness. They had settled into a comfort zone, which would probably never be replicated in the future, after they left the tent.

"What's my next lesson, Mike?" she asked after a while.

"Touching," he said without pause.

"That's easy," she responded, "anyone can do that."

"Not the way I mean to touch you, Nessy," he said, looking at her out of the corner of his eye, with a slight smile.

"Go on then, teacher, teach me," she giggled again. She was really relaxing now. Her banter, smiles and giggles all indicating it.

"Close your eyes," he commanded. She did. "Right lie on your back, hands at your sides, legs apart." He started with a very simple act of brushing the back of his finger lightly along her cheek, then blew gently in the same spot. Next, using the same finger, he made little circles across her chest, just below her neck. He then repeated it just below her boobs. Next he made tiny light circles around her areolæ, making sure he didn't touch them. This was followed with a bolder move. He put his finger on the inside of her leg, near her ankle. He then slowly, slowly, drew the finger up, passed her knee, up her inner thigh. She moved her legs apart further. He reached the crease line, where her bum met her thigh, and changing direction, followed the crease up and around her mons. He then repeated it up her other leg. This time, when he reached her mons, he could see, looking down her cleft, arousal moisture was flowing freely. He saw her cowl hiding her clitty was poking up. He leaned down and gently blew on it. She gasped.

"Roll over onto your tummy," he instructed. This time, he ran the fingers of both hands slowly down her spine, massaging her back all the way down. He reached her bottom, and continued over her buttocks, caressing her, but never invading her. He was light in his touch, just caressing her skin. Finally, he placed his palms on her thighs just where they met the bottom of her buttocks. He reached up and inwards with his thumbs, placing them on her labia, pressing firmly. He then started to move his thumbs up and down, ever so slowly. Her breathing quickened. After a few minutes, he also started to move his thumbs

inwards and outwards. As he watched, her vagina started to open and close. From her pearlescent mucous now running freely from her, he could see she was more than a little aroused. She was rising now. He knew she would cum in a few seconds, so he removed his hands and slapped her bottom playfully.

"There you are, Nussy," he said, "there's more to touching than you thought isn't there? Hello, Nussy, are you alright?"

She turned her face towards him, her face was flushed, her breathing just short pants, now. She had so nearly cum, and it had driven her mad when he stopped. She'd been right on the cusp. What was the matter with her today? She really looked forward to the next lesson.

"Before we have the next lesson, tell me about your home life, Nussy," he asked. "What are you good at school. How many friends do you have, where do you like going on holiday. Tell me everything."

For nearly half an hour, Nussy talked non stop. During that time, she occasionally had reached down, with one hand, and scratched at her pussy. She was growing comfortable with him. As she talked, he learned about the school politics, that a girl called Jensi had seen Mentive's willy, when they'd gone behind the shed together. She thought the maths teacher was nice and the geography teacher horrible. Lotana was the school bully, but Nussy had hit her with a stick last term. She'd had been given detention for it, but it had stopped the bully. Suddenly, she stopped in mid sentence and asked: "What's the next lesson, Mike?"

"It's a bit like the last lesson really, only different," he said, mysteriously.

"Different how?" she asked, her interest piqued.

"I won't use a finger." He paused, smiling at her puzzled expression. "I will use my tongue instead."

A shiver of anticipation shuddered through Nussy's body. The tingling from her interrupted climax, combined with the Golden Lotion made her almost unable to focus.

"This time, though, you have to lie in a slightly different position," he said. "on your back, hands by your sides, knees up, feet to your bum. Now hold your ankles with your hands. That's good. Now flop your knees outwards. Now, like last time close your eyes."

Mike started at the side of her neck, just beneath her ears, gently licking her in a such a sensitive way. He moved down her arm, then the other, licking and kissing her. Next, he licked her areolæ. This time, she moaned, her chest rising slightly, her nipples hardening. He moved down her sternum, and onto her abdomen, dipping his tongue into her tummy button, making her giggle. Down he moved and licked around the top of her mound, looking at it from this close, he could see her blond downy fluff, invisible from further away. Up over her mound, his tongue moving sideways across her, until he reached the top of her cleft, her tiny dimple. His tongue dipped into it, exploring, just a quarter of an inch from her most sensitive place. She lifted herself to meet him, as he withdrew. She gasped in frustration, Moisture now pouring from her vagina. Mike had never seen an eight year old

this aroused. That Golden Lotion was certainly working, and she'd get another dose before the night was out.

Mike now moved to her feet, and taking one foot in his hands, licked each toe in turn, sucking it into his mouth. As he slowly licked up the inside of one calf, then the other, he could see her chest rising and falling quickly. He could even see the flutter under her erect nipples, of her heart beating so fast. He started at her knee, and slowly, oh so slowly licked up the inner thigh of one leg, up to the crease where her bum met her labia. He just touched her bulging, engorged lips, for a second, before he moved down to her other knee. She gasped out another sigh of frustration, but soon he was licking up the other side, working his way up to where she wanted him. Never in her life had she felt like this. It was as if her whole life had waited for this moment. He reached her upper thigh, came to the crease and pulled away.

Then, he did the unexpected. Moving between her thighs, he brought himself right up to her, inhaling her scent. She suddenly felt his tongue right at the base of her spine. He was licking her there. God it felt good. But he moved again, into her valley. She lay there thinking, "he's not going to, to, lick me there, aahhhhh," she felt his tongue dip into her anus, but almost as soon as it was there, he moved on. Now he was licking the gap between her butt and her pussy. "Oohh yeah," it just got better. She was shaking now, because she knew what was coming next, and it would be her. His tongue touched her vagina, he dipped into her, tasting, lapping at her, slurping. She was rising fast. Then suddenly, he was gone. It took her a moment to realise he'd stopped.

"What, why did you stop?" she asked breathlessly, "why, I was just about....."

"I know," he said, in his calm tone, "but that was the end of the licking lesson. If you want to learn more, we move onto the next lesson. Do you want to stop for a moment, Nussy before we learn the next part? Would you like a moment to yourself again?"

She nodded, "Yes please," she whispered, "you know why. Would you do it for me though?"

"Do you want to be my girlfriend then?" he asked, "I can't touch you, down there," he nodded at her spread pussy, "if you're not my girlfriend. It wouldn't be right, would it? So do you want to be my girlfriend." They both knew she did, and they both knew a very adult game was being played here.

"I, I don't know yet," she whispered again, but I need, I need to err, I need...."

OK," he said nodding, "I understand what you need, but the rules are changing now. If you are not my girlfriend, I can't touch you, but it is my tent, so you must do as I say. Stretch out your legs. That's right, now move them apart as far as you can." She touched the side of the tent with her toes. "Good, now cover your pussy with both hands. Good. Now curl your fingers into yourself. Play with your pussy, while I watch you, while I photograph you." By now, her fingers were hard at work, making squelching noises deep inside her vagina. She came for the first time in less than a minute. It lasted three minutes, before she stopped. Then she started again, a minute later, and this time it went on for over five minutes. Throughout, her eyes were screwed up tight. She never saw Mike bringing his camera to bear from every angle he could, up close, really close. The video capturing her

gasps, her bodily noises, the slapping of her fingers against her pussy. It captured her moisture pouring from her open sex, getting a glance every now and then deep inside her.

= 8 =

It was some time later that Nussy came to. She had cat-napped for twenty minutes. She was aware of Mike laying beside her, on his back. His willy had been stiff most of the day. She'd almost come to expect it. But it was even stiffer now. As she lay on her side, she peeped through her almost-closed eyelids, staring at it. She could see it curved towards him slightly. It had veins, slightly blue in colour running around it, like the lines in a leaf. It twitched with the pumping of his pulse. It almost looked angry. She could see a clear liquid coating one side of it, running from his tip. It was like her own arousal. It must be that gooey stuff she'd touched in bed this morning. She became aware he was humming to himself. He was holding his phone, a half smile on his face. He was really studying something.

"What are you looking at, Mike?" she asked. He glanced back at her and smiled.

"Hello sleepy-head," he replied quietly, "did you have a nice sleep after your little game?"

She blushed, but knew he was just teasing her a little. She raised her eyebrows, waiting for him to answer her question.

"I was just having a look at one or two home movies I took. They're some of the best I've ever taken, I think. If you bring the popcorn, you can shuffle over here and have a look." He held his arm out, and she nestled into his side, his arm around her body, her head resting into the crook of his shoulder. He pressed a couple of buttons, and the video opened. It showed her face. She looked serene, but her breathing was fast, her nostrils flared each time she inhaled. Suddenly, her pretty face was contorted into a screwed up image of either agony or ecstasy. She was cuming, and cuming good.

"That's me," Nussy declared. "When did you take that? I can't remember you filming me."

Her question was rhetorical, the answer obvious. The camera moved down over her body, following her arms. The tension and movement of her muscles could be plainly seen. The camera reached her hands, and focused on the fast movement of her fingers working into her cleft, manipulating her hard clit as fast as a concert pianist's fingers on a keyboard. He suspected she'd never masturbated properly before today, but she was a fast learner, and was demonstrating her expertise right now.

The camera moved further down, still focusing between her thighs, but was now angled up from beneath her. As she worked her clitty hard. Her vagina and anus started to open and close, like the mouth of a goldfish. Faster and faster the pace increased. She was calling out, her moans and gasps becoming louder. Her knees this moment up, that moment splayed sideways. She was completely out of all conscious control, her fingers doing what her primeval instincts demanded of her. In mid flow, the camera briefly moved back to her face. Her mouth was wide open, her tongue half out, spittle running down her cheek, while she gasped out huge deep breaths of orgasmic ecstasy. The camera skipped back to the action. It went on for several minutes, until, at last, she gave out a loud gasp, and seemed to subside into unconsciousness. She'd fainted. The video ended. What the camera didn't

record, or Mike confess, was what happened next, when he leaned into her, and lapped up every drop of her arousal he could find. And there was plenty to find. She was eight years old, and as he knew, the younger they were, the sweeter they tasted.

“Did you enjoy being a film star, Nussy? You were very good at it, you know.” She looked up at him, then back to the, now, blank screen.

“What will you do with that, Mike?” she asked plaintively. “I mean it’s really rude. Why do you want to watch something like that anyway?”

“That’s easy, Nussy,” he replied. “I’ve already told you I think you have a very pretty pussy. You might not be my girlfriend, but I will enjoy looking at it many times. I think Alex and Katrin will enjoy it too. But, you know, I think my cock will enjoy it even more. I might even do the same to myself, as you were doing to yourself in that film. I can lay facing the wall, if you don’t want to watch, or if you do want to, as there isn’t a lot of space, we’ll have to move around a bit.”

She blinked when he said this, as up until now, everything had been Nussy’s actions, her pleasure and her learning. It hadn’t crossed her mind that Mike might wish to enjoy himself too.

“Oh, OK,” she said, “You can look at the video, while you play, as long as I can watch you.” She grinned mischievously.

“OK,” he said, “but if you are making conditions, then I have one of my own.” She cocked an eyebrow in query. “Because there isn’t enough space in here, if you want to watch, I will have to kneel between your legs. My back will be pressed to the freezing roof of the tent as it is. You have to lie absolutely still, no touching, because you’re not my girlfriend, remember, and hold your pussy open as far as you can. As I said, you have a very pretty pussy and my cock wants to see it open the whole time.” He expected her to respond in some way, but was surprised when, instead, she simply said: “OK.”

They shuffled around. Nussy lay on the sleeping bag, pulled her knees up and apart again, brought her hands under her thighs, her fingers curled round, their tips dipping into the length of her cleft, and pulled herself carefully open for him. She then pushed her middle fingers further into her vagina, and slowly opened it up, wider and wider. Mike could see far into her wet glistening tunnel of love. Mike moved towards her, until his knees just nudged the back of her upturned bum. He was ready to go.

Holding the phone in one hand, and his rigid cock in the other, Mike started to gently stroke himself. He took his time. There was no rush. He’d set the film on repeat. Although she couldn’t see the screen, she could hear the tinny sound, and knew when he was watching her cum. Geez that bit was embarrassing for her. Mike was cramped over. He couldn’t kneel upright, because the height in the tent just wouldn’t allow it. He had to sit on his heels, and was bent over her. He was getting into his wank now, his fist running back and forth along his whole seven and a half inches. Pre-cum making it slide so much easier. His helmet shaped tip popping out of his foreskin each time he pulled back.

Nussy was watching him avidly. This was completely outside her experience. She was incredibly aroused again. Why? What had come over her today? She was moving her

fingers in her pussy, now. She couldn't help it. She knew he'd told her not to move, but it was just so, so sexy. His cock looked so big, so nice. She needed to feel it. But as soon as she moved her hand, he tutted. She obeyed.

Mike felt the first stirrings of his fast approaching orgasm. He glanced once more at the screen, before putting the phone down to one side. He now had both fists on his cock, squeezing himself hard. He needed to aim carefully. "Here it cums," he thought. The first pulse was nothing at all, just a dribble, but the second was a huge blast. It hit her cleft, just on her clitty and started to run down. The second blast was a bull's eye. It spurted straight and true into the entrance of her vagina. It made her head lift to see what had happened, and with a lift of his hand, the next two spurts caught her full in the face. The next few, losing their range, landed along her chest and tummy. As he looked down once more at her cum covered pussy, he could see her vagina was again winking open and closed. She was cuming too.

Mike had wondered if the girl would be outraged that he'd used her body to cum over. But instead, he saw a smile saying "It's OK, I enjoyed it. It was worth it. I came too."

He climbed to the side, and taking the flask of hot water, poured some onto the soiled hand towel to warm it. He wiped her pussy and inner thighs clean, and worked his way up her body. But when he got to her face, she pulled a 'yuck' expression. "I don't want that dirty thing on my face, Mike. Don't you have anything else?"

"Want to try something really naughty, Nussy? You know, naughty, as in we don't talk about it after we leave the tent naughty." She lifted that eyebrow again in question. "OK," he said, seeing she was willing, "close your eyes and open your mouth, put your tongue out." She complied. He ran his finger tip along her cheek, scooping a dollop of cum onto the pad, before putting it onto her outstretch tongue. She pulled a face, but then she pondered, moved her tongue and lips a little, obviously tasting, and stuck it out again. He repeated it, this time she sucked the finger. He kept it up, until he'd cleaned her up fairly well. Finally, he reached for his thermals, pulled out a clean handkerchief, dampened it with the hot water, and wiped her clean. By now, she'd opened her eyes and was watching him. She had that smile back again.

"Whatcha going to teach me next, Mr. Teacher?" she asked in a coquettish voice.

"That, my darling is entirely up to you, I think. But if you're willing, we have another two days stuck in here, and there's a lot I can teach you if you want to learn. Do you want to learn?"

"Oh yes," she answered, cuddling into his side. "I want to learn everything."

"Does that mean you want to come and live with me and be one of my girlfriends?" he demanded. They both knew that decision had been made some time ago, but both were enjoying the game of pretend, they were playing.

"I, don't know," she answered coyly, "I still don't know what I would be letting myself in for. If I was your girlfriend, what would I have to do?"

“Oh, everything you’ve done so far, but much more as well. Up to now, I’ve had to show you everything. You haven’t had to do anything for me at all, have you?”

“That’s because you told me we couldn’t touch each other, didn’t you?” she said reasonably. “What if you allowed us to bend that rule? The no touching rule” she continued. “You know, what happens in the tent, never gets talked about outside the tent. None of your other girlfriends would ever find out. Would they?”

“OK,” he said, thinking quickly “we’ll bend that rule but why don’t we change the rules around, shall we?” She raised that questioning eyebrow again. “What if, only I am allowed to touch you, and only you are allowed to touch me.” She grinned, intrigued. This could be fun.

“Yeah, that sounds good to me,” she said.

“But on one condition,” he continued.

“You and your conditions,” she responded, smiling, “what is it this time.”

“You have to agree to do everything I tell you to do. Whatever it is, without question.” His smirk was openly showing.

“And if I refuse to do whatever horrible thing you tell me to do? What then?” she asked, playing the game, her face betraying the exciting intrigue racing in her mind, her pussy tingling yet again at the continual teasing it had had all day, and the new arousing things he was saying to her.

“If you refuse?” he responded with obviously fake disbelief that she would consider such a thing, “then I would bend you over my knee, like the naughty school girl you are, and spank your bottom. Then I would find a nice orphanage in Tallinn that takes in naughty girls, who refuse to do as they’re told.”

“You got a deal Mr. Teacher,” she said holding out her hand for him to shake. “What’s my first lesson going to be then?” Nussy was smirking again. Her pussy was still tingling as it had been constantly. But, she expected him to say anything but what came next.

“Make me a cup of coffee, girl,” he commanded. She blinked, her mind adjusting to his change of tone and tactics. But she knew him well enough to know that everything he said had a purpose.

She got onto her hands and knees, and crawled towards the tent entrance, where the food supplies were kept. He watched, as her buttocks wriggled with her movements. Between her thighs, her peach shaped pudenda was showing itself, bulging out towards him, in her ongoing arousal. Her open cleft was reddened and wet, as was her vagina, which almost looked sore. And he hadn’t even got there yet! As she took the cup, and started to pour the hot water, he reached over and ran his finger along her cleft. His touch gentle, featherlike. She stiffened and looked over her shoulder.

"Watch what you're doing, girl," he snapped, "concentrate; never mind what I'm doing. You'll spill my coffee."

With shaking hands, Nussy carried on mixing his coffee, aware of his fingers pressing to her, so close to 'that spot'. She tried to push back at him, but he pulled his fingers away. So frustrating. Taking three times as long to make the coffee as it should, she finally handed him the lukewarm drink. And sat back in her spot on the sleeping bag, waiting to see what he said next.

As he sipped the drink, he fiddled with his phone, finding a particular photo. Putting the phone screen face down, he said: "Right girl, the next lesson you're going to have is called 'oral'. Do you know what that is?" She looked blankly at him, and shook her head.

"Right, well your niece, Katrin is very good at it," he commented. "This is a picture I took of Katrin, the day after I met her. We were in Andalusia. That's in the south of Spain." Mike picked up his phone and turning it, showed the picture of Katrin with a huge smile, holding his cock with both hands, with his crown completely surrounded by her lips, her cheeks sunken, indicating her suction. How she managed to smile at the same time as sucking him off, he had never worked out. But she'd always done it. In the background of the picture was Alex, smiling encouragement to her daughter.

"Oh yuck," said Nussy, pulling a face and pushing the phone away, "I'm not doing that!"

"OK," said Mike calmly. "There's no more to be said then." He lapsed into silence, and started to thumb through something on his phone, ignoring her expression demanding to get some reaction from him, which didn't come. The silence stretched out. Longer than Mike expected.

"What do I have to do?" she finally said in a tone of defeat.

"Nussy," he said, suddenly looking up from his phone, "you don't HAVE to do anything." He again went quiet, looking back at his phone. To Nussy, it was worse than if he'd shouted at her. She'd sat there thinking about that photograph. She'd already given her immediate reaction. But as she thought about it, that damned tingling deep inside her started to work on her again. After a minute or two, it was intolerable. She moved her hand down between her thighs once more.

"No, Nussy," he suddenly said firmly, pointing at her hands, "that's no longer allowed, remember, all the rules have changed. Only I can touch you there, and, only you can touch me. If you want to play with yourself, you'll have to go outside." Just at that moment, a particularly loud gust of wind shook the entry flaps to the tent, sending a cold draft of icy air over them both. "I will look after you, if you are a good girl and do as you are told. But only if you're a good girl."

Nussy's hand was shaking. It was only an inch or two from her pussy, in a battle of wills, between her mind and the strength of the Golden Lotion in her body.

She sat up straight, and then moved towards him, her eyes fixed on his limp cock, still coated with the residue of his orgasm from ten minutes ago. Leaning forward onto her

front, taking her weight on her elbows, she took his cock in one hand, and brought it to her lips. She was about to engulf him, when he interrupted her.

"Lick it first, girl," he said. "Make sure you get it really clean. Quickly now." He watched, as her little tongue tentatively came out and touched his shaft. She moved slowly along it, tasting his semen, now more dry than sticky. She remembered it had tasted OK before, so she licked again and again, working her way around his shaft. "Take hold of the skin near the end, and pull it down," he commanded. She did as he said, and watched as a trickle of semen was suddenly released and ran down from his crown. Getting used to the taste, she licked the pearlescent liquid up.

"That's better," he said, "now put it in your mouth. As far in as you can." She popped it in, getting more confident about what he was telling her to do. He'd only cum a short while ago, but she was so sexy, with her little tongue dancing around his crown, he was hardening up again. "Now suck as hard as you can. Harder than that, much harder. That's better. Keep your tongue moving around it, good. Can you smile?" She tried to smile, and looking up at that moment, she saw his camera in her face. "That's good, Nussy," he said kindly. "You've earned a treat, if you want one, that is." She looked at him saucer eyed. She so needed relief. All she could do was nod, with his cock filling her whole mouth.

"Good," he praised, as he pulled his cock from her mouth, "well done. You've learned that lesson well. Now this is what we're going to do next. Katrin always likes me to do this, so perhaps you will too." He clicked a couple of buttons, and brought up a short video clip. It started showing Katrin laying on a bed, with Mike between her legs, her calves draped over his shoulders. It first showed a close up of Katrin, holding herself open, and her arousal flowing down her cleft, just as Nussy's had been doing most of the day. Mike then licked Katrin from her bum upwards, pressing his tongue deep into her, again and again. After a while, he concentrated on her clitty, now standing proud of it's cowl. She quickly came. Her moaning, opening and closing legs and vagina testified to that. She came again and again, continuously climaxing, the camera catching her head arching back, her wide open mouth and closed eyes showing her ecstasy. Her little girl juices were running down through her valley, over her anus, before disappearing out of shot.

"Your sister is good with a camera," said Mike, still watching the screen, "isn't she? She filmed me making Katrin feel good. When we get home, I'm sure she'd like to film you too. If you ask me nicely, I will do that to you right now, Nussy."

"Would you do that to me, please?" responded Nussy immediately, in a breathless voice.

"As I said to you before, Nussy, you've earned it," he confirmed. "So lie back and enjoy yourself for the next hour or so."

Mike spread out the sleeping bag, made up a pillow at one end from some clothing and got Nussy to lie back on it. He moved up between her thighs, until his face was over her mons, looking up at her, she was looking down at him. "Wrap your little legs around my neck, Nussy," he instructed. "Are you ready for the nice bit?" She nodded, her lower lip clenched gently between her teeth.

He started from her bottom, and licking lightly, worked his way slowly upwards. He dipped his tongue firmly into her anus, tasting her tartness and his semen there. Over her smooth

perineum, he dipped into her vagina, tasting her little girl arousal once more, which was so intoxicating, like an ambrosia, an impossible to buy food of the gods. It was heady. He was almost dizzy. Already, he was aware from the heaving of her tummy muscles that she was responding and he'd not even reached her clitoris yet. Bringing his fingers to her entry, he slowly eased her swollen labia apart, watching as the lines of mucous inside her stretched across the widening gap like the silk of a spider's web. Deeper, he could see her pale hymen, stretched across her passage, the final challenge to him. It's small hole part way down providing him with glimpses of her treasure beyond. Again, he pushed his tongue into her, pressing as deep as he could, feeling the rubbery texture of her hymen. He flicked his tongue tip over it for several seconds, the tension in her body tangible, before easing back, making her sigh as that tension ebbed again, ready for what came next. And they both knew it would be her.

Nessy lay there, spread out, naked, letting a man she'd known for less than a day do anything he wanted to her, an eight year old child. She knew it was wrong, everything she'd been taught, told her it was wrong. And yet, she not only wanted everything he had done to her, and she to him, but wanted to continue, and go further, much further. She wanted him to put his cock in her. She knew only that would calm the incessant tingling inside her. But she didn't know if he would do that for her. He'd made no attempt to do it yet. She would have to think of some way to make it happen.

Then Nessy crashed into what was to be the most incredible couple of hours of her entire life. Suddenly, her orgasms swept through her like waves, every two or three minutes. But within each wave, she seemed to have continuous ripples, or surges, when the intensity increased and decreased. Throughout the whole time, her pussy kept clamping and clamping. She felt it trying to grip his tongue, which dipped back into her vagina and up to her clit, then back. She couldn't breathe. She was gasping for breath. She couldn't get enough air. She knew if she died right now, she would have a smile on her face.

The sensations kept sweeping through her eight year old body. Her toes, her fingers, her bum, the back of her neck, everything tingled. Her nipples were standing out further than she'd ever seen before. Hairs on her arms on end, electricity passing through every nerve. It just got better and better. Her back was arched, she was trying to push her pussy harder against his face, pulling him in with her legs curled around his neck. Then it happened. She knew immediately, and there was absolutely nothing she could do about it. Her bladder had let go. She peed and peed. She couldn't stop. Then she realised something else, He'd clamped his mouth over her cunt, and sucked and sucked. He was swallowing. Not a drop had spilled. For some reason she found this incredibly arousing. And her climax resumed with even greater intensity, as she peed and came and peed again.

Mike's tongue was getting sore. It was as strong a tongue as any man might have, to satisfy all his little girls, but even a world class athlete gets tired in the end and so did he. The problem was, she was in full flight, far from wanting to stop. When he tried to pull away from her, she tightened the lock her legs had around his neck.

"Half time! My tongue is too tired" he said, gasping, "we'll change position." One thing was for sure, this child knew how to enjoy herself. Like Katrin, she was one who knew what she wanted and how to get it. He wondered if she would like a proper fuck. She'd not said or done anything to suggest she would. He'd find out soon enough, he thought.

Mike told her what he wanted to do. She sat up, and moved out the way, while he lay down, where she'd just been lying. By now, his cock was fully tumescent again, although it would be a while before his batteries were re-charged enough to cum. He told her to climb on top of him, her pussy pressing his cock into his stomach, as her labia and buttocks nestled around it, like the proverbial hot dog in a bun. Realising this might go for some time, he reached across for his little bag, and pulled out a traveller's size tube of KY Jelly. Asking her to lift for a moment, he smeared a good dollop of it along his cock. When she settled back down on him, the difference was obvious to them both.

"Now, Nussy," he said, looking up at her, as she squatted over him, her feet either side of him, her head bowed because of the height of the tent, and her hands on his chest for balance, "for the next session, I'm not going to move, or touch you, or do anything to you. You are still not allowed to touch yourself, but you can rub yourself on me as much as you like, OK? I'll help you get started, then after that, it's up to you. OK?"

Nussy couldn't wait to get started. She'd so enjoyed him licking her out, and had been disappointed when it had ended. Mike took hold of her hips, and slowly pushed her back, until her mons was almost sitting on his balls, before sliding forward, and his crown nestled into her bum. Back and forth, back and forth, speeding up. Suddenly, she got the hang of the scope, and started to accelerate. Mike was able to let her go, so she could set her own pace. Back and forth. He looked up at her and she smiled back, but all too soon, she lost focus, her eyes half closing, her head tilted to one side and her tongue appeared at the corner of her mouth. Mike knew she was rising again, and in moments, she started to pant once more, her mouth dropping open and her rhythmical moans got louder. He could now feel her pussy clamping along the whole length of his cock, pulse after pulse, as she cried out her intense orgasm. Mike had fucked, molested and just played with hundreds of little girls. Few in his experience were as sexually supercharged as this one. She was going to fit in very well at home, and he was going to fit into her.

On and on she went. The waves of her ecstasy ebbed and flowed once more, and Nussy continued the longest climax she was ever likely to enjoy for many years to cum. Mike knew She was slowing. Her legs were tiring, her clitty must be getting sore, and anyway, there just had to be a limit, didn't there? He decided he would give her one more thrill. He reached for the KYJelly, and in anticipation, coated his middle finger in a generous dollop. She never saw this, her eyes still being closed.

"Would you like to finish soon, Nussy?" he asked kindly. She focused on him, as if she hadn't realised he'd even been there.

"I guess," she simply stated, like a child who is desperately tired, but still reluctant to go up to bed.

"Do you fancy me giving you a nice ending, and I promise you, it will be very nice?" he asked. She nodded with a half smile, knowing this naughty man made her feel so wonderful. "I will have to touch you, though. Is that OK?" he asked. She nodded again. "OK," he continued, "just lean forward and lay on my chest."

She was glad she'd agreed to let him finish her off, because she was tired now, and finding her legs ached. But she was still so aroused, she needed fulfilment as well as rest. He then asked her something which shocked her, and she would have refused, except

that up until now he had given her such pleasure, and so needed to satisfy the driving force within her, she found her mind saying no, and her voice saying yes.

"I would like to play with your bottom now, Nussy. It might feel a bit strange at first, but I think you will enjoy it. In fact I think you will enjoy it so much, you will ask me to do it again soon. But I would like you to tell me to do it, please."

She gave him a strange look, but then said. "Mike, would you play with my bum please?"

He smiled his thanks. And so it was that they commenced the last phase of one of the longest love making experiences of Mike's life. This girl was just so erotic and sensual, despite both of them being physically exhausted, they both needed to continue.

Nussy leaned forward as he'd asked, and passing her arms under him, cupped Mike's shoulders with her hands. Her back was arched, to maintain the contact of her cleft along his cock. He let her get into position, then reached down, cupping her buttocks in the palms of his hands, being careful not to smear the KY on her skin.

Now, he started to hump her. The friction between his cock and her clitty, had an immediate effect on the highly aroused girl, and within seconds, her interrupted climax resumed, making her move in counterpoint to his hip thrusts. Once more Mike could feel her clenching on his cock again. He then dipped his finger onto her anus. It made her jerk slightly, but only slightly. He continued to hump her and she him, her pleasure once more escalating. Gently, he pressed into her bottom, feeling her slowly dilate, until his finger popped through her sphincter, making her gasp. But she didn't react or object, in any other way.

He then just kept the pressure up, feeling his finger sink deeper and deeper into her, as their joint movements eased his anal penetration of her rectum. Mike loved anal sex almost as much as vaginal sex. In his book, with the right preteen, they both fulfilled his need for a tight squeeze on his cock. And there was one advantage of doing it up the bum, he could always get all the way in. The whole of his seven and a half inches. His finger was nearly there, now. Her buttery passage had little gritty bits in it, but the KY would soon sort those out. It would smell a bit, but he even found that a turn on. Finally his palm was pushed against her buttocks, his finger all the way in. He could now concentrate on humping her once more. Her ongoing climax undiminished. As he humped her, he started to wiggle his finger tip deep inside her, sending her once more into orbit. She would sleep well tonight. Certainly he hoped so. He'd known girls who could cum multiple times, and some whose cum went off for ages. But few, in his experience, could cum again and again and also make each one last so long. She'd been at it now for well over two hours, and she didn't look like she was ready to finish any time soon. All the better for what he had planned to do later.

= 9 =

Mike sensed a sudden tension in Nussy. He'd now had his finger up her bum for at least another hour. How she had gone on for so long, he just didn't know. It had got dark outside, and the temperature had dropped. The little heater was working well, keeping the warmth in the tent comfortable. Suddenly, she lifted herself up, her hands pushing at his chest, her spine arched down as her pussy pressed to his cock. Her eyes were still tight

shut, her mouth wide open as she suddenly gave out a loud howl. The clamping of her cleft on his cock seemed to reach a crescendo, as her howl hit top note. Then everything stopped. Her clamping ended, like a light being switched off. Her head drooped down, her long blond hair suddenly all over his face and then her arms went limp and she collapsed onto his chest. Mike wiggled his finger in her bum a bit and lifted her forehead, so he could look at her. She was gone. Either unconscious, or in such a deep sleep, nothing was going to wake her.

Mike thought it was time to bed down anyway, and what better time. He had a few small jobs to do first. He wriggled out from beneath her, rolled her onto her back lying on the sleeping bag with her arms and legs akimbo. He grabbed his little wash bag, and pulled out the Golden Lotion, plastic tube and long cotton bud. He slipped the tube in easily through the little hole in her hymen and watched as it sank four inches in, nudging into her cervix. He quickly dipped the cotton bud into the fluid and slipped it into the tube. As usual, he rolled the tube and bud around, knowing when it touched her 'G' spot, because she gave a sharp intake of breath and her pelvis lifted several inches, before dropping down again.

Next, Mike wanted to photograph her. She'd had the longest continuous climax he'd ever seen. She must be sore and he wanted to record it. He placed the camera between her thighs, running on video, and for the next few minutes pulled her pussy lips open as far as his fingers could manage. She certainly looked sore. While he'd got her spread out like this, he got the KY Jelly and putting the nozzle as deep into her anus as he could, squeezed a generous amount into her rectum. Finally, he had a bite to eat, tidied the tent, switched off the heater to save gas, and slipped her across, so he could get onto the sleeping bag. He rolled onto his side, and cuddled into her back, holding her close to his chest. He then rolled onto his back, taking her with him. Her head and back pressed to his chest, her bum on his lower belly, her legs flopped either side of his thighs. He struggled a bit to get the zip done up; partly because the fastener was down by his knees, and partly because the sleeping bag was made for one, not two. He eventually got it up, though.

Already, the temperature in the tent was plummeting. The arctic sleeping bag and their shared bodily heat would keep them toasty warm, though. Mike wondered how asleep she was. He reached down and pinched her bum quite hard. She made a deep sigh, but otherwise gave no reaction at all. After all the 'training' he'd given her throughout the day, he reckoned he'd earned a 'freebee', and that's exactly what he intended to have right now.

She was asleep, in the right position and his cock was raring to go. There was no point in any foreplay, he'd been doing that all day. So without any further delay, he brought his sticky cock to her bum, he put his hands under her and pulled her cheeks hard apart. Curling his fingers in, he located her anus and with two fingers either side, stretched her open. He visualised her asterisk shaped hole opening wide, having had his finger in it for over an hour until a few minutes ago. He guided his cock to her entry, feeling his foreskin pressing to her. He then removed his fingers, feeling her entry clamp around the loose skin of his tip. He then, quite forcefully, pushed into her. He could feel his crown, pushing through his foreskin, as though guiding the way. There was a moment's pause, as her sphincter gave some slight resistance, but his rim quickly popped through it. Still she didn't flinch. So Mike went for it, feeling his cock slide all the way into her virgin rectum. Her passage peeling apart for him as the first cock slipped into the bowels of the eight year

old. And Mike knew with absolute certainty that before he'd known the child twenty four hours, he would relieve her of her virginity as well. Life as a pedo could be just such fun, sometimes.

Pausing at full depth for a moment, he pulled gently back and then pressed in. He wanted to cum now, this didn't need to last. He'd played the games with her all day, arousing her, inveigling her, seducing her. This was for him. He brought his hands down her chest, feeling her immature boobs, just pin heads running along his palms, down her tummy, He paused at her mound, feeling the firmness of it's rise, her cleft, her clitoris and her vagina, His fingers feeling the firmness of her young labia, running back and forth, feeling her shape, her little girl skin, her dampness, her immaturity. He pulled her thighs open as far as the sleeping bag permitted, and as he fucked her arse, felt her up like a thirsty man drinking water in the desert.

He had waited for this moment all day. He put his middle finger to her cunt, and gently applied pressure. He felt that tiny hole in her hymen slowly stretch around his invading finger, as he pushed through, deeper in to her, feeling her passage open to him, it's texture, the moisture, it's tightness. He pushed in one knuckle, two, all the way in. The feelings and sensations on his finger transmitted to his cock, which itself felt sensational. He was thrusting hard into the child now. All seven and a half inches. His finger tip now just touching her end. He felt her jerk each time he dabbed his finger against her Golden Lotion covered 'G' spot. He wondered if she was cuming in her dreams. It wouldn't be long, now, and it wasn't. He felt the surge of a huge orgasm, starting deep down in his prostate, spreading through every nerve ending in his body. Surging through his balls and scrotum, swelling the base of his cock, and finally bursting through his crown in a gloriously wonderful feeling of release. He grunted out his pleasure, as he blasted his semen deep into her bowels. Again and again he spurted into her. So good.

Then suddenly calm came over him. Nussy hadn't stirred once throughout his penile invasion of her body. He lay there feeling his pulses ebb away, so good, the feelings of calm, of post coital malaise. Suddenly, he was falling into the arms of morpheus, sleep overwhelming him as strongly as it had the girl. His limp cock still several inches inside her remained where it was for the next seven hours, before either of them stirred with the onset of dawn.

= 10 =

Nussy woke. It had been a particularly hard gust of wind, flapping at the entrance to the tent, that had disturbed her. Her eyes popped open in shock. A whole spectrum of sensations surged through her body, crashing in on her all at once. The first thing she was aware of was how cold her nose and ears were. The tent was freezing cold. She shuddered. But in the sleeping bag, pressing to Mike's front, she was toasty warm inside. She didn't want to get out, despite her thinking she needed to pee.

But she didn't need to pee. The feeling she had was from Mike. His finger was in her pussy. Not just in, but all the way in. Another thing she could feel was his cock. It was in her bum. She could feel the heat from it inside her. She involuntarily clenched, and could feel how far in her he was. She didn't mind it being there. Why didn't she mind? He was in her bum! But the greatest sensation she felt was that tingling. Yesterday, it had felt demanding, making her want Mike to do stuff to her. Today it was different. Today, she

knew it was far, far stronger. She already felt urges inside her, she was incredibly horny. Her whole pussy was throbbing with need. Yesterday had been a difficult day. Today would be impossible. She already knew she would do anything Mike wanted to do to her. She knew she would be his girlfriend and she knew she wanted his cock in her other hole.

She reached down and placed her fingers over his. His middle finger was in her pussy. She wondered when he'd put it in there. But not only did she not mind, she wanted it in deeper, and she wanted it scratching that itch which just wouldn't stop. She moved her thighs apart as far as the sleeping bag allowed, and grabbing his finger, tried to push it in deeper. As she did, she suddenly realised just how sore her clitty was. Then she remembered how long she'd rubbed it against his hard cock, last night, cumming again and again, and that he was still thrusting against her, when she'd had that wonderful massive cum, with this same finger in her bum at the time. The cum was so good, she'd passed out in the middle of it and remembered nothing after that.

But here she was now, trying to push his finger into her, without rubbing her poor clitty. Then she felt it. His cock started to grow inside her bum. He must be awake. She remembered yesterday, how she'd played with his cock, and only realised later, that he'd been awake the whole time.

"You're awake," she said.

"No I'm not," he replied, "I'm having a nice dream. I don't want to wake up. Go back to sleep." She giggled at his silliness. His cock was now stretching her rectum. She could feel it was really deep in her. She liked it there.

"My pussy's sore," she said, matter-of-factly, "really, really sore."

"I don't know why that could be," he said, smiling at the back of her blond head, "it's not as if you did anything to make it sore, or anything, did you?" He chuckled.

"It's not funny," she said crossly, "and anyway, why is your cock up my bum? Who said you could put it in there? You're a pervert, did you know that. You're one of those men who takes advantage of little girls," she stated in an unconvincing tone.

"Well, as to your first point," he said, still chuckling, "you said, last night 'Mike, would you play with my bum please?' So I did, and I still am." She huffed, and folded her arms in a grump. Knowing it was true. "As to the second point, yes I admit, I am a pervert. I enjoy being a pervert and, if I do say so my self, I'm good at being a pervert. And anyway, you like me being a pervert, don't you?"

"No I don't," she lied, unconvincingly, "you should be ashamed of yourself. I'm only eight, you know."

"Oh," he said, as if it hadn't occurred to him, "I had better stop touching you, like the pervert, I am then." He pushed his finger that extra half an inch into her, finding her Golden Lotion coated 'G' spot in an instant and wiggled his finger tip across it, producing electrical surges of pleasure through her whole body, as, for the first time in a day, her itch deep inside her was finally being scratched. Her instant climax was the first one she'd had

that really 'hit the spot'. He slowly started to withdraw his finger from her, ending her wonderful feelings as quickly as they had started.

"Don't you dare," she shouted in alarm, grabbing his wrist, trying to push his finger back in, "put it back in, now."

"You can't have it both ways, Nessy," he said, pulling his finger from her completely. "You said I'm a pervert and I should be ashamed of myself. Well after what you got up to most of yesterday, you're one to talk, I must say."

She was shaking with the sudden intense tingling that surged through her after she'd felt so wonderful for those few short seconds. "Put it back in," she commanded.

"No."

"Please, put it back in," her tone was more contrite.

"No, why should I?" he asked

"I'm sorry I said those things. You're not really a pervert."

"Yes, I am," he chuckled from behind her head.

"Now you're making fun of me," she chided, "OK, you are a pervert," she confirmed, "but I like you being a pervert, and want you to do more things to me. Does that make it better? Will you put it back in now?"

"No," he said firmly, "not unless you pay a penance."

"What's a penance?" she asked.

"It's like a payment or punishment you have to accept, if you want to be forgiven," he explained.

She bristled at that. "What me be forgiven," she expostulated, "me? It's you who should ask for forgiveness, not me. And anyway, why's your cock still stuck up my bum? I never told you that you could put it there."

Mike surprised her then, because in the movements of a few seconds, he pulled himself from her, unzipped the sleeping bag and rolled out of it, leaving her grasping the bag back, to stop the freezing air reaching her. Meanwhile, Mike switched the heater back on. He then turned to the stove, and put some water on to heat for some coffee.

Nessy lay in the bag, feeling a little foolish. She had woken feeling wonderful, if a little sore. The tingling inside her was driving her nuts, and the only relief she'd had from it was when he'd moved his finger inside her. Then she'd pissed him off, but she was cross he'd fucked her bum, and she'd missed the whole thing. That wasn't fair. Now she was lying in the sleeping bag, cold, watching him as he pulled on his thermals. Then he was busy doing stuff in the tent, moving things around. Then he opened the tent flap, went out and closed the flap. He never said where he was going. It was five minutes before he returned.

What she didn't know was he'd gone out for a quick dump. He returned, ice already formed in his hair. In the short time it took him to get back in, the temperature in the tent had plummeted once more.

Mike busied himself making some coffee, ignoring the stares she gave him from inside the sleeping bag. He handed her a cup. Instead of coffee, it contained drinking chocolate. He knew it was one of Katrin's favourite drinks, so she probably liked it too. She sipped at the drink, blinked and took another sip. Then her eyes lit up and she smiled at him.

"I'm sorry," she said in a quiet voice, "I didn't mean it. Really I didn't."

"That's OK, Nussy, we'll start over, if you like," he gave her a sideways look with a half smile. She'd already begun to understand what that look meant. She raised her eyebrow in question, "as soon as you pay your penance," he continued.

"What is my penance, anyway?" She asked carefully.

Oh it won't take long," he said casually, "just two minutes, in fact."

"Yes, but what is it?" she repeated.

"Two minutes sucking my cock, as hard as you did last night," he said, "that's all."

"Yuck, uurrghh," she said, pulling a face. "It's been up my bum all night. I can't do it. I won't do it."

"That's fine, Nussy," he said, as if a parent, talking about whether she could go to see a friend, "it's up to you. But, if you do it," he looked at her meaningfully, "for the rest of the day, I will do anything you ask me to do. That's the deal."

She looked away. Her heart had fluttered at the words he'd just said. The thought of telling him what to do all day so excited her. She stole herself, thinking where his cock had just been, before saying: "Alright, I'll do it. Get it out now." Mike quickly slipped his thermals off and lay on his back, on the, still warm, sleeping bag. Unbeknown to the girl, he had just taken a crap outside, and had not only used powdered snow to clean himself afterwards, he'd also used it to clean his cock. She tentatively approached him, her mind both recoiling at the disgusting thing she was about to perform, and thrilling at knowing that afterwards, she would be able to find release from this ongoing torture her body seemed to be imposing on her from within. Taking one last look at his rigid cock, seeing the veins standing out along its whole length, his foreskin taught around his crown. She watched fascinated as he pulled that skin down, exposing the smooth, angry looking helmet shaped crown within, seeping large amounts of a transparent slippery fluid, she would soon come to love as pre-cum.

Thinking she might as well get this over with, she bent over him, took his shaft in both hands, brought her mouth to him, and popped him in two or three inches in one go. Not wanting him to say anything, she immediately started to suck him as hard as she could. She remembered how she'd done it the night before, and what he liked. She ran her tongue around that rounded end, finding the little skin bit on the underside, which he'd loved her licking yesterday. It was only then, that she realised he didn't taste horrible. His

cock was clean. Somehow he'd washed it. She glanced up at him, her face showing surprise. He was smiling back, as if he could read her thoughts. She turned back to the job in hand. In fact both hands. She squeezed him with her fists, she sucked him as hard as she could and she pressed her tongue to that spot he liked and moved her tip around. He jerked upwards a little each time she did that. He enjoyed it alright.

"Your two minutes is up, Nessy", he said quietly. "You can either carry on, and I will give you some hot liquid breakfast in a couple more minutes, or you can stop now. Then you might have one or two ideas where you might like that delivery made. Somewhere special, no doubt."

She paused, reluctantly, because she was really enjoying this. It was giving her a thrill, which although not satisfying enough, was making her cum sweetly. Finally, she pulled herself from him, and knelt beside his prone body, looking at his cock and wondering if she could get it inside her body. She was shaking in anticipation. She knew it would go in one way or the other. She smiled to herself. She wanted it to be the one way, not the other.

"So you have to do as I tell you the rest of the day," she stated, "that's right, isn't it?" He nodded confirmation.

"Right," she said, "first thing I need you to do is scratch an itch I've got inside me. My finger isn't long enough," she continued in a pragmatic voice. "We'll have to use yours. I can't think of anything else long enough in the tent to go in there and do it for me."

"Oh, I can," he said, giggling at her, glancing at his rigid cock, "I know just the thing."

"Stop messing around," she chided, "you have to do as I say," she repeated, "so what I want you to do is to put your finger deep inside me. As far as you can reach."

Mike shuffled round, still on his side, facing Nessy, who was kneeling in the middle of the tent, thighs as far apart as she could spread them, her head bowed under the low roof. He grabbed the KY Jelly, and put a dollop on his finger. She watched him, uncertain what he was doing. He then put his finger tip to her gaping entry, and pressed into her.

"Careful not to rub my clitty," she said sharply, "it's very sore." She was about to comment on the smirk on his face, but thought better of it, knowing he always seemed to win any argument they had.

Mike curled his finger back, pressed carefully, and watched as his finger sank back where it had spent most of the night. He got two knuckles deep, before he stopped. He glanced at her and she gave an imperceptible nod. He pushed on in, scraping her 'G' spot almost immediately. Her back, legs arms all tensed, as he touched that, so sensitive spot. He flexed his finger tip, and again. Then it was as if he'd lit a firework fuse, because she was off like a rocket.

The next ten or fifteen minutes were incredible. She had multi orgasmed before, but now she came as if that had just been practice. It was like a tsunami. Nessy had never felt anything remotely like it in her short life. She lost control completely. Her climaxes just merged one into the next. Her bladder kept leaking, and she could feel she needed to

poop too, but she was so overwhelmed with the utter mind numbing pleasure of what was happening, she couldn't have stopped if she'd wanted to. On and on it went. Her thighs began to tremble, with the strain of the kneeling position she had adopted. But at the same time, the intensity of the orgasmic sensations which just kept sweeping through her compelled her to continue. Like last night, as if she'd hit a barrier, she suddenly stopped and passed out. He caught her, as she fell towards him. He laid her down on the sleeping bag, with some clothing under her head acting as a pillow.

Mike went over to his food supply, and made a start on preparing breakfast. It was still early, but he was hungry, and he was sure she would be too. When up in the dacha, he'd found some eggs, and frozen milk and bacon, which he'd brought back with him. He made up the mixture for some scrambled eggs and started to cook the bacon. In seconds, in the confined space of the tent, the smell of the frying bacon woke Nessy from her stupor. She propped her head on her hand and, smiling, said: "That smells absolutely wonderful. I'm famished. I think I could eat a horse."

"I've never had my cock called a horse before," he replied with a grin, "although one or two have suggested it is hung like one." Despite herself, she laughed at his quick wit, and swatted his naked bum with her hand. "Ah now, that's an entirely new game we can play if you wish," he grinned at her again, "Smacky-The-Botty. Great game, especially if one of us is tied up at the time." She rolled her eyes. He was obviously in a funny mood today. Mike pulled out a tin of plum tomatoes and another of button mushrooms, and tossed the whole lot into a pan to heat up. He spooned everything onto a couple of tin plates, and handing her one, settled down to, what turned out to be the most delicious food either of them had eaten in several days.

"I just realised what today is," he lapsed into silence, waiting for her to react.

She sat and tried to work it out. There was always a reason for every comment Mike made. He loved needling her. And the problem was she loved it, and that made it even worse, because he knew she did. "OK, smart arse, what is today, apart from Tuesday?"

"Yes and no," he smirked again. "Yes it's Tuesday, no it's not the answer."

"It's your birthday, anniversary, payday."

"No"

"Your friend's auntie's second cousin's hundredth birthday, I don't fucking know. What a stupid question, anyway."

"It wasn't a question," he said, needling her even more, he was beginning to really love her feisty character, "it was a statement. I just realised it's your graduation day. Yesterday you had all those lessons."

"So?" she said, desperately trying to see through the labyrinth of his devious mind.

"So," he chuckled again irritating her, as he knew it would, "you have all that knowledge, all that education. What are you going to do with it. The world's your oyster, girl." He knew that last comment would make it's mark.

"Well," she responded angrily, "today you have to do anything I say, don't you?" she looked at him, expecting him to deny it. All he did was to grin at her. He was so annoying. And what made it worse, she realised she desired him so strongly, but she couldn't give in.

"Yeeess," he said, pretending to be wary.

"Well, Mr. Clever Clogs," she said triumphantly, "you're going to have to fuck me. Whether you like it or not. So there." She even stuck her tongue out at him.

"Ewww," he quickly said, "you're not going to put that tongue back in your mouth are you? I've seen where it's been!" Despite herself, she couldn't help joining him in his irritating laughter.

"So Missy," he said suddenly, "you want a fuck, do you? How would you like it? On your back, your front, on me, under me, or even curled up. You can lie on my belly face up or down, or on your knees with me behind. You can have foreplay, if you want, or no play. You can have it slow, quick, soft or hard. Your word is my command. All day, in fact." He was laughing openly, because she was rising to it every time. She would have stamped her foot if she could have stood up." She was about to say something in response, when his face suddenly went serious. "Nessy," he said quietly, "joking apart, it is your first time. You should enjoy it, remember it, hopefully think back on it as a very special time in your life. I have fucked well over a hundred different girls. Some were younger than you, and some older. Twenty two of them were virgins, having their very first time. One of those was Katrin. In fact all my nine girlfriends had me as their first lover. What I'm trying to say to you is that I know what I'm doing. I will make it good for you, if you let me. Special. No tricks or laughing or jokes. Just you and me, making love."

She looked sharply at him on hearing those words. She had never received any love from anyone in her life. "How do you mean, 'making love'?" Mike looked at her steadily.

"In this tent, I think you and I have got to know each other pretty well, don't you think?"

She nodded. "I guess," she whispered.

"You're going to come and live with me and Alex and Katrin, aren't you? We're going to be a family, and I am going to be your Dad and we will sleep together, all of us, all the time. We will do things for each other, because we love each other and want to please each other, all the time. I love all my girlfriends, Nessy, but I really love my family, and I already think of you as family, so I love you and want to make love to you."

She sat there, her lower lip chattering up and down. He'd only said a few words, when the tears had started to roll down her cheeks in floods. By the time he'd finished, her legs were wet, where she sat cross legged. Suddenly, she flung herself at him, her arms wrapped around his waist, her tears now running down his chest, her sobs going on and on. He gently ran his fingers up and down her back, caressing her spine, letting her calm in the warmth of his cuddle.

“Besides,” he eventually said, “who’d have a menace like you to come and live with them? Only an old idiot pervert like me!” She swatted him with her free hand, but with no force or malice. Their lovemaking started from that moment. Mike’s fingers moving up and down her back, slipped lower over the rise of her small bottom. His fingers danced over her valley, not pressing home. He moved further, finding the crease where her thighs met her buttock, and not quite tickling moved along, almost reaching her labia. She spread her thighs a little to accommodate him, but he didn’t follow her lead. Moving his palms to her inner thighs, he caressed her skin, pulling it gently down, tensioning her labia, and in turn her pussy. Finally, Mike, still holding her to his chest, leaned back, taking her with him, her body pulled up over his as he lay back on the sleeping bag, her thighs now pressed to either side of his belly. Nussy was still crying, although, her mouth had now found his with a force which surprised him. It was as if, were she to break the embrace, he might somehow escape her. She’d changed completely in the last few seconds. He needed to step carefully. He realised her life was pivoting on this moment, and he didn’t need to spoil it.

Nussy clung to Mike like a limpet. Her arms around his middle. Suddenly, it was like she’d awoken from some horrible dream. This man had come into her life, less than two days ago. He’d travelled to kill the man who was responsible for killing her parents. He’d pulled her from the frozen water after the crash, and saved her life. He’d fed her, and offered her a home. Yes he was a pedo, she knew all that, but he’d never done anything to hurt her and only given her pleasure. But when he said those things, just now, she suddenly realised that she meant something to him. She had never been loved by anyone, in her life, ever. He loved her sister, her niece and now he was offering to not only love her, but give her a safe home to live in. She was suddenly cross with herself for getting irritated with him for teasing her. But then in that same instant, she realised that both of them had enjoyed the mutual teasing the jokes, the needling. It had been fun, all part of getting to know one another. She’d never loved anyone in her life, either. But suddenly, she realised this man, this stranger, meant something to her, no, meant everything to her. She realised that she wanted to do things for him, rather than just take for herself. Was that love? It was all too new. She’d have to try and work it out.

“Would you sit up please? Like you were before,” she asked Mike, “I want to hold you close to me.”

Mike, uncertain where this was going sat up, cross legged, his head bowed under the ridge of the tent. Nussy lifted herself so she was sitting in the nest of his spread thighs. Her own little legs wrapped around his waist, her arms around his neck. She kept her head down, but pressed to his chest near his neck. He moved his position slightly, but noticed, as he did, she clung on harder. She never moved for at least twenty minutes.

“Did you mean what you said?” she asked quietly.

Mike assumed she didn’t mean his silly reference to her being a menace. “Yes, darling,” he replied equally quietly, barely heard over the roar of the wind. There was silence for another minute.

“Does that mean you love me?”

“Yes.” She clung to him harder.

“And you’ll be my Daddy?”

“Yes.”

“And we’ll all live together, you and me and Katrin and Alex?”

“That’s right,” he said. There was a longer silence.

“I want to feel you close to me,” she said, “hold me tight. But I want you closer, please.”

“I’m hugging you as tight as I can,” he said logically.

“No,” she said “I want you closer, loving me. I want you inside me. As far as you can get inside me. I need you, Daddy.”

Mike was shaken at the use of that word. So short, so simple and so complex. His cock, like it had a mind of it’s own, which had become flaccid during their heart to heart, was already coming to life at hearing it was in for a treat of breaking in another virgin. Mike simply moved his hand down from her bum, which he’d been cupping, and guided his tip, nestled in the valley of her bum, down to the entrance to her vagina. In the position she was sitting, her thighs were already spread as far apart as possible. His crown, now oozing warm pre-cum, nestled into her cavity. Her cavity which was also flowing with her little girl arousal. The pressure between them wasn’t much at all. Neither of them wanted to rush this. It wasn’t about satisfying her tingle, still deep inside her, nor him taking another virgin and having another red dot on his cock and satisfying his perverted paedophile tendencies, this was about a newly discovered love between them. It was all about consummating that love.

His cock pressed gently to her entry. Their mutual slipperiness of his pre-cum and her mucous, letting him slip slowly into her.

“Tell me about your house,” she suddenly asked, “where I’m going to live. Is it a nice place, would I go to school there? What colour would my bedroom be?”

Mike started to describe his little house and how he’d recently bought it, the swimming pool and the open countryside beyond. He even told her how Bollockov had come to the house, and tried to kill him, Alex and Katrin. Soon, she asked the questions he’d been expecting. “Why do you have nine girlfriends?”

“Because I like little girls,” he replied. He knew what was coming, and decided he’d be honest with her. If he lied, she’d know sooner or later.

“Do you like little girls instead of older people?” she asked.

“That’s right, Nessy,” he confirmed. She thought about that for a while.

“Isn’t that wrong? I mean couldn’t you get into trouble? Mama told me to keep away from men who tried to touch me. Are you one of those men?” she already knew the answers to her questions. She was thinking this through, out loud. “But why nine girlfriends? Wouldn’t just Katrin be enough, or,” she paused before saying quietly, “just me?”

"Maybe," he said evasively. "Let's talk about something else for a while. Tell me," he said cheerfully, changing the subject. "Where's your favourite place you've ever been on holiday?"

"Easy," she replied instantly, "one year Papa had a bonus at work and he took us to Odessa on the Black Sea." They talked about holidays for a while.

"What are your favourite foods?" he asked. "Any food in the world, what are your favourites? Give me a list, so I know what to buy for you, when we get home."

She mused over that, because she loved the lemon pie her friends mum made, and Mama had an old recipe for raspberry jam donuts. Then there was the banana ice cream she tasted sometimes. That was yummy. She worked out a list in her head, and then recited them to him in a serious tone.

"What about strawberry gateau?" he asked.

"Yes I love that too," she said.

"And passion fruit? Do you like passion fruit?"

"Oh yes," she enthused, "I love passion fruit too. I forgot that one."

"You never mentioned chocolate," he prompted, "I love Chocolate Pavlova, don't you?"

"Yum," she said, quickly, "I love it too." They carried on talking about some of the best food they ever had. Mike never mentioned that his absolute favourite was the taste of little girl pussy.

"So," he eventually asked, "if you could only have one of your favourite foods, for the rest of your life, which one would you choose? The lemon, or chocolate or strawberry? Which would you go for?"

"That's impossible to answer," she replied.

"Why not?" he asked. "It's a straight forward question."

"Because one day I might like one and another day a different one," she explained.

"They're all my favourites, but they're all different. I like them all. I couldn't choose one over the others."

"It's exactly the same with my girlfriends," he said simply. "You see, Nussy, I can't choose one over the others. One day I might want eight year old Jenny, with her beautiful auburn hair to come and suck my cock, like you did yesterday so well, and the next day, perhaps eleven year old Sue, with her blond hair and blue eyes to fuck me in the swimming pool. You see one isn't better than the other. They are all wonderful. But there is something else about my girlfriends," he added mysteriously.

"What's that?" she asked, her interest piqued.

"They love each other too. They look after each other. I'm not always there to look after them. And then there's your sister, Alex."

"What about Alex?" came the predictable question.

"Well, Alex likes little boys, you see. The younger the better. Sarah and Jenny's mum, Alice fucks her little boys, and lets Alex join in. They live across the road from my house. When we were in Andalusia, I found several Spanish boys for her. The oldest was eleven. She had a really lovely holiday."

"If my sister is like that, do you think I might want to go with little boys too, Daddy?" she asked.

"Well, darling," he said carefully, "I suppose it's a bit like the lemon pie versus the chocolate pavlova. You will probably like both, but until you try, you won't know. Would you like to try?"

She looked at him a bit coy. "Is it possible?" she asked. "I might like to try. Do you know anyone I could try with?"

"I think so, Nussy. He lives in the house where I hired the truck I used to get up here. He's only six, but he can get a stiffy, if you need him to." She shuddered in his lap. He'd scored a goal with that little idea. Perhaps liking little boys ran in the family. While they had been chatting, Mike's cock had not been idle. It was bar taught, and pressed at her entry. Lubricated by their joint secretions, only her tightness prevented it from penetrating her instantly. What she hadn't realised, although Mike was fully aware of, was that his crown was now pressing hard against her hymen. That stretched pink membrane of skin he'd pushed all the way through with his finger. Then he felt a slipping feeling. She was coming down his cock, as her cunt enveloped his long cock. Her hymen must have busted. She hadn't winced, and even now, she seemed unaware how deep he'd penetrated her. Mike could feel the tiny ribs of her passage passing over his sensitive crown, as she peeled open little by little.

"What's his name, Daddy, this little boy," she asked. Definitely interested.

"His name's Ivan, Nussy," he said. "Would you like me to arrange it with him for you?"

She shyly nodded, smiling, slightly embarrassed. "Yes please Daddy."

"I'll do that for you darling. But do you know what?" he asked brightly. She shook her head. "I'm all the way inside you. Look down." She pulled back from him, and looked down at where they were joined, and could see he was right. They'd been sitting like this for well over an hour, and he had slowly slipped deeper and deeper into her. Mike moved his hips forward and backwards, gauging her reaction. She was incredibly tight on him, as any, only just, eight year old would be. His cock nudged her cervix, right on her Golden Lotion coated 'G' spot. The effect was instant. She curled her hips forward in an involuntary reaction, forcing her harder against him. She pulled back and thrust forward again, getting into a steady motion, rubbing his tip against 'that spot'.

Suddenly, she unexpectedly stopped and looked up at him, doe eyed. "Daddy, would you make my first time special for me? I want you to take as long as you can? I want it to last forever, if you can." She wrapped her arms around his back, one hand on the back of his head, the other on his shoulder, her face buried into his chest, by his shoulder, her legs still wrapped around his waist.

Mike moved his hips slowly forward and back, forward and back. Nussy fell into a gentle climax almost immediately. Mike could feel her vagina pulsing on his shaft in a tender ongoing manifestation of her pleasure. She'd had a terrible week. Her parents murdered; she herself drugged and kidnapped; surviving the long ordeal, ending in the helicopter crash; and then nearly freezing to death; she only survived because by some miracle, Mike happened to be there when she needed him. She sat there, feeling his cock rubbing back and forth over that itch inside her, which only now was sated. But at the same time, she wanted more. So much more. She wanted him, she wanted his love, she wanted his cock and she wanted more than anything to have the safety he had offered her in a home to live. She knew he was a paedophile, and that people might want to put him in prison for that, but she also knew she wasn't perfect, and him discovering her life long hankering to play with little boys amazed her. Ever since that day, at school, behind the shed when she and Jensi had each sucked Mentive's willy, she knew she wanted more. He might be a pedo, but that didn't worry her for a moment, because it suited her. He could fuck her when he wanted, and she would be able to learn from Alex all about little boys.

She started to push down on him now. She needed him, all of him. She kept curling her hip, twisting her tummy around, feeling him sliding in and out of her. So good. Her climax had started right at the start. Jensi had told her it was called a 'cum'. She now felt a deep desire for him to push his cock even deeper into her. As she sat there, her cheek pressed to his chest, she was looking down at where they were joined. There she could see at least two or three inches of his cock not inside her. She wanted all of him.

"Daddy, put it in me," she ordered, "all of it."

"It's in as far as it can go," he stated.

"No," she said in a determined tone. "I can feel it. It must go in all the way."

Mike was reluctant, because he didn't want to injure this child out here five hundred miles from the nearest hospital.

"Please," she insisted. He looked at her, before he pushed her away from his chest. Holding her back to support her, he let her lean back. He then lifted her up with his thighs, pulling his cock from her an inch or two, before gently lowering her again, 'feeling' his way. He then pushed upwards, once, twice and on the third time, let her slowly down. She watched the whole time, and could see him going in further and further. She put her hand down to her tummy, and feeling with her fingers located his crown, under her skin, just above her tummy button. She rubbed it and smiled when she heard him moan.

"I won't last two minutes," he growled, "if you keep doing that." She giggled mischievously

And so their lovemaking continued. Mike's hips moved in the smallest cycles possible; hardly visible, but sending sparks of pure pleasure through the child over and over. She

remained with her cheek pressed to his chest, her arms and legs clamped around him, feeling his manhood pushed as deep into her as possible. If he had been longer, she would have wanted all of him, even then.

She never noticed his finger slipping into her rectum. The only thing she registered the whole time, was her cum going on and on. She didn't even take any notice, when he lifted her a little, so he could get his camera in underneath her, to get a macro image of where they were joined. Mike looked at his watch. It was midday. They'd started this at about eight that morning. She'd cum the entire time. How long could she go on for? He recalled the previous day, and how she'd lasted a marathon then too.

Mike slowly upped the pace. He took longer, quicker thrusts, deeper, much deeper. She started to grunt each time he dropped her onto his cock, letting gravity do the work. Her climax intensified. He'd never seen any woman have a continuous orgasm for four hours, let alone a child of eight. But Nussy had managed it, and would have continued to do so, if he hadn't decided that enough was enough. She was rising even higher. Her cunt was now clamping hard on Mike's cock every thrust and every withdrawal. One thing was for sure, Even now, fucking her for the first time, he knew she wouldn't be reluctant in the future. In fact, he suspected, she would be quite demanding.

Mike knew she was coming to her peak, when suddenly, like yesterday, she let out a loud howl, and the clamping on his cock reached a new intensity. Her finger nails were digging into his back, raking his skin. Mike let go his usual control and felt the tingling deep down inside, as his prostate fired off a massive amount of semen to join the sperm in his balls shoot up his shaft and seven and a half inches deep into the preteen child. Mike was now bouncing fast, her tiny body following his rhythm, bottoming out under her whole weight. He froze, and pulled her hard down onto him, forcing his cock even deeper into the child, and then be blasted into her once, twice, twenty times or more. All she could do was sit there, being filled with his seed, muttering "ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod," over and over. And then it ended. Neither moved. Both clinging to the other for warmth, comfort, and need of the energy to move at all.

At last, with her head still buried in his chest, she said "I am sorry, I didn't mean all those things I said. And there's more."

"There's no need Nussy," he responded. "I hope you always mean what you say. I want you to always tell me the truth, and always tell me everything you think. Never hold back. You said there's more."

"Yes, I'm really sorry," almost in a whisper, "I need to poop. I haven't been since we got in the tent. I really need to go. It's SO embarrassing," she said.

"Easy peasy," he said lightly. "I'm hugging you tightly, right? Well I can't see your bum. So go now." He reached for the pan they'd both used to pee in before, and lifting his knees slightly, slid it under her. She shifted a little, finding the right position. Having his cock buried inside her vagina was a bit restricting, but as he didn't seem inclined to pull it out yet, she said nothing. She grunted a couple of times and then her smell filled the tiny confines of the tent. "You see I said it was embarrassing," she giggled. She grunted again, made a small fart, and told him she'd finished. Mike leaned over and put his hand through the small gap at the bottom of the tent flap, and grabbed a handful of snow. He brought it

to her bum, and wiped her. He chuckled it out and repeated it, cleaning her up. When he cuddled back into her, she suddenly shrieked. "Your hand, it's freezing, get it off."

"There you go, you see," he quipped. "Try and help someone out and what thanks do I get? You're a menace, you know that?"

"And you're a pervert," She stated, "but you're my pervert now and I guess we're stuck with each other." She wrapped her arms around his neck again and tucked her cheek back into the crook of his shoulder, contemplating the wonderful feelings which had swept through her, during her first time. She loved that his cock was still far inside her. She could feel it shrinking a bit now, but it felt so nice there.

They remained locked together like that for a considerable time, neither wishing to move. Eventually Mike had to shift, to relieve some cramp in his leg. He lay back on the sleeping bag, but she clung to him, not wishing him to pull away. So she lay face down on his chest, her legs splayed out, her knees either side of his hips, enjoying where he penetrated her young body. Mike held her close, listening to the wind roaring above, thinking about many things as diverse as how he would get her out of the country down to how she would settle in at home. Would the other girls accept her?

They both drifted off to sleep and woke up, only when the gas cylinder in the heater ran empty, reducing the temperature immediately. He reached for it, unscrewed the canister, and fitted the second one. He estimated there was enough, if he was careful, to heat the tent until this time tomorrow, when he hoped the storm would have blown out. Even while he performed this simple task, Nessy clung to him, not letting him go. She enjoyed feeling his cock begin to return to life once more, deep inside her. His movements had stimulated his cock, as it moved against her. She clenched, feeling her passage squeeze him. And again, she squeezed, repeating it over and over.

"For fuck's sake, stop it," he growled at her, secretly enjoying her little game, "if you don't, you'll regret it, you menace."

"Oh, right, you pervert, what are you going to do about it?" she retorted, clenching on him twice more.

"I warn you, if you don't stop it, I'll have to spank you for being a naughty little girl," he grinned at her. By now, his cock had grown and re-penetrated her deepest parts.

"You wouldn't dare, pervert," she said, goading him.

"Do it once more, Menace, and you'll find out." He hadn't finished those words, before she did it again. "Right, Menace, you've asked for this." In a movement so quick, she never saw the flip, but Mike swung his right leg out, up and over the back of her legs. He used his hands, on her shoulders, to push her to his left. So in an instant, she was across him, bent over his left thigh, held down by his right thigh and his left hand on her shoulder. He swung his hand down and smacked her little buttocks with the flat of his hand, making her shriek with a combination of surprise, outrage and pain, although his slap had been so light, there was barely any pain. What it did do, though, was make her clamp hard on his cock still deep inside her.

“Get off me you pervert,” she yelled, giggling.

“Now, now, Menace” he said, his cock really swelling in her now, “that’s no way to speak to the man who is spanking your bottom, now is it?” He swatted her bum with another couple of gentle slaps, one on each cheek. Instantly, he felt her clench once more, stronger this time. “I think I’d better teach you a little lesson, so when we get home, you’ll behave like a good little girl.” He slapped her again on each cheek, a little harder this time, and, as he suspected, she clenched even harder. Mike started to thrust upwards. His scope for movement, with him sitting up, and her lying face down on his lap, was very restricted, but sufficient to press his crown against her Golden Lotion coated ‘G’ spot.

“You perv, you perv, you ppp.... Ahhhhhhh, nngggggg,” she muttered, as she subsided into an unexpectedly early climax, “ohh, yessss,” she hissed, “again please, Daddy.” Mike was gently slapping her continually, now. Just taps really, but each one transmitted a wonderful spike of pleasure into her spot inside, which once again had become so ultra sensitive. She descended into a world again, where she lost all control of her rational and physical thinking, like she’d done before. Mike realised that when this girl came, all else was discarded from her mind. She was a real sex bomb, wanting to explode as often as she could.

Mike wanted to keep this one going. He’d cum only a few hours earlier, and had the pace now. She was insensible, so he just kept tapping her bum and thrusting up into her pussy from below. He lost all sense of time, but Mike had got a long track record of making sessions like this last. It might have been half an hour or more, but even he was amazed when he glanced at his watch, to see it had been over two hours.

“Nessy, is it good for you? Do you need to change position?” he asked, getting no reply. All he heard was a regular grunt from the girl, as the clamping of her vagina on his cock continued.

“Are you OK?” Nessy he asked, leaning forward to check she was alright, stopping his thrusting in the process.

“Don....don....oh, don’t stop, please don’t stop,” she muttered, her face pressed into the bedding, “keep doing it, please.” So Mike resumed his simple rocking motion, thrusting two or three inches in and out of her, while gently slapping her bum, which had now turned a pinkie-red colour, enjoying her clenches on his cock. He would have kept things going for a lot longer, had it not been for Nessy, unexpectedly crashing into a climax far more intense than anything she’d previously enjoyed. Perhaps it was triggered by him slapping her much harder for a couple of minutes. As a result, Mike found her cunt started to suck and pull on his cock in such a way he wasn’t going to be able to hold out more than a few seconds.

Being in the position he was, he needed better scope for movement, so he flipped her body back, so they were chest to chest again, her knees either side of his hips. Despite trying not to harm the eight year old, he found, with the stimulation her climax was having on him, he was unable to control the forcefulness of his thrusts, which were now the full length of his cock, fucking hard into the child, his pubis slapping loudly on her pudenda, each time. She was flopping around like a rag doll. By now, both were grunting in an animalistic way, as he slammed into her, their sweat mixing and running from their bodies.

Then Mike came. As he did, he thrust hard into her, and held himself there, at full penetration, his semen forcefully spurting deep into her womb. Again and again he blasted into her, feeling his sperm filled love juice pumped into her.

Nessy lay face down on Mike's front. She had felt such wonderful sensations pouring through her for the last hour or more. Never in her life had she felt anything as nice as what was going through her young body at that moment. It had just been pleasure on pleasure. That itch inside her had long been scratched, replaced by a sense of fulfilment that seemed to intensify each time he thrust into her and slapped her bum. It was just so good. Then all of a sudden, she'd cum harder than before and he'd reacted by turning her, and suddenly thrusting much harder into her once more. After that, she lost track of what happened, other than she just felt wonderful; better than she'd ever felt before. She hoped it would go on forever. Then suddenly, it got even better. She felt his warm dampness inside her. Each time he pulsed, she felt that ecstatic surge through her. It was like electricity, but nice. This is what heaven must be like, she decided. Then everything went blank.

Mike rolled the unconscious girl off him, onto the sleeping bag. He spread her out, and before wiping her clean, yet again, with the hand towel, he photographed her ravaged pussy for the album, bubbles of semen blowing out of her cunt. Her vagina and surrounding labia looked really sore. Her anus too looked tender, her buttocks marked. She would feel it, for sure, when she woke up. Finally he zipped up the bag, and let her sleep. He took out his phone, and plugged in the external drive he'd taken from Bollockov's dacha, and plugged it into his phone. There was a special programme inside to compress the data and upload it via satellite back to London. Mike sent a concise report, to Bob-dob, summarising the results of his trip. He explained he'd intercepted Nessy, who had been kidnapped, and her parents murdered, on her way to Bollockov's dacha. He requested she be given permanent residential status, under the care of her sister, Alex, if it could be arranged. Finally the disk drive hopefully contained information on Bollockov's setup, which might prove useful. He reported that it would take at least four days for him to reach Salekhard from his present position, due to the weather and distance. He signed off, and sent the transmission. He watched the indicator showing progress, as the data went out. It took over fifteen minutes. Fortunately, Mike always carried a high capacity battery pack with him, to recharge his phone.

= 11 =

It was three hours later when Nessy finally stirred. She stretched in the sleeping bag, and when her eyes focused on his face, she smiled a sleepy smile. Then suddenly, her face changed. There was movement inside her sleeping bag, as her hands moved down. She frowned, and looked at him with an accusing expression.

"Fuck, I'm sore," she stated simply, "I hurt down there, you pervert! What did you do to me?" The twinkle in her eye told Mike she wasn't sore at him, entirely.

"Well hello, Menace, welcome back," he said, smiling "did you sleep well? Fancy something to eat?" The mention of food made her face light up. She suddenly realised she was really hungry. They rummaged through the bag of food he'd brought down from the dacha, sorting out what they wanted. Mike put the cooker into position, and started to prepare the food. While he did it, she watched him closely. He knew there was something

on her mind. She just needed to spit it out. He knew, depending on her question it would either start with 'Daddy' or 'Pervert'. She took longer to speak than he'd anticipated.

"D-a-d-d-y?" she asked in the stretched out way kids do, when they want something.

"Yes Menace, what is it you want? And if it's can you have all the mushrooms, the answer's 'no'."

"No, it's nothing like that," she replied in a remarkably respectful tone. Then she seemed to go silent again, as if not knowing how to say what needed saying. "I think I might have something wrong with me," she looked at him, almost appealingly, "you know, down there." She pointed with her finger at her crotch, hidden inside the sleeping bag.

He didn't tease her this time. She was concerned about something, and didn't know what to do. "Want me to have a look? Tell me what the problem is first, Nessy." She nodded, and peeled the sleeping bag open, and spread her legs apart as far as the side of the tent would allow.

"Well firstly, I'm really sore all round here," she explained indicating her labia, cleft, clitoris and anus, which were bright red, as he already knew, "but that isn't the problem. The problem is inside. I have this terrible itch there, and it's making me really horny, you know, wanting to keep touching myself down there, but when we've, you know," she paused "done stuff, it only makes it go away for a while, but after I'm even more sore than before. But I can't help touching myself again. Anyway, with that and, what we were doing before, well it hurts now, all the time, but the tingle inside is driving me nuts. Can you help me?"

"I think I might be able to help you Nessy," he said, adopting an expression a professor might, when considering a conundrum. "First of all, I have some anti-inflammatory cream in my bag, it has a mild anæsthetic in it, which might help with the soreness. I'll put some of that on the affected area for you. Then, I will have a look inside, see what's going on." He sounded so reassuring, at first, she didn't realise what he'd said.

"How can you do that?" she asked reasonably.

"Oh, I am a camera developer," he explained, as he rummaged in his pack for his camera case, "I supply specialist components for hospitals and other places." He didn't see the need to go into detail about his MI5 surveillance cameras, nor why he'd brought the colposcope with him in case he had to get into the dacha the hard way. He opened the camera case and pulled it out. It had a long, black, flexible shaft. There were some wires trailing from it, where some black knurled plastic surrounded the end. The shaft was very thin, less than five millimetres in diameter. It could be used with a laptop or standard digital camera. He plugged it into a mini USB port on the side of the camera. Immediately, three tiny lights came on at the end of the shaft. Between the lights was a minute camera lens. The actual camera and lights were inside the handle, everything being transmitted through fibre optics. The clever bit was the lens at the working end. The result was a crystal clear image.

"Right, I'm ready, Nessy," he said reassuringly, "hold yourself open for me, would you? I'll put the cream on you first." He didn't go into the details that this antibiotic/anæsthetic cream was potent enough to reduce the pain from gunshot wounds. It took a few seconds,

while he smeared the greasy substance around her swollen, red pudenda. He let it take effect for a few moments, while he admired her pussy from up close.

"You're looking at me again," she complained without any ire, "you're a real pervert, you know that?"

"Yes," he said, without looking away, "but then you're a menace, who I had to spank before. And if you're a menace again, I'll have to spank you again. Besides, I like looking at your pussy. It's the nicest one around."

"It's the only one around," she giggled at him.

"I know," he retorted, "I'll just have to make do with it. Now," he said, changing the subject, "do you want me to take a look or are you going to moan all day like a menace?" She pouted at him, huffed, folded her arms and lay back.

"Hold yourself open for me, Menace, so I can get a good look inside you." She huffed again, but soon brought her fingers down to her red raw labia, and pulled them apart for him. He took the colposcope, and pushed the end carefully into her vagina. It was so thin, it caused almost no discomfort at all to her. Mike watched the screen on the camera, as the scope sank further into her pink and coral coloured passage, where his cock had so recently been. Smears of semen could be seen everywhere. Then out of the darkness, appeared the slightly raised, smooth area of flesh, that was her 'G' spot. He held back for a moment, just looking at it, while his camera recorded everything.

"You might feel what I am about to do, Nussy, OK?" he asked. He dabbed the tip of the device into her sensitive, Golden lotion coated, spot. She instantly arched her back off the bed, and gasped. He pulled away and dabbed her again in exactly the same way, making her take another sharp intake of breath. Again and again he repeated it, watching through the camera, as her little spot inside, started to swell and expand. She was breathing in short pants now. He knew she would cum soon, and timed his withdrawal to a tee, pulling back half an inch and stopping.

"Well, I can see what the problem is, Nussy," he said, ignoring her frantic attempts to push her body back against his probe. "Are you alright, Nussy?" he asked. "You look a little flushed?"

"Ple...please," she gasped, "do it again, you must, please, don't leave me like this."

"You mean like this, Nussy?" He dabbed her just once more with the probe, making her instantly jerk again.

"Yes.....yes, please, do it again....pleeease," she shuddered, as her body torturing her.

"I know, Nussy," he said mischievously, as he dabbed her once more, making her whole belly arch upwards, but still not quite cumming yet, "why don't we have a deal. Like the one yesterday, when I had to do everything you wanted."

"Yes, anything, please do it, pleeease!" she pleaded.

“OK,” he said cheerfully, “today, after you have finished, you have to do anything I tell you to do. Deal?” He dabbed her lightly again. She was so close now, almost at the point of tumbling into the abyss of pleasure she so craved.

“Yes, I agree,” she panted, “I’ll do anything you ask, anything, just do it, ahhhh now, please.”

Mike immediately started to dab her ‘G’ spot again, gently with the end of the probe. He watched in the camera viewfinder, as her inflamed sensitive area started to swell further. Then he saw something he’d never witnessed before. Her cervix started to pulse. It swelled and shrank, swelled and shrank. Nussy’s tummy too arched up and down, as she descended into a crashing orgasm. Mike pulled away from the eyepiece of the camera to look at her, but continued to dab the probe against her sensitive spot. What he could see was one of the sexiest things he’d seen in a long time. Her vagina, with the probe disappearing into it, kept opening and closing, as if it was gripping and releasing the probe, which was giving her so much pleasure.

Nussy was loving every moment of this. She was cuming and cuming, but it wasn’t making her sore, this time. She had only known the man who was molesting her for a little more than a day. And yet here she was spreading herself out in front of him, without any embarrassment at all, begging him to shove that thing in her and make her feel good. She had let him fuck her in her pussy and bum, and she’d even put his willy in her mouth for a while. She knew what they were doing was illegal in every country in the world, and she knew she was going to want him to carry on doing these things to her. He had opened up a whole new wonderful world to her. She’d learned something really important about herself. She enjoyed her body, and was going to continue to do so.

Mike lay between her thighs, wondering how long she could keep this up for. She had already proven to him she could cum for hours, but it looked like she might beat all records this time. And so it proved. On and on she went, laying there, her legs spread out as far as the tent allowed, while Mike dabbed away at her sensitive spot with his probe. And still she came. Finally, she suddenly stopped. She sighed a deep sigh, and fell asleep. Mike waited a moment, heard her deep breathing and gently pulled the probe from her. He switched the camera off and put it away.

He spent some time rummaging through his pack, sorting out something good to eat. He’d taken some very nice beef steaks from Sergei’s kitchen, and intended to cook those later. He knew the following day would be long and tiring, as he realised the wind was beginning to drop now, and hopefully, the improved weather would allow them to travel. He looked across at the child spread eagled across the floor of the tent, her position any pornographers delight. She was one very sexy little girl, and he knew she would fit in at home very well indeed with his other girls. The only unknown element in his mind was how she would take to lesbian sex, which he knew the other girls enjoyed, and would expect her to participate in, and whether, like her sister, she would crave for little boys. Well time would tell on both those questions.

Mike received a reply from Bob-dob. In short, the message said the data he’d uploaded was gold. Interpol were going to go crazy over the information it contained. The key heroin entry point from Afghanistan into the European Union through Tallinn could now be closed; as would several other routes into many other western countries, including

Australia and USA. Bob-dob added that the intel wouldn't be shared until Mike was safely out of the country. The girl had been given a temporary residence permit, and could return with him. Finally, Bob-dob, in his usual understated way, advised Mike he was promoted to Director of surveillance for MI5, with immediate effect. He was to take three weeks leave on his return. Mike already knew how he would spend most of that three weeks.

Mike decided he would give himself a little treat. He called Alex Facetime on her phone. Usually, when away, he had a golden rule never to call home. It was always a security risk. She appeared a little dishevelled. "Are you alone?" he asked. She knew enough about his work to know when he asked such a question, it meant "I need to speak to you alone."

"Just these three," she said, grinning. Alex scanned the camera around the room, and Mike could see the bed come into view, which she had obviously just got out of. The bedding had been turned down, and lying, naked on the bed, were the two boys from across the road, and between them was Katrin. All three appeared to be asleep. "I'll go through to the other bedroom," she said, walking to the door, "when will you be home?"

"I hope to be back in about five or six days," he replied. "I've finished what I came to do, and I'll hopefully move out tomorrow." Alex knew that Mike had headed for Russia to sort out Bollockov, who'd promised to kill her and Katrin, as well as Mike. Mike had just said he'd finished what he came to do, so she knew what that meant. "But there's something I need to tell you about before I get back, Alex." There was something in his voice made her listen carefully to what he said.

"After you and Kristofer left home," he asked, "did you have any further contact with your parents or wider family at all? Any communication at all?"

"No," she answered, "never, why?"

"Well, did you know that after you left home, they had another baby? She arrived about a year after you left home. You have a little sister. Her name is Vanessa. She calls herself Nussy."

Alex put her hand to her mouth in shock. "No, Mike, I know none of this. How do you know all this?"

"It's a long story Alex," he said, "I will fill you in on the details when I get home. But the short version is that Sergei sent a man to Tallinn. He shot both of your parents. I'm sorry Alex, they're both dead." He noticed there was only silence from Alex, her face not expressing any emotion at all. "The man then drugged and took Nussy with him to Russia. By chance, I happened to see them in St. Petersburg, we were on the same plane to Salekhard. I have proof that they were going to torture and kill her. I'm sorry about your parents."

"I'm not, Mike," she said quietly. "So what happened to the girl, this Nussy? Where is she now?"

“Well, I was nearly at Sergei’s place, near where I am now, when the helicopter bringing her here crashed in a snow storm. She was nearly killed, but I managed to pull her out. She’s OK now.”

“So where is she now?” Alex repeated her question.

“She’s safe here with me now, Alex. In fact she’s sleeping.”

“How are you so certain she’s my sister, Mike?” she asked reasonably. “I mean, she might have been anyone they were kidnapping.”

“You tell me, Alex.” Mike turned the phone, so Nessy’s sleeping face filled the screen. She looked so innocent, so young, so pretty, so like Katrin. There was certainly emotion from Alex now. Mike heard the sharp intake of breath, and the little sob which she had thought was silent. Mike gave her a moment to digest her thoughts and emotions.

“She is so like Katrin, Mike,” she said quietly. But Alex was a very pragmatic person, and her next question surprised Mike. “What happens now? Where are you going to take her? Will she have to return to Tallinn, or will you bring her here?”

“Would you like to meet her, Alex?” he asked.

“Oh, yes,” she replied with a little sigh, “I would like that more than anything.”

“Would you like her to come and live with us, you know, with you and Katrin and me?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” she said doubtfully, “I mean, Mike, you know, the way we live here. You and the girls, and me and the boys here. How could it work?”

“Perhaps she might like to join in, Alex,” he said, in a way he’d not even thought about the problem.

“I don’t know, Mike, I mean, she’s only, what eight?” stated Alex. “How do you ask a young girl like her if she would be willing to live like we do? I know how she would have been brought up. My parents were strict. She wouldn’t be interested in doing the things we like to do. Mark my words.”

“I don’t agree with you, Alex,” he said, “look at this.”

Mike still holding the phone, showing Nessy’s face pulled away a little, then slowly moved the camera down over her body. Her bare chest came into view, her pin head nipples still hardened and proud, then the dip of her tummy, her prominent mound, split by her deep cleft, her clitty poking out, erect, and finally her spread legs. He then turned the camera, as he lowered it down between her thighs, focused in on the child’s pudenda, her cleft, vagina and anus all in high definition clarity. The ravages of her genitalia were obvious to Alex, who could even see the girl’s wide open vagina was leaking moisture. She wasn’t sure if it was arousal or semen. But what confirmed everything to Alex was the torn membrane that had once been the child’s hymen, was still clinging to the side of her vagina.

"Hmm," she mused, "I can see you've wasted no time in getting to know her, Mike. What was she like?"

"As good as any of our other girls Alex," he responded with animation, "I think she will fit in really well. Errr, hang on a minute, Alex, I think she's waking up. Give me a moment." He put the phone down for a moment, and told Nussy who he'd been speaking to. "Would you like to speak to your sister?" he asked. "She's on the phone now."

Nussy sat up, still a little groggy from her drowsiness, but came to quickly enough. "Err hello," she said in her Tallinn accented Estonian. Mike was fluent in Russian, but his Estonian was basic, so he struggled to understand everything that was said. "I am Nussy," she introduced herself. "Are you really my sister, Alex?"

"I understand we are sisters Nussy, yes" replied Alex. "I am so pleased to speak with you. Isn't it exciting to find out we each have a sister we didn't know about?"

"Yes, it is," said Nussy, "I can't wait to meet you. You have beautiful hair, I love the way you style it...." and so the conversation went off at a tangent, with the two sisters getting to know each other, talking like they'd only been apart for a week or so, rather than a lifetime. Mike struggled to keep up, and only understood snippets, such as Nussy saying "Yes, he put it in all night. It was wonderful, but I'm really sore today. He had to put cream on it." And then she asked "Is Katrin there? I would love to see her."

"Yes, she's in the other room asleep at the moment," said Alex.

"Oh, don't disturb her," responded an obviously disappointed Nussy.

"No, I'll take the phone through," said Alex. "She'd be ever so disappointed if I told her about you, and not woken her to speak to you." Alex entered the bedroom. "Look, Nussy, she's still asleep." Alex turned the camera and showed Katrin laying between the two boys, each of her hands holding a sticky flaccid cock. "She's been spending the morning with the boys from across the road," explained Alex.

"Yes," responded Nussy, "Mike told me about them. I'm looking forward to meeting them soon."

Alex leaned over and placed a hand over Katrin's mouth. Her eyes popped open instantly. "Come with me, darling," she whispered, waving her hand towards the open door, "there's someone I want you to meet on the phone. She's coming to live with us." On hearing those words, there was a little gasp from Nussy, and a tear soon trickled down her cheek towards the huge smile on her mouth. Alex had said the words she so craved to hear. Nussy could hear Alex explaining what had happened to Katrin, who quickly took the phone from her mother and looked at the screen. Both girls gasped, at seeing their double before them. Just a year separated the two.

"Which school do you go to?" asked Katrin.

"Oh I go to Harku" said Nussy. "Oh, I was at Lagri," replied Nussy, "what were the boys like there?" The two obviously hit it off immediately, as their conversation drifted from school, to clothing, to food and eventually more personal things. Mike caught only

snippets. It had been hard enough to understand Alex talking to Nussy in Estonian, but nearly impossible when the eight and nine year olds gabbled away.

“...yes, I can have them both in me together, you know one in front, one behind....” Said Katrin, breaking into Russian for a moment.

Then a minute or two later, Nussy said: “..... up my bum, can you believe, all night, without even asking!” And a while later “Yeah, I promised I’d do anything he asked, what do you think he’ll want?.....do you really, I don’t know if I can do that.” Soon the conversation broke up into giggling and incoherent words. He couldn’t imagine what the call costs, for the sat phone, would be.

Eventually, Alex took the phone from Katrin and peered into the screen. Mike took his phone back from Nussy. “Mike, I think these two are going to be partners in crime,” Alex giggled.

“Tell me about it. But, you know what, Alex, I can’t wait for Nussy to join us. There’s only one big problem, though....,” Both Alex and Nussy looked at him with alarm, “ she’s a real menace.” Alex roared with laughter when she heard Nussy respond: “and he’s a real pervert!”

“I think she’s going to fit in just fine, Mike. I might have to order a new bed, though, you know, a bigger one.” She was still laughing as the call ended with her muttering “and he’s a real pervert!”

“Well menace, what do you think of your new family?” he asked. She smiled at him, ignoring his teasing, and cuddled into his side, her actions speaking louder than words.

“They’re really nice, Daddy,” she said quietly, “I can’t wait to come home with you.” Then suddenly, she sat up and holding him at arm’s length, looking excitedly at him, she asked: “You told me, before, I have to do exactly what you want. What do you want me to do?”

He smiled at her complete change of tone. Suddenly, she was a little girl, looking forward to her future. A future with family, and people who loved her. “Will you do anything I ask?” he threw at her.

“Well,” she started, “it depends on,” suddenly she paused, “.....yes, Daddy, I will do anything you ask. What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to suck my cock, Nussy. I want to cum in your mouth. Then I want you to swallow it all. I want you to look at me the whole time you’re doing it. Would you do that for me?”

She looked at him seriously for a moment, thinking that just a couple of days ago, she would have been revolted by the idea. It would have made her sick, just thinking about it. But suddenly now, she wanted to please him. She wanted to do this and make it as good for him as she could. For the man who’d saved her life, and offered her a future and a family.

"Yes, Daddy," she said, with pretend resignation, "I suppose so. Katrin agreed with me, when I said You're a real pervert, do you know that?"

"Yes, I know, but unless you know of any other menaces around here, I suppose you'll have to do." They were grinning at each other, as Mike settled himself down in the centre of the tent, his cock already engorged with anticipation of what it was about to enjoy.

"When I told Katrin I had to do anything you wanted, she told me this is what you'd probably want. You'll have to guide me with what to do."

"Take hold of it with both hands. Get a feel of it. Run them up and down it a few times. Squeeze a little harder. Yes that's better. Now lick around it, like you did before. That's nice. Now pull the skin down at the end, so my crown comes out. Lick that now, Nussy. Ahh yess, that's great. Keep doing that for a couple of minutes, please. You see that bit of skin underneath the end," she nodded 'hmmm', "well that's called the frænum. The area there is really sensitive, like your clitty is. What I'd like you to do is lick there, pressing your tongue as hard as you can against it. Do the same when it's in your mouth. Yes, that's right. Oh yeah, Nussy, that's really good. Now pop it into your mouth. Try not to scrape it with your teeth. That's sooo good, Nussy. Run your tongue around it, get the feel of it in there. That's right lick that spot underneath again. Yeah, keep doing that. When you're ready, try sucking it a bit. That's nice. You can suck it hard if you want; as hard as you like. You're good at this Nussy. Now as you suck, run your fists up and down my shaft. Keep licking, though and sucking. Lots to remember all at once. But you are really good at this. Try bobbing your head now. Let my cock slip in and out of your mouth. Take it in as far as you can, then out again. Keep doing that. Well done. You're a really good cock sucker. Perhaps you're not such a menace after all. Nearly there, Nussy. Try doing everything you've done so far, but as fast as you can."

Nussy was moving her head back and forth really fast. Mike's cock was bouncing off the back of her mouth. At first she thought it would make her puke, but she got used to it after a while. She realised Mike was rising now. His breathing was getting quicker, in short pants. She really upped her pace, sucking now as hard as she could, pressing her tongue to that spot underneath, and running her hands up and down. She realised he was very close, when she felt his body go stiff. He grunted once. She thought she could taste something different in her mouth, then suddenly he grunted again, and it was as if her mouth was filled with his stuff. She knew he wanted her to swallow, but there was so much of it. She just managed to swallow the first blast, when the next filled her mouth again. She swallowed it, and was ready when the next hit the back of her mouth. It thrilled her to hear his moans of ecstasy. She knew he'd done so much for her, and to do something in return for him gave her huge satisfaction. She also realised she had loved doing it for him. She enjoyed the taste, and it had even made those tingles deep inside her start over again. She would have to ask him to help her again with them.

When it was over, they cuddled close together. Both had done everything the other had wanted for a day and a half. Both were sated, and ready to just hug each other, enjoying each other's presence.

They dozed through the rest of the afternoon, waking later, when they both needed to go to the toilet. They rummaged through what was in the food supply, and cooked something to eat, before turning in for the night. Nussy was still sore, and Mike happy after one of the

best pre-teen blowjobs ever, so they cuddled inside the sleeping bag, listening to the wind outside, now slackening. They talked about her future in England and Alex and Katrin and the other girls; their neighbours; where she'd go to school; where they might go on holiday. Finally, Mike switched off the heater, zipped them into the sleeping bag, parked his cock in her cleft, with her on top of him, her thighs either side of his hips.

= 12 =

Mike, at first, couldn't work out what had woken him. It was still pitch dark. He lay there thinking, half asleep. Then it occurred to him, the storm had ended. There was silence outside. They would be able to leave in the morning. He placed his palms on Nussy's buttocks, feeling her shape, her muscle tone. She stirred in her sleep, her arms still around his chest, clinging tightly. The next thing he was aware of was the first grey streaks of dawn's light penetrating into the tent. He leaned across, trying not to disturb her, while he switched the heater on. He lay back, letting the warmth of the heater slowly circulate. Having a naked eight year old child on his front, his cock still pushed against her cleft, was no hardship at all in his mind, other than it might distract him from getting up, which he knew he had to do, if they were going to get back to the truck in less than two days. He knew on his own, he could have done it in a day on skis, but Nussy was ill-equipped and walking, so it would take twice as long.

He rolled onto his side, taking her with him. She partly woke, clinging to him once more. He unzipped the sleeping bag and rolled out. He pulled on his thermals and set to preparing some breakfast for them both. The smell of bacon and coffee soon had her nasal attention, and before it was ready, her eyes popped open.

"What time is it?" she asked sleepily, "can't we stay in bed a little longer? I want to try out something you showed me yesterday." Even in her sleepy state, she gave Mike a cheeky but coquettish look. In the movement of a moment, he flipped back the open sleeping bag, exposing her naked body, rolled her over with one hand, and gave her buttock a nice little slap with the other.

"Time to get up, Menace," he said, "things to do, places to go to, people to see."

"You're just a cruel, child beating, slave driving, pervert," she muttered, rubbing her buttocks.

"Yes, I know," he responded, "but I'm your cruel, child beating, slave driving, pervert. Don't forget that. You're stuck with me now." She gave him a warm grin, her grubby, dishevelled hair swinging across her nipples.

Nussy sat watching him pack up his equipment and clothing. She had little enough with her to pack, but he tossed across a pair of little girls panties and a T-shirt with a cartoon of Pluto printed on the front. They were the ones he'd found in the dacha. He tried not to think about the previous owner, who was now lying a quarter of a mile away at the base of the cliff. He was sure, though, she wouldn't begrudge a fellow victim from using them. Nussy absently scratched her labia. The tingling had eased off now, but she'd made herself so sore yesterday, it itched around the outside. She was unaware she hadn't had another application of Golden Lotion last night. What she did know was that she still felt incredibly horny, and wanted nothing more than to crawl back into bed with Mike.

"Instead of scratching your cunt," Mike said exultantly, "why not lend a hand?" They both knew the job would only take him a few minutes, and was a one person job anyway. "You're a fucking menace," he chided, "you know that?" She was just about to make a retort, when he suddenly swung round and kissed her passionately on the mouth, his left hand behind her head, pulling her into him, his right hand slipped between her legs, finding her clitty with his fingers. She took a deep breath, her chest pushed out, her eyes closed. Their tongues intertwined as though they were snakes fighting.

She was just rising, her hips rocking slightly, when he pulled away, ending the kiss as quick as it had started. "Time to rock and roll," he said to her disappointed face, "try not to be a menace and be a good girlie, and I will make it up to you, I promise." She stuck her tongue out at him. A tongue which could still taste his tongue, and could still remember the taste of his semen. Realising she needed to get ready, she reluctantly started to dress. The last couple of days had been the happiest of her life. Covering herself up now, somehow seemed to put a barrier between them, however necessary it was.

As soon as he had the packs filled, Mike started moving everything up to the surface. The floor of the tent was now six feet below the snow level, the roof about two feet below. Once he had everything else out, he collapsed the tent, and slowly extricated it from under the pile of snow. Even the skis were just curved tips poking out of the surface. Using the pack he'd brought down from the dacha, he put the case of cash into it, together with some items of clothing. Nussy was going to have to carry it, as he was carrying everything else.

Finally, they were packed and ready. Mike looked around at their surroundings, and it was only then he realised what a beautiful vista it was. Other than the direction of the mountain, he could see for many miles in every other direction. The air was crystal clear. Not a breath of wind. Just at that moment, way to the east, their direction of travel, the sun's orb appeared over the distant horizon, casting everything in a golden light. It was a perfect photo opportunity. Mike quickly got his camera out, and took some beautiful panoramas, one of which he would one day enlarge, and hang on his studio wall. He also took pictures of Nussy playing in the snow. They were both laughing, the mood light.

Afterwards, he helped Nussy fit the snow shoes onto her little feet. They were very awkward for the child, but there was no alternative. Her thermal suit was oversized too, and made walking cumbersome for her. Mike fitted the skis to his own boots, shouldered his huge pack and they set off. Most of the journey was downhill, and Mike found that with some careful manoeuvring, Nussy could sit on top of his pack, while he skied down the slopes. His own pack was sixty five pounds, and hers twenty, plus her own weight of forty five pounds made it hard to lift her into place. But once she was there, he could manage. On the flat and occasional uphill sections, she had to climb down and walk.

It was around midday, during one of the uphill climbs, that she complained of being too warm. He was too. It just showed how warm the sun was, reflecting off the pure white snow, when there was no wind-chill.

"We'll stop for something to eat," he suggested, getting his heavy pack off his shoulders "I'll spread the tent out on the snow, we can sit on that." While he was pulling the tent out

of his pack, Nessy slipped her thermal suit off, now just in her jeans and Pluto T-shirt. "Don't get cold, Nessy," he warned.

"There's no chance of that," she replied, "If anything, I'm sweating."

Mike looked across at her and had a thought. "Are you up for a bit of fun?" he asked. Without waiting for her reply he added: "Would you model for me? Look out there," he said, waiving his hand in an arc, "perfect scenery, tall mountains, bright light and virgin snow. A photographer doesn't get opportunities like this very often." She smiled back and nodded. He got his camera out and in a few seconds, she was posing and he was snapping away.

Suddenly, she looked coy. "Go on," he said, "spit it out, what is it?"

"Want me to pose nude for you, pervert?" she asked, already pulling the T-shirt off over her head. "Better make it quick, though, before my pussy freezes over."

Mike couldn't believe his luck. It was perfect for modelling, but the air temperature was still ten below, so this would have to be fast.

"OK Menace get your kit off. Stand there, hands behind your head, feet apart, wide apart. Turn around, bend over, look at me from between your knees, now hold yourself open. Great, well done. Want to do a snow angel, before you get dressed?" She threw herself backwards into the snow, and quickly swept her arms up and down, and her legs out and in, forming the wings and robes in the snow. "Legs wide open, hold still, Nessy, look directly into the lens, big smile. Fantastic, now get dressed as quick as you can, while I fix something for us to eat."

She quickly dressed, and sat down beside Mike, while they ate their simple meal. He noticed that she had gone strangely quiet. He showed her the results of the photoshoot, when they got to the snow angel shots she smiled. The pictures didn't look sordid or smutty. They looked like photographs any parent might take of their daughter, when having fun. She leaned into him, and pressed her cheek to his shoulder.

"Thank you Daddy," she said, unexpectedly.

"What for?" he asked.

"For saving my life, and giving me something to look forward to, a family, Alex and Katrin.....and you."

"You're still a menace," he said, putting his arm around her waist, cuddling her into him.

"And you're still a pervert," she retorted, "but I love you for what you've done for me, which is why I have made a decision, I'm going to make you a promise."

"What promise is that, my darling?" he asked, lifting her up and into his lap, both arms now around her.

Suddenly, her face was all animated, like she'd made a plan and wanted to share it with him. "Well, I know you like to do naughty things to little girls which you're not supposed to do, because you're a pervert, don't you?" She giggled.

"Yes, I suppose so," he answered vaguely.

"Well, I decided, even though you're a pervert, you're my pervert. So this is my promise, Daddy" she said, suddenly becoming serious. "Whenever I can, I will help you; you know finding little girls for you to play with. If I can bring a friend home, or something, I will help you do stuff to her, you know, help you to be able to get your hands, or tongue, or just look inside her knickers, or trick her into doing stuff. Would you like that?" She turned her head, and grinned at him. She could see from his face, he would like that a lot.

"You know, Nessy, that's a great idea. I think you and I could be real partners in crime. I can see you getting a job as a spy one day."

"Is that what you do for a living? Are you really a spy?" she asked insightfully.

"Let me just say I don't talk about my work," he grinned at her. In the last five minutes, he'd grown closer to Nessy than any of his other girls. It was as if each had given the other everything they had to offer and both had needed and accepted the offer.

The sun was now at it's zenith, basking the whole area in dazzling light. Nessy had no shades for her eyes, and was squinting most of the time. Mike knew from experience what it felt like. All the times she'd fallen with the awkward, adult size snow shoes, or when he'd over balanced, skiing with her on his back. It must have winded her. She had ill fitting clothes, which would chaff and her footwear, a pair of boots, two sizes too large, sure to give her blisters. Yet, she hadn't complained once. She wasn't a moaner – well not that sort of moaner, anyway.

"We need to be getting on soon," he said. "I'm pleased with the distance we've made this morning. Nearly ten miles. I'm hoping we'll reach the truck tomorrow sometime."

Nessy's thermal suit had a removable panel with two zips, to enable her to go to the toilet without removing the whole suit. Without saying a word, she stood, took two steps away from where they were sitting, unzipped the panel, and squatting down, in front of him, pulled her panties to one side and started to pee, marking the pure white snow with lines of yellow. She then grunted, and pushed out a couple of turds, before wiping herself with a couple of handfuls of powdery snow. She stood and kicked snow over the evidence.

She turned and smiled at him, because he was still ogling her, which she liked. "Before I put this away," she said, pointing at her pussy, "did you need it for any reason?" They were both still laughing, when she climbed onto a rock to enable her to climb up onto his pack for the long downhill slope in front of them.

As they trudged through the afternoon, sometimes skiing, sometimes walking, the sun moved behind them as it dropped to the west. Mike was getting tired, but enjoying Nessy's chattering and the incredible scenery around, of the snow covered mountains towering into the sky. He took the occasional photograph capturing the scene and her. They stopped mid afternoon. Mike was fit, and used to long distance cross country hiking with

heavy loads on his back, but carrying about a hundred and twenty pounds, as he was when she was on top, was taking it's toll.

Although the air temperature was still ten below, with the warm sunshine and total lack of wind, it felt quite hot. They had each worked up a sweat, and it was with relief that they both stripped off their arctic clothing. He was just in his thermal leggings and top, she in jeans and T-shirt. They quickly unpacked the gear, spreading it out on the hard snow surface. It was so much easier to do this without the need to be cramped up inside the tent, and the job took just a few minutes. Mike soon had the tent erected ready. He set up the cooker on a flat rock, and started to melt some snow to brew some tea. When it was made, he refilled the pan, to prepare some food.

They sat on the rock slab, side by side, sipping their tea, both thinking their own thoughts. She'd been silent for a few minutes, when she suddenly asked: "Do you mind if I ask you a question?" she asked, and without waiting for his reply said: "Why do you prefer little girls, Daddy?"

Such a few words to ask such an unfathomable a question. "Well, little girls are cute," he said, "they giggle and wiggle their bottoms and have beautiful unsullied bodies. Their faces especially have a beauty which changes in later years. They have no wrinkles or body hair. They are perfect. Then they are tight when I am inside, squeezing me hard. I really like that. Then, I suppose there's the fact that it's illegal, and I might get found out, and the adrenaline that gives me. To me, when a girl grows big, she is no longer as prefect as when she's little. That's the truth."

"What happens to me and Katrin when we grow up and you no longer want us?" she asked steadily, a tear forming in the corner of her eye.

"As you grow up, I will always want you, but by then, I would hope you would have boyfriends and one day settle down with one," he replied. "You might even ask me to walk you up the aisle of the church, and marry some awful youth, who I would think isn't good enough for you." He grinned at her, and she at him. "Then you will have children of your own, which may look like me or your husband," they grinned at each other again, "and you will come and stay with Alex and me for visits, and let me teach your daughters things. But I promise you this, Nessy. There will never come a time when I stop loving you and Katrin and Alex. I will look after you, for the rest of my life."

"Do you really promise that?" she asked. "Like the promise I made you. Is it a cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die promise?"

"It is, Nessy, I promise. To me, you and Alex and Katrin are like my children now, as well as my lovers. I was just wondering about something very important, though."

"What's that, Daddy?" she asked seriously, cuddling him to her.

"If you pull that double zip down, we could see if I can get inside you before my end freezes off."

She leapt off his lap, as if she had ants in her pants, and pulled off her thermals and panties in two seconds flat. She turned, to find he'd slipped his thermal leggings down to

his knees. "On my lap, facing me, would you? I want to cuddle you, and look at your face, and make love, and cum deep inside you."

"I want that too Daddy. I want whatever you want. Remember my promise." She paused, then asked, "Daddy?"

"Yes darling, what is it?"

"What do you mean, 'make love'?" she asked "Don't you want to fuck me?"

"Yes, of course I do," he purred, "but making love is what it sounds like. It is Well, like fucking, but trying to give the other person more pleasure than you receive. You'll understand by the time we've finished."

Nessy climbed over him, her hands on his shoulders, her knees either side of his hips, as she shuffled towards him. Mike had his warm hands on her tiny buttocks, supporting and guiding her, as his rampant cock scraped along her cleft. His crown slipped back, and found the recess indicating the entry to her vagina. She felt it too, because he felt her lower herself a fraction, pushing him in a little.

Mike was sitting on the rock slab, using the end of the sleeping bag as a cushion. He reached over, and, grabbing the other end, wrapped it's length around both their waists. Nessy, meanwhile, was rocking back and forth gently, working his cock into her tight cunt. She was helped, when she felt his foreskin being pulled back, releasing large amounts of pre-cum directly where she needed it. His smooth helmet shaped crown was pressing to her. She loved it's feel, pushing against her clitty, making her climb by the second, her need rising. She started to undulate her hips forward and backwards an inch or two, just to help work him in. All this time, she'd been looking down, but as her face came up, his lips met hers in a passionate kiss. Immediately, their tongues began a dance of love, twisting and turning around each other.

Mike's hands were still cupping her bottom, feeling her muscles flex, as she moved, trying to get him inside her. Then they both felt the popping sensation, as his rim slipped through the tight elastic of her entry. She never hesitated, but pressed her weight down on him, feeling his cock slide up inside her, peeling her passage open, as he went deeper, where she needed him to be. He suddenly nudged her 'G' spot, sending an electric current shooting through her body, making her gasp for a second. She paused for a moment, savouring the sensations now cascading through her young vagina.

Nessy lowered herself down and back, her bottom now sitting on his thighs. He wasn't all inside her yet. She looked down, and could see two inches of his cock, thick, veins pulsing, wanting to force it's way into her. It sent a thrill through her, because he needed her. She was still kneeling, so she lifted her feet out and wrapped her legs behind his waist, curling in, trying to pull him in deeper. Mike started the slowest, gentlest rocking motion with his hips. The movement was almost nothing, except it nudged his crown against her sensitive spot each time, sending the most exquisite tingles shooting through her. Without penetrating, he pushed his finger to her anus, just nudging her entry. Feeling her clench slightly.

The following hour was a time they would both remember for the rest of their lives. Nussy rocked back and forth on Mike's lap, holding him to her, feeling the safety he evoked in her. His cock pressed to her deepest part, slipping back and forth over her tingly spot. She didn't cum, but she kept feeling flutters right in the core of her being. So good. Mike felt her whole tight pussy squeezing him, the ridges and undulations of her passage caressing his shaft and crown. So good. Their mouths remained clamped together, their tongues in a lazy motion, passing from one mouth to the other. Arms wrapped around each other, they remained like that rocking gently.

It was when a sudden chill gust of wind blew, that Mike was stirred from his reverie. He opened his eyes, which had remained closed for the last hour and realised the sun and the temperature were both dropping. He started to lift as well as rock, now feeling her press harder to him deep inside. He increased the motion. Nussy too, sensing what was happening, started to clamp on him. The effect was immediate. She heard him moan every time she did it. He liked that. She would remember for next time. Another little gust of chill wind blew around them, but Mike already felt the sensations deep within him, telling him he was about to cum. She clamped on him one more time, and he felt his prostate lurch, his balls swell, his scrotum tighten, the base of his shaft surge, and he squirted into the child, once, then a huge blast, making her lift a fraction and groan in response, her sensitive part caressed into a climax of her own. Their rocking continued, as pulse after pulse shot into the girl, both of their arousal, stimulation and need all being assuaged together. Finally it ended. They remained still, cuddling together loving the moment, but suddenly hating the chill which was beginning to penetrate as deep as his wilting cock. Finally, they had to move. The apparent temperature was dropping like a stone.

They grabbed all their loose kit and bundled it into the tiny tent. Nussy was amazed they'd spent two whole days and nights in it. It had felt cosy then, not small, as it seemed now. They dressed in some sensible clothing, and moving outside again, started to warm some food for their evening meal. She came and sat beside him, on the same slab of rock, cuddling into his side.

"When I come to England, will I go to school with Katrin?" she asked, knowing full well she would.

"Yes, of course," he replied, stirring the food with a spoon, "you'll be in the year below her. She's just starting there herself now."

"Do they have many girls in each class?" she probed.

"Well, I don't know," he said vaguely, "I never thought to ask. I guess about thirty in a class and about half would be girls. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," she said mischievously, flicking away a small pile of snow from the rock beside her.

"Come on Menace, spit it out," he smiled.

"Well," she said, "I just thought you might like to ask all the girls for a party and sleepover. We could say it was a way for me to get to know my new school friends, but as you're a

pervert," she grinned at him as she emphasised the word, "you could get to know them too. Or is fifteen too many for you to handle?"

Even in his sated condition, following their long fuck, Mike's cock lurched. She really was going to follow up on her promise to provide him with an ongoing source of fresh preteen pussy.

"I think fifteen to a sleepover party sounds a wonderful idea," he replied. "All we have to decide is the theme of the party."

"Oh, I've already planned that," she smirked. "We can have a clothes modelling party. You know, underwear, swimwear, that sort of thing. What do you think?"

"I think it's a great idea," he said, "as soon as we get home, we'll get onto Victoria Secret's web site and place an order. Now, are you hungry? The grub's about ready now. Pass the me the forks."

= 13 =

That night, they slept the sleep of the exhausted. With little or no wind, they weren't disturbed, and when the first grey tendrils of dawn crept across the eastern horizon, Mike was awake. They'd both had had a great night's sleep and felt refreshed and ready to go. As Mike started to unzip the sleeping bag, letting the freezing air in, he felt a small hand grab his crown and squeeze. Much as he would have loved to spend the next hour or so in the sack with the more-than-willing eight year old girl, he knew they had a long day ahead.

"What would you like most of all to happen today?" he asked.

"I would love a warm bath and a snugly bed," she answered, "with you in it too."

"Well," he said, with enthusiasm, "if you get your menacing butt out of that bag, we might get back to the truck and so be able to give you that bath and bed tonight."

Mike warmed up the last of the bacon and mushrooms, tipped in some eggs and a can of baked beans, into the only cooking pan he had. In fact what went in was all the food they had remaining, which wasn't much, but enough to sustain them until they reached Ivanna's house. Mike wondered if Yenna would still be there, or if she would be back home with her father, Paul. Twenty minutes later, they'd eaten and packed up the tent and their belongings and were strapping on skis and snow shoes.

The weather was once again kind to them, and they made fast progress. It was mostly gentle downhill slopes now. Nessy sat atop Mike's pack as he skied down at a good rate. She only had to get off and walk a few times, and then only for short distances. By eleven they could see the tree line ahead, and by twelve, they'd reached the truck. Mike was relieved to unload the weight from his back. He reckoned he would feel it for a week. Despite the truck being parked under the canopy of trees, it took a few minutes to clear the snow off it and manoeuvre it out onto the forest road, which was itself now covered in over a foot of snow, despite the cross winds having kept it largely clear of drifting snow.

They sat on the comfortable seats, letting the heater warm them, and as it did so, they were able to remove most of the layers of arctic clothing, now looking like normal people. Mike looked at Nessy, and she at him.

"You said this road is empty of traffic. Could I have a go at driving the first few miles?" she asked him.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully. "Have you ever done it before?" She shook her head. "Well, if you've not done it before, then maybe we should try another time."

"I hadn't fucked before my first time," she grinned at him, "but I'm getting good at that now."

"Yeah, you've got a point there," he smiled back. "I suppose we could give it a try. I drove fifty miles from the nearest town and never saw another person. There won't be a car or house or person to run into. I tell you what, you can sit on my lap and steer," he explained. "I'll work the gears and pedals."

"OK," she said, gleefully, her voice displaying her delight at her small victory, "you have to show me what to do."

The truck was already pointing down the slope in the direction they were going to travel. Mike got in the driver's seat, and helped her into his lap. He explained about how to steer and what to do.

"Whatever you do, Nessy," he said seriously, "keep both hands on the steering wheel, OK?"

"OK," she confirmed, now smiling a little with anticipated excitement.

"Here we go then," he said, letting the clutch in slowly, the truck moving off at a snail's pace. She sat there, leaning forward slightly, eyes wide, her knuckles white with her grip on the wheel.

"There's a wide bit of road, here, Nessy," he observed, "try moving left and right a bit, to get the hang of steering."

She jerked the wheel to the left, and the truck swerved over, skidding on the slippery surface. Mike had to quickly correct it.

"Gentle moves on the wheel," he soothed. "Like this." Mike swayed the truck slowly from one side of the road to the other. "Small movements, see? Try again." And so her lesson continued. After about fifteen minutes, she was showing she could anticipate curves in the road, and correct for errors. Although his hands were on the wheel, he let it slip through his fingers. "Remember, whatever happens, keep both hands on the wheel," he stressed. She drove on, tight lipped, an expression of determination on her face.

After half an hour, she was steering with some confidence, so Mike increased the speed from ten to twenty miles an hour. Her expression of concentration returned, her white knuckle grip on the wheel increasing. As the minutes passed he slowly increased speed.

There was a long flat straight in the road ahead, so Mike took his hands away from the wheel and said: "It's all yours Nussy." Her determined expression illustrating her mindset.

Mike decided he could now take some liberties. He reached around her waist and gently held her. After a minute or two, he carefully unclipped the golden button at the front of her jeans. Another minute, he gently, slowly pulled her zip down. She still hadn't noticed. Next, he spent quite a long time working his thermal leggings down with his boxers. With her sitting on him, it proved to be a slow job. Finally, he started to accelerate the truck, getting up to about forty five. She tensed up and lifted herself up, now standing, almost hugging the wheel to her. Her jeans slipped down half way to her knees and with her concentration, she never noticed.

He eased the speed and she settled down on him again. By now, Mike's long erect cock was pressed to her cleft, through her cotton panties. She either still didn't notice or didn't care. Mike eased the speed back to twenty five miles and hour, and flicked on the cruise control. Immediately, he brought his hands under her bum, and with one hand, swept her panties to one side, then with both, he lifted her and pulled her inner thighs apart, and with them her cleft, his cock naturally springing up into her entry.

"Hoy, what are you doing to me?" she squeaked with mild panic on her face. "Don't do that, I'm trying to drive the truck. You'll make me crash." She tried to push one of his hands away.

"Keep both your hands on the wheel, girl," he snapped. He started to lower her down, feeling his crown pop into her entry.

"No, no, you can't do that," she gasped, "it's so unfair. How can I drive while you do that?"

"You promised me you'd do anything I wanted," he goaded, "and I want to fuck you while you drive." He lowered her another inch down, feeling her slip over his cock.

"But, that's so unfair," she whined, "how can I...." She lapsed into silence, knowing she couldn't do anything about it. They suddenly hit a rut in the road, forcing her down onto him. Another rut a couple of seconds later, and he was in all the way. She had gone strangely quiet. Mike didn't thrust or manipulate her in any way. They were travelling along at a steady thirty miles per hour. It was a dirt track, so every time they hit a bump or rut, they both felt him nudge her deepest part, sending glorious feelings charging through them both. And so their journey continued.

"How do you like driving the truck?" he asked her, a big grin on his face. She pulled an expression and stuck her tongue out at him. Then she smiled and hummed to herself.

"I just made up a rhyme," she said. "It goes like this: 'I had a bit of luck, I got to drive the truck. Then in my cunt you stuck, your cock to have a fuck.' What do you think?"

"Well you might not win any literary prizes," he chuckled, "but I like the sentiment."

They settled down to the long drive ahead, she steering, he controlling the speed and changing gear once in a while, both feeling the wonderful sensations of their joined

bodies giving and taking ecstatic, blissful pleasure while they drove through the otherwise featureless snow covered woodland.

"Daddy, would you mind if we stop for a while?" she asked.

"Yes of course, why?"

"I need you," she answered without explanation.

He stopped the car in the middle of the road, such as it was. She then did something that only very young girls seem able to do. She kicked off her jeans from around her ankles, lifted her legs straight up, cuddling them to her shoulders, then spun herself around, so she was facing him. She lowered her legs then, onto his shoulders, and leant back on the steering wheel. Her whole weight was on his cock, pressing him as deep into her as possible.

"Hold me, Daddy," she said in a quiet voice. Mike could see a tear forming in the corner of her eye. "I need you." She suddenly leant towards him, and despite where her legs were, she clung to his chest as though her life depended on it.

"What's the matter, Nussy?" he asked equally quietly.

"I'm frightened, Daddy," she said. The tear slipped from her eye and rolled down her cheek. "Will you still love me, when Katrin and Sammy and Emma and Sue and Elsie and Sarah and Jenny and Lucy and even little Linda are there already? I mean, with all those girls, why would you want me? You already said I'm a menace. You won't want me as well." Mike knew they were returning to the real world. The reality of that had suddenly occurred to her. He needed to word his reply carefully. But instead of trying to persuade her, he decided to ask her something instead.

"What is the one thing you would like most in all the world?" he asked. She looked surprised at the question. She had expected him to say he loved her, and everything would be OK.

"Err, to come and live with you and Alex and Katrin," she sniffed, wiping away the tear. "Why do you ask me this?"

"And why do you think we would have you come and live with us, when you could go and live in a nice orphanage in Tallinn, which would cost me nothing?" he asked firmly, but not unkindly.

"But you said...you said... I could come and live....." She lapsed into silence, looking at him saucer eyed, fear now showing in her face, another tear running down her cheek.

"Answer my question, Nussy," he pressed, "why would we want you live with us?"

"Because you said you loved me?" she whispered.

"Right in one. Now do you understand? It's not about the other girls. Of course I like to fuck as many little girls as I can all time. I'm very good at it, It's what I do, you already

knew that. No, this is about you, and Alex and Katrin and me. A family, living together, doing anything for each other, forever, because we love each other. That's why we want you to live with us. Even if you are a fucking menace." He grinned at her. She gave him a watery smile, then hugged him as tight as she could, despite her legs still being in between them. Mike looked down. Nussy's pudenda was pressing hard into his pubis. He had penetrated all the way in. Seven and a half inches into an eight year old.

"I'm going to drive, now," he stated. "You stay exactly where you are, just where I want you." Mike had to reach round her to hold the wheel, but he found he could reach the gear stick and press the pedals without any problem. He drove off, going through the gears swiftly, getting up to about forty miles an hour. The road was fairly straight, so all he had to do was keep to the middle. Nussy was clinging to him, her cheek now pressed to his shoulder, against her own calf, her arms around his neck and her whole weight pressed down onto where their bodies were joined. She felt the vibrations of the truck's movement, transmitted through her pussy. Every time they went over a bump, he seemed to get shoved into her, sending wonderful pulses of pleasure through her cervix and clitty.

Mike knew Nussy was fine now. She'd needed some reassurance, and having got it, was going to give him the fuck of the trip. He was looking for bumps in the track, and every time they hit one, felt his crown surge into her, deep inside. It was just incredible. On and on they drove, through the snow clad woodland of the frozen northern Tundra. Mike's cock was being vibrated by the truck's movements in an incredible way. He held out as long as he could, but it felt so incredibly good, he knew he wouldn't last much longer. He felt the first telltale sign, as his prostate clenched. He immediately stopped the truck and pulled the handbrake on. He would have crashed it otherwise. Because almost immediately afterwards, he had one of the most incredible orgasms of his life. Seven and a half inches into the child, he pumped his semen, forcing his seed as deep into her as it was possible to go. Again and again he pulsed, feeling her squeezing him back as she too enjoyed the pleasures of her young body responding to their mutual enjoyment.

At last, it ended. Their frantic breathing slowing to a pant rather than gasps, their pulses dropping below one hundred. They slowly relaxed, his grip behind her back, hers around his neck. She leaned back, against the steering wheel. They were both startled, as the horn blared out loudly, unheard by anyone but themselves. They didn't care, they let it sound out their consummated love to any living thing that might hear it.

= 14 =

Mike looked across at Nussy. She was curled up in the passenger seat beside him, fast asleep. She hadn't even pulled her panties or jeans back on. After she'd climbed off him, she'd just flopped into the seat, curled up and gone to sleep. He could see semen seeping from between her thighs. He reached over and ran his fingers through the slippery trail, following it up, over her silky smooth skin, and into the small gap where her vulva bulged out towards him. He pressed further, parting her labia, and on into her entry. He applied gentle pressure, letting his finger slowly slip into her vagina. Deeper and deeper, until he could reach no further. If he had to drive a long way along an incredibly boring road he might as well have this little distraction to keep him going!

It was mid afternoon, when he saw the first sign of the airfield coming up. The perimeter fence appeared, and as he drove passed, he could see the executive jet, still standing on the concrete apron, waiting for an owner who would never arrive.

"Nessy," he called, "wake up, darling. Time to get dressed, we've reached the airfield. That's the plane you flew in from Salekhard, over there. In a couple of hours, we'll reach the house where we we're going to stay the night."

She stirred and opened her eyes. "OK," she said, "but you'll have to take your finger out of my pussy". They looked at each other, as he slowly withdrew his finger, brought it up to his mouth, and sucked it clean. "Pervert," she said, grinning at him, as he muttered, "Fucking Menace."

Some time later, after they'd left the airfield well behind them, they saw the cluster of buildings, with the one which looked like a Swiss chalet, up ahead, that Mike recognised as Ivana's house. He parked in the same spot outside, that he had the other night. "This is our story, because they're bound to ask," he said to Nessy. "You are my step-daughter. I was travelling up to see my boss, Sergei Bollockov, when the weather closed in. I had arranged to meet you at the airport and we were hoping to fly on up to the dacha, in the helicopter, together. If they ask any questions, tell them Mr. Bollockov doesn't like people being nosey. I'm sure he's known around here. Got it?"

"Got it," she echoed.

They went up the wooden steps and rang the big bell by the front door. They heard the sounds of movement inside, and as the big heavy old door swung open, Ivana's face appeared. On seeing Mike her face lit up. She clearly remembered the money Mike had left with her and Paul and Yenna the other day.

"We need a bed for the night," he said, "if that's possible."

"Of course," she replied, "come in, come in. And who do we have here?" she asked looking at Nessy.

"My step-daughter," he said without expansion.

"You are a pretty little thing, dear," said Ivana looking at Nessy closely. A little too closely for Mike's liking.

"Yes," he continued, "I collected her from the airfield the other day. We'd intended to fly on up to Mr. Bollockov's residence together, in his helicopter, but the weather prevented it. Just as well, I think, because the helicopter flew out earlier, but never returned. Perhaps it had an accident.

"Do you know Mr. Bollockov then?" she asked.

"I work for him," he lied smoothly. Her expression changed to one of caution.

"Where's Yenna and Paul?" Mike asked, changing the subject, much to her relief.

"Oh Paul had an accident in the sawmill," she explained. "He got a large splinter in his palm. They took him to hospital, with an infection. He won't be back here for a few days. Yenna's at home with her mother. It might be just as well, I am short of bedrooms at the moment," she continued. "I have some other houseguests."

Mike was puzzled, because he hadn't seen any other vehicle outside apart from the car shaped pile of snow outside, which he assumed belonged to Ivana.

"I have two of Paul's ... err ... apprentices staying," she volunteered. "They are the daughters of Paul's wife's cousin. She died last year. They were living in an orphanage down in Nizhnevartovsk, but decided they would rather come up here to live and work for him. He dropped them off here, but I haven't seen him since, because of the accident. Would you like to meet them? They're ten and eleven years old."

Mike wasn't quite sure how much of the story was true. There must be thousands of similar stories like it in modern Russia. They'd travelled over a thousand miles up into the Siberian arctic to be put to work as prostitutes, rather than stay at school, living in an orphanage. Perhaps the story was true, and they were distant relatives. But remembering how tiny Yenna had been trained by Ivana and Paul in giving him astonishing pleasure the other night, he had absolutely no doubt what their 'work' would entail.

"Sure," he said. Ivana opened an ornate wooden door and led them out of the entry hall, into the large living room which occupied almost the whole of the ground floor, where he'd spent the other night eating and drinking with Paul. The wood burning stove was throwing out a radiant heat, a pot of some food bubbling on top. There sitting side by side on the settee, across the room, were two girls, who were obviously sisters. They smiled up at Mike and Nussy as they entered.

"Hello," they called in unison, waving their hands at the strangers. They were stunningly beautiful to Mike's expert eye. Both had the typical Siberian looks of long blond hair, cerulean blue eyes and long facial features, high cheek bones and forehead.

"Would you like something to eat?" asked the younger one.

"Thank you," replied Mike, "that would be very nice." He watched, as she stood, went to the sideboard, picked up two large plates, and ladled some sort of stew onto them. Like the other night, it turned out to be reindeer stew. It was delicious, and certainly the best food Mike or Nussy had eaten in some time. After they'd eaten, Nussy went and sat with the two girls. Soon they were chattering away in an animated manner. Mike reached down into his overnight bag, and pulled out a half full bottle of Glenmorangie whisky. He stood, and with his back to the three girls, showed it to Ivana, who's face lit up like a Christmas tree. She waved him across to a two seater settee across the room, and magicked two tumbler glasses out of thin air. As she held them out, he filled them both two thirds full with the golden liquid. He sat down beside Ivana, placed the bottle between his feet, then clinked his glass against hers. They both swallowed half the glass in one gulp.

Mike started the conversation with: "How was Yenna's bum after I left the other day? Not too sore I hope."

She smiled, holding her glass out for a top-up, which Mike provided. "No she was fine," came her reply. "That extra thousand Rubles seemed to make all the pain go away!" They both laughed.

"Nice little girl you have there yourself," she observed. "She's very fond of you, I can tell. She keeps looking across at you."

"Yes, she's been through a lot, but even though we didn't manage to get up to Mr. Bollockov's dacha, we've had a few lovely days together. I think they call it 'bonding'.

"I'm sure that's what some people call it," said Ivana in a tone which couldn't be misunderstood. The whisky was certainly hitting home, and as Mike topped her glass up again, her speech was starting to slur.

"Where are these two going to work, when they've completed their apprenticeship?" asked Mike.

"Paul's wife has other family down in Nizhnevartovsk, where the girls come from," she explained. "Her sister said they could start a business together down there. It's on the river Ob, with some docks and freight companies, but the big money there is the developing petroleum business. There are many hungry men to feed. It will take Paul about a month to train them, then they're off back home. Yenna's going with them too."

Mike realised Ivana might look like a yokel, living in the middle of nowhere, but she had a business head on her shoulders, and obviously didn't intend some of the wealth of modern Russia to pass her, or her family, by. She certainly had no compunction about exploiting children.

"So," said Ivana, quietly, her eye riveted on the two girls across the room "how much do you think I should charge you for one of the virgins?"

"I don't know," he muttered, "until the other day when I was here before, I'd never paid for sex and I'd never had it with a child." They both knew it was a lie, but they both knew this was a negotiation.

"I think Mr. Bollockov would give me a lot for one or both of them, at least a thousand Euros each," she said.

"Mr. Bollockov, who I work for," he stressed, "has a reputation for taking what he wants. And," he paused, "the things he takes are usually damaged on their return, if they are returned at all." Mike was guessing Bollockov's cruel treatment of his girls might well be common knowledge around here. From her expression, he realised he was right. She didn't want her new money earners to be harmed any more than he did.

"A thousand Euros for the two, then," she offered.

"No holds barred? I can do what I like?" she nodded. "Throw in the accommodation and the food, Ivana, and you have a deal." She grinned and held out her hand for him to shake. Mike then took out his wallet and counted out ten fifty Euro notes. "I'll pay the rest in the morning, if they do as they're told." She took the cash and stuffing it into her apron

pocket, stood on wobbly feet. She was still holding her nearly-empty glass. Mike handed her the nearly-empty bottle, the contents of which she tipped into the glass. She walked over to the three girls sitting on the far side of the room. She waved Nussy away, and spent about four or five minutes in quiet, but staccato conversation with the two girls. They seemed to be nodding at her, and glancing across at Mike from time to time. They were smiling, so they weren't put off by what they were being told to do.

Ivana walked an unsteady line back across the room, and headed for the stairs. "You're in the same room as last time," she slurred. "I'll see you in the morning. Have fun."

Mike stood and walked over to the two girls sitting on the settee, and indicated he wished to sit between them. They each shuffled outwards enough to allow him space to sit. He waved Nussy to come and sit on his lap, so she didn't feel left out.

"My name's Mike," he introduced himself, "and this is Nussy. I would like you three to be close friends tonight. Is that OK with you?" All three smiled and nodded. "That's good, because it's going to be a long night, and we're going to get to know one another very well. What are your names?"

"I'm Galina," said the older girl, "and this is my sister, Raisa."

"Well, I'm very pleased to meet you, girls," he replied. He whispered to Nussy explaining what was about to happen. He didn't want her to feel excluded, so was very pleased when she spoke next.

She leaned into him and put her arms around his neck and replied: "If you're teaching them what to do, can I join in, Daddy?."

While Mike and Nussy were chatting, the two sisters from Nizhnevartovsk started to speak to one another in a dialect local to where they'd come from. Mike picked up the occasional word only.

"What do you think, Raisa? He seems a nice enough man for our first time, don't you think? I'd say he was only about twenty five. At least he isn't old and fat like Auntie Ivana told us most of the customers will be."

"Yes," said Raisa, "I agree and she said we would be paid fifty Euros each as well. But Auntie says if he complains that we didn't do everything he wants, she will only pay us half."

"Yes," said Galina, "I wonder what he'll want to do to us?"

Mike, who'd deflowered many little girls knew they would be nervous, even though he realised they were more than willing. Whatever Ivana had said to them, these two would do anything he wanted. The limit would be his own imagination and stamina. Certainly, he looked forward to tattooing two more red dots on his cock.

"Other than your Auntie Ivana," he asked, "is there anyone else in the house?"

The two girls shook their heads together. It was at that moment, they heard a loud snore from upstairs somewhere. The girls smiled to each other. Raisa looked at Mike and said: "Whenever she's had a lot to drink, she sleeps well." Immediately another snore could be heard. Mike imagined he could see the ceiling light vibrate with the sound.

"Well," he said, "as I recall, the bedroom was incredibly cold the other night. Shall we make a start down here?" He stood and went to the stove, opened it and dropped a couple of logs in. "I am a professional photographer," he said, exaggerating the truth, "and I would like to start by you two modelling for me. Would you like to watch, or would you like to join them, Nessy?" She answered by grinning at him and walked over to the other girls and sat down between them.

Mike started to unpack his camera gear. He had little enough with him, but at least now he had his tripod and portable light, which had been left in the truck during his trek up into the mountains. He erected and plugged the lighting unit in.

"OK, you three, look into the lens, please," he said, surprising them with an opening snap, the light flashing bright in the dimly lit room. "Turn your heads to the left, yes, good, now right, excellent...." And so the session started. After a few minutes, "lean back in the seat, good, lift your heels up to your bums, knees apart now, let your skirts ride up let me see your panties. Excellent. Now slip the skirts off, would you? Great and now your tops, please. Take hold of your panties, and pull them up for me, so they give you a wedgie." Mike used his zoom to get close without them knowing. He wanted them to really relax into the session.

"Have a two minute break, now," he said after twenty minutes. "Slip your panties off now, girls, would you?"

"Mr. Mike," said Raisa, as she dropped her little pink panties onto a chair, "I need a wee. Can I go please?"

"I need to go too," said Galina

"No, not yet," he replied, trying to sound determined. "You should have gone before we started, both of you. You will spoil the flow of the photo shoot. We'll be finished here in about ten minutes. If you don't do as I ask, I will have to ask Ivana for a reduction." That made them look at one another with concern.

"Stand up straight, side by side, hands by your hips. Now turn, face away from me, feet far apart, further, no much further. Now bend forwards, hands on your knees. Keep your knees straight, and reach down and hold your ankles. Good, I need you to hold that position for several minutes." Mike changed the lens to macro, with the ring flash fitted. He now studied the two sisters up close. Both had very full pouting vulvas, which seemed to swell up between their thighs, pushing out towards him. Their clefts were very deep, but parted because of the position they were in. Their asterisk shaped brown anuses, were slightly open, below which was the small area of smooth skin of their perineae and then their vaginas. He photographed them in turn, but couldn't resist using the finger and thumb of one hand to open them up a bit more, so he could see deeper into them. It surprised them when he touched them, making them take an involuntary step forward, before getting their balance back. Both the sisters had tight hymens, which stretched across their

coral, pink and cream coloured vaginas like drum skins, The little holes just below centre let him see into them another inch or so. They were both aroused, confirmed by the slippery mucous they both had running from them. So she didn't feel left out, Mike repeated the process on Nessy, but, of course, with having no hymen, he could see much deeper into her, despite her being only eight. But the chief difference was the deposits of semen, clearly visible from her earlier fuck. "OK, that's the end of that session. We'll take another quick break.

"I really need to go," moaned little Raisa, now holding her pussy with one hand, one knee bent in front of the other. "Me too," echoed Galina.

"I've had enough of this," said Mike trying to sound cross. "I will speak to Auntie in the morning."

"Oh, please don't," pleaded Raisa, a drip of urine now seeping between her fingers.

"Well, only if you do exactly as I say," he instructed. The two girls nodded. "Galina lay on the kitchen side board, face up, your head over the sink. Quickly now. Raisa, you get up there too, kneel over the sink, your knees either side of your sister. Galina, close your eyes, and open your mouth. Raisa, you can go now."

The child looked at him, then down at Galina, suddenly realising what he meant her to do. But it was too late. She had to go. Mike was in there with his camera, videoing everything that happened. She leaked a dribble, then a flow, then a flood. Her urethra flexed, as she pissed over Galina's face.

"Into her mouth, Raisa, quickly now," he said.

By now, Raisa was in full flow, her golden stream flowing onto Galina's lips, her teeth and tongue, filling her mouth. She would have spat it out, but some went up her nose, and she found she had to swallow. At last it ended.

"Well done," Mike said, "that was really sexy. Now swap places."

There was a moment's hesitation by Raisa, as she realised she would now have her sister piss all over her face. But she also knew that unless she did as he said, she would only get paid half her money, so she did it. Galina, getting her own back on her sister, let go as soon as Raisa was in position, and pushed hard to squirt her sister, finding this a really funny game. In fact, she pushed so hard, it forced out a fart, making them all laugh.

Seeing her mouth was full of urine, Mike said: "Swallow Raisa. All of it." He was pleased when she not only swallowed the mouth full, but kept swallowing until Galina had finished.

"OK, girls," Mike said, when it was over, "have a good wash now and rinse your mouths. Well done, I am pleased with you. I will tell your aunt that I think she should give you a bonus." The two smiled at him. "Now I have a little task for you," he continued. "If you do it right, I will pay you a bonus myself." This piqued their interest. He pointed at Nessy, who'd been sitting in one of the armchairs since the photography had finished, watching the two sisters pissing on each other, and realising it was another thing Mike liked, which she would remember in the future. "I want you to make Nessy cum," he said simply. "But," he

went on, "the better you make it for her, the bigger the bonus will be. If she cums in less than two minutes, I'll split twenty Euros between you." The two smiled at each other thinking this would be easy enough, bringing off the eight year old Estonian girl. "Oh and there is one rule," added Mike, "you can only use your tongues."

Galina and Raisa looked at each other, uncertainty in their faces. But he'd promised them a nice bonus, which they wanted. They waved Nussy to come and lay on the rug in front of the stove. They then each took an ankle in their hands, and lifting her feet high, parted her legs wider and wider. Nussy had been a keen gymnast at her school, and could easily do a full splits and that's what happened now. Galina, who obviously had some idea as to what to do, went down on her tummy between Nussy's thighs, and tentatively lapped at her cleft, her labia parted wide by the pull of her thighs. Thinking about the two minute time limit, she started to lick in earnest.

Nussy, of course was conscious that she hadn't had a proper wash for well over a week, and hadn't even had any TP to use either. Just snow to wipe herself with. So she hoped the Siberian girl wasn't revolted by her taste and smell, which didn't seem to be the case. Galina suddenly became aware of a white creamy slippery fluid oozing from the young child, and wondered what it was. She had never seen semen before. After about a minute, Raisa took over, licking frantically at Nussy's pussy, trying to bring her off. And just in time, Nussy took a deep breath, and shuddered, her vagina and anus winking open and closed in time with her moans of pleasure. Mike captured it all on his camera.

Nussy gave him a look of thanks, but with it was a message that she'd had a long, long tiring day, and all she wanted now was sleep. He told her where the bathroom and bedroom were and watched as the tired girl climbed the stairs. He soon heard the bath running, knowing she would enjoy that. He turned to the two sisters.

"Well, you two," he smiled, "I suppose it's time we had a very , very long fuck."

= 15 =

Mike had driven over a hundred miles this afternoon, with his cock deep inside Nussy. He'd cum, not long before his arrival here, and knew if ever there was a time he could make himself last, it was now.

"Did you enjoy licking Nussy out for me?" he asked, "she has a very sweet pussy, doesn't she? Do you two do it to each other very often?"

There was a pause. Neither had spoken of their incestuous lesbian practices, which they had enjoyed together, for the past two years.

"You obviously knew what to do to Nussy," he added, "well?"

Raisa unexpectedly nodded confirmation to him.

"OK, then, what I want you to do is show me what you do to each other," he said, "then we'll take it from there."

Galina lay on her back, her knees up either side of Raisa's head, who'd now moved over her, in what was obviously a well rehearsed sixty nine position. Raisa, in order not to put too much weight on her sister was on hands and knees. The girls started immediately to work on one another, making slurping sounds.

"I want you to carry on doing that, until I tell you to stop," he instructed them. "Raisa, I will be touching and doing things to you in a minute. Whatever I do to you now, don't stop what you're doing to each other. If you do, you lose the bonus. If you do it well, there'll be another bonus in it for you. The same for you Galina, later, OK?"

They both muttered a "Hmmm," sound from between each other's thighs.

Mike pulled out his tube of KY Jelly from his pack, unscrewed the cap, stuck the nozzle into Raisa's pert but firm brown star shaped anus, and squeezed some jelly into her. She muttered something incomprehensible, but carried on slurping. Mike quickly slipped his clothes off, and knelt behind Raisa. When he looked down, what he saw made his cock instantly turn even harder than it had been, for there, was Galina, looking up from between her sisters thighs, watching closely, as his cock moved towards Raisa's bum. He nudged the ten year old anus. Apart from a sucking in of breath, she didn't respond in any way.

Mike pulled her gently open as far as he could, before pressing his crown into her entry, letting his foreskin form a seal between them both. Then, as he pressed forward, he felt his crown push through the skin, nudging into her entry, taking large amounts of pre-cum with it. He held himself there, applying constant pressure, waiting for her to dilate. He wondered if she had ever considered anal sex before, or whether she'd thought fucking would only involve just her cunt. He didn't really care. He was the teacher here, and she the student. He had a funny thought at that moment while he waited for her to dilate. Had he not been a spy, he might have become a teacher, in a primary school. The education system, and all those hundreds of preteen girls, were just going to have to manage without him.

Then he felt it. The first telltale sign of him slipping into her. Then again, and almost without warning, he popped through her sphincter, feeling it suddenly clamp around him under his rim. After a moment, though, she relaxed again, and, applying the same inward pressure, he started the long slow journey of joy into the rectum of the ten year old child. He could feel her passage peeling apart as he sank deeper. Every now and then, he felt a gritty obstruction, but still he pressed on, feeling her warmth and tightness, enhanced each time she clamped on him. He finally bottomed out, his pubes grinding into her silky smooth buttocks. He paused for a moment, before pulling slowly out, then reversing, quicker this time. Then out and in, speeding up each time her thrust into her. Soon his thighs were slapping into her bum, getting louder as his pace increased.

After a few minutes, he could feel her start to clamp on him. He doubted it was his bugging her which made it happen, but her sister's efforts underneath. Every time he slapped into Raisa, he felt his balls swing into Galina's forehead and eyes. Raisa was cuming hard now, but he also realised, from her moaning and gasps, that Galina was enjoying herself too. Mike wanted more, so much more. So with reluctance, he slowed to a stop. Rested for a moment, then slowly pulled himself from the girl.

“That was nice Raisa,” he said, “I hope you enjoyed your first anal sex. I certainly did. It’s your turn now Galina, so could you swap places for me, please?” The two girls simply rolled over, without separating. So Mike moved to the other end of the two, where he now saw Raisa looking up at him from between Galina’s thighs. As he applied the KY Jelly, he asked Raisa what she thought of the last ten minutes.

“It was a bit weird,” she said, “but it was fun once you got it into me. It’s left me thinking I need to poo now, though.” She laughed as she asked: “Are you going to bugger my sister now, Mister?”

“I sure am, aren’t I Galina?” The older girl grunted, unsure how she would like what he was about to do to her. “But Raisa,” he continued, “You have to make her cum, otherwise it’s no bonus, remember?” He heard the slurping sounds start again, as the two sisters pleasured each other. Mike now had his cock at her anus, and within two minutes, he was seven and a half inches inside her, thrusting. She felt tight. Even tighter than her younger sister. Certainly he knew he wouldn’t take long now. Soon he was proven right, as he blasted his semen deep into the girl, his thighs slapping against her petit buttocks, his balls swinging across her sister’s face.

It was a few minutes later, the three of them were sitting in a row, on the settee, when Mike asked: “Who would like to earn €20 in less than five minutes?” Both girls looked at him, interested. “All you have to do is suck my cock clean, and the money’s yours.” He held up a blue crisp new €20 note. The two girls looked at him, and the state of his shit stained cock, in horror, then at the note, and finally at each other. Mike was surprised, after Galina having shaken her head, when Raisa took the bank note in one hand and his cock in the other. She opened her mouth, and sucked him right in. He was even more surprised, when he felt her tongue wiping around his crown, sucking hard now. She’d obviously been told something about giving a blow job, because for a ten year old, she did very well, her tongue seeking out his frænulum, where he was most sensitive, assuming it was her first time. At last, she pulled away from him, smiled, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, and went and sat down beside her sister on the settee, waiting for whatever he wanted to do next.

“Time we had some sleep,” he said. He had palmed a couple of his green pills and dropped them, one in each of a pair of glasses. There was still a little apple juice in them from earlier. He watched as they swallowed them back. They would be asleep in less than five minutes, then sleep solid for three hours. He stoked up the stove with some more fuel and cuddling the two girls, fell asleep himself in moments.

= 16 =

It was just over two and a half hours later, Mike woke up. He lay under the blanket, one arm around each of the little naked girls. He didn’t waste any time, as he started to explore their bodies with his finger tips. Both were incredibly thin, not an ounce of fat on them anywhere. And yet, they seemed to be well padded in all the right places. Both had full mounds and bums, both were forming curves in their hips. Raisa had small raised areolæ, perhaps half an inch high, surmounted with raisin sized nipples, whilst Galina was a year ahead of her sister, and her boobs were like tiny volcanoes, with concave sides about an inch high, topped with inch long, dark pink, puffy nipples. Mike so loved puffies. The only

problem they were a prelude to puberty, which as far as he was concerned, was the slippery slope, beyond which they grew hair, and he lost interest.

He ran his fingers down over their mounds, and pressed into their clefts feeling their cowls, covering their hard little nubs and further, their virgin vaginas, which he was going to fuck before the night was out. He pressed into them, feeling his finger slip easily between their labia, and into the dip heralding their passageways. Both were still sticky with arousal from earlier. Pressing deeper, he could feel their hymens resisting his invasion. Neither girl had stirred despite his molesting of their little bodies. They must have got tired earlier, or the green pills were still working.

Mike pressed his fingers in. He felt the little holes in their hymens slipping tightly around his finger tips. He so loved molesting sleeping girls. It really pressed his buttons. But, to molest two at the same time was something he didn't get the opportunity for very often. They were both warm, moist, slippery and tight. Fuck, they were tight. He wondered, as he always did on these occasions, if they could take his cock. But, he also knew they could, would and one of them was going to do so now. "Which one first?" he asked himself. "Age before beauty," was his own reply. "I'll fuck Galina first, then her little sister."

He gently pulled his fingers out of their pussies. He brought them to his nose and inhaled their scent. One, then the other. They were exquisite. He then dabbed his left finger on the tip of his tongue, tasting. Then the right. They were slightly different. It always interested and excited Mike to taste different girls. The subtleties were as different as telling one face from another. He repeatedly dabbed the wetness on his tongue. He then even pushed his fingers back into them again, to, as it were, re-ink the nibs. Galina, he decided was slightly tart, with an almost garlic tang to her, whilst Raisa was sweet, definitely sweet.

Finally, he pulled away from them, unwrapped their arms from around his tummy and slipped off the settee. The first thing he did was put some more fuel in the stove, which had burned down to a flicker. Then, getting onto his knees, he turned and surveyed the scene. One ten and one eleven year old, virgins both. He lifted the blanket off Galina, dropping it over her sister. Galina was slumped in a sitting position, her knees just over the front edge of the seat. He held her legs, just below her knees, and pulled her towards him, her bum moving towards the edge of the seat, her knees being pushed outwards, opening her up for his lust and pleasure. She was perfection, her tight entry was an oval of pink and coral, and cream, all glistening with dampness. She didn't have a single hair anywhere.

Mike always liked before and after photos of his virgins, so took his camera, and with his macro lens captured some excellent inside shots of her hymen, stretched, waiting for his cock. He put the camera down, and picked up the KY Jelly and inserting the nozzle into her cunt, gave her a generous dollop. Time for action. He shuffled forward on his knees, and pressed his cock to her entry seeing his foreskin push into her. He prised her labia apart with his thumbs, opening her further, watching his cock nudge her stretched hymen. He released her labia, letting them clamp around his crown. Then, without pressing in, he gently pulled his foreskin back. This did two things. It released a load of pre-cum, previously trapped, directly where it was needed. The second thing it pulled her labia towards him, as his crown pushed through his skin, directly against her hymen. He applied some pressure now, watching as his cock tried to penetrate her.

He didn't force her, but instead waited, keeping the pressure up, waiting for her to dilate, which, she soon did. He then felt the elastic of her membrane holding him back. He gave a tiny thrust of his hips, and was gratified to feel his cock tearing through her virginity. She was the twenty third virgin he'd taken, but he would never tire of looking out for the next victim, or happy recipient, depending on your point of view, which would be her younger sister.

Mike paused for a whole minute, waiting for any pain to diminish and for her dilation to continue. He knew the moment had arrived, when he felt himself slip into her a fraction. He just kept the pressure constant, then as if her pussy gave up any resistance, he started to slide into her. Deeper and deeper, until five inches in, he bumped into her cervix. Once more, he paused, waiting for her to adjust. Patience is a virtue, and Mike had discovered many times it always paid dividends, like right now. Because he slowly pulled back, until his crown was just inside her entry, before pressing in again. He reversed once more and thrust in quicker. She had a tight, ribbed cunt, which gripped his shaft along it's whole length. He'd always wondered why little girls didn't all feel the same inside. But, in his experience, every one was different. Some tight, some slack, some dry others gushed moisture. Some had those ribs, which caressed him as he thrust in and out of them. Then there was their cervix. Some seemed hard, others yielding. Some he could penetrate, most he couldn't. A combination of all these things made every girl different, which was why he always sought the next, and the next.

By now, Mike was thrusting hard into the girl. He'd paid for this, he was going to get his money's worth. Every penny. He'd been at it for about five minutes, when he decided it was time to enjoy himself, rather than being gentle and holding back. He upped the pace, now slamming into her outstretched thighs with abandon, his pubic hair mashing into her pudenda. Each time he smacked into her, it made a slapping sound, which got louder and quicker every thrust. Suddenly he felt a clamping on his cock. She was cuming now. Was she awake? Was she asleep? Was she at that halfway stage between? As he looked down, her eyes suddenly opened, looking up at him. Then just as quickly, they narrowed, her face taking on an expression of intense concentration. She lifted her hips to meet him, her clamping suddenly increasing. She gasped, and came once more in an intense climax far stronger than anything she'd enjoyed before with the tongues of Raisa, or Uncle Paul, or even her father before he'd left home all those years ago, when she had been just five years old.

She started to grunt, every time he thrust into her, his pubis smacking into her mound, sending sharp sensations through her clitty. Galina had always known she was the driving force of the two sisters. She had made Raisa follow her do her bidding. It was Galina who had told Raisa she would be coming to Aunty's to be trained, whether she wanted to or not. Raisa had just accepted it. Galina looked forward with excitement to what lay ahead of her, in the years to come. She lay back now, enjoying her first time, knowing this man was good at fucking little girls. He'd bust her cherry without even waking her. How cool was that? She hadn't felt a thing; the only worry she'd had before. She looked down where they were joined, watching his long cock sliding in and out of her cunt. She could see it glistened with moisture in the light. There were traces of blood along it's length, which she knew was her virgin bleed. But all of that didn't matter to her, because it felt so good. She couldn't believe she was going to be paid for what she now knew was going to be her favourite thing to do: fucking a grown man, who knew what he was doing; not one of the kids back at school, who, when she'd taken them behind the sheds, had squirted their

stuff onto the floor, before she'd had a chance to enjoy herself. No, unlike Raisa, she knew she was happy with what she was doing and what her future held for her.

Mike felt his orgasm rapidly approaching. The girl was clamping constantly on him now. He knew she was enjoying herself as much as he was. He liked that. Always good to see someone who enjoyed their work. He'd seen the shyest, most innocent looking girls turn into little nymphomaniacs, when they'd had a taste of real sex, and prick teasing little flirts turn into reluctant, frigid, disappointments, who ran a mile at the first sight of a stiff cock. Everyone was different. Suddenly, he was exploding into her. Her legs gripping him around the waist, pulling him in as far as she could. Her finger nails digging hard into his back. She was clamping on him, snorting, groaning, pulling at him. Her eyes were screwed up tight, her face suggested she was in great pain, but her actions told a different story. At last, in time with Mike's own diminishing climax, she relaxed, her tension eased. Finally, she lay on the settee, looking up at him in awe. In her mind, she was thinking three things. Firstly, if she'd known what sex could be like, she'd have tried it years ago. Secondly, it had been so good, she would have done it for free. And, thirdly, she couldn't wait to start her career.

Mike stayed kneeling between her thighs for a good five minutes, letting their pulses settle and his cock go flaccid, before he pulled from them. He glanced across at Raisa. She had woken at some point, and was watching him. He couldn't tell from her expression what she was thinking. He remembered how she had sucked his shit covered cock after he'd buggered her sister, without hesitation. But, what he did know was that she was going to be on his cock in a few hours time, whether she wanted to or not.

"Raisa," he suddenly said, "we don't want to mess up your Aunty's furniture, do we?" she shook her head. "Be a good girl, would you, and clean Galina up for me." He half expected her to find a wash rag from somewhere, but instead, she just rolled onto the floor, knelt between Galina's thighs, and started to suck her out. Galina's head shot back onto the cushion, her mouth open in a silent cry, her eyes once again closed. This was obviously something they'd done many times together. The only difference being, Raisa was now getting a feast of Mike's sperm filled semen to add to her pleasure.

The two girls started to chat. Mike needed to get some sleep, and wanted to fuck Raisa before morning. "Would you like a little drink, girls?" he asked. "Shall I mix some vodka with your apple juice?" They both nodded, smiling. Mike slipped in another pair of little green pills, and ten minutes later they were all asleep.

= 17 =

Dawn was breaking, when Mike woke. He glanced at his watch. He had an hour left before Ivana's pill would wear off, and she'd wake up. He felt surprisingly refreshed considering his nocturnal activities. He pulled his finger's out of the two girls' pussies. Once more, he put them to his nose, before tasting their preteen honey pots. They definitely tasted different. Perhaps his semen, deep in Galina's pussy, had something to do with it.

Mike needed to get on, but when he looked at the two girls, he realised they were both still out for the count. He needed to fuck Raisa, but the pill he'd slipped into her drink would keep her under for another forty minutes or so. What to do? Mike was "The Mechanic",

and expediency was his reputation. He got out from between the two naked girls and stood, looking at them. Just for fun, he spread their legs apart, and standing in front of them, wanked himself for a couple of minutes, to build up his desire, tumescence and pre-cum flow.

He was ready. Mike had decided how to handle this. He stooped down, and clasping Raisa around her chest, under her armpits, effortlessly, lifted her up. She was a dead weight; but only fifty pounds. He turned her, and holding her to his chest, carried her to a padded chair without arms. He moved against the back of it, and, lifting her a little, bent her over the back of the chair. She was now doubled up over the seat, her feet several inches off the floor, her bottom sticking up in the air, her arms and shoulders draped over the front. Finally, to get her into position, he lifted her feet and swung them around the sides, so her thighs encircled the seat back.

He stepped behind her, and, wasting no more time, placed his palms on her beautiful soft buttocks. His finger tips trailed through her stretched cleft for a moment, exploring, feeling, enjoying. She had swollen labia, despite her stretched position, and feeling down, under and forward, found her mons filled the cup of his hand. He slipped his fingers back either side of her cleft, and pressing in, gently prised them apart, feeling her peel open. Mike had fucked enough preteens, over the years, to feel without seeing, to know the moment, visualising her entry opening, dilating. He could feel her slick moisture against his finger, as her arousal from earlier escaped her vagina, running down her cleft. He moved his hips forward, closing the half inch gap between his rigid cock, and her virginity. He felt her warmth, her slickness, as her labia closed around his tip, seemingly caressing him, welcoming him in.

Mike paused, applying steady pressure, letting time work it's magic. He could feel the tension slowly ease; slight movement; another pause; more movement. Then her pussy surrendered to the pressure, and his hard rim popped through the tight muscles of her entry, feeling her hymen pressed to his end. She was unconscious, and Mike rarely had the opportunity to force a girl's virginity. He pulled back a fraction, feeling her cunt gripping him, as if to stop him leaving. Then, pausing just for a second, he shoved his cock all the way into her, feeling her cherry rip away, before mashing into her cervix, five inches deep. She was so tight. His foreskin had been ripped painfully back.

Mike was a caring person, and although an unrepentant pædophile, he didn't like hurting his girls if he could avoid it. But at the same time, he had a number of dark desires too. So when the opportunity presented itself, like now, he liked to indulge himself in one of these favourite activities: hard sex. He'd done it with Yenna, in this very house a few day's ago up her bum, and he was going to do it now to Raisa, in her cunt.

He paused only for a moment, before he pulled himself from the child. He looked down, and could see his cock, glinting in the light, wet with his pre-cum and her virgin bleed. Still holding her entry open, with his fingers, he shoved back into her, instantly pounding five inches deep into her cervix, and out again, feeling his crown pop out of her, before being shoved deep in again. He slowly increased the pace, enjoying himself immensely. Sex for a pedo rarely came better than this. She'd consented. He'd paid top dollar, for 'no holds barred', and yet it felt like he was raping her, which gave him an even greater thrill. Soon, he heard the slapping of his thighs on the back of her bum getting louder, as he penetrated her deeper each thrust. She was so tight. Her passage was gripping her like a

row of fists. He loved 'em tight. Every time he pulled back, his crown came right out, and every time he thrust in, he smacked deep inside her. As he looked down, her cunt seemed to turn inside out, as it was dragged by his cock out of her interior, her pink and coral coloured flesh exposed, then as he shoved back in, it all got dragged back in again. He would be sore himself in the morning, but right now he didn't give a shit, as he continued to take his rough pleasure on the ten year old, hammering into her vagina.

At last, he felt the telltale signs of his climax rushing in. It would be a goody. He was going to cum really good this time. This one was for him. Enjoy it to the full. And, enjoy it, he did, as suddenly, he was spurting his ejaculation far inside the girl. He felt his cock swell painfully in her, giving him such pleasure. Pulse after pulse. Finally it ended. He was sated. As he stood up, he glanced across to the settee, and saw that Galina was just stirring. He lifted Raisa up off the chair, and carried her across to her sister. He lay her down on Galina's lap, her legs over her sister's shoulders. Galina looked down, and could see Raisa's ravaged pussy. It was red raw.

"Clean her up," Mike commanded, "like she cleaned you up."

Galina hesitated just for a moment, remembering her bonus depended on her cooperation. She leant across, and pulling her sister's labia apart, dipped her tongue right into the cream and bloody fluid, now running out in quantity. Mike could hear a sucking sound, interspersed with lapping.

"When you're finished with her," said Mike, leaning back on the end of the settee, beside the two girls, "you can clean me up as well." Without detaching herself from the job in hand, she glanced up at Mike. Did he detect a slight smile on those busy lips?

Before he finished up, Mike got his anæsthetic cream out and smearing a generous quantity onto his finger, pushed it deep into Raisa's vagina. He knew it would relieve any soreness she might have for about a day, after which he'd be long gone. It was ten minutes later Mike slipped into the bed upstairs alongside Nussy, who was snoring surprisingly loudly. He cuddled into her back, spooning his cock against her bum, feeling her labia push out against him.

The next thing he knew, it was broad daylight. He'd slept through; unusual for him. Laying there, with his eyes closed, he recalled the events of the night, with pleasure. Another two red dots for his cock. Whatever way he thought about it, it had been worth the thousand Euros for the two virgins. He felt movement beside him. Nussy's smiling face appeared from under the covers.

"Did you have a nice time, Daddy?" she asked, mischievously. "Were they better than me?"

"Yes they were far better," he teased, "in fact Ivana told me I could take them with me and leave you here, if I wanted to, unless....."

"Unless what, Daddy?" she asked with a huge grin, knowing he was going to ask her to do something.

"Unless you give me the best blow job in the world," he stated.

"It'll be the best one ever," she said, already sliding under the bedclothes.

Mike lay on his back, his head propped up on a pile of pillows, his face between Nussy's thighs, enjoying the aftermath of his orgasm. True to her word, she had made it special. She had been trying to learn how to improve her deep throating, and was getting better every time. His half tumescent cock still had that wonderful afterglow he always experienced following a truly excellent cum. The room was cold, and Mike had pulled the covers right up, and the only part of her visible, were her legs, either side of his head. There was a knock on the door, and in came Ivana.

She placed a tea tray on the bedside table, before pulling the curtains open. She smiled down at Mike and said: "I think you had a busy night, young man. My two proteges downstairs didn't want to get up at all this morning. Raisia's very sore. But, she tells me she can't remember anything about it. But Galina, she's all starry eyed. It seems she can't wait to start her new career." She nodded down at Nussy's naked bum, which could just be seen poking out from the bedcovers. "I think you have a natural there, with that one, too. If you want to leave her here with me, I will look after her. Train her properly." Mike felt Nussy, who was listening, stiffen beneath the covers.

"No, that's very kind of you Ivana. Tempting as it is, I promised her sister I would bring her home with me, even though she is a bloody menace." He felt Nussy take a grip on his balls and squeeze. "On the other hand, perhaps she could stay here," he said, winking at Ivana. Immediately he felt the grip on his balls released.

"You'll be off soon," continued Ivana, just making conversation, "I heard on the local radio news, they're looking for that missing helicopter. Up in those mountains, with it getting lost in the storm, they'll never find it." Mike hoped she was right. An hour later, Ivana, Galina and Raisa waved Mike and Nussy off, as they continued their journey to Salekhard. It was a fresh, sunny day. Although it was below freezing, there was no wind, and the bright sunshine made it feel warmer than the thermometer indicated. Mike had paid for his night of passionate lust in hard cash, making sure Ivana didn't see him slipping the two girls their bonuses, which as far as he was concerned, they'd earned. He looked forward to honouring them both with a red dot each on his cock.

= 18 =

They had a long way to travel today. Mike made the decision to head south to the main Salekhard Moscow highway. It was further, but once on the highway, they would be able to drive much faster and so save time. The miles slipped by and other than a break late in the morning, to refuel, they kept going. Nussy had insisted he gave her a blow by blow account of what he'd done the previous night to the two Siberian children. She questioned him on some of the detail, clearly wanting to know what he enjoyed and why. Mike didn't mind the interrogation, he was tired, from a long wakeful night, and it helped keep him awake.

"Do you still want to try fucking a little boy, Nussy?" he asked, after she seemingly ran out of questions. "It's just that I think you might get the chance tonight, if you want to, that is." This certainly piqued her interest. "I've got a little arrangement with the people where we're going. They're going to let me do a photo shoot with the two girls who live there.

While I do that, you could get to know the little chap. He's about six, I think. Could be seven."

"What's he like?" she asked, "I mean does he smell; is he fat; can he get stiff?" Mike smiled, remembering Alex making similar comments before she took the Spanish boys back to Carlos's apartment for some very energetic sex when they were in Andalusia. Ever since she'd had sex with little boys whenever the opportunity presented itself.

"He's quiet, but he will do whatever I tell him," Mike stated. "He can get stiff. I played with him for a few minutes the other day, and he rose to the occasion. Whether he can squirt stuff, I don't know. You'll have to find that out for yourself." She nodded seriously, as if they'd been discussing something really important.

On they drove through the sunny day, the miles quickly passing by. Finally, Mike could see they were nearing the city, as the suburbs passed by and in a few minutes, soon pulled up outside Valentina and Tatiana's home. He hadn't even switched the engine off, when the front door flew open, and out ran Ana and Nina, trailed by their mothers and lastly brother. The girls were asking twenty questions about how long he would stay, did he want to photograph them now or later, before they got far, though, they all stopped, staring at Nussy, who was sitting in the passenger seat still.

"Who's she?" asked Ana. "Is she your new girlfriend?"

"No," chuckled Mike, "I thought Ivan might like a little girlfriend for the night. What do you think, Tatiana?" The woman peered into the truck, then smiled at her young son, who, at last, was showing some interest in the conversation.

"I don't know, I couldn't possibly comment. Valentina and I are going over for some entertainment the other side of town. We'll be back by dawn, before Nikita gets back off taxi night duty. Can't have him wondering what we were up to all night. While you're doing all those things here you should be ashamed of, we'll be over there doing things we should be ashamed of." She laughed, sounding almost like a cackle.

Mike brought in all their belongings from the car and carried them up to the same room he'd been given before, with Ivan. In the corner, was the bag he'd left here the other day, with his travelling clothes in. On going downstairs, he found the two women were already dressed and ready to leave. Valentina pointed out a pot on the stove, and told him to help themselves to something to eat. With that, the two women, with an air of excitement were gone, leaving Mike staring at the four children. "Looks like I'm on babysitting duty again," he thought with a smile. "Right, boys and girls, who wants something to eat?" he asked.

Half an hour later, they were relaxing in the main family room. The food, although warmed up from a previous meal, was a delicious mutton stew. Mike, now sitting in the middle of the long settee, had stoked up the wood burning stove, and stretched his arms around Nina and Ana's waists. The two girls, remembering how much they'd enjoyed themselves with him the other night, leaned in to his sides, anticipating an exciting night ahead. Ivan was squeezed into an armchair, hip to hip with Nussy. They seemed to be getting on fine, chattering away in childish Russian.

“OK,” he said, clapping his hands, “we have a movie to make. Ivan and Nussy,” he called across the room, “do you want to be in it, or would you rather head upstairs to bed now?” They looked at each other, a silent exchange, and a nod, before Nussy said: “We’ll join in, if that’s alright.”

“Yeah sure,” he smiled, “as long as you do whatever I tell you; and I mean anything.” The four children looked at one another; none seemed in any way perturbed about what he’d said. They all knew it was going to be a very illegal and depraved sex party. They couldn’t wait!

Mike quickly assembled his camera kit. He didn’t have much with him, just his portable light which fitted to the camera and a light tripod. He plugged the light into a socket, and switched it on, bathing the room in light. Making sure all the curtains were closed, he checked the doors were locked and returned to join the children. He had an idea, and going to his bag, pulled out his wash-bag, which contained all the knock out drugs he carried with him. There were some small purple pills, which he rarely used. They were based on the truth drugs Scopolamine and Pentathol. They had the effect of relaxing people. MI5 used them to extract information from subjects.

“Who would like a little drink?” he asked looking around the room. He opened the cupboard where Nikita kept his booze. “We have vodka and scotch, oh, and orange juice.”

The girls all asked for vodka and orange, while little Ivan asked if he could try scotch, which he’d never tasted before. Mike smiled to himself at a little boy wanting to try hard liquor, diluted the scotch with plenty of water, dropped a pill into each glass, and handed them round.

“Right, what I want you to do is undress one another,” he instructed. “Nussy, undress Ana, then Ana undress Nina, then Nina undress Nussy. After that you can all undress Ivan.” Mike used his camera hand held, while the first scene went into motion. Over the next few minutes, more and more little girl flesh was exposed to the lens and his lustful eyes. He remembered the two girls from the other night, and how they had been quite reluctant at first to let him do his pedo thing, but when, unlike Bollockov, they realised he wasn’t going to hurt them, became quite enthusiastic. They were showing no reticence now.

At last the three girls were naked, and all turned towards little Ivan, like hungry wolves spotting some defenceless prey. Mike circled the group, as items of clothing were ripped from the boy in the next few seconds. Finally, they all turned to Mike, breathing heavily, as if having run a race, looking for his next instructions.

“Ivan stand there would you?” asked Mike, pointing in the middle of the floor. “Ana, would you kneel in front of him and suck his cock, please. See if you can make him stiff.”

“Eww,” she said, “he’s my brother, do I have to?”

“No, not if you don’t want to, Ana,” he said calmly. “If you’d rather not join in, just go upstairs to bed. We’ll try not to wake you when it gets noisy later.”

She blinked at that, realising she’d just made a serious faux pas. Thinking about the money they’d promised she’d make tonight, if she did everything he asked, and besides,

she'd really enjoyed herself when he was here before. She grinned sheepishly, shrugged, knelt in front of her brother, and tentatively cupped his genitals in her palm, before holding his tiny cock between her finger and thumb and leaning in to suck it in between her warm lips. She ran her tongue under his little crown, back and forth, feeling him grow slightly. She bobbed her head an inch or so, trying to stimulate him, enlarge him. She realised she was enjoying this more than she'd expected. But then, she knew nothing about the pill she'd been given, aimed at demolishing any inhibitions she might harbour.

Mike was becoming incredibly aroused, watching the nine year old girl suck off her six year old brother. She was on hands and knees, her bum stuck out, her engorged vulva poking out between her thighs. He made sure he got plenty of prime footage before he called a halt. He nodded to Nussy, who was now sitting down, to come over to his side. She sidled over, cuddling into his side. He cupped her naked bottom, caressing her, communicating to her, her importance to him.

"Would you like to play with Ivan for a while, Nussy? I'm going to do some stuff with Ana and Nina for a while," he stated, "but you can do anything with Ivan you want." She looked at the boy, then back at Mike and smiled. Ana in the meantime, got to her feet, and went and sat with Nina, waiting for what Mike wanted to do next.

"Anything?" Nussy asked.

"Anything," he confirmed

She turned to the lad and smiling, in anticipation, got down on her hands and knees, and took over where Ana had just left off. Mike decided the two of them could work out what to do. If anything interesting developed, he could swing his camera round at a moment's notice. He looked around the room quickly. Had he been at home, he would have had some vibrators or dildos available. But he wasn't. Then his eyes landed on the ideal substitute. On the mantelpiece, were two candle sticks, each holding a brand new bright red candle. They were marked with gold bands at inch intervals with Roman numerals down the side. They were about fourteen inches long, and an inch and a half in diameter. They were perfect for what he had in mind.

"Nina," he said, looking at the girl, "would you bring those lovely red candles over for me, please? I would love to have a look at them."

She walked across the room and carefully lifted down the candles, still in their holders, and brought them over to Mike.

"When we have Christmas, we always have a pair of these," Nina explained. "We light them on Christmas morning, and they burn for twelve days."

"What a lovely idea, Nina," Mike said pensively, thinking about another use for them. "Do you think your mum would mind if we borrowed them for the evening?"

"I don't see why not," she said, pulling the candles out of the holders and handing them to Mike, "as long as we don't light them, and put them back afterwards."

Mike studied the candle markings carefully. The numbers, in the Roman figures, counted from one, near the wick, to twelve down the side at roughly inch intervals. They were perfect. So perfect, in fact, he thought it might be nice to buy some to take home as a present for his girls.

“Nina and Ana,” said Mike, “would you both like to earn a bonus?” They looked at one another, and nodded enthusiastically, grinning up at him. Mike handed a candle to each of the girls. “OK, you see the markings down the side of the candle? Well for each number you can get inside your pussy, I will give you a bonus of a thousand Rubles.”

The two little girls’ faces lit up, but as they sized up the candles, turning them over in their hands, they realised it wasn’t going to be simple. The candle shafts were thick. They wouldn’t slip in easily. They were working out in their minds how to go about this. Mike rummaged in his bag, and handed Nina a small tube of KY Jelly. “You might find this helps,” he said. “And another thing,” he added, “you might find it easier if you help each other get started.” While he was standing, he unbuckled his belt and slipped out of his clothes. The girls glanced up at his rampant cock, remembering the pleasure it had provided them the other night.

The two of them sat down on the thick sheepskin hearth rug, leaning back against the settee, and in turn, squeezed out a little KY onto their fingers, and smeared it around the end of the candle below the wick. They applied a little more into their pussies, ensuring they were greasy, slick and slimy. They then spread their knees, and pushed the wick ends into their cunts, twisting and turning the candles, applying pressure all the time. But try as they might, the candles weren’t going in. They were thick, with no taper at the end.

“It’s not a race, girls,” said Mike, “don’t force them. You’ll hurt yourselves and make your pussies sore, if you do that. Take your time. Enjoy yourselves. Why not try to help each other?” Mike was capturing all this on camera. He didn’t mind them not penetrating themselves, but their efforts were incredibly sexy. Nina leaned over to Ana, and using her fingers, tried to prise open her pussy enough to get the wide end of the candle in. She almost succeeded, but every time they thought it was in, it popped out again. Ana did the same for Nina, and again they couldn’t quite get it in. Mike was loving this.

Eventually, the girls looked at him in frustration, on the point of giving up the effort. “I think you need something to loosen it up first,” he said. “What have we got, around here, that we know will go in there and thick enough to do it?” Mike looked around the room as if searching for something, as he scratched his scrotum, with one hand, the fingers of the other slowly ran the length of his erect cock and back again. Both girls cottoned on instantly. Both girls moved towards him, like jackals after prey, Mike sat on the settee, leaning back and asked: “Who wants to be first?”

Nina stepped forward, and turned, her back towards Mike, and bending her knees, squatted and lowered herself, waiting for him to guide his cock to her cunt. She felt him fumble for a moment, his fingers pull her labia open, as she descended, feeling his crown nudge into her entry. She continued to press down, feeling the pressure increase, as his glistening glans pushed into her. She held herself there for a moment, feeling him slip slowly in. Then suddenly, his rim popped through the elastic muscle just inside. Feeling him now in her, she quickly dropped down on his cock. In moments, he was pressing hard into her cervix. Nina started to feel those tingles deep down she’d only felt when Mike had

been here the other day and had been so kind, unlike that man Sergei, last year. She lifted and dropped a few times, feeling the tightness ease in her. She also felt his palms on her buttocks and his fingers under her bottom, probing her, feeling her. After a couple of minutes, he told her she should be ready.

Nina lifted off him, and lying back on the floor, tried pressing the candle into herself again. Ana leaned over and helped by pulling her labia apart for her. Nina wondered if it would ever go in, when suddenly, she felt it slide into her entry. She kept pressing, seeing the II symbol reach her skin. Two inches were in already.

Ana, seeing her cousin had managed it, was determined to do the same. She walked over to Mike, but instead of turning round, like Nina had done, she put her hands on Mike's shoulders, knelt on the settee, her knees either side of his hips, and lowered herself onto his erection, feeling the stickiness there from Nina, as well as Mike's pre-cum. He reached around her, and ran his fingers under her thighs, towards her cleft. Finding her swollen labia, he gently pulled her open and let his cock find it's way, like a guided muscle. He nudged into her. Felt momentary resistance, then movement, slippage, penetration, as she opened up to his invasion of her nine year old body. Like Nina, she moved up and down him for a few minutes, trying to dilate, so she could get that candle into her and earn the bonus she yearned for.

At last, she knew it was time. He no longer felt as tight in her as before. She looked over her shoulder at Nina, and as if some unspoken communication took place, Nina picked up the other candle, and was ready, as Ana lifted up off Mike's cock, she pushed it immediately into her cousin's engorged vagina. It too sank in a couple of inches, before the tightness held back any further penetration.

The next ten minutes were one of the most erotic times Mike could ever recall. Like one of those scenes from a movie, when a woman is trying to squeeze into a pair of jeans which are too tight for her, the two girls were lying side by side on the settee, their knees up in the air, spread open, their fingers working the candles deeper into their vaginas. Every now and then, one or the other would grab the tube of KY Jelly and smear some of the grease around the candle shaft, before pushing in a little deeper. There was much grunting going on, as the two concentrated so hard on what they were doing.

Mike was working his camera from one to the other, and back again. Every now and then, he swung around and focused on the other side of the room, where Nussy was sitting on Ivan's lap. His tiny, stiff cock curved up underneath her into her cunt. He could see, though, that every time they moved, it popped out and they had to keep putting it back in with frustrated fingers. Mike smiled. They seemed to be getting on fine. Nussy was sitting in this position, so she could watch the two older girls, working the candles into themselves.

Leaving the camera on the tripod, running, Mike got onto his hands and knees, to have a close look at what the two had achieved. The girls were twisting the candles back and forth, pulling out a fraction, before pressing hard in. Each cycle, the candles seemed to sink in another fraction. The two seemed to be neck and neck (or was that cunt and cunt?) in terms of depth. Mike watched, as the next gold band vanished first with Nina, then Ana, the number IV indicating the four inches they'd managed. This was just so erotic to Mike's depraved mind. At last, Nina's hands fell to her sides. She'd gone in as far as she could

manage. The VI band was some way off, but she was well over five. Ana had stopped already at just under five inches.

“Well done, girls,” he praised. Picking up his wallet, he counted out two small stacks of Rubles, leaving them on the big table. “I will leave the money there,” he added, “as I am sure there will be more bonuses to earn later.” The girls stared at the money piles. There was more there than they’d expected. He’d paid a bonus on top of the bonus. They looked forward to whatever challenges he set them.

Mike glanced across to see how Nessy was doing with the little boy. He could see she was sitting on his lap, his tiny cock curving up into her, his crown only just inside her. Her fingers were working hard on her clitty, giving her pleasure. The little boy was completely hidden from view behind her body. Mike smiled at her desire to try a little boy, just like her sister. He sometimes wondered why some people wanted sex in a particular way, and others always another.

People like himself were considered depraved by most of society, because of what they liked to do to little girls, but he’d never harmed any, only given them joy. Was it him, or was it society that was mistaken? He’d wondered what pleasure people like Bollockov got from giving pain and torture, or others who enjoyed receiving it, or yet others, being humiliated and tied up. No sex was a very personal thing, and as long as the participants enjoyed what they were doing, without being harmed, he couldn’t see why anyone shouldn’t do anything to and with anyone else, regardless of their sex or age. Mike knew there had been a movement, in several countries in Europe, to liberalise the age of consent back in the 1970’s and 80’s. It had been suggested that the age of consent should be reduced to four, or even abolished altogether, and that incest should no longer be considered a crime. Then it had all gone wrong, and suddenly pædophiles were considered worse vermin than witches in the middle ages, hounded down, worse than rapists or murderers. At the same time, any other form of unconventional sex was encouraged, resulting in the rise of LGBT movements. He had hopes that one day the lovers of children would also be welcomed back into the fold, and treated as normal people.

Mike turned to the two girls once more. “Right, ladies, who would like to be first?” Neither girl knew what he meant, but would find out soon enough. He moved his tripod round between Nina’s spread thighs, and lowered it until the lens was the same height as her pussy. He fitted the macro lens with ring flash, checked the focus, through the viewfinder, and then looked at her face.

“I’m going to pull the candle out of you, in a moment, Nina. What I need you to do is bring your fingers to your pussy, and hold yourself open as much as you can. When I pull the candle out, I want to photograph inside you as deep as I can. Is that OK, do you understand?” She nodded to him, then looked at Ana, smiling, blushing slightly. They both giggled, thinking the same. This was just so rude, so naughty, they thought, but exciting too.

Mike switched on the ring flash, then set his camera rolling, he took hold of the candle and twisted it round, to ensure it wouldn’t stick to her as he pulled it out. He gave her a little nod, and watched as her fingers pressed into her labia, and pulled outwards. He steadily eased the candle from her, watching avidly, to see what happened. He wondered if she

would snap shut “with a bang”. What actually happened was one of the most erotic things he’d ever seen. Instead of closing rapidly, he could see deep into her passage. Her ten year old vagina open for him to see all the way into her. Her labia might have closed her entry, but she was holding herself open, as he’d asked. He could see, helped with the light of the ring flash, all the way to her cervix. Her passage was moist; wet almost. It was lined with a mixture of KY, pre-cum and her own arousal. As he stared, her red, pink, coral, cream and white vagina seemed to writhe, pulsing, moving continuously.

Deep inside, her wrinkly, pink cervix could be clearly seen. In it’s centre, a smooth area of flesh glistened; her ‘G’ spot. He couldn’t help himself. He pointed his middle finger at it, and reaching into her, tapped it gently, making her take an instant gasp of air, as suddenly, she crashed into an unexpected orgasm. Her whole body convulsed. Her belly arched up, her head shot back against the seat, her fingers slipped away from her pussy lips, turning into little fists. Her vagina went into contractions, and started to clamp, then open, clamp, then open in a pulsing motion, during which her vagina slowly reduced back to it’s normal size, finally gripping his finger, still stimulating the child’s most sensitive spot. Everything had been recorded in high definition by his camera. It would be a film clip he would watch with all his girls, at home, many times.

At last, Nina slumped back in the chair. She felt quite exhausted, and yet he’d hardly touched her. Just one tap with his finger inside her and she’d gone off like a rocket. Perhaps it was because, having had such a wonderful time with his cock, the other day, she’d waited ever since for his return, with increasing frustration, as the tingles inside her increased. She looked across at Nussy and Ivan, and could see them still moving. The girl seemed to be enjoying herself on her cousin’s cock. Perhaps she would explore that possibility, or more likely, see if Uncle Nikita was interested in little girls.

Mike had moved his camera across to nine year old Ana, and as soon as he switched on the ring flash, she pulled herself open with her fingers, just like Nina had done. He took hold of and rotated the candle in her. She felt it stick for a moment, making her wince. He paused, pushed it gently in, before she felt it become slippery again. She felt him pulling it out, as he’d done with Nina. Again, like her cousin, she held herself open as hard as she could, letting him look and film, deep inside her. It gave her a thrill to see the lust on his face. The desire her little body could give a grown man. A power, she, and every little girl the world over held over men like Mike. He, of course, was now in heaven. His cock like a steel bar stuck out in front of him, wobbling as he moved.

He stared into the little girl’s vagina. He wished her dilation would stay all night, so arousing was it to study her. But even as he looked, after just a few seconds, he could see her contracting. He knew his camera had recorded every detail of her little passage, like her cousin’s, but smaller, narrower, not quite as deep. Her ‘G’ spot not quite as engorged as Nina’s had been. Even so, he pushed his finger to it, and was gratified, when she too erupted instantly into a crashing climax, making Nussy across the room look up and smile. She too took a minute or two to settle down, lying now alongside Nina, feeling as though she had just run three miles.

It was at that moment, Mike heard a little squeak from across the room, and realised that little Ivan had just cum. He looked at Nussy, who smiled at him and nodded. A silent communication telling him she had enjoyed the little chap, and would be needing him to find other tiny cocks for her in the future. Mike realised she was going to be just like her

sister Alex. They'd probably enjoy pursuing their common interest together, as the years passed.

Mike looked at his watch. An hour had passed, and if he was going to do these girls justice, he needed to get on with it. He suddenly recalled the ten year old German twins, Liesel and Gretl, back in Fuengirola in Spain. He had fucked the two of them together. It had been one of the most erotic experiences of Mike's life, and he'd had a few. Two at the same time! He wondered how best to manage this. It would have to be the same way as he'd fucked the Germans. He looked around at the furniture in the room.

"Who would like the first fuck?" he asked the two girls, who were just now recovering themselves. He smiled, when both put their hands, up, their animated faces indicating their enthusiasm. "How about we try something really naughty?" he asked them. It certainly piqued their interest. "Would you like me to see if I can fuck you both at the same time?" They were certainly up for this. He could see it in their faces.

"Nina," he asked "come over here and sit on the edge of the table, would you? That's good. Just stay there a moment, would you. I want to get something for you to rest your feet on." Mike swung the settee round, so the back faced the table, with a gap of about two feet in between, where he was standing. He picked up a cushion from the settee. "OK, Nina, lie back. Put your feet on the settee, and pop this cushion under your head. Excellent. Now, Ana, come over and climb onto the table. Good, now carefully lie on top of Nina, face down. Cuddle into her. Give her a kiss. No, a proper kiss. You know use your tongue. I need you to shuffle down a bit, so your pussy is exactly above hers. I want your legs exactly over Nina's too; same with your arms."

Mike looked at the way the two girls were positioned. "I just need to bring you to the edge of the table, Nina, so your bottom is over the edge, OK? Don't move, I will slide you down. Keep your feet on the settee." Mike took hold of Nina's hips, and pulled her towards the settee, until her bum slipped off the table. She obviously thought she was going to fall, because he saw her press down with her heels. "That's good, nearly there. Spread your legs apart as far as you can stretch, please. Keep your legs over Nina's, would you Ana?"

Mike checked to see they were positioned right, and nodded with satisfaction. He really needed a long hard fuck, and these two preteens were going to give it to him. He moved the tripod to give his camera the best possible view, and set it running. He dipped down under their nearest leg, and came up between their thighs, his bum resting on the settee back, his hips touching the soft skin of the inside of their thighs. They had only pulled the candles out of themselves a minute or two earlier, and he could see they were still very dilated. Getting into them wasn't going to be a problem. He leaned forward, and, holding his cock with one hand, prised open Nina's labia with the other. He pressed towards her, feeling his crown sink into her without any resistance at all. He kept pushing, until he hit her cervix. She sighed. He waited about ten seconds, before pulling all the way out of her. He lifted his cock the two inches to Ana's vagina and repeated the process, feeling his crown sink into the girl and nudge into her cervix. She moaned quietly. Again he waited a few seconds, before pulling out and shoved straight back into Nina, plunging quickly to full depth, bounced off her cervix and back into Ana.

Very soon, he built up a rhythm of fucking into one, then the other. His speed increased, his force increased. Very soon the girls were responding to the stimulation of having his

cock mashing into them at such a pace. They were rising. Mike noticed they were kissing one another continuously now, their mouths open, their tongues intertwined. He looked down, where their cunts were wide open to his pounding, their mounds pressed together as one, a long, long cleft, merging from one to the other.

Mike noticed out of the corner of his eye, Nussy moving over, to have a closer look at what was happening. She looked from the left, then the right. Then she crawled under the table to look from underneath. He felt her breath on his cock. She was having a close-up look, that's for sure. Then he heard her say: "Mike, when we get home, do you want me to see if some of the other girls would like to do it like this? I know I would like to try it with Katrin, if she'll let me."

His cock surged, hearing her words. He realised she was going to be even more depraved than he was. "Yes, Nussy. I think that would be a great idea." He was so distracted, his cock missed Ana's cunt on his next plunge upwards, and instead almost penetrated her bottom, eliciting a loud squeak of protest from her and a scowl, which turned to a grin, when she realised he hadn't meant it to happen.

Nussy, now enthralled with what was happening grabbed his cock, and made sure each time he moved up or down, his cock was aimed true. At the same time, she started to squeeze his shaft in a rhythm sure to bring him off in no time. And indeed that is what happened. Suddenly, he was blasting into Nina, then Ana, then Nina and back, each getting half his semen deep inside them. The two girls had been cumming from the start, and just hoped he had it in him to give them yet more pleasure before he flew off from the airport, to wherever he came from, the following day.

At last it was over. Silence reigned, except for deep breathing. Mike leaned across and shut down his camera. "Well," he said, looking at his watch, amazed to see it was after one in the morning, "I think it is time for bed." They soon all trooped up the stairs. Nussy and Ivan went to his room, while Mike, Nina and Ana went to the other across the passageway.

= 19 =

Dawn was just breaking, when Tatiana came into the girls' room, carrying a tray of tea. Ana was on her hands and knees, Mike buried balls deep in her rectum at the time. The slapping of his thighs against her buttocks could be heard all over the house, informing the woman that they were awake. They'd both worked up a good sweat, and had been going at it for the last half an hour. There was no way he was going to cum fast, as he'd only fucked Nina, again, less than an hour ago. "Shall I put your tea down over here, where it won't get knocked over?" she asked.

"Yes, that's kind of you. Did you have a pleasant evening, you and Valentina?" he asked, his thighs feeling the first signs of an orgasm, still some minutes away.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "it was wonderful. They had the Valanovski brothers there. They are very skilled, even though they're only in their early twenties. We were all very satisfied with their performance." Mike had no idea who or what the Valanovski brothers were, but Tatiana was obviously happy with them.

“Are you going to be long?” she asked, suddenly, nodding to where his cock was thrusting into her nine year old daughter’s bottom, “it’s just that Nikita will be home in about half an hour, and, well, he might not be as understanding as Valentina and I are about our little arrangement.”

“No, I won’t be a moment,” he replied. “In fact, I will only be another minute or so. You can watch if you like.” The thought of the girl’s mother watching him bugger her daughter, really pressed his buttons. Mike upped the pace, slamming into the child, feeling his prostate tension up, surge and his ejaculation blast into the girl. His fingers, which had been strumming her clitoris the whole while, were getting tired, as was his cock. He knew he would sleep well on the two flights home.

A couple of hours later, he was sitting at the breakfast table. Nussy was looking moon eyed at Ivan. She’d obviously had a great night. The little boy was picking his nose. Nikita was sitting telling him about the various fares he’d had during the night, the drunks, prostitutes and drug dealers. It had been a typical night. Mike settled up with him for the hire of the truck, and got his passport back. He’d settled the other bill with Valentina and Tatiana before Nikita had got home. They were all happy with the exchanges. It wasn’t long before Mike and Nikita carried their baggage out to the taxi, and piled it all in. They were off, waving to their Siberian friends, promising to see them again soon.

EPILOGUE

Mike arrived home, finding “Welcome home” banners draped across the front room. It seemed all his girls were there to meet him, as well as their mothers. The instant Nussy and Katrin set eyes on each other, they threw their arms around each other, kissing, hugging, kissing again. They’d never met, and yet acted as though they were inseparable sisters. They chatted away in Estonian. Mike noticed every now and then, one or the other would glance across at him. He was obviously the subject of the conversation. The two formed a bond stronger than any twins, and indeed, Mike never had sex with either of them, without the other being present, and usually participating. Nussy, with Alex’s help widened her horizons, and with Katrin, would sometimes go across the road to spend time with the two boys.

It was the spring after his return home, Mike, under an assumed name and passport, retraced his steps and returned to Siberia. He hired a Toyota Landcruiser at the airport. Now the snow had melted, he was able to get all the way up to the dacha in the mountains in one long day, passing the places he had made so many friends, following the old dirt track, made when the original listening post had been built on top of the mountain.

Parking the truck at the foot of the cliff, he climbed out, and glanced up at the dark hole in the underside of the building which had given so much pain and fear to the many nameless little girls who had come here to die at the hands of the monster known to them as Sergei Bollockov. Because this was Tundra, the ground was solid ice, although the snow had melted from the surface. The girls too appeared as though they had only died that morning, frozen as they were. It took Mike two whole days to dig a grave large enough to hold them all. Forty seven innocent children, lying side by side in a long row. He covered their naked bodies in sheets he found up in the dacha, before saying some words, over them in Russian. He filled in the grave, finding a sense of peace settling over

him; when before a presence of evil had prevailed. It was now a place where the girls would sleep together in a concord of death.

He had made, with his own hands, over the winter, a wooden cross, which he took from the Toyota and pegged the two parts together, before hammering it into the ground marking their place of rest. The caption he had painstakingly carved into the cross-piece simply read, in Russian a quote written by Alejandro Gonzalez: "Innocence is so much more powerful than experience." Using a long rope, he tied the end around Bollockov's neck and the other to the tow-bar of the Toyota and dragged the body slowly along the whole length of the girls' grave, letting them know they were honoured and their murderer was not. He drove down the hill to the tarn where the helicopter had crashed. He stood at the top of the steep slope, where the aircraft had slid down on its final landing and looked into the green melt-water, remembering Nikolai's last desperate silent appeal, as he sank to his death, trapped in the aircraft. Mike turned, and gave a hard kick to Bollockov's frozen body and watched as it rolled over and over down the slope and into the cold water below, swallowing him up. He glanced down, and saw a length of cord at his feet, stretching in a line a hundred feet up the slope. Recognising it, he coiled it up and threw it as far over the water as he could, watching it spin and rotate in the air, the frozen penis and testicles of one of the world's most evil men still attached to the end.

He got back in the Toyota and put it into gear and took one last look at the building perched on the top of the mountain. He picked up the remote control from the dash. He flicked up the cover over the red button and pressed it once. Every window in the concrete structure blew out in an explosion of orange flame and black smoke. He had called in to a hardware store on his journey and bought a number of containers of caustic cleaning liquids, fertiliser and other chemicals, which were innocuous on their own, but when mixed with the diesel he had taken from the generating plant, made an extremely volatile mixture, ignited by a simple incendiary device. Satisfied he had done all he could for the victims of his nemesis, Mike felt a weight lifted from his shoulders, as he started the long journey home. A home where he knew he was loved.

Time passed, and Mike used the cash he'd taken from Bollockov's dacha to very good use. With some of it, he bought a villa in Andalusia on a small island off a remote part of the coast, overlooking a wide beach. He paid Carlos a retainer to keep an eye on the place and arrange for the garden and swimming pool, to be looked after and the house to be cleaned. He spent many happy long weekends there with some or all of his ten girlfriends. The following summer, he organized a special house party, and after a lot of phone calls, emails and even a couple of trips to Estonia and Ukraine, arranged for Ana and her sister Kat, with Elsa, to travel from Tallinn; Sofiya, Natalia and Oxana to come from Ukraine; Lucia and Sefarina traveled the short distance from Fuengarola with Carlos, who also brought his granddaughter with him, who had just turned seven. Carlos wanted someone special to be her 'first', and felt Mike was just the man. It was a spectacular holiday, and culminated with the ceremonial tattooing of his cock with a bright red dot, which Alex applied for him.

Mike received his promotion in MI5 as director of surveillance. One of his early projects proved to be very beneficial to him both financially and paedophilically. There was an international school for girls, under thirteen, based in an old country estate, in Berkshire, not all that far from Windsor. It was not a well known school, but it was extremely well

attended by daughters of the rich and famous, because they were discrete. Many diplomats, foreign ministers and oligarchs customized the place. Rumours had circulated that some of the girls were being abused by one or more of the teachers. Mike was instructed to install cameras wherever he felt necessary, and to ensure only he had access to the recordings made. He recorded hours of evidence showing that the daughter of one of Bollockovs former Moscow contacts was coercing other girls into prostituting themselves with parents of some of the other girls. Mike put an end to the problem within days of the cameras being installed, but kept them in place for many months after, allowing him to watch the various activities in the changing rooms and bedrooms. A whole new book could be written on just that project.

Mike found life was good. He'd got the job of his dreams, all the preteen pussy he could handle and a home with people who loved him. The only problem he had, was that he loved the challenge of getting into the knickers of yet another impossible target. One day it might get him into trouble, but in the meantime, he would have the time of his life.

THE END

© Broadsword
All film rights reserved

Authors always value feedback for their work. Please spend a moment and let me know if you enjoyed my story. To: Broadsword1954@protonmail.com

You can find all my stories on either of the following links:
<https://archiveofourown.org/users/broadsword1954/works>
OR: [** All Broadsword's Stories ** \(asstr.org\)](https://asstr.org)

LIST OF CHARACTERS

Ana - nine, mother Tatiana Platinum blond
Nina - about ten Valentina's daughter, cousin of Ana Platinum blond
Nikita - taxi driver, married to Tatiana. Brother to Valentina
Valentina - sister of Nikita, married to un-named victim of chainsaw accident, who owned the Toyota Mike rented.
Tatiana – Nikita's wife Mother of Ana
Ivana – Landlady of guest remote house
Paul – Ivana's son
Yenna - eight, nearly nine year old, blond. Daughter of Paul
Nikolai – Sergei's pilot
Ivan - Boy called Ivan about six, mother Tatiana Platinum blond brother to Ana
Ivan (no relation to above) – Sergei's henchman Nikolai's brother
Galina – eleven years old, Paul's wife's cousin's daughter apprentice prostitute
Raisa – ten years old, Paul's wife's cousin's daughter apprentice prostitute
Nessy or Vanessa – Alex's eight year old sister, victim of kidnapping. Identical in looks to Katrin.

