

<!--ADULTSONLY-->

Book 3

The Beach Girls of Andalusia.

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Keywords:

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

Warning!

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

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

Summary: Mike Robinson, given a few days of unexpected vacation, heads to Andalusia in southern Spain to have a few days break in the sun. His choice of destination was influenced by the large number of Spanish children who run around naked on the beaches there. On the way, he meets Alex and Katrin, mother and daughter, who it turns out are on the run from the Russian mafia. Quickly getting inside Katrin's panties, they start what turned out to be a long lasting relationship. Working in his friends beach hire business, over the course of the next few days, Mike manages to deflower two virgins and take advantage of several other girls, from the innocent five year old Lucia, up to the ten year old Sefi, who acted like an angel, but was in fact a very naughty girl indeed. Mike returned home to England with Alex and Katrin in tow, where Alex's knowledge about the Russians was used in exchange for a change of identity, living with Mike.

= 1 =

Thursday Night

The two and a quarter hour Lufthansa flight from Minsk had been flawless. Mike had slept all the way, and the plane touched down at Frankfurt am Main Airport on schedule at 17:10. He went through customs and EU immigration, and onto the transfer lounge, where he learned the Iberian connecting flight, due to take off at 18:30, was delayed by at least an hour. Walking down to the departures lounge, he grabbed a bite to eat, and settled down near the gate for the flight, with a very indifferent cup of coffee, and a long wait. At least he was able to use some of his time to good effect writing up and submit his final report and expenses account for his visit to Minsk.

It looked as though the three hour flight was going to be nearly full, which didn't surprise him at this time of year, being late summer, during school holidays on a flight heading for Málaga. Mike enjoyed studying people, if there was nothing else to do. There was the usual cross section of passengers, business people, singles, couples, but mostly families off on their holiday. He noticed a rather large fraught looking German woman trying to shepherd her two sons, who both reminded him of the Augustus Gloop character in Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, keeping them from running riot and destroying the entire airport. The woman eventually gave up, and sat on an empty bench seat and read her book.

Another small, very young looking, pretty blond haired woman, who he guessed was from one of the Baltic states, on account of her accent when she spoke, in Russian, to the single child travelling with her, he assumed to be either her sister or her daughter, in an Estonian accent. Mike was fluent in the language, but sometimes had difficulty in separating regional dialects and accents. They smiled in silent acknowledgement to each other. They didn't get to the gate until well after the scheduled departure time. It didn't seem odd at the time, but Mike would recall that detail later.

As they tired, one by one, the children came and sat next to their respective mothers. The two boys looked as if they should be wearing lederhosen, so Bavarian did they appear to Mike. The girl with the blond woman caught Mike's eye. From something she said, he realised they were mother and daughter. He guessed she would be about eight, maybe nine years old. Her long hair, tied in a pony tail, was identical in colour to her mother's and her elfin face was dominated by very pale blue piercing eyes. Unlike the two boys, who were of a similar age to her, she had not an ounce of fat on her. She looked fit, perhaps a dancer. She had high cheek bones, a wide mouth with full, light pink, lips, beneath a small button nose, and small ears, mostly hidden by her hair. He guessed she was about four foot tall. She wore a blue and red knee length pleated skirt and a white and blue T-shirt sporting some Disney characters. Her figure was parallel, but with his expert eye, he could tell she was about to blossom into curves, where she was flat right now. Over her arm, she carried a pink, zip fronted jacket.

The woman was surprised when he introduced himself to her in Russian. Her own German, was poor, and her English rudimentary. Mike enquired if she was going on holiday.

"Yes, Katrin and I are going away for a week in the sun," she volunteered "before she starts back at school in ten day's time. And you?"

"I've just completed a commission in Minsk," he explained. "I finished earlier than expected, I had a couple of days spare, so thought I would get a few rays on the beach before summer ends. I'm heading to Fuengirola. My friend has a place and lets me use it when I visit. What do you do?"

"Oh," she said doubtfully, "I used to be a hairdresser and beautician. I now work for my brother. He just handed me some flight tickets, told me I needed a break, so here I am. I got the bus from Tallinn. I had intended to take a week's rent on an apartment when I got there, but I guess it will be too late to organise anything tonight, with this delay. I didn't

have any particular place in mind, as long as there was a beach and sea for Katrin and sunshine for me and a bed, we'll be OK."

He smiled at her. "Well where we're going, there'll be plenty of all of those for you. Looks like something's happening at the desk, at last." Mike was puzzled, though. Why would anyone flying to Malaga take a bus all the way from Tallinn to Frankfurt. It was 1100 miles or more. Anyway, none of his business.

There was a click, as an attendant switched on a microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen, we regret the delay to our flight to Málaga this evening. This was due to a bird strike when the aircraft came in earlier. As a result, a replacement aircraft has been provided. This is ready to board. However, seat configuration is different to the other aircraft, so the seat numbers on your boarding cards will be invalid. On entering the aircraft, please sit wherever you wish. Flexibility to allow families to sit together would be appreciated." A queue quickly formed, and the Iberian Airways staff scanned their boarding cards and sent them down to the ærobridge and onto the plane.

The usual scramble for seats took place with unallocated seating, but Mike found himself in row 23, with the blond woman one side of him, the fat German woman the other and in the row behind, was the Augustus Gloop boys and Katrin. He suggested the German woman swapped with Katrin, so she would be with her boys, and Katrin with her mother. The woman was clearly reluctant to move. Mike could understand that. They were an obnoxious pair of boys and she happy to ignore them. But on insistence by Katrin's mother, felt she would have to do so.

Mike now found himself in the window seat, beside Katrin in the middle and her mother by the aisle. He introduced himself, and she to him. Her name was Aleksandra, but every one called her Alex. She asked him where he would suggest she should look for somewhere to stay. He explained that all the towns, along the Costa Del Sol, more or less merged one into the other, and essentially they were the same. And if all you want is a sandy beach and sun, then one is as good as the next.

"I am taking the airport bus to Fuengirola," he said. "If you want to come with me, I can point out landmarks on the way for you, and agents' offices where you can book a flat, in the morning. The journey is about thirty kilometres. Takes forty minutes, with the various stops they make. Where I get off, there's a cheap hotel where you could stop for one night. It's basic, but clean. It's owned by my friend Carlos's brother."

"That's very kind of you," she said, "I think we might just take you up on the offer. It would only be pot luck otherwise." So it was agreed.

The flight finally took off at 20:30, two hours late. Mike realised by the time they would arrive in Málaga, got their baggage, found the bus and got to the town, it would be nearer one o'clock in the morning. Fortunately, Frankfurt and Málaga are on the same time zone.

The usual plastic in-flight food was trolleyed round and twenty minutes later, they relaxed, at their cruising altitude, waiting for the hours to pass. "What do you do for a living?" asked Alex, "You said you'd just completed a commission."

Mike, being well used to bending the truth a little when asked this, replied: "I am a consultant surveillance camera specialist. We supply and install security cameras in places like banks and public buildings. How about you?"

"Oh, I help my brother with his business administration. He is an art dealer. He is brilliant with clients and the artists, but hopeless with the business side. So after a couple of disasters, I left the hairdressers I worked for and came in to help keep that side straight. I quite enjoy it, but never seem to be able to get away. We don't earn very much, Tallinn isn't a wealthy city, but I enjoy it." They chatted about a range of things. Mike saw the drinks trolley approaching, down the aisle.

"Would you like a drink, Alex, my treat?" he asked. "I'm going to get a small scotch."

"That's kind of you," she answered, "I'd like a vodka with a Coke, if that's OK and Katrin always drinks orange juice."

"Mummy," murmured Katrin, "I feel ever so tired, but my ears hurt, and with the noise, I can't sleep."

"Her ears," said Mike, "that'll be the decompression. Try holding your nose, Katrin, and blow," he suggested. She tried a couple of times, and said "it helped a bit."

"I have some quick acting sleeping pills I use sometimes," he said. "They take about half an hour to kick in and keep you asleep for about an hour or just over. If I use them at night, I find they put me out, then I stay asleep naturally the rest of the night. Would you like one of those for her?"

"No, thanks," replied Alex, "I'm not sure it's a good idea for a small girl of her age."

"Would you mind if I get some cash from my briefcase in the locker?" he asked, as he squeezed passed them into the aisle.

"How old is she?" asked Mike, changing the subject.

He stood and opened the overhead locker and pulled out his aluminium camera case and placed it on an empty seat, the other side of the aisle. He clicked it open. He grabbed a mini pack of Kleenex and a tube of KY jelly, which he slipped into his pocket. In a small compartment were his knock out pills, MI5 issue. Each colour coded. He palmed two green ones. They were tasteless, dissolved instantly and left no after effects whatsoever. He had just replaced the case, when the drinks arrived. He now had a pill between his fingers in each hand, and taking the orange juice and vodka from the attendant, he opened his fingers and dropped the pills into the glasses passing them across. After he'd paid, he asked Alex if she'd hold his drink, while he got back in his seat.

"She's eight, but will be nine on Sunday," she replied to his earlier question.

He slipped back passed them and sat back down. Alex thanked him for the drink, and they settled down into the flight. They chatted about various things. Mike learned that Katrin's father had long since been absent from her life and that she and her brother lived together now. He wondered just how close their relationship actually was.

The cabin lights were turned down, and most of the passengers tried to get some sleep. Katrin, by this time was curled up on her seat. She'd lifted the armrest, and her head was nestled in her mum's lap, her feet pressed to Mike's thigh. Alex asked the attendant for a blanket, which she spread out over her daughter.

Katrin fell asleep first, and Alex a few minutes later. Mike, lifted the armrest between them, and sliding his hand under the blanket put his hands on Katrin's calf. He pinched her skin to see if she responded. Nothing; she was dead to the world. He knew he was on a time limit now, and he needed to waste none of it. He reached over, and lifted her legs up and over his lap. Her head was still on her mother's lap, while her feet, he pushed against the fuselage under the window. He made sure the blanket was well spread out, covering her from her chin to her feet,

He reached under the blanket, and pushed up her skirt, further and further, until he was sure it wouldn't get in the way. Then, he ran his fingers lightly over her panty covered mons, feeling her shape, her camel toe, trying to guess the colour of the cotton under his fingers. He couldn't resist, and pushing the blanket back a few inches, could see they were pure white with little hearts in red, printed in rows every inch or so.

Knowing what he intended, he reached for her waist line, and slipped her panties down her thighs. Over her knees and down to her ankles. He now spent the next several minutes, exploring her young exquisite body, feeling her mons, how firm it was under his touch. He felt her dimple, and below, her deep recess, leading down to her cowl, covering her clitty, then her vagina. He ran his fingers through her cleft, down over her vagina entry, feeling the dip, where her entry was. He pressed in gently, his finger penetrating her to his first knuckle, feeling the membrane of her hymen, stretched across, preventing him pushing further, He felt the firmness of her whole vulva, and how it was parted by her wonderful cleft, bordered by her thick labia, hot to his touch. He felt her rosebud, nestled in the valley between the two well formed globes of her perfect bottom. It was warm to the touch, and as he pressed his finger in a fraction, he felt her clench automatically. She was perfect, she was ready, she was available.

Mike needed to move her slightly. He turned himself, so he was facing towards her more. He then unclasped his belt and trousers, unzipped the fly and slipped them down below his bum. He again made sure both he and she were covered in the blanket, as he grasped her waist, and pulled her towards him. Her head slipped off her mother's lap, as her bottom contacted his thigh, he lifted her slightly, and pushed his lower knee and thigh under her. Her bottom slowly slipped over his leg, until his rigid cock was nestled in her perineum.

Mike pulled out the Kleenex tissues, and put them on the seat behind his bum. He took the KY, and unscrewed the cap. He needed to use as little of this as possible. So he pushed the nozzle into her anus, and squeezed the tube gently. He pulled it out, and put his finger there, pushing in cautiously. It was still too dry, so he added a little more. He screwed the cap back on the tube and put it in his pocket, to make sure it wasn't overlooked later. He pressed his finger back into the girl's buttery anus, and applying a constant pressure, felt it slip little by little into her. Deeper and deeper. He went in, as far as his finger could reach, before he turned his digit round, spreading the KY inside her.

Next, he wiped his fingers on a tissue, and taking her waist in his hands again, pulled her the last few inches towards his rampant cock, which nestled into the entry of her bum. He pressed into her gently, feeling the KY jelly coated skin, slipping over his crown. Keeping up the pressure on her bum, he waited, knowing she would dilate in the end, and indeed, it was sooner rather than later. He suddenly felt his crown pop into her, passed her tight sphincter muscles. He was well practiced at this, and paused, awaiting the moment. Then, after a few minutes, he felt her relax on him, the moment had arrived.

He pulled her another couple of inches towards him, and then he thrust into her, slowly, carefully and continuously, pressing deeper and deeper into the eight year old child. He could feel the sticky interior of her passage parting as he slipped into her tight, hot, virgin, rectum. On and on he pressed, until he was home. His pubes pressed to her bum, his crown eight inches into her bowels. He paused a moment, before he pulled back a fraction. Mike knew he couldn't fuck her as he would have liked, but he enjoyed instead micro fucks, as his cock moved back and forth, half an inch scope. He kept this up for twenty minutes, enjoying the sweet sensations on the preteen's bum, while he buggered her for his own depraved pleasure.

He felt things cuming to a head, and his climax nearly beat him to the mark, as he pulled himself from her, and encased his cock in a wad of Kleenex tissues, just as he blasted his load out, again and again. The sheer pleasure was almost overwhelming, and he struggled not to cry out, as he spurted again and again into the tissues. Finally, he calmed, just appreciating the wonderful sensation of release he was having at that moment.

He stirred and wiped himself as clean as possible, feeling his way under the blanket, before pulling up his underwear and trousers, trying not to make it obvious, what he was up to, finally getting himself sorted out. He wiped the girl's bottom with the Kleenex as thoroughly as he could, removing as much pre-cum and KY as possible. Next he slipped her panties back up her calves and thighs, under her bottom and made sure they were comfortably positioned, before pulling her skirt down and straightening it again.

Leaning over her, he put his hands under her armpits, and lifted her bodily up and back onto her mother's lap as she'd been before. He lifted her legs and curled her feet under her thighs, and turned her on her side in the same position as she was in when she fell asleep, and tucked the blanket around her and replaced the armrest.

Mike then propped himself against the fuselage, and nodded off to sleep himself, in just a few seconds. An hour later, he was awoken by the announcement that they were landing and "to please fasten seat belts". They were the last flight into Málaga that night, and the baggage was unloaded from the aircraft and onto the carousel for collection in record time. Mike had to smile to himself, when he heard Katrin try and fail to fart quietly every few minutes. Her blasts, like trumpet calls echoing around the baggage hall, getting scowls from Alex. He knew exactly what had caused it.

They boarded the bus and were soon heading along the coast road to Fuengirola. With not many passengers, the late hour and a driver keen to be home, they were soon dropped off at their destination. One glance at Pedro's hotel, however, told Mike it was closed up for the night.

"Come this way," he said to Alex, "it's late and you two need a bed for the night. It looks like Pedro's is either full up, he's drunk or in bed himself. I'll put you up tonight."

She was about to protest, but saw he was already walking across the road towards a locked up beach shop. He tapped a code into a key safe, extracted the key, opened a door, stepped inside and ushered them in. At the back of the shop, was another door, leading to a staircase up to Carlos's apartment. In a few minutes, they stood amidst their bags, looking round. Mike opened a door, and showed them into a small room with two beds.

"This will be your room," he said, "the bathroom is across the hall. Kitchen is next to it, and my room is down the end of the corridor, if you need anything. We're all tired, so I suggest we get to bed and I'll see you in the morning." With that, he walked out, closed the door and headed for his own room.

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Friday Early Morning

The morning was bright and clear and sunny, as were ninety percent of the days here at this time of year. It was going to be hot, although not as hot as the last time he was here, six weeks ago. Mike was using Carlos's room while his friend was in Rhonda. The room had a wide floor to ceiling window, with a balcony which overlooked the beach, across the street, below. He pulled the curtains open, flooding the room with bright sunlight. It was later than he'd realised. Normally, he was up in time to watch the sun rise over the distant horizon.

It was six thirty. He needed to get moving, as he had a couple of jobs to do before he opened up the beach hire hut. The arrangement he had with Carlos was in return for free accommodation, he would run his beach hire operation for him, while he was away. It suited both men. Carlos, so he could get away for a few days, and Mike, so he had a legitimate reason to be on the beach talking to little girls. It wasn't a big business, it kept Carlos in beer money, little more. He hired out sun loungers, beach mats, umbrellas, canoes and life jackets. There was also a small cooler where drinks were available and a freezer for ice cream. There were other refreshment outlets the other side of the main road above the beach, offering a wider choice of fare, but who wanted to walk all that way in bare feet and a swimming costume? Carlos's main income came from his ownership of the shop downstairs, which he rented out to his sister, Rosa.

Mike used the small en-suite bathroom, shaved and had a quick shower. Wrapped in just a towel, he wandered out to the main living area. He thought no one else would be up yet, but as he came out, he saw Katrin standing at the window, looking out across the sea. She was wearing a knee length diaphanous cotton night gown. With the bright light shining in off the sea, he had a perfect view of her silhouette. Her well formed legs, parted a little, showing him the small gap between her thighs. He could even make out her white panties, with the little printed red hearts, which he'd got inside, only the night before, without her knowledge. Sensing his presence, she turned towards him and smiled.

"This is lovely here," she said, "I have never seen the Mediterranean Sea before. Only the icy Baltic, brrrr." She grinned. She walked towards him.

"Mike," she said, seriously, "I want to thank you. Mummy was frightened yesterday. She knew she hadn't had time to book anywhere for us to stay, then the plane was delayed and we were tired. Then you helped us. Thank you." She stepped forward, and before he realised it, she clasped him in a hug, her arms around his waist.

Having seen her standing in the window, moments before, in such a sensuous pose, her body showing, but, at the same time, not, he'd become quite aroused, his cock half tumescent. So, as she pressed against him, she felt his hard cock against her tummy, through his towel. She pulled back, momentarily, in surprise. Still holding his sides, a small gap now between them, she looked up at him, and smiled. She made a decision, leaned in and hugged him tightly again. She felt his cock growing against her tummy, a living thing. A flutter shivered through her young body. Her pussy tingled, a feeling she'd never felt before.

Mike, letting the child process her thoughts, realised a Rubicon had been crossed in her mind. He bent down, and hugged her back, allowing his hand to slowly slide down her back, and over the curve of her delightfully small bottom, feeling the shape of her panty covered bum. He heard and felt her sharp intake of breath. Not wanting to frighten her, he pulled his hand away, stood up and stepped back.

"I'm glad you stayed here last night, Katrin. I hope you slept well," he said. "I just came out to make a shopping list for breakfast. There's a mini market fifty metres away, I came in to see what we need and get a few basics. Is there anything you particularly like for breakfast?"

She smiled, thinking, then said: "Mummy doesn't usually let me, but I love honey coated Cheerios, if they have them."

"Your wish is my command," he said, giving a theatrical bow. He went to the kitchen, which was really a sectioned off area of the main living room. He opened the fridge and various cupboards, assessing what Carlos had left. He'd always noticed Carlos lived a frugal life, now his wife was dead these past five years. "I'll just throw some clothes on and I'll be back in five minutes."

When he got back, he saw Katrin was just putting the finishing touches to laying the small round table for breakfast. Mike quickly emptied the bags onto the counter top. Katrin helped, putting butter and milk in the fridge and bread in the cupboard. She pulled out the honey coated Cheerios and looked at them as if they were made of pure gold. "Thank you," she said, and surprised him when she turned to him and said: "Can I hug you again?" She had a definite blush in her face.

He didn't answer, but bent and held his arms out to her. This time, she put her arms around his neck, and as he stood up straight, her feet left the floor. He naturally took her weight by cupping her under her bottom. He instantly realised she'd taken her knickers off. Through her nighty, he could feel every curve of her bottom, how her globes swept into the valley of her bum, how her pussy was pressed to his front. Then, she lifted her legs, and slowly wrapped her thighs around him. He didn't need an invitation in writing. His hand, cupping her bottom, taking her weight, slipped forward an inch or two, and under his fingers, he could now feel her cleft, hot through the cotton. He caressed her for a few seconds, feeling her vulva, swell, her labia pressed to his fingers, her clit a tiny bead. He

strummed her sensitive spot for a few seconds, feeling her tense in his arms, her pelvis push towards him fractionally. She was rising. He couldn't let this continue. Alex could walk in any second.

"Your mum will be getting up soon, I imagine. If you're a very good girl," he said, as he lowered her down onto her feet again, "If we have time, on our own, I will let you hug me again later. Would you like that?"

She felt unsteady, as she stood again, needing to put a hand on the counter. "Ah, yeah," she muttered, "that would be nice, I guess." Katrin had never felt anything like it. Sure, she diddled herself a couple of times a week. Who didn't? But, wow, the feeling she felt just now, it was like he'd plugged her into the electric main. She just had to feel that again. She knew she'd been naughty when she took her panties off and let him grope her, but he'd been kind to her, and, well, it was like saying 'thank you'. But, WOW, those tingles, they were just...wow. She realised she needed to go to the bathroom.

Mike's caution was well placed, because it was only a few minutes later, he heard movement from Alex's room. She came out, her hair mussed up and bleary eyed, but with a smile on her face. "Good morning," she said, as she headed for the bathroom across the hall from her door. She was in bare feet, with a short baby doll nighty and frilly matching panties beneath. He heard the toilet flush and shower running, before she came out, ten minutes later, wrapped in a big fluffy towel and went back to her bedroom. She emerged a few minutes later, dressed in a tiny pair of pale blue shorts, T-shirt and flip flops. She frowned at her daughter, who was obviously refilling an empty bowl with honey Cheerios.

"Chill out, Mummy," Katrin said, with a big grin at her mother, "we're on holiday."

Alex plumped herself down in a seat, and poured herself a cup of coffee. She held the cup to her lips, as she appraised Mike over the rim, inhaling the fresh aroma. "Thanks for last night, Mike," she said, with feeling. "You saved my life. So what's the plan? Where do we go from here. You seem to know the area and what options we have."

Mike got up and went to the cooker. He opened the oven, and pulled out a metal tray with six hot croissants, which he transferred into a porcelain bowl and brought to the table. He smiled as Katrin grabbed one and dropped it quickly on her plate, on account of it being very hot still. She ladled some raspberry jam onto the plate and started to shove the croissant where Mike hoped to soon shove his cock.

"Well, there's no rush, Alex," he explained. "I'm here until Monday evening, and other than the food, you two being here doesn't cost me anything. So don't rush off on my account. If you want to have a look at Pedro's hotel, it's just next door, and there is an apartment letting agent round the corner, less than a hundred metres away. Take your time. If you want to stay here, while I'm here, just chip in to the cost of groceries, and you can stay as long as you want. I might make you work for your keep though," he said with a mischievous smile.

"Go on," she said with a raised eyebrow, expecting him to ask her to share his bed. Having said that, he was good looking and had a great body, "hit me with it."

“Carlos, my friend who owns this place has a beach hire business across the street. I stay here for free, and in return, I run the business for him, while he goes to visit his daughter and grandkids up at Rhonda. In the evening, when we finish up, though, there are umbrellas, loungers, sand mats and towels all over the place. It takes an hour on my own to bring them all in to the hut for the night. You can help me with that if you like.”

She was almost disappointed he hadn't propositioned her. She'd got her 'how dare you suggest such a thing to me, what sort of woman do you take me for' speech all ready, and he'd said nothing of the sort.

“OK,” she responded, with a smile “you've got a deal. So, let me get this right, we share the food costs and help you clear the beach up in the evening. Anything else?” She almost hoped.....

“No, that's about it. How are you in the kitchen?” he asked. “I'm happy to cook, but if you want to lend a hand or take a turn, that would be great.”

“If I tried to boil an egg,” she said, “I would burn it! I'm useless in the kitchen, but I'm happy to wash up, make beds or do the shopping every day.”

“OK,” he said, “that's fine by me. I'll cook, you do the shopping and Katrin can lay the table and tidy up. How's that? I've made a start on a shopping list. Give me ten minutes, and I'll have it ready. You can either go to the mini market, just round the corner, but they're a bit pricy, with not a lot of choice; or there's a Carrefour but it's too far on foot. The one I tend to use is Mercadona. They have several branches in town, and the nearest one is less than half a mile away. Walk up there, and get a taxi to bring you back. It'll only cost a couple of Euros. I need to get over the road and open up the hut. If you want to sunbathe, I can let you have a couple of loungers for free. You know where I'll be.” He explained how to lock the apartment, and the combination to the key safe. He finished the shopping list, and handed it to her together with fifty Euros, and left them to start their day.

= 3 =

Friday Morning

Mike walked over the road and unlocked the hut. It was built from timber, and clad in rush matting and a palm leaf roof. It was about the same size as a double garage. Inside, the long white plastic loungers were stacked ten high in neat rows. He dragged out half a dozen piles, which he thought would be enough for the day, unless something unusual happened. He then took out a couple of dozen beach umbrellas, and stood them in a line. Next out came the rush beach mats. He checked the stock of ice cream and drinks, which looked fine. If he got a rush, Pablo usually brought his van round mid morning and would re-stock the freezer. Likewise, Clementina collected the used beach towels and replaced them with clean ones. She also came to the apartment to change the bedding, whenever Carlos needed it.

He was set up. Next, Mike took his rucksack into the small room at the back of the hut. It was about twelve foot square. Carlos used it to store valuables, such as handbags if customers asked. It only took him five minutes to set up the spy cameras around the room. In the roof, was a vent, which could be opened for ventilation and light. He unlocked it and pulled the cord, swinging it fully open. In the centre of the room was now a large

square of sunlight, where he placed a plastic chair. Anyone he let change in here would want to put their clothes there, rather than on the dusty floor. The cameras were the same ones he'd used in the bank in Minsk the previous week, Movement activated, very high definition. One was even located on the floor, peering upwards, located inside a hollow rock Carlos had left there.

He looked out along the beach. It was still only eight thirty. He knew the crowds would start to arrive in about half an hour. It was warming up now, and a prickle of perspiration glistened on his brow. He locked away his rucksack, containing his cameras and stripped off his shorts, and slipped on his speedos, walked down the beach and dived into the refreshing water. Keeping an eye on the hut, he swam around for about twenty minutes, before returning for the day's labour.

It was going to be a quiet day, he thought, but at nine o'clock, he saw the first of his prime targets. Two girls, obviously sisters walked down the steps at the top of the beach, twenty or thirty yards from the hut. The older girl would have been about fifteen, but the younger one, only five or just six. The older girl, wearing a small red bikini, was already looking around for the young lads who frequented the beach during school holidays. The younger girl, in a pale green one piece, played in the sand for a while, before obviously asking her sister if they could paddle or swim. With no one else around, she agreed, and they went to the water's edge, and walked in. The little girl lay in less than a foot of water, splashing and squealing, as Mike watched her.

They eventually walked back up the beach to their towels and rubbed themselves down. They were just about the only people on the beach, so when the little girl decided the salt and sand in her costume itched too much, she simply took it off. In Spain this is common for little girls and to see them running around naked on a beach, is nothing unusual. Mike, on the other hand, had been waiting, and with his 700mm lens in full telephoto, captured her full frame. As she played in the sand, on hands and knees, and did her handstands, cartwheels and other movements, she showed her tiny body off to him again and again. This was why Mike had come to Andalusia.

Half an hour later, a group of boys walked down onto the sand. One of them trotted over to the two girls. Ignoring the tiny naked child, he spoke to the older girl, who he clearly knew. Shortly, they walked off together to join the rest of the group. The older girl turned after a few yards, and pointed at the hut, saying something. The tot got up, picked the two beach towels and her swimsuit up, and walked towards the hut. Mike put his camera down out of sight.

His Spanish, like his German, was nowhere as fluent as his Russian or Ukrainian, but it was conversational and adequate. Certainly he'd learnt all the words he might need to get into little girl's pussies, over the years. This one, though, was too young, for penetration anyway. But he'd had plenty of fun with tinies like this in the past.

"Where's Carlos, Mister?" she asked.

"He's gone to Rhonda to see his grand daughters," he replied. "I'm his friend and sometimes look after his hut when he goes away. Are you his friend too?"

"I guess," she said, "he lets me have an ice cream and do stuff in his hut if I'm good." Mike suspected he knew what sort of 'stuff' she did for Carlos.

Mike had met Carlos, at a security conference some years back. They'd worked together a couple of times since then, back in his MI5 days. Mike had come down, at Carlos's invitation and stayed a few days. Carlos noticed where Mike's eyes wandered when he was on the beach, and after an interesting conversation, both admitted their clandestine interest in preteen pussy. It had subsequently led to some very interesting joint operations over the years.

"What's your name, darling? And would you like an ice cream now?" he asked her. He appraised her with a glance up and down her little body. She was short and a little chubby, but not more than most girls her age, before they became beanpoles when they got to seven. She had a round face, with short black, curly hair and dark brown eyes. She had olive skin, typical of people around here. Her chest sported a pair of little bee sting areolæ, just a shade darker than the surrounding skin. Her belly stuck out, in the stance so many little girls, this age, adopt when relaxed, with her little round bottom pushed backwards in the same way. She had short stumpy legs, topped by a gorgeous pudenda, which Mike was looking forward to getting his hands on as soon as possible. Her vulva, like most five year olds, was disproportionately big for her body, and seemed to bulge out between her thighs. Her mound, a half tennis ball sized hill below her tummy, was split by her deep cleft. It seemed wrinkly, almost as if it needed to fill out further

"Lucia," she said proudly, answering him, "I would like a chocolate coated one, please."

"Well, Lucia," he said conspiratorially "as I am new here, and still learning, can I ask you to teach me something?"

She giggled, "Sure, what?"

"Would you show me how you are good for Snr. Carlos," he smiled, "so I know for next time."

She giggled again and walked over to the freezer. She struggled, but managed to lift the lid. She pointed to a gold and brown wrapper. "That's the one I like," she stated. He reached in, pulled one out and handed it to her. "We always go in the room over there, while I eat it," she pointed to the small back room.

She led the way, and going into the room, started to unwrap the choc-ice. "You need to take off those," she said, pointing at his shorts. He turned and locked the door, before pushing his shorts and underwear off. "Sit there," she instructed. Mike sat in the chair. Lucia pushed his legs together, and sat sideways on his lap, then swinging one leg over his, leaned back against his chest. She reached down for his cock, under her bum, and pulled it up and clamped her little thighs around him, squeezing him between them.

"You need to hold on to me, now," she instructed, "and stand up. Then jiggle around a bit."

Mike put one arm around her chest and with the other, reached down, putting his hand under her crotch, pressing his cock into her cleft, and stood. Her weight dropped, pushing

her pussy over his shaft, her tiny labia encasing him. He knew this was one of Carlos's favourite ways to molest the very little girls. He'd done it here quite a number of times before. Sometimes, he and Carlos used the same girl, one after the other, and sometimes there had been two girls, enabling them to work together.

"Are you comfortable, Lucia," he asked, shall I start jiggling now?" She giggled and nodded, as she took another bite of ice cream. She knew this was naughty, but she did enjoy getting a free choc-ice, and it sometimes did feel kinda nice.

He thrust his hips forward and back, in a gentle pendulum motion, making her pussy rub back and forth over his tumescent cock. His pre-cum now smeared through her whole cleft, lubricating the motion. He curled his crown up with his fingers, pressing the tip against her tiny clitty. It might not be possible to penetrate girls of this age, but as fuck toys, they took some beating.

He felt his prostate clench through his bowels and scrotum, his balls being pulled up, as his semen surged up his shaft, and blasted out between his hand, and her clitoris. The pleasure of feeling the five year old against his cock was exquisite. He pulsed and pulsed, massive gobs of semen spreading over them both. He heard her squeak, and felt her thighs clench, as she had a gentle climax, meowing out her pleasure, her breath becoming little pants, her heart fluttering against his hand.

They gradually calmed, and Mike lowered Lucia onto her feet. He looked down at her. She was covered in semen. It was all over her pussy, and running down her legs. It was everywhere. She stood there, as if waiting for him to do something. Then he realised, and handed her one of the towels she'd carried in with her. She grabbed it, and wiped between and down her legs and smiled at him. "Can I come back and have another choc-ice later. Mister?" she asked.

"I think we can manage that, Lucia," he answered. "Come round whenever you want." He watched, as she waddled, still stark naked, her tiny bottom wiggling, off down the beach for another paddle in the shallows and to wash herself off. He kept half an eye on her, partly because he now felt a responsibility for her, while her sister was nowhere to be seen, and partly because she was five, naked and he was, when all was said and done, a pedo.

Mike did his rounds. Roughly, every hour, he would tour round the loungers, umbrellas and mats, and check the users had either paid their rent, or take their money, and issue receipts. He saw a pair of elderly ladies walking across the sand. He'd seen them before on a couple of previous visits. They both looked to be about ninety, but were probably nearer sixty five. They were dressed from head to foot in heavy black dresses, as many older ladies in Spain often are. They were accompanied by six young children, ages varying from six to eleven. The youngest and eldest, were both boys, the others, all girls. He asked them what they needed. They just wanted two simple seats for themselves, with an umbrella and a few mats for the children. He carried them over to a clear area of sand for them and set the umbrella up.

Friday MIDDAY

He was sitting under the shade of the edge of the hut awning, watching the group set up for the day, when he heard female voices round the blind side of the hut speaking in Russian. It puzzled him, because they were Estonian, yet they didn't use their own language in public. It was another piece of the jigsaw, which didn't fit in. Alex and Katrin had come down to join him. They appeared round the front. Smiling. They were both wearing shorts and T-shirts with flip-flops, and looked apart from their pale skin, as though they'd been on holiday for days. Alex's shorts had a designer worn look, and her T was good quality. Katrin on the other hand had a pair of light blue terry shorts and a printed T-shirt depicting a cartoon character he didn't recognise.

"Hi, Mike," Alex said, "It's a lovely town. We've walked quite a long way along the sea front in both directions. We went into the centre and had a look at the town square. It's beautiful with the town hall on one side and a big church on the other. The floor is made up entirely of very small black and white stones, laid out in intricate patterns. The side streets are so pretty, with the buildings painted in bright colours, all decorated with flowers. Is there a carnival happening?"

"I don't know," he answered, "but they happen often here. Perhaps there'll be one tonight."

"Anyway," she said, sitting down beside him, taking his hand, and kissing the back of his fingers, "thank you for looking after us last night and bringing us here. It was kind of you."

"It was my pleasure," he said honestly. "And anyway, I hate shopping almost as much as I love cooking. Did you find Mercadona alright?"

She shook her head, "I haven't done the shopping yet. We just toured round the town sightseeing. I'll go in a while, when I catch my breath."

"Don't leave it too late," he advised, "It gets very hot in the middle of the day here. Do you want something to drink, or an ice?"

"Do you have a bottle of water, please?"

"Sure," he said getting up and walking to the freezer, "Katrin, what would you like?" The girl came over, standing beside him, peered into the freezer and pulled out an orange ice-lolly, thanking him. Mike opened the drinks chiller and pulled out a couple of 300ml bottles of Aquabona mineral water, and handed one to Alex.

After a few minutes, he was aware of Katrin moving around in the hut. She emerged, and walking behind him, said she was off for a paddle and went down towards the water.

Alex and Mike sat watching the sea and sand and the people playing in the surf, or building sand castles, or just sunbathing, enjoying themselves. "What's the name of your brother's company, Alex," he asked unexpectedly, "didn't you say he was an art dealer? Would I have heard of it"

"It is called Tallinnart," she said awkwardly, "we bring in err, art, mainly from eastern Europe, usually Russia. Estonia is in the EU, so after we've imported it, can ship it anywhere in Europe."

Mike's hairs stood up on the back of his neck. Something didn't ring true. It all sounded legitimate, but somehow he wasn't convinced. It wasn't what she said, but the way she said it. Then there was the other thing. Why had she travelled all the way from Tallinn to Frankfurt, by bus, when she could have flown? Having worked in intelligence for all these years, he knew when to listen to his instincts. He'd make a couple of enquiries later.

"Well," Alex announced, "I'll get off and do the shopping. Would you keep an eye on Katrin for me?"

"Sure," he responded, knowing that's exactly what he was going to do, looking around. "where is she now?"

Alex pointed down to the water's edge, where he saw her sitting in the shallows, rinsing warm water over her young body. She stood, and he could see she was wearing a little pale blue bikini. The same shade as her terry shorts. It was diminutive. Even from this distance, he could see an inch of her bum crack above the waist band. She had no boobs, anyway, so the fact that her top consisted of little more than two tiny triangles of cloth held together with matching string, was neither here nor there.

As soon as Alex walked out of the hut towards the road, Katrin made her way back up the beach, as if she'd been waiting her moment. "Has Mum gone shopping now?" she asked. He nodded. There was a tension in the air. They both knew something had passed between them earlier, neither quite sure how to proceed. An awkwardness for a moment.

"Would you like me to take your photo, Katrin?" asked Mike, picking up his camera, and changing the lens back to his 14 – 140mm. She smiled, and made a pose, one hand on hip, the other behind her head, one leg slightly bent. Mike got her to pose for a few minutes, but it wasn't really the place for the photos he wanted. That could wait until later.

"I don't like being in a wet costume," she said, "I'm just going to change back into my shorts." She went into the backroom. He noticed she didn't close the door, but she was out of sight, and back again in less than a minute. She hung her bikini bottoms over a rail to dry in the sun. He couldn't help but notice the thin terry material hugged her form as if it had been painted on. The valley of her bum, defined as though she were naked, and as she turned, her whole vulva seemed to be on display, with her full mons pushing the material out, the dip of her cleft and bulge of her labia filling the gap between her thighs. She sauntered over, knowing where he'd been looking and stood beside him. She was still tingling from those brief hugs earlier. She'd been wet ever since. All he'd done was hug her; but what hugs!

"Could I see the photos?" she asked, reasonably.

"Sure," he said, picking up his camera, and angling the little screen so she could see the shots. Even though they'd been snapped off, they were good quality. As she stood beside him, he draped his arm around her hip, in a natural gesture, his elbow resting on the rise of her bum.

When the photos came to an end, Mike said: "Let me show you my favourites."

He paged through them again, although, this time he paused at several and said why he liked them. "See here, Katrin," he pointed out, "how you're holding your head. It makes the picture. Good modelling. And this one, you're holding your arm in a great gesture." A couple of frames further, she was turned with her back to the camera, her bum prominent, her right hand on her left shoulder, she was looking at the lens. "You see," he said, running his fingers very gently down the valley of her bottom, "that positioning of your bum made a good photo into a fantastic one." She shuddered at his touch. She wanted more, but he'd already taken his hand away.

"Did you put on plenty of sun cream?" he asked her. In fact, Alex had made sure she'd applied plenty before they left the apartment.

"No," she lied, "I only put a bit on my face and arms. I suppose I should have used some factor fifty all over. The sun's so strong.

"Would you like me to put some on for you?" he asked, reaching for one of the tubes for sale, on the shelf. "Perhaps it wouldn't be a good idea to put this on in full view of everyone, shall we go into the backroom?"

They walked into the small room, lit only by the open skylight. He sat on one of the plastic rental chairs and gestured for her to stand between his knees. He put a dollop of cream on his fingers, and rubbed his hands together.

"Arm," he instructed, and as she brought her arm up towards him, he massaged the oily cream quickly into her soft pale skin. "Other arm," followed by "let's do your back, turn around." He massaged the cream across her shoulders and worked down her back to the waist of her shorts. "Put a foot on my knee," he instructed next. She wobbled a bit, as she gained her balance, while he applied cream to her foot and calf, up to her knee. "Other foot," came next, and then: "let's do your front. He took more cream, and spread it across her chest, above her blue bikini top. "Do you want to do your boobs, Katrin, or shall I?" She didn't trust herself to answer, but simply put her hands under the bikini top and lifted it clear of her skin, exposing her little bee sting areolæ to his inspection and cream application. As he rubbed the cream in, he realised she didn't just have a flat chest, but they were just starting to form. He could feel firmness under her skin, where pads were developing. Her nipples, now hardened pips under his palms as he rubbed, surmounting tiny raised cones, which only just lifted from her chest. Her areolæ darkened to his touch, a flush of arousal surging through her.

Her face was looking away from him, afraid her expressions may betray her feelings. She was already betrayed by all the other symptoms Mike had seen so many times before. The sharp intake of breath; the tiny tremble of her leg against his knee; the flush of her cheeks and even the way she wrung her hands together.

Before she knew it, he was rubbing the cream into her tummy, feeling her muscles tense, as he pushed against her young soft skin. They looked at each other, as his fingers approached her waist elastic, both wondering if he would slip under it. Both disappointed when he didn't.

He was on the final lap, her thighs, and started at one knee, working upwards, making sure she had a good covering. An inch from her shorts, he moved to the other leg and repeated the process. He then put another small dollop of cream on his fingers, and starting on the outside of her thighs, one hand on each, he slipped his fingers under the leg elastic of her shorts just as far as his first knuckle, and applied the cream on her legs, moving towards himself, round the curved, muscle toned skin at the top of her thighs. He almost got to the point where her thighs touched, when he removed his hands.

“Turn around,” he said, “last bit.” Her bum was now right in front of him. A bum which was a tantalizing mystery to him, despite having buggered her the night before. The application of the cream seemed to go into slow motion for them both. Starting at the outside again, he worked inwards, finding the crease, where her buttocks met her thighs towards her deep valley. There was little pretence now, between them, that this was anything other than pure erotic pleasure for them both.

His hands moved closer together, still just under the edge of her shorts. At this moment, Mike knew everything depended on her, and then it happened, she moved her feet apart, granting him access. He made a play of his hands getting in each others' way, and she moved her feet further, much better.

He didn't need a trumpet fanfare or written invitation, he knew what she wanted, and the fingers of both hands immediately slipped under the thin terry cloth of her shorts, one on her left thigh, one on the right. His finger tips found the crease line where her vulva met her thighs. He slowly, gently pressed his fingers to her skin, and pulled outwards. His mind imagining her hidden pussy opening up inside her shorts. She curved her bum a fraction towards him. At this moment, he'd done nothing she could complain about to her mother. He'd not actually 'touched' her, yet.

He wanted this girl on a high. He wanted her gasping for it. He wanted her begging. He pulled his fingers from her. “Turn around and face me, Katrin,” he asked. She turned, and was trembling slightly, like a fawn in a headlight. He put his fingers back under the edge of her shorts, just either side of her mons and moved backwards, feeling that crease under the pads of his fingers again. Their eyes locked. Both knew exactly what the other was thinking and doing. Her feet were much further apart now, as he again pulled her vulva outwards, her labia parting. He pushed one hand away and the other towards him, before reversing the motion, rubbing the two sides of her labia together. She twitched slightly, her eyelids half closing. He repeated it several times. He could hear her breathing shorten, a slight thrusting movement now in her hips. Another thirty seconds, and she would be cuming. He suddenly removed his hands from her shorts, and picking up a towel, wiped his hands.

“I think you've enough sun cream on now, Katrin, don't you?” The girl didn't move for a second. Her mind couldn't handle the sudden change in her emotions. She blinked a couple of times, as if she'd just woken from a deep sleep and didn't quite know where she was. She stepped back from him, as he stood up. He went outside to do his rounds again. Katrin felt cheated, she knew she'd been about to cum, but at the same time, he'd done nothing wrong. He'd not actually touched her pussy. All he'd done was put on sun cream. She could have screamed with frustration. Twice that had happened now. She needed relief, but knew she wouldn't get it just yet. Her pale blue shorts had darkened with

dampness. She'd need to get her bikini bottoms on again and go and sit in the water for a while.

The two elderly ladies were now comfortably sitting under their umbrella on a pair of Mike's plastic chairs. The older boy and girl had gone off to kick a ball around, and the others were playing in the shallows. Only the ten year old girl had put a costume on, the others, all younger than eight, were naked as many kids their age are on beaches all over Spain.

"Can I get you anything, ladies?" he politely asked.

"No thank you señor," came the reply, "you have been most kind."

"That's what I'm here for," he said smoothly, "looking after lovely ladies, like yourselves."

They waved him away, chuckling at his exaggerated compliment. He glanced down to the water, where their charges were playing near Katrin, who, he noticed, for some reason had put her bikini bottom back on.

"When your children want an ice cream, send them all up together," he said in a quiet tone, "I will let them have one each for half price." He walked on around the rest of his patch of sand, taking money from some, chatting to others he recognised, before returning to the hut.

It wasn't long, before Katrin walked up the beach, with the four girls and youngest boy, belonging to the ladies in black. She couldn't speak a word of Spanish and certainly they couldn't speak any Russian, and yet little kids always seem to be able to get along anywhere. If only the adult world could be the same.

Katrin, as if in charge, went to the freezer and opened the lid, to let them peer inside. Mike admired her bum, as she bent over, the crease in the centre of her bikini bottoms, accentuated by the additional tension of her bending over. The inch of her bum crack had now stretched to two. One by one, they made their choices. The little boy was first, and had to stand on a box to see inside. He was probably only about four. As he did so, his anus winked into view. Mike was surprised at the sudden arousal he felt. He had never tried little boys, and wasn't about to start now, but maybe he would give it some thought in the future, if there were no girls available.

The boy took his ice cream, and waited while the oldest girl chose hers. He noticed, although she was the only one wearing a costume, it was green, faded with age and worn thin. She sported a fabulous camel toe, though, at the front, as the costume was a size too small, and had pulled up into her. He was told her name was Sefarina. The two wandered off down the beach together, hand in hand. Mike admired her bum, as it wiggled down the sand, the material pulled deeply into her crack. There was definitely potential there, he thought.

Katrin and the three naked girls sat in a circle. Mike pulled up his chair behind Katrin, looking over her shoulder at the three pussies, as they moved about over the sand with the girls' motions.

He spent a few minutes translating for them, explaining who was who, where they lived, what they liked, schools and so on. Katrin let on that she was here with her mother, but her father couldn't join them, as he was busy at work. They lived in a one bedroom apartment in Tallinn, a cold city thousands of miles to the north, near Russia. "Interesting," thought Mike, "only one bedroom."

Two of the Spanish girls were sisters, aged six and seven, the other was their cousin, aged eight. All were black haired with brown eyes and olive skin, so typical of Andalusia. When they'd finished their ice creams, instead of going back to join the ladies, they asked Mike to tell Katrin they wanted to build a sand castle, and would she like to help?

Mike found some plastic spades and buckets in the store, and suggested they built the sand castle nearby, where he could watch them. Soon, the four were on hands and knees, digging in the sand making piles and walls and ditches. As they worked, Mike watched avidly, their little pussies peered out from between their thighs, opening and closing. Their little puckered rosebuds winking at him.

After about ten minutes, Katrin stood up. She was uncomfortable. She hated wearing a wet costume, as it dried on her. She debated putting on her shorts again, but remembered why she'd taken them off. She was embarrassed Mike would see her pussy if she stripped off, but realised that here, all the younger girls seemed to do it. So in the end, she got up, went into the hut, and came out naked a minute later, hung the bikini on the rail to dry and rejoined the castle building.

Mike was surreptitious as he got his camera out to record the four naked girls. He stood deep in the shadows of the hut, in line with them, where other people wouldn't realise what he was doing. Even here in Spain, openly photographing naked children would get him a long prison term. Over the next half an hour, he had captured in full telephoto, close-ups of all four, kneeling, lying on their backs, legs in the air, standing, showing off their little slits, even scratching sand out of their pussies, as they all did from time to time. They were cracking shots he would keep and remember. He would love to spend a couple of hours in bed with each and every one of them. He sighed.

Shortly, he heard Alex's voice, talking to Katrin. Katrin, still on her hands and knees, looked to her side at her mother, who Mike couldn't yet see. He put his camera down, and out of sight, turned and made out he was busy moving some mats into a stack, as Alex came into the hut.

"Hi," he greeted her, "how did you get on?"

"Oh, fine," she replied, with a smile, "I managed to get everything on your list. Mercadona didn't have a couple of things, but a shop up the road from them had it, so mission completed. How are things here? I see Katrin's found some friends and settled in. She's usually very shy around men, but she must like you, otherwise she wouldn't be running around in the nude. Do all Spanish kids go nude on the beach?"

"Yes," he said, "she met up with that group a while ago. They've been in and out of the water a few times and are building their sand castles. They can't understand a word she's saying, but they seem to be getting along together alright. As for nudity, the Spanish think nothing of it. It's common to see kids running around on the beach naked, up to the age of

about nine or ten. Those ladies dressed in black," he pointed down the beach, "are either their grand mothers or aunts. I've seen them here before."

"I think I might relax now for a while," Alex said, slipping her T-shirt off over her head, revealing a small pair of flawless boobs, covered in a white bikini top. He appraised her once more, and realised she was a lot younger than he'd thought. The worry lines in her face had aged her. She was probably no more than twenty or twenty one. If Katrin was nearly nine, then that meant.....

"Do they allow topless sunbathing here, Mike?" she asked.

"Sure," he answered, "they disapprove of people leaving the beach topless, but you'll be OK down here." Without a moment's hesitation, she reached behind her, and unclipped the top, and put it with her other belongings on a chair. Mike looked openly at her, and thought how nice they would feel to nuzzle into. She caught his look and smiled. "Just window shopping," he quipped, with a grin.

= 5 =

Friday Afternoon

"Alex, would you mind doing me a favour?" he asked. She nodded with an enquiring expression. "I had a call from my office a while ago," he continued. "They need me to do a couple of hours work rather urgently. I will need internet access, which I've got in the apartment. It's coming up for twelve noon. It'll go quiet here now until about two o'clock, when people will come out again. They'll all be in the bars or having a siesta until then. As they say, it's just mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun. If you're here, would you mind keeping an eye on things. Don't worry about taking any rent, I'll sort that out when I get back.

She watched his back, as he walked up the beach. Appreciating his fit physique. "Interesting," she thought, "apart from blatantly staring at her chest, just now, he'd made no move on her at all. It was like he just wasn't even interested. Could he be gay?" She found a nice clean lounge and settled herself down to a pleasant afternoon. After the terror of the last few days, she needed to recharge her batteries. She'd got away from Tallinn, just in time, and hopefully no one would find her here.

Mike entered the apartment, and dead bolted the door. He moved swiftly. While his laptop was booting up, he went into Alex's room. He quickly, methodically searched the drawers and wardrobe where their clothing was. She'd not asked if there was a safe to put her passport, and she'd not carried anything down to the beach with her, so it was here somewhere. The only things he came across, other than clothing, was her small handbag, which had nothing unusual inside, some cash, her air tickets from Frankfurt, and a vibrator. Satisfying himself it wasn't anywhere carelessly lying around, he pulled up Katrin's suitcase and putting it on the bed, checked inside. The linings were intact, it was a standard child's case.

Next, he placed Alex's case on the bed. It was locked. The lock wasn't a simple luggage type, which it looked like at first glance, but a very sophisticated security one. Running his hands over the case itself, he reckoned it was made in Kevlar and carbon fibre.

Impossible to rip open with a knife. He went to his briefcase, and found his lock picks, and returning, found it took him well over three minutes before he heard the click, as the case opened. Inside, it appeared fairly empty, just some winter clothes and Alex's hairdresser kit of combs and scissors. Mike had seen this type of case before. There was a cotton lining inside the base, held in place by some cleverly disguised Velcro pads. He peeled it away, and underneath, again, it looked like a regular case, except it wasn't. The bottom was false, held in place by some almost invisible catches, which, when slipped aside released the base. Not wanting to disturb whatever was inside, he carefully lifted the base out.

Inside the cavity, which was only an inch deep, was a number of plastic packets, containing cash. All Euros in high denominations, mainly fifties. He picked up a pack and guessed it contained five thousand. There were perhaps twenty packs. A hundred grand in all. The only other items were four passports. Flicking them open, two were for Alex and two for Katrin. That is except the surnames differed. Alexandria Kershenko and Alexandra Mesikov. Katrin's two passports had the same surnames. He picked up the airline ticket and looked at the names. Kershenko. He spotted another thing. The ticket was shown as having been paid in cash, time of issue 18:40. The plane had been due to take off at 18:30, so her brother couldn't have pre-booked it, like she'd said. She must have turned up at the airport and paid cash for the next flight out. She was running from something or someone.

Carefully returning everything in her room, exactly as he'd found it, he went into the living room and sat at the table in front of his laptop. He logged on to his security account, and started searching for information. The deeper he went the more interesting it got. After an hour, he leaned back in his chair and simply said "Wow!"

In his head, Mike now had a clear picture of what had happened and why she was running. Alex and Kristofer Mesikov were brother and sister. They had formed an incestuous relationship, which had so offended their parents, they were thrown out of their home. Alex had become pregnant at the age of twelve, but had managed to keep the child, a girl she named Katrin. With help from friends and some relatives, they eked out a living, but almost inevitably, after about a year, the sixteen year old Kristofer was drawn into an underworld of crime.

Kristofer saw his opportunity to escape, his poverty, when some Russian businessmen approached him. They had needed an art importer in Tallinn. He knew nothing about art, but they would train him. The artworks would arrive in to the EU, in Tallinn, from Russia, be paid for in Euros, before being sold on. However, it was all smoke and mirrors. The artworks existed alright, but the buyers didn't, only on paper. Mainly sculptures, the cavities in the base, were packed with heroin, brought into Russia via Kazakhstan from Afghanistan. The drugs, now inside the Schengen area of the EU, could travel freely, anywhere in Europe without any checks whatsoever. The sculptures were then smuggled back into Russia, when they would return a few months later with a different description. The whole thing was a massive international drugs based money laundering operation, involving millions in cash.

The mistake the Russians made, though, was to treat Kristofer as a fool, not pay him sufficiently, so eventually, he got greedy, and started to skim off some of the cash for himself. This worked for a time, and between them, Alex and Kristofer had accumulated

over €150K. Almost enough to set up a new life elsewhere in the EU. The mistake Kristofer made, though, was to treat the Russians as fools. They found out.

Last week, Kristofer had a call, tipping him off, and with minutes to spare, got his sister and daughter onto a bus out of Tallinn. It was headed for Riga, where they changed for Warsaw, then Berlin, finally arriving in Frankfurt three days later totally exhausted. Only cash had been used to pay for the tickets, and being in the Schengen zone, no passports had been necessary. Mike had needed to follow their journey through CCTV records, as there was no paper trail at all. The only point where they'd needed to identify themselves had been passport control at Frankfurt, but they'd used the false Kershenko passports.

Kristofer had been lucky to escape himself, and after a lot of soul searching, decided to hand himself into the authorities. By doing so, it would protect his little family, as he was the one the Russians would be after.

"Wow," Mike said out loud, to himself again. He'd have to think about how to handle this. Alex had obviously been staying in the apartment as a perfect way to live anonymously, while she waited for her brother, if he could escape, and figured out what to do next. Mike would bide his time for now.

He went into the kitchen, and found the shopping Alex had brought in. He quickly made up a marinade sauce in a glass dish, and picking up the lamb slices she got, laid them in the sauce to steep until later. He put the dish in the fridge.

He was about to leave and get down to the beach again, when there was a tap at the door. He opened it, to see Katrin standing there, looking a little shy. She was wearing her little blue terry shorts and bikini top again.

"Hello," he said with a little surprise, "what are you doing back here? I was just on my way down to join you on the beach."

"Oh," she replied, "I told my mum I needed to poop. She came up with me as far as the shop, and told me to come back with you when you come down again." She grinned at him mischievously. "I don't really need to poop, I just wondered if you would give me another hug, you know, like you did before."

He ushered her in, and shutting the door, clicked the dead bolt again.

"Did you enjoy your time with the girls on the beach?" he asked her, taking her hand, as they walked into the living room.

"Yes," she answered, "they were really nice, and let me play with them."

"Didn't you mind taking your costume off, you know, being bare?"

"I suppose I did, at first," she gave him a coquettish look, "but I knew you might like it, so I didn't mind."

Mike raised an eyebrow meaningfully at her, took a straight backed chair, and sat down on it. He pulled her towards him. Placing his hands on the back of her knees, he gently pulled

them apart and drew her in, so she sat on his lap facing him. She tried to pull him into a cuddle, but he resisted. He put his hands on her shoulders, holding her at arm's length, and studied her face.

"You know what you're trying to do, Katrin, don't you? You were doing it first thing this morning, and down on the beach, and now again, by coming up here alone with me. Are you sure you want this? I mean, do you know what it will lead to? Remember, I could get into a lot of trouble if anyone found out?"

"Yes," she answered firmly. "I'm not a little girl, I know it's naughty and we could get into trouble, but it's what I want. Mum was my age when she first did it with Dad. Younger even." Mike smiled to himself. A naughty little girl is exactly what she was, and he loved the idea.

He pulled her into a hug, running his hands up and down, over the soft skin, covering her knobbly back bone. She took a deep breath, as if knowing he'd accepted her, knowing what was about to happen, and pulled herself into his chest, smelling his manly odour, feeling his strength under her arms. His hands cupped her petite bottom, feeling the firmness of her youth as her muscles tensed and moved under his fingers. She shuddered a little, as the feelings deep inside her overcame any reticence she might have had. Her pussy tingled constantly, now, making her tummy churn, confusing her thoughts.

Katrin had been aware her life was different to her friend's. Her mum had explained who her dad was. It had been a difficult conversation. She'd also told her that one day they may need to move suddenly, without warning. The family always on edge, nervous. Then it had happened, and they left home. Mike had met them by accident, just yesterday. He'd helped them, he'd looked after them. He'd given them a bed, and asked for nothing in return.

Mike's fingers ran down over the thin cotton of her blue terry shorts, lightly tracing the shape of her crack, before returning up again. He felt her take a breath in reaction, and as he went down again, he slipped under the curve as far as her perineum and back up, probing her rosebud for a moment, before his hand was on her spine again. When his hand dropped for a third time, his fingers slipped under the waistband of her shorts, and were suddenly cupping both her globes in the palm of one hand.

He pulled away from her, so he could look at her. She returned his gaze like a doe rabbit with big eyes. He moved his lips to hers, their mouths meeting in a gentle touch, like a whisper. He parted his lips, and ran his tongue across hers, feeling them also part in response. Suddenly, their tongues were intertwining, a dance of love, moving from one mouth to the other.

Their kiss went on for minutes, neither wishing to end it. With one hand in her shorts, caressing her intimately, the pad of his finger dabbing her rosebud, making her clench. He ran his other up her back to the strap of her bikini top. Finding the bow, he gently pulled it, feeling the stringy strap fall loose. She pressed her lips tighter to his, a signal of approval, of need. His spare hand reached up, and swept the strap off one of her shoulders, but couldn't reach the other. She brought her hand up, and tugged the tiny garment off her, dropping it to the floor.

Mike dropped his mouth down to her chest, and sought out her tiny nipples. He'd already found out she was at the very start of her journey into puberty, and her little mounds were raised as high as possible, with the intense arousal flowing through the child at that moment. Her areolæ were flushed and hard to his touch. His tongue roamed from one to the other, feeling her pip sized nipples hardening even more, if that were possible. She was breathing in pants now, her emotions out of her control, a frenzy of feelings, sensations, passion and fervour. As he suckled her tiny boobs, her head was thrown back, her face with closed eyes and an excruciating expression, reflected her mental turmoil. As he moved his mouth back to hers, she could feel his finger in her shorts pressing further down, under her, suddenly dipping into her vagina entry, finding only damp, wetness, her creamy arousal. So wet. He slipped into her a fraction, his digit parting her labia, as he glided into her, without any friction at all. He touched her hymen, it made her jump, but she curled her pelvis towards him, encouraging, wanting, needing more.

Katrin leaned back a little, and tugged at Mike's T-shirt, lifting it up, over his head. She ran her fingers through his blond chest hair, feeling the six pack figure of his muscles tense under her exploration. She knew she would cum before long, his finger inside her pussy touching that spot, his thumb had found her clitty. She knew it was cuming and then everything turned into a kaleidoscope of colours, as her climax rushed in, sweeping away all rational thinking, only her intense pleasure, her bliss mattering at this moment, and then it passed. She felt almost that she'd lost something, it had escaped her just at the moment of capture.

She felt him lift her up, making her stand before him. Just when she wanted to cuddle, he was pushing her away. Then she knew. He tugged her shorts off her, letting them drop to her feet. As she stepped out of them, she realised he had pushed his own shorts down and off his legs, his huge erection, standing vertically in front of her. Before she could think anything, he'd tugged her back down, her bare bottom sitting on his strong thighs, his cock pressed into her stomach between them both.

They resumed their kissing, their tongues entwined once more. Each were running their hands over the other's body, exploring, feeling, discovering, enjoying. He with his hand under her once more, bringing repeated flutters of climax to her again and again, she running her hand over his cock, feeling it's size, it's shape, the tension in it, the pre-cum running from it.

"Do you trust me?" he asked suddenly. She nodded, uncertainly. "Lean backwards. You won't fall, I'll hold you."

She leaned slowly back onto his knees, holding his arms for support. He put a hand either side of her pelvis, and pulled her towards him, and upwards. She was so light, it was no effort. Her head came to rest on his knees, her back on his thighs, her bottom on his tummy and chest, her knees now resting on his shoulders. She watched him through narrowed eyes, anticipating, desiring, coveting. And then he bent forwards, his mouth encompassing the whole of her pussy, his tongue running along her cleft, tasting her flavour, testing the firmness of her labia, as he delved deeper. He ignored the few grains of sand still hidden in her creases. Finding her hot, engorged clitoris tumescent, almost hard. He sucked on it, evoking another immediate little climax in the eight year old, making her shudder, and call out in cat like meows of utter pleasure. Mike had fucked and molested many, many preteens in his time, but few responded as ardently or with such

intensity, as Katrin. She was a sex bomb, waiting to explode. And, she hadn't even had the benefit of some Golden Lotion, to encourage her. He looked forward to lighting the fuse.

He sucked and released, sucked and released. His tongue pressing into her cleft, flicking her clit over and over. Her vagina was a river of little girl fluid, which he dipped into again and again, savouring her prepubescent nectar. He knew she was building up for the big one, the climax that would blow her mind, like a volcano erupting. Still he licked, sucked and tasted. He pushed his tongue into her as far as he could, feeling her hymen stretch under the pressure, the little hole in it's centre teasing him. He moved further down and licked over her perineum, making her giggle as it tickled. Then, he pushed his tongue into her rosebud, and licked her hard and repeatedly, trying to press in, tasting her tartness. It was the final straw, and erupt she did. Her moans and gasps worried him, that someone, nearby, might think a small child was being molested. On and on her orgasm continued, as he licked in and around her anus. His fingers working her clitoris, making her cum again and again. Her breathing, frantic gasps for life giving air, as she panted out the most intense climax of her short life. She knew Mike cared. He was doing this for her, not himself. Little did she know.

They stayed sitting still for a few minutes after the avalanche of pleasure she'd enjoyed, subsided slowly. Neither moved after he'd lowered her down into a cuddling position, hugging each other.

"Is it always as nice as that?" she finally asked. "I mean it was just, so, wow."

He chuckled. "No, it depends on who's doing it to whom, what they want, and how they can pleasure each other. Sometimes it's just a nice feeling, other times it's like an earthquake, like you just had. Every time is different. You'll want to do it again, I guess. Next time, I promise, it will be even better, much better."

"How, what do you mean?" she stuttered. "How could it ever be better than that? It would kill me if it were better."

"Well," he said seriously, "if you want it to be better, I can make it much better, but I would need your help."

"What do I need to do?" she asked just as seriously. "Well, tonight, after your mum has gone to sleep, I want you to come into my bed and sleep with me. We will have all night. I will make love to you and I promise, I will make you feel much better."

"But, but, isn't that, like really bad?" she asked, wide eyed. "I mean, what if my mum woke up and found us, what then?"

"Don't you worry about your mum, Katrin. I will cook her something really special tonight, which will make her sleep. Would you like me to fuck you tonight?"

She looked at him, the tingles back in the base of her tummy again. She nodded.

"We'd better get going," he said "but I think we will need a shower first. To clean all the mess up"

She frowned in puzzlement, "why is that, what mess?"

"The mess I'm going to make, when I cum all over you in a minute. Take hold of my cock, would you? Yes, that's good, both hands. Now squeeze it hard and hold it really tight. Excellent. Now move your hands up and down as far as you can. All the way up and all the way down. Good. Now faster, faster. Grip hard. That's right. You're good at this. It won't take long, now. A few more times, squeeze as hard as you can, faster. Here we go, noooowwww."

Mike pulled her tight into his chest, his cock and her hands trapped between them, as his orgasm exploded in between their stomachs. Katrin felt the first little pulse in her hand, and looked down between them, just as his second eruption blasted from his cock, splattering her full in the face. She had another little flutter of a climax as she felt him pulse out his pleasure against her young soft skin, feeling his semen running down over them both, down into her lap, finding her mound, her cleft and even her pussy.

When it was finally over, he wiped the worst of his cum from around her eyes, picked her up, and carried her into his bathroom, and held her in a tight embrace as the warm water flowed over their bodies, washing away the remains of their lust and loving. They quickly washed each other down, using the bottle of shower gel hanging on the hook near the taps. They knew they'd been gone longer than they should, and needed to return, before Alex came looking. But as it turned out, there was no issue, as when they returned to the beach, after three o'clock, Alex was kicking a ball around with a group of teenage boys and girls, who had made up an impromptu football game.

= 6 =

Friday Evening

The afternoon was relatively quiet on the beach. The ladies in black had left by the time Mike and Katrin got back. There were several couples enjoying a few hours in the sun, and the remaining football players had decided to take the canoes out for an hour. Alex and Katrin had joined them, leaving Mike on his own in the hut. He sat pondering what to do about her. Perhaps if he could find out where her brother was now, that would help. He would check it out later.

Mike went into the back room, and removed the memory cards from the hidden cameras. He had an adaptor enabling him to view all of them simultaneously in small pictures on the screen. The only scene worth watching in the morning, was Katrin changing, but it was brief and out of line of most of the cameras. He fast forwarded. And nothing appeared of note, until 12:45. Alex came into the centre of the room. Three of the cameras showed her from different angles. With her was a young boy. Mike recognised the lad. He was the eldest child with the ladies in black. He even knew his name; Ricardo. He would be about eleven, perhaps twelve years old. She shut and bolted the door. Turning, she took the boy in a long embrace, kissing and before long, fondling him. He too started to run his hands over the older woman's body.

In a minute or two, they were both naked, and Alex had the child's cock in her mouth, her cheeks sunken in her effort to suck him dry. Her nose was pressed to his pubic mound, which apart from a few scattered hairs, was bald. She frigged herself hard while she gave

him fellatio. The young Spanish boy suddenly put his hands on her shoulders, and arched his spine backwards, and gasped, as he climaxed into the Estonian woman's mouth. He grunted a few times, and Mike could see her throat moving, as she swallowed. Then all of a sudden it was over, they dressed and had gone. The whole scene taking less than five minutes. He saved the sequence to his encrypted drive, and wiped the cards clean.

The heat went out of the day, and Mike made his final round, taking a few more Euros from customers and speaking to the regulars for a minute. He started carrying the empty loungers and umbrellas back to the hut, taking his time, as the last customers would be here for an hour or so yet. He sat down alone in his chair, watching the canoeists and bathers and families enjoying their time together.

He took out his mobile, and called his closest friend, previous flat mate and work colleague from when he worked for MI5, Harry.

"Hi, Harry, how's tricks?" he asked.

"Great, Mike, how about you? Neat job you pulled off in Minsk, by-the-way, we heard about that. What's up?" Whenever Mike called Harry in the office, it was always business, not pleasure. Their mutual hobby of little girls was kept out of the office. Too many recorders listening in.

"Harry," said Mike, "I have bumped into a situation in Tallinn. Drug money laundering and drug importation from Russia into Estonia, mainly." Mike outlined concisely what he'd established, Alex's situation and Kristofer's role. He summarised what he'd found, and promised to e-mail the details when he got back to a Wi-Fi connection. Harry didn't ask where Mike was right now, he didn't need to know. People like Mike couldn't be traced using GPS technology. He understood, though, that Alex and Katrin were in great danger if their whereabouts became known to the Russians. They had a very long reach.

"Leave it with me, Mike," said Harry, "I'll have a dig around, see what I can find out and get back to you, probably tomorrow." The call was terminated.

The last of the customers drifted away, and Alex came over with Katrin and helped Mike put the last of the equipment away for the night. They strolled up the beach chatting, relaxed. They'd all had a good day.

= 7 =

Friday Night

When they got back to the apartment, Mike pulled a cork from a bottle of Rioja wine and put some potatoes in a pan of water and on to boil. Alex had taken the first shower, and Katrin hovered, unsure how to help.

"I'm going to take a shower in a minute," he said. "While you're waiting for your mum, you could lay the table, if you like. But first of all, come here."

She smiled. She'd been a little worried, wondering if he'd still want her now, after this afternoon. He took her in his arms, and kissed her passionately on her lips, their tongues once more wrestling back and forth. He slipped his hand down her tummy, under the

waistband of her terry shorts, feeling her rise, beneath his fingers, her cleft yielding to his exploration, her firm clit making her clench, as he touched it, her dampness already oozing out as he pressed into her vagina. She involuntarily curled her pelvis towards him, trying to increase the contact. Pulling his finger from her, he slipped further up her cleft, and strummed her clit for a minute. All the while, he was listening to the shower running. She was rising. She was certainly a very sexual being. She moaned slightly, and pushed against his finger, her clitoris now hard and engorged. They both heard the shower switch off and the noise of the water flow end. Mike immediately pulled himself away from her, hearing her gasp in frustration.

"That's just so unfair," she muttered, with a little pout.

"All good things come to those that wait," he said, grinning. "You'll just have to wait until later." She stuck her tongue out at him. "Nice tongue," he quipped. "I've got a little job for it later," He smiled, as she grinned in realisation. Mike went into his room, to take a shower and change. First, though, he e-mailed Harry the report he'd put together earlier, and sent it off to him. He looked once more at the short movie of Alex sucking off the little boy. He smiled.

The meal was a huge success. Mike had prepared a salad utilising many locally produced items. He mixed a superb vinaigrette dressing, which his mother had taught him to make long ago. The lamb, now well marinated, was grilled, rare, and served with the buttered, mint, potatoes. Afterwards, they had some fresh fruit salad with cream, again locally prepared with local produce. The Rioja was delightful, and he'd insisted Katrin had a glass as well as themselves, which she enjoyed very much.

They relaxed in the living room, with some coffee. Katrin wanted some Coke. Mike thought the sugar fix would do her no harm. The sunset was providing a huge spectrum of colour over the sea, as the purples, reds, oranges, yellows against an azure backdrop, entranced all three of them. After she'd finished her drink, Alex told Katrin to get ready for bed. She'd join her as soon as she was out of the bathroom.

Mike knew Alex must be exhausted. She'd had the fear for her and Katrin's lives in Tallinn and an emergency departure, followed by three days of continuous travel in busses, then a late night flight and the uncertainty of where to stay. It would take her a day or two to recover. She'd certainly put on a good show of being awake and alert, but now she was drifting. Perhaps the pill Mike had dropped into her coffee might have had something to do with it. She made her excuses, and after a brief visit to the bathroom, went to her bed. Mike knew she would be out cold in about ten minutes, and would sleep for a minimum of nine hours straight. When she woke, she would feel she'd had the best night's sleep of her life. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock now. He'd got until seven in the morning.

Mike went to his room and quickly undressed, washed and brushed his teeth. He put on a towelling robe and went out to the living room again. He sat back in his chair thinking about the day; and Katrin; and Alex; and what Harry may unearth for him. After about a quarter of an hour, he heard the door to the guest bedroom click, and looked up to see Katrin coming out, on tiptoe, in bare feet. She was wearing a long T-shirt, which came down to mid thigh. "Mum's fast asleep," she said. "She snores in a particular way when she's really asleep."

Katrin came over and sat across Mike's lap, and putting her arms around his neck, cuddled into his chest. He pulled her to him, one arm around her chest, just below her armpit, the other resting on her thigh. He leaned back and looked at her. She was beautiful, with her rounded face framed with her long blond hair. But her piercing blue eyes always drew his attention. He brought his mouth to hers, and soon they were kissing again. For an eight year old, she sure could kiss.

Still kissing, Mike took his hand from her thigh and slipped it under her knees, and standing up, carried her into his bedroom. He laid her gently down on the bed, still kissing her. He ran his fingers over her flat chest, feeling her tiny cones harden through the cotton of her T-shirt. She reacted by pressing her mouth to his, harder, and her hands on the back of his head pulled him in tighter. Without breaking the kiss, he slipped the T-shirt up her body. She responded by wriggling her arms through the holes. It was now just around her neck. She pulled away, and quickly flipped it up and off, mashing her mouth immediately, back against his, at the same time pushing his bathrobe off his shoulders. In moments he'd slipped it off, the two of them now naked, kissing and exploring each other's bodies with their fingers in every intimate way conceivable.

Mike so enjoyed her soft, hairless, tiny, body, perfect in every way. Breaking their kiss, he moved to her nipples and gently licked them to hardness, feeling her little firm cones rise in response, darkening; the rings of goose bumps rising. Her breathing shortened, she arched her head back into the pillow, her chest lifting to meet him.

He travelled further, kissing her belly, his tongue finding and sinking into her inny tummy button. On he travelled, kissing her mons, feeling it's firmness, it's size, as it rose above the plain of her belly, curving downwards, her dimple heralding the top of her cleft. He blew hot breath onto her clit, a slip of skin, now engorged, poking up like a tiny finger, reddened, angry looking, it's cowl of protecting skin surrounding it. She jerked and moaned, as though an electric charge had passed through her pussy.

This night she would remember all her life, and the pleasures she was enjoying were only the prelude. They were going to deepen, intensify and strengthen. Katrin had always dreamt of her first time being with an experienced man, who would do it right, make it good, not fumble, or cum too soon, but give her a life changing moment, unspoilt, perfect. She already knew she'd chosen the right man.

Her legs were by now parted wide across the bed, and he was kissing her there. Oh, how she'd loved that orgasm this afternoon. He'd made her cum so hard, so good, and now he was going to make her cum again, it was nearly here..."nnnn, aaahhhhhh," she cried, "yyyyeeesss." Her climax swept through her. It was sweet, short, but intense. She knew it only heralded more, soon. Every inhibition she'd ever had was gone now. He could do anything he wanted, she wanted; he only gave her pleasure. Anything.

Mike moved back up the bed, and laying on his side, pulled her into his arms, not an inch between them, his shaft pressing into her stomach, pre-cum spreading across her soft, young, silky skin. He pushed his cock down. She helped by lifting her leg, dropping it down again, trapping him between her thighs, his shaft pressed tightly into her most private place. He pulled back and thrust slowly forward, and then again, a pseudo fuck starting. His pre-cum now soaked her whole pudendum, into her cleft and her bum crack.

He reached over her, his hand slipping over her bottom, down passed her anus and perineum, seeking her vagina entry from behind, which was now where his crown was lodged. He pressed his tip into her entry, thrusting a tiny fraction, and back, flooding her with yet more pre-cum, so much, it was now flowing over her thigh down onto the bed. He pulled his pelvis back, his crown slipping from her and pushed his finger into her, where his crown had just been. She lifted her knee over his hip to give him room. He carefully pressed his finger in, feeling her yield to his intrusion, but almost immediately her hymen resisted him, it's springy membrane pushing back at him. He felt his finger slipping into her, through her tiny hole, as it stretched round his finger letting him in where no man had been before.

Deeper he slipped into her, her tight passage warm, wet, pulsing, as her climax continued. He felt the tiny ridges and dips of her vagina, which would give him so much pleasure very soon now. Even deeper, his finger now over two knuckles in. He felt her end, and curled his finger pad back, her cervix dipping to his pressure, yielding to his touch. He felt a little soft patch, and as he did, she reacted with a sharp intake of breath, and she clenched hard on his finger. Her 'G' spot. He stroked her once, twice, and her orgasm intensified. She bucked against his movement.

Mike had fucked many preteens over the years and molested many more. No one knew more about stimulating adolescent girls' bodies, than he. And he knew few girls her age were as sexually charged as this one. She was like a live wire. Nothing was going to stop Mike, now, from taking her, having her. She was putty in his hands. He knew he could do anything to this child, and she would willingly let him. He was going to fuck her in a few minutes, and he'd got all night to take out his pleasure with her.

He pushed his other hand under her, and lifted, her up onto him, while he rolled onto his back. Her knees naturally fell either side of his hips, spreading her short, thin legs wide apart. He continued to caress her deepest part, feeling her clenches pulsing, throbbing, gripping on his finger. His other hand slipped down over the rise of her bum, down into the valley between her globes, meeting damp, as he slipped lower, finding her rosebud, dipping in. He paused, and then pressed, applying gentle pressure, deeper, and suddenly, his finger tip slipped through her sphincter, as it dilated, permitting him access. He pressed on, sliding deeper, feeling her buttery passage open to him. He got as deep as he could reach, and wiggled his finger tip, making her gasp once more.

He started a new motion. Gently pulling out one of his fingers, as he pressed in with the other. Then reversing and repeating over. The double piston action took her to a new high. She had never thought of her bum as a place of pleasure. All that was changed, as she climaxed to a new intensity. She was so turned on, so horny, she'd never felt so good, so pleased, so wonderful.

It was time. He pulled his fingers slowly from her orifices. Sensing her feeling of loss, as she was suddenly empty, but as soon as she felt him grab his cock, and present it to her entry, she braced herself for a new onslaught of pleasure. Nothing had prepared her for the overwhelming blissful ecstasy and rapture she'd experienced in the last half hour. If he were to stop right now, she knew she would remember this night forever as one of the most pleasurable of her life.

His cock lodged in her entry, he carefully curled his groin up, applying pressure. There was so much pre-cum there, it was slick and slippery, no friction, now. His crown pressed in, and although he met resistance, her tight entry dilated and he felt her elastic muscle clamp around the back of his crown. Her bright blue eyes popped open, her long blond hair fell onto his face, as she looked down between them to see what was happening. She felt her passage dilating, as it adjusted to his intrusion into her most intimate place.

“Are you ready to become a young woman, Katrin?” he asked kindly.

She looked him in the eye, and smiled, nodded, and immediately dropped her weight onto him, forcing his cock through her hymen, and in an inch further. A stab of pain lanced through her pussy, but less than she’d expected, and in moments, it had gone. She paused, waiting for her clenched pussy to relax again. She saw he was frozen in position, allowing her to lead the way, as she deflowered herself on his huge, long cock.

Katrin felt every ripple, bump and undulation, as their bodies joined together, his crown parting her passage. She felt the walls of her vagina peeling apart for the first time. It felt wonderful, as if she’d been waiting for this liberation all her life. She felt him hit her end, in a lovely feeling of belonging, like he was somehow meant to be there. She also felt a new level of arousal surging through her. Like her clit, this new feeling was special, needing release, needing more, much more. She looked down once more, and saw he was about half way in her, and yet she felt full. She wanted more, all of him.

Mike, feeling her press herself onto him, let her lead the way. If she was comfortable with that, then it was fine by him. He knew she’d hurt at the moment her cherry popped, but he’d often found his girls felt uncomfortable when he sank in deeper. Katrin let him know, by her action, she was in no discomfort. But he was aware she was not only pushing his cock against her cervix, she was trying to go further. Not many girls could manage it, and she may hurt herself trying.

As she pressed down again, his cock pushed hard into her rubbery cervix once more. She lifted herself up and down bouncing now, enjoying the sheer joy of her first fuck. Katrin was now out of her mind. She couldn’t have stopped herself, even if she’d wanted to, which, of course, she didn’t. Her climaxes seemed to merge one into the next. Her clit made her cum, her itch deep inside made her cum and his cock sliding in and out of her made her cum. She wanted this to last for ever.

They both knew this was coming to a climax in both senses of the word, and that her life would never be the same again. She already knew she needed, would need this again and again. She knew he wouldn’t be around in her life, but all that mattered now, was the amazing experience of utter pleasure flowing through her little body, like the waves on the beach below. Unstoppable, relentless.

She knew he was about to cum too. She sensed the change, the swell in his shaft, his altered movements, his breathing. Then she felt it. His cock swelled deep inside her. It pulsed and throbbed. The feeling pushed her into an even deeper, more intense, orgasm. She heard a voice calling out. She didn’t realise it was her own. She was still squatting, but as she looked down, she saw she was sitting on his pubes. He had penetrated all the way into her. She couldn’t believe it. What she did feel, though, was his cock pressing now

into her tummy from inside. It was the last thing she knew. Her sensory understanding shut down at that moment, and she fainted, almost immediately falling into a deep sleep, still lying on his chest.

Mike had had a blast. It was a fantastic fuck. His orgasm had been really intense. In fact it couldn't have been better. She had been tight, really tight, but had let him penetrate her faster than the average. He'd not expected cervical penetration, but that had happened, as he had cum, as an added bonus. And here she was now lying on his chest, his cock still over seven inches into her sleeping body. He glanced at his watch. It was still early. He would get some sleep, and see what happened later.

Mike woke with the sound of a car horn in the street outside. His watch told him it was one o'clock. She was still lying on his chest in the exact same position as when he'd fallen asleep. Her cheek was pressed to his ribs, her face angelic in its innocence. Her arms fell either side of his chest where her cuddling grip had finally died away as she passed out. Her knees hugged his hip bones, her toes just touching the bed sheets. As he lay there, his cock became more tumescent, growing deep inside her, where it had remained since they had both fallen asleep. He spent the next ten minutes or more, simply exploring her body with his finger tips, feeling every curve, bump and dent he could reach. He was fascinated with her little ears, which looked so compact. Her hair was fine, like spun gold, finer than silk and so long. He ran his fingers gently down her spine, feeling every tiny bump, under her silky soft skin, before her bum rose in its magnificent form, divided by her valley of pleasure, leading to untold mysteries and delights below. He pressed his finger into her rosebud, feeling no resistance, no clenching, her muscles not responding. She was in a very deep sleep. He pressed his finger deeper, feeling the pre-cum, now sticky, from when he'd finger fucked her bum earlier.

He was now fully erect. He could feel her vagina, so tight on his shaft, squeezing him hard. Her cervix, like an elastic band around him half way up, and then the warmth and wetness of her inner sanctum, surrounded his end. He didn't have a large scope for movement, but he could thrust his pelvis in micro movements, moving his cock enough, inside her, to feel really good. He didn't want to wake her. Mike had a thing about fucking sleeping girls. He had a few quirks, and this was definitely one of them.

He was in no hurry, and took his time, pushing his cock as far in, and back out of her, as the limited space for movement allowed. He thought about Alex's situation, while he fucked her daughter, and still hadn't formulated a plan yet. He was sure, though, Harry would come up with some information and ideas in the morning. He smiled to himself. Katrin wasn't exactly the sort of girl Harry usually went for. He preferred them much younger. Five or six was his range. He wondered, if he would make an exception. If fate smiled, he'd be able to introduce them one day.

The distant church bell, in the town square, struck twice, and at that very moment, Mike came. He'd felt the warning signs, and staved them off for a few minutes, making it last, making it better, before he felt the surge through his balls and shaft, and the exquisite pleasure, as he pulsed into her repeatedly. She'd squeaked in her sleep, when his second spurt, always the strongest, had blasted into her womb. But her gentle snore had immediately resumed.

Saturday Early Morning

The pale light of dawn heralded the start of the new day. Distant seagulls squabbled over some scrap of rotted fish near the boat quay. The occasional early worker pattered passed on their motor scooters. The sound of the gentle surf lapping on the sand, told him it would be a hot day, with little in the way of a cooling breeze. He looked down at the child, still lying on his chest, unmoved, the lemony scent of her shampooed hair wafting up. Her back rose and fell with her quiet breathing, and beyond, her buttocks swept up in their perfection, the divine valley in their centre so attractive.

He held her, and slowly rolled into his side. He carefully pulled his cock from her, feeling it pull, as their dried lubricants now tried to stick them together. She took a sharp, deep breath, and turned over in her sleep, but didn't wake. Mike needed a piss badly, and whereas he would have loved to have cum inside her a third time, his tumescent piss proud cock was needed elsewhere. He headed for the bathroom.

When he came out, he spent a minute admiring the naked girl, lying on his bed, curled on her side. He could see her pussy was red and swollen, and traces of dried semen and virginal blood left a pink and white flaky residue over her whole vulva. He bent, and kissed her upturned buttock, put on his bathrobe, and went out into the living room. He loved watching the sea as dawn broke and the sun rising, so he opened the curtains and cracked open the patio door, letting in the sounds and smells of the early morning.

Mike opened up his laptop. He expected what he found, a long e-mail from Harry. Harry was one of those people, who, when they have something on their mind, deal with it immediately, otherwise they can't relax. He'd obviously worked through the night for Mike, as the e-mail was timed only an hour before.

In short, the e-mail outlined the Estonian situation. Alex had escaped with her life, just. Her brother, Kristofer hadn't been so lucky. One report said he'd handed himself in to the police in Tallinn, another that they'd released him almost immediately. No one knew why. The suggestion being, the Russians had a fixer in the police. His badly beaten body had been found face down in the River Narva, which borders Estonia and Russia. An informant had reported the Russian mafia, headed by Sergei Bollockov, were searching for Alex, and a large bounty had been put on her head. The conduit of drugs into Europe and hard currency leaking out had temporarily closed, but Interpol and the various security agencies were very keen to keep it that way. To do so, they needed Alex to turn informant, if she was willing. There was an opportunity to break the drug cartel. MI6 had offered to provide Alex and Katrin new identities and safe accommodation in UK. Harry stated that although her location was unknown, his could be traced through his travel. Harry was the only one, at present, who knew Alex and Katrin were with him, but it was the sort of information which may leak. Harry advised that Alex shouldn't remain in hiding any longer than necessary, and best of all, travel to UK with him on Monday.

Mike read the reports from the Estonian and Russian police, the Interpol report and the MI6 offer. He made a coffee, and sat re-reading the reports, making sure he had everything firmly in his mind. He'd just looked at his watch, noting it was seven o'clock, when Alex appeared at her bedroom door, looking tousled and bleary eyed. She smiled at him, and went into the bathroom, coming out a few minutes later, her ruffled hair looking a bit tidier.

She sat down at the table beside him, and poured herself a coffee. It was at that moment, that Mike realised his mistake. Katrin was still asleep in his room, naked, with all the signs of a night of passion. Her mother hadn't noticed her absence from her bed, but that may soon change. He needed to act quickly. There was only one course he could think of.

"Good morning, Alex," he greeted her, "we need a chat. I'm sorry, but it's very serious and needs addressing now."

Her brow was furrowed, as she leaned towards him. Alex had been dead tired when she arrived here, and it had taken a while to recover. But she'd had a fantastic night's sleep last night, and she felt much better. Why was he looking so serious? What was the problem.

"Alex," he said, "as you know, I told you, that I work with security cameras." She nodded. "Well," he continued, "there's a lot more to it than that. I work most of the time for British security." He watched her stiffen. "Does the name Sergei Bollockov, mean anything to you?" he asked. Her face said "yes," her reply said: "no."

"Alex," he said, looking seriously at her. "I know Tallinnart is just a front. I know about the drug smuggling and the way the artworks are used to hide the shipments. I even know Katrin's father was your brother, and she was born when you were only twelve years old and how your parents disowned you both. I know it all, Alex. I must tell you, though, our meeting was pure accident. I never engineered that. My ticket was booked the day before the flight, but you paid cash after the flight scheduled take-off time. No, all this has come to light since."

She was looking very coldly at him now, as if he were the enemy. "Why should I trust you?" she asked reasonably.

"Because, Alex," he said levelly, "I'm the only one between you and Katrin living, or having a very unpleasant meeting with Mr. Bollockov. I also have some news for you about your brother, Alex."

She looked at him, a tear in the corner of her eye, while he broke the news of her brother's murder. She'd known from the moment he'd pushed her onto the bus in Tallinn, that they'd never meet again, and that Bollockov would find and kill him within hours of her departure, but she'd held out a hope a forlorn hope, that somehow a miracle would occur, and he'd live. She grieved for him during the whole journey, and what Mike had said only confirmed her fear. In a way, she was relieved, because she would now know, rather than worry. She would be able to plan, rather than wait forever for him.

"Alex," he said, interrupting her thoughts, "British Intelligence have offered you asylum, safe accommodation, new identities and a chance of a new life."

"What would I have to do for this," she hesitated, "for this kindness?"

"You would need to spill the beans on Bollockov. He killed Kristofer," she flinched at his use of her brother's name, "he wants to kill you and Katrin, and he will carry on shipping heroin, killing many others in the process. It's up to you, Alex. Make your own way from

now on, or give evidence against Bollockov, and get a new identity and a new life. Your choice.”

“What choice!” she spluttered. “They will find me and kill me and Katrin, my poor innocent Katrin,” she was crying now.

“Not if you do exactly as I tell you, Alex,” he said, trying to reassure her. “The plan is to get you on a flight to London, with me Monday night. No one knows you’re here at the moment, but that may change. We need to get you to safety, and what I’ve outlined is the best way. If you have a better idea, tell me.”

She slumped in her chair. She knew he was right. She topped up her coffee, and sat silently for a few minutes, sipping her drink, thinking over what he’d told her. “OK, I guess you’re right. What happens now?” she asked, a look of relief on her face, as a decision had now been made, and her future was mapping itself out again.

“Nothing, really,” he said, “I’ll inform London of your decision. They’ll make the necessary arrangements, and you’ll both come with me when I return to London. In the meantime,” he said, smiling at her, “we’ll stay here and relax, have a brief holiday and enjoy ourselves, doing what we like doing most!

“What’s that?” she asked, grinning at him, now.

“Wouldn’t you like to know!” he teased. “Be warned,” he added, “remember I work as a spy, I already know what your greatest weakness is.” She looked warily at him, unsure just what he knew.

Alex, looked down at the beach, “Looks like it’s going to be a lovely day,” she mused, changing the subject. She was still staring down there, when Mike noticed movement out of the corner of his eye, as Katrin slipped out of his room, still stark naked and tiptoed into the main bathroom across the hall. As she went, she glanced at him, and grinned. The door clicked shut and toilet flushed a minute later, and they heard the shower start.

“Sounds like Katrin’s up, at last,” Alex said. “She’s usually the first up in our house. I guess she needed the sleep.”

“If only you knew,” thought Mike. He breathed a sigh of relief at the averted crisis.

Alex got up, and said: “I’d better get dressed, “what time are you going to the beach?”

“In about half an hour,” he said, standing up. “I’ll just go and get the milk, fresh orange juice and croissants. I’ll be five minutes.”

When he returned from the mini market, there was a decidedly stony atmosphere in the apartment. Katrin was looking glum, Alex was angry. Clearly there had been words between them. Katrin gave him a “Sorry, there was nothing I could do” look, when Alex launched into her tirade.

"You slept with my daughter last night, didn't you? She's only eight for god's sake, what do you think you were doing....." the spittle, venom and anger continued for several minutes, before she finally ran out of vitriol, and said: "Well, what have you to say for yourself, before I call the police, you bastard."

"It was very nice indeed, Alex. I enjoyed it immensely. Ask Katrin, I think she'd probably agree with me. In fact, I expect we enjoyed it as much as you enjoyed sucking off that little eleven year old boy in the hut yesterday afternoon, you know, Ricardo." Alex took a step back as if he'd physically struck her. Her mouth gaped open, her eyes blinking. "So Alex," he continued, "when you call the police, are you going to tell them your name is Alexandria Kershenko, or Alexandra Mesikov?" Again she looked aghast at him, 'how did he know her real name?' "Remember, the chaps in Russia?" he went on. "Do you honestly think they wouldn't pick up on your name turning up here?" She slumped down in a chair, and held her face in her hands.

"But, Alex," he smiled down at her, "look on the bright side, now this is all in the open, I can arrange for you to fuck Ricardo and a couple of his friends, properly. Imagine three or four ten or twelve year olds, younger if you prefer, one after the other. Their little bald cocks squirting into you. Maybe even two or three of them, at the same time, if you fancy it, Alex."

She looked at him with hatred. Not because he'd fucked Katrin, although that was bad enough, but because in a few sentences, he'd summed up her darkest secret, which she'd never admitted to anybody, not even herself. And now the truth was laid bare, even Katrin knew.

"So, Alex, this is what we're going to do," he said calmly, continuing. "I'm going over the road, now, to open up the beach hut. You and Katrin can have a chat, and decide what you want to do. If you would like to come and join me, on the beach, I will have a word with Ricardo, and arrange for him, and some of his younger friends, to meet you up here this afternoon, for say a couple of hours. I can make sure he comes back each day, with as many of his friends as you want. In return, Katrin sleeps with me, as long as you are staying here. The alternative is that when I close up the hut this evening and find you've both left with your €100K in cash and false passports, I will say nothing to London until Monday, and give you a two day head start. Oh, and if you do decide to call the police, they may be very interested in this." Mike opened up his laptop, and ran the MP4 file showing her sucking off Ricardo. He paused it where both were looking towards the camera, both identifiable, both with ecstatic expressions on their faces, she with cum running down her cheek.

She couldn't believe it. He knew everything about her; her dark secret yearning for little boys; her real name; even how much money she'd got with her. Strange, now the secret was out, that Katrin knew, she felt relief, like the effort of concealing it was too much to cope with.

= 8 =

Saturday Morning

Mike set up the loungers and umbrellas, mats, towels and canoes quickly and efficiently. He was a few minutes later than usual, and a couple of customers were already waiting

for him. It was the weekend, and local Spanish families would be down on the beach today and tomorrow. He expected to be a lot busier.

It was only ten minutes later that Alex and Katrin came down to join him. They both immediately started to help him, and in a few minutes, everything was ready, canoes lined up near the water, a line of umbrellas in the sand, and all the loungers pulled out and accessible. Katrin peeled off her shorts and top, and grabbing a towel, ran, naked, down to the water, and had a paddle and swim.

Mike decided there was little to be gained in rubbing Alex's nose in her humiliation, and both avoided the subject uppermost in their minds for the moment.

"Alex," he asked, "what would you like for dinner tonight? There is a fantastic fish market here. If you go down there early, you will find something wonderful for us to have tonight."

"I adore fish," she replied, with enthusiasm, which surprised him, her change of demeanour towards him surprising him even more, "so does Katrin. If you write down the shopping list, I will go down soon."

"Yes, OK, I will jot it down in a few minutes for you. Do you want me to arrange something with Ricardo?" he asked in a quiet tone.

She looked around, ensuring she wasn't heard. "Did you mean it, when you said he could bring some younger friends with him?" Mike nodded in reply. She blushed, as she plucked up the courage to ask for what she'd always craved for.

"Could you ask him to bring three other friends with him. As young as possible, but they must be able to get stiff and squirt stuff, you know, semen. As long as they can do that, as young as possible."

"How did Katrin take it?" he asked.

"I was amazed," she said, "it was as if she'd known all her life how I felt about little boys. She told me to do what I wanted, to enjoy it, I might not get the chance again. She also told me you'd been very kind and gentle with her, and it had been a wonderful experience, her first time. Sorry about earlier, Mike, and thank you for your understanding. If you can fix it with Richardo and some of his friends, and as long as you don't hurt Katrin, you two can do what you want." Mike's cock twitched at her words. "By the way, Mike," she went on, "the only reason I knew what had happened, was because Katrin never makes her own bed. Her bed was made. It hadn't been slept in. They both laughed at the simple error.

Mike went into the backroom, and sitting at the little table, jotted down the shopping list. It was going to be a great night tonight, so he ensured the ingredients would provide the very best food. His mother had taught him cookery and one recipe was baked fish in an exquisite cheese sauce, the ingredients for which he wrote down. When he came out, he found Alex laying face down on one of the loungers, topless, getting some rays. He sat down beside her, viewing the scene on the beach, watching the little ones run about, their naked bottoms wiggling about, some of their sand filled slits looking sore where their lips had chaffed. It was paradise. He picked up the sun cream, and without asking her, applied

some to her back and rubbed it in. She murmured in appreciation. "Mmmm, thanks, Mike. It's a shame you're a pedo. I wouldn't have minded a go with that long cock of yours Katrin tells me you've got. Never mind, is she good in bed, by-the-way?" she suddenly asked unexpectedly.

"One of the very best, Alex," he said, truthfully. "I should know, and I can tell you, she's one of the very best."

"That's good to know. Have you had many little girls?" Alex asked, genuinely interested.

"Depends on how you define many," he qualified, "but Katrin was my fourteenth virgin. Twelve and thirteen were Ana and Elsa, last week, Sammy, number eleven the week before"

She raised her eyebrows. "And non virgins?" she prompted.

"Ninety three," he said precisely, "The last of those was last week. Her name was Kat.

"My god," she responded, "that's more than most men have notches on their bed posts with women, let alone kiddies. How can you be so precise with the number?"

He went suddenly coy, a characteristic she'd not seen in him until now. "Go on," she prompted, "tell."

He rolled his eyes reluctantly, and shuffled uncomfortably. "I have a little, err I suppose you could call it a, hobby. It's tattooing. Whenever I have a virgin, I tattoo a red dot on my cock. If she wasn't a virgin, then the dot is blue. Simple, but it keeps count. I haven't marked up Katrin, yet, or the three from last week. I'll do it when I get home."

At that moment, Lucia came down onto the beach with her sister. The older girl, like yesterday, immediately dumped the child, pointing at the hut, and went off to join the boys, as she'd done the day before. Lucia, seeing Mike chatting to Alex waddled over.

"Hello mister," she said, as she dropped her towel on the sand. "Can I have a choc-ice again today, please?" She slipped her dress off her shoulders, and dropped it onto the towel. Next she kicked off her sandals and without pause, her tiny pink knickers came down her legs and onto the pile, exposing a long brown skid mark. She bent down to shuffle her clothes together, and as her feet were far apart, exposed her anus and below it, her vulva, split by her cleft. Her vagina peeked out as a tiny pink hole, with a darker interior. When she stood and turned, her mons dominated the base of her tummy, her slit disappearing between her thighs.

"Of course, Lucia," he said, trying to control his voice, "maybe today, we'll try something different."

"I'll come back for my ice cream later," she said. "Could you watch my things for me?" And without waiting for an answer, ran off down the sand, her bottom wiggling and wobbling as she went. She paddled and sat in the water, close to where Katrin was playing.

"She's cute," said Alex, watching Mike pick up the child's panties, inspect them, and bring them to his nose to sniff, "what do you intend doing to her? I can see it in your face."

"I will do to her whatever she lets me do," he replied. "Yesterday it was on her. In some way, today, I hope, it'll be in her. She's got a nice mouth and a nice bottom, don't you think?" he paused, before saying: "How would you like Ricardo and his friends? Together or one at a time? All in your pussy, or all differently? Maybe you'd like two in your pussy at the same time, if they're small enough. So you see, Alex, they'll do whatever you let them. It's the same with Lucia." She licked her lips in anticipation. An hour ago, she was screaming at him for what he'd done to Katrin. Now, she knew she was no better, and arguably more depraved than he. It suddenly dawned on her that Mike's life was free, because he knew what he was and what he wanted and what he was going to get. He'd now liberated her from herself this morning, he'd given her self honesty and if she learned from him, her life could only get better.

Shortly afterwards, Alex said she was off to the fish market and Mercadona. She pulled on her shoes, blouse, skirt, hat and sunglasses and was gone. Mike did his rounds. There were certainly more folk here today than yesterday. Everywhere, now little family groups were setting up on the sand. Everywhere, little girls were stripping off, in his mind, it was as if they did so for him personally.

He saw the two little old ladies dressed in black, walking down the steps from the street, making their way towards him. He waved and smiled at them, and gestured for them to come over. They were, as usual accompanied by their six charges, including the oldest boy, eleven year old Ricardo.

"Good morning, ladies," he gave a little theatrical bow. "I have reserved the best place on the beach for you." They looked around, puzzled, as the beach now looked full, no space to spare. "Over here," he pointed to three stacks of two or three loungers, spaced perhaps six feet apart from each other. He quickly made the three stacks into one, creating a large area, where he planted their umbrellas into the sand, and placed their single chairs as they liked them. While he spread out the mats on the sand for the kids, he noticed they were already stripping off. Even the oldest girl, who he guessed was about ten, stood naked looking around for a minute, before struggling to get into the undersized green costume, she'd worn the day before. He'd learned yesterday her name was Sefarina. Mike certainly recorded what she looked like in his mind. Perfection. No puppy fat, curves forming, boobs lifting, areolæ darkening, vulva filling, bottom enticing.

One of the ladies saw him studying her and misunderstanding his interest said: "She's a lovely girl, Sefarina. She's the only good girl in the family. She gets spoilt because of it, of course. Religious too. She has her confirmation and first communion tomorrow afternoon. The bishop is attending specially. We're ever so proud of her. You'll see her in her new dress in the morning. We'll only be here until noon tomorrow, though, as we have to get to the cathedral."

"I look forward to that," he said, although he was more interested in what would be in it. "When it gets quieter, later on," he said to the ladies, "send the children up, I'll let them have another half price drink or ice cream if they want." They thanked him, as he went back up the short distance to the hut.

Mike was in the depths of the shadows of the hut, his camera fitted with his long telephoto recording many a little sand covered pussy. Directly below the hut, was a clear line to the ladies in black. The four girls and the little boy were now all digging in the sand, on their hands and knees. Over the next few minutes, there was nothing he didn't get photographed close up, in high definition. He noticed Sefarina wasn't always kind to the younger ones, though. The lady had said she was good, but he wondered if there was a nasty streak there they didn't know about, or chose not to see.

He noticed Lucia coming up the beach, hand in hand with Katrin. The five and eight year olds had clearly made friends. They saw Mike and smiled, waving from a distance. They came up the sand, meandering between the sunbathers and sat under the awning of the hut, to get a little shade from the intense sun.

"This is Lucia," introduced Katrin, "she's on her own, so I played with her, down by the water. Could you tell her who I am, Mike? Should she be on her own?"

"Her big sister is over there," indicated Mike, pointing at an open area of the beach, where the teenagers were still kicking a ball around. "Lucia always comes for a choc-ice, when I'm here. She usually spends most of the day on her own, so it's kind of you to play with her."

He switched to Spanish. "I see you've met my friend Katrin, Lucia." She nodded. "Katrin's my girlfriend, Lucia. Do you know what that means?"

The tot giggled and nodded. "It means she lets you fuck her," she giggled again.

"That's right. She's from Estonia, and she speaks Russian. That's why you can't understand her." Lucia nodded seriously.

"Can I have my choc-ice now, please?" she asked.

Mike translated for Katrin, and the three went to the freezer. Katrin lifted the lid, while Mike bent down and picked Lucia up, so she could peer inside to choose. One hand was around her chest, the other under her crotch, his fingers over her mons, the heel of his hand on her bottom, her vagina in his palm. She chose the same choc-ice as the day before. She was unwrapping it as she walked through the hut into the little backroom. Katrin decided to try the same flavour, took one, shut the freezer lid, and followed them.

"Tell, me Lucia, yesterday you showed me how to jiggle," he stated. She giggled, as she took her first bite into the ice cream. "What else does Carlos do?" he asked, "I need you to teach me."

"Sometimes he puts honey on his thingy, for me to lick off," she explained, "sometimes he likes to play with my bottom. And other times he lays me on the table and plays for a while, until he squirts on me."

"What would you like to teach me to do today, Lucia?"

She thought for a moment, then said: "Your thingy was really long yesterday. Much longer and thicker than Carlos's. I don't think it will all go in my bottom?"

Mike looked at Katrin, and wasn't yet sure how she'd take him having any kind of sex with a five year old, especially as Katrin seemed to have assumed ownership of him, and may even get jealous.

"I think we had better leave your bottom for now, Lucia," he said. "We'll try it another time. I'll lay you on the table, today, like Carlos does. I'll give you another choc-ice and any drink you want. But I'm a bit busy at the moment. Could we try it later? I will let you know when we can do it."

Mike looked at Katrin and smiled. Switching back to Russian said: "Lucia was telling me a little about what games you played, and wanted to know about your school and where you live. I told her that you love having a fuck and that as soon as she's gone, I'm going to fuck you until your mum gets back." Katrin couldn't help laughing at his obvious lie. "But," he continued, "as soon as she goes back to have a swim, and leaves us on our own, that's exactly what I plan to do." Her eyes widened, realising he meant it. Her pussy suddenly tingled. She looked down, worried her sudden arousal might even be noticed by the five year old, who was now looking forward to returning later for her drink and ice cream.

Mike explained to Lucia that Katrin had got a bit sunburned and was going to stay in the hut with him for a while. He said he would ask the ladies in black if she could join them for an hour, and play with their girls. He took her out and was back in a couple of minutes. He'd spoken to the ladies, but more importantly he'd also spoken to Ricardo, who then followed him back under the awning. He quickly outlined what Alex wanted and made it clear he had to conform to her demands, or they could forget the whole thing. Ricardo nodded, said he had some friends who would love to fuck the 'Dama Blanca', as he referred to the very pale skinned, blond "White Lady" from Estonia.

Mike went back into the backroom and sat in the plastic chair. In moments, Katrin, who'd been waiting for him, was sitting across his lap, her arms around his neck, in a tight embrace, her lips mashing into his, their teeth colliding, tongues wrestling. He had one hand cupping her bum, the other covering her tummy.

Soon, his fingers slipped down and explored her mons, feeling it rise from her belly in a firm, but soft sensual curve, down to her dimple and on to her clit. As soon as he touched it, she tensed, her body bracing itself for the onslaught of utter pleasure it knew was to follow. She spontaneously spread her knees providing him access. He ran his fingers further, down through her cleft, feeling the dampness that had already flowed up from her pussy, easing his passage. He found her entry, a deep recess in her cleft, hot, wet, pulsing as her heart rate climbed. He slipped in with his finger, expecting her to be tight, which she was, but so wet, she was slick, his finger sank into her warm interior, deeper, deeper, feeling the exquisite pressure of her vagina peeling open for him. He bumped her end and found her 'G' spot, slowly massaging it, feeling her respond, feeling her rise. Her breathing shortening, her pulse increasing, her eyes now mere slits.

Katrin tumbled into a climax. As the wonderful feelings enveloped her once again in pulses of utter ecstasy. She was such a sensual girl. He kept her on a high for a few minutes, before he felt her clenches on his finger abating, slowing, calming. Her heavy breathing now the only sound in the little room. Pulling his finger gently from her, he lifted

her to her feet, so he could quickly slip his own clothes off, dropping them onto a pile of beach mats beside him. He sat again, and indicated for her to sit on his lap, leaning against his chest, her knees either side of his. As she lowered herself, he pushed his cock forward, so that it rose up between her thighs, nestling into her cleft, the crown resting in the dip of her tummy button.

Katrin leaned back against him and sighed, knowing what was about to happen, knowing it would be wonderful. She unconsciously gripped his cock with both her hands, running her fingers over the tip of his foreskin, feeling his pre-cum running out, into her innie belly button, and on down towards her pussy. She loved just sitting here, feeling him, familiarising herself with his cock, every dip and bump, crease and curve.

Mike placed his hands, one under each buttock, and lifted her up a few inches. "Guide it in, Katrin. Put it where you want it, darling."

As she lifted, his crown slipped down, over her belly and mons, through her cleft, and back. She unerringly pushed him to her entry, feeling it nudge into place, where it belonged. He held her there a second or two, and then, while holding her, lowered her a fraction, feeling her labia forced apart, as his helmet shaped end pressed into her. They felt movement, and as her labia gripped his foreskin, his crown slipped out through the loose skin and into her entry, her elastic muscles snapping tightly around the base of his crown.

He held her there for perhaps a minute, then, feeling her muscles relax a little, lowered her slowly, feeling his cock pushing into her, her passage peeling open to him, her warm damp interior feeling so good on his rampant shaft. He nudged her rubbery cervix, and the moment he hit that spot again, she exploded into another climax. "This girl sure could cum," he thought. He let her enjoy herself, thrusting her hips back and forth, trying to maximise her pleasure. He lowered her a fraction more, and as he moved back and forth, he felt, in fact they both felt him nudge into that place, and in he went, like last night, deeper and deeper, until he was almost eight inches inside her. She clamped her fingers over her tummy, over the spot where she felt him to be.

Mike paused now, letting her body adjust to his deep penetration. "Are you ready for the nice bit Katrin?"

Katrin, who was still enjoying a quiet climax once again, couldn't believe it was going to get even better. Mike started to thrust his hips. In his present position, the scope was limited, but it got things started, his cock sliding in and out of her a couple of inches each time. Soon, lubrication and her dilation had eased the motion, so Mike knew it was time. He surprised her, when he gripped her firmly around her waist and chest and suddenly stood up. Her whole 50 pound weight dropped down onto his cock, pushing him as deep as she'd ever felt until now. He carefully waddle walked over to the small table, and laid her face down on the top. Positioning himself, he started to fuck her properly, pulling slowly, almost all the way out, and then back in, deep, until his pubis pressed into her bum. He repeated over and over, increasing his speed each cycle, until soon he was hammering into her. His thighs slapped her bum loudly each time. Katrin had fallen into a whole series of climaxes, which merged one into the next, over and over. She kept thinking she would faint, so good did it make her feel. It was even better than last night.

He'd had to shush her several times, as she unknowingly called out rhythmically too loudly under the open skylight.

Mike felt his own orgasm approaching. He wanted this one to be good. He scooped her off the table, holding her to his chest, her weight once more forcing him deep into her. He thrust hard with his hips, and after a few seconds, he blasted into her. He spurted gallons, it seemed, pulse after pulse after pulse. It was sensational, right up there in the top ten. Katrin was still clamping on his shaft, indicating she had climaxed right to the very end. They stilled, as he let the final pulses fade away.

The unlocked door suddenly opened, and in came a smiling Alex. All she saw was her naked daughter being held by a naked Mike. At first, she just thought he'd simply picked her up for some reason. Then she saw the perspiration on both of them, heard the heavy breathing. As she looked down, between her daughter's thighs, she could see his balls swinging, and the base of his shaft, as it curved up into her.

"Oh my god," she gasped in surprise, her hand over her mouth, "Oh my god," she repeated. She blinked, and looked again, her expression suddenly changed, and pushed the door to, behind her, this time sliding the bolt across.

"Hello Mummy," said Katrin, smiling, "we've had a lovely time while you were away. Look, Mike just fucked me again. It was really nice. It was a shame you weren't here to watch, wasn't it, Mike?"

Mike was watching Alex's expression closely. Her initial shock had changed to acceptance, to arousal, and now to something else. He pulled the seat towards him, and sat down again, still fully impaled in the child, clinging her again to his chest. Alex came closer, something akin to hunger in her expression, now. She knelt down in front of her daughter, and pushed their knees apart, looking where Mike's long cock entered the child. He knew what she wanted, and lifted Katrin up and up, until he popped out of her, his cock slapping against his belly. He lowered her again, but this time, slid her forward, so her bum was over his knees. He cuddled her chest to his tummy, watching, as her mother lifted Katrin's knees up and outwards, and, then plunged her face into her daughter's crotch. For a few seconds, all Mike could hear was a sucking sound, as Alex sucked at Katrin's vagina, swallowing anything and everything she could capture, in one of the most depraved acts he'd ever witnessed. But, so what, some of his own acts must seem pretty depraved to some misguided people.

Finally, she sat back on her heels, and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. She looked embarrassed now, looking at Katrin, who lay there, with an open mouth, seeing a mother she'd never seen before, and Mike who's expression she couldn't read at all.

Then he took all the tension out of the air by saying: "If you'd told me you were hungry, Alex, I would have bought you lunch!" All three of them burst into fits of laughter. But a new understanding had come between them all. Suddenly, they all knew normal rules no longer applied.

= 9 =

Saturday Afternoon

A few minutes later, Mike was sipping a beer, and Alex had a bottle of water in her hand. They were under the awning. Katrin had gone down the beach in a sort of duck walk, thinking all the semen running down her legs could be seen by anyone glancing at her. She wanted to sit in the shallows for a while. She found Lucia, and the two started to play together again.

"I see your little friend is still here," said Alex, pointing out Lucia.

"Yes, she's here all day every day," he explained. "Her mother works, and sends her two girls down to the beach. It's cheaper than child minders. she's waiting for me to call her up here later this afternoon."

"Why's that?" asked Alex, "you going to give her another choc-ice?"

"No, she only ever has the one type of choc-ice," he replied. "She wanted to see if I can get my whole cock in her bum. But I've told her she's too small, it would hurt her. Instead, she's going to lie back and let me cum all over her. I've told her she can have an extra ice cream and fizzy drinks if she does."

"My god, Mike," she gasped, looking askance at him, "I mean, she's only five?"

"I know," he grinned, "it's such a turn on isn't it? She's had my friend in her bum before now, lucky chap, but he's smaller than average size. Maybe in a year or so she'll be big enough. We'll just have to see."

"My god, you are a real pervert," she laughed, "do you know that?"

"Yes I know," he confirmed, "but it beats being a boring old fart, though, doesn't it?"

"Talk of being a real pervert, I've had a word with Ricardo," he said, casually, as if he was commenting on the weather. Instantly, she was gripped, focused on what he had to say.

"He told me his friend has two brothers. Their ages are nine, ten and eleven years old. Sometimes they have wanking competitions to see who can cum fastest, so he knows they can all get a stiffy and squirt stuff." He glanced at his watch. "They'll be here at two o'clock, in a couple of hours. Do you want me to come over with you and translate, or are you going to use sign language?" He chuckled at her expression as she stuck her tongue out at him. But at the same time, he'd highlighted a problem to her. She looked furtively around for a moment.

"If I tell you what I want," she said quietly, blushing bright red, "would you tell Ricardo, before we go over to the apartment?"

"Yes, sure," he replied, "have a think about it, and when he gets here, I'll translate for you. And, Alex, don't be embarrassed," he said evenly, "there's nothing you could possibly ask him to do that would shock me, or have probably tried myself."

The quietest and hottest time of the day arrived. Few customers arrived, and those already there tended to keep still under their umbrellas, not exerting themselves. Mike went for a swim, leaving Alex to watch the shop. Katrin and Lucia were still in the water,

keeping as cool as possible. He went over to them to see how they were getting on. They both clung on to his neck, their little legs curling around his waist. He cupped their bottoms in his hands, his fingers wandering into their naked clefts, and walked out into deeper water.

They took it in turns for him to cup his hands and launch them out of the water, doing backward somersaults. Lucia could swim like a fish, but then again, she spent all summer down on the beach. When they tired, they clung onto him again.

“Would you like me to play with your pussy, Katrin?” he asked in Russian. She nodded. “OK, then, but if you cum, try and hide it, so Lucia doesn’t know, OK? She’s only five.

“Would you like me to play with your pussy, Lucia?” he asked in Spanish. She grinned her toothy grin and nodded. “OK, then, but if you get a really nice feeling in your pussy, try and hide it, so Katrin doesn’t know, OK? She’s my girlfriend and might get cross.” She nodded seriously.

Mike started to massage both girls’ clefts, using all his skill. He strummed their clitties and teased the entrances to their vaginas and back to their clits again. Back and forth. Soon, he felt responses from each of them, as they pressed their pussies against his hips, rhythmically. They were both trying to keep the noise down, but he could feel their chests move, as they breathed, deeper and faster.

Katrin was rising quickly, and he eased off her stimulation, immediately feeling her hips thrust at him, trying to increase her pleasure. He felt Lucia responding now. She was thrusting into him, rising, and so he resumed full attention on both girls. Katrin just got there first, and gave a little snort. She held her breath, and suddenly let it go with a whoosh, followed by panting. So much for keeping it quiet. Lucia, though was only five seconds behind, and kept thrusting her pussy at his hip, while she cried out in little catlike, meowing sounds. Mike was impressed at how intense the five year old’s orgasm was. He knew from experience that even two year olds can experience a little climax, but it seemed different girls developed at different speeds, some enjoying cuming very young, and others not until after puberty.

By now, both girls were aware of the other cuming. There was no hiding it. But then again, both were enjoying themselves in the ongoing nice feelings, as their pulses of deep pleasure continued gently between their thighs for a full minute or so after they’d peaked, encouraged by Mike’s expert fingers keeping them going.

They had a swimming race to the shore, Mike giving Lucia a head start followed by Katrin. But he saw immediately, Lucia could swim faster than either of them, and was ashore before he even started for shore himself. They walked back up to the hut, one girl holding each of his hands. Alex was still on her lounge when they returned, and said that very few customers had been around. Mike did his rounds, and was back in a few minutes. He looked across the sand, and saw Ricardo and three smaller boys walking towards them, from beyond the football game. He suggested to Katrin, that she take Lucia to have a fresh water shower, at the top of the beach.

Alex suddenly went all nervous. "Oh, god," she muttered, "I don't know what to tell them. Mike, err you know what I want, could you talk to them, I feel too embarrassed?" She went to hide in the hut. The boys were now about fifty yards away.

"Do you want to call it off, Alex?" he suggested, "I can tell them it was a joke, and to forget it."

"No, err no, don't do that, Mike, it's probably the only chance I'll ever have to live my fantasy. Can I leave it to you to tell what I want? I just have one request, though."

"And what's that," he smiled in anticipation.

"At the end, I want them to surprise me somehow," she said, her cheeks bursting red in self-consciousness. She scuttled into the darkness of the backroom, as Ricardo arrived with his three friends, all smirking and looking cocky.

"Hello boys," Mike greeted them. "Pick an ice cream. Then come over here and sit down for a minute." They did as he said, and sat on the sand in front of his plastic beach chair.

"Now lads, first of all, do you all know why you're here?" they all nodded, smirking again.

"Good, now does anyone want to change their mind and not go ahead with looking after the 'Dama Blanca'?" he asked adopting the name Ricardo had used before. They shook their heads.

"OK, have any of you ever done this before or something like it?" he enquired. The answer was "no".

"You all know what you're supposed to do, do you? You're going to be in there for two hours, understand?" Again there were nods.

"Right then, she wants you, each to fuck her, one after the other in her pussy. You can do it as often as you want. After that, have a break. There's no rush. Then, she wants you to do different stuff. She wants it in her bum." The boys looked at each other in surprise.

"She wants to be fucked by two of you at the same time. In her bum, in her pussy. If you can, two in her pussy together. Even better, one of you in her bum at the same time. You work it out.

"Now, she might ask you to do other stuff, if you can understand her. She only speaks Russian. She might want to suck you, like she did to Ricardo yesterday." Ricardo nodded in confirmation, as if the story he'd told them, and they hadn't believed, was really true after all. "That's fine, do anything she wants. But there's one more thing. At the end, she wants a surprise." They looked at him uncertainly. "This is what you'll do: Ricardo, just as she cums, I want you to smack her hard on her bottom. Really hard, as hard as you can. Right on her cheeks. Make it hurt. Do it at least ten times, then stop. That will surprise her, I think." The boys were all laughing now. Judging by the bulges in their shorts, they weren't going to struggle to become erect. Mike knew Alex was going to have a bucket list time of her life. He looked forward to watching the results himself. The surveillance cameras were all set up and ready to go.

He called Alex, who came out of the hut. She looked at Mike, still a little red in the face, who nodded and said: "lead the way, they'll follow you." He translated to the boys, who followed Alex up the beach. At that moment, Mike saw Katrin and Lucia walking down, water dripping from them, following their shower. He enjoyed just watching the two naked girls walking over the hot sand, knowing what he was about to do.

"Can we have another choc-ice, please?" asked Lucia, as she walked to the freezer. She struggled to lift the lid again, and leaned in grabbed two, handing one to Katrin.

Mike waved them into the backroom and locked the door. "Your mum's going to be a couple of hours, Katrin," he said casually. "She's going to fuck those four boys. How are you feeling this afternoon?"

"I'm a bit sore after this morning, to tell you the truth, I'm kinda saving myself for tonight," she said, "why?"

"Well, I promised Lucia, this morning she could have a couple of choc-ices today, but as she doesn't have any money, she knows she has to do something in return." Katrin looked at Lucia, who had understood nothing of what had been said.

"What sort of thing?" asked Katrin, innocently.

"Oh," he said calmly, "she has to let me cum all over her. Shall I show you?" He didn't wait for her reply, and patted the table, while looking at Lucia. She knew exactly what to do, sat on the edge, and lay back. Then she put her legs vertically in the air, and spread them out a little. Mike pushed his shorts down and stepped out of them, releasing his long cock, which waved in the air as he stepped towards the tiny girl.

He pushed his shaft against Lucia's cleft, his balls nudging her bottom. She then moved her legs together in a well practiced movement, trapping his cock between her thighs. Mike put one arm around her pencil thin legs, and hugged them into his tummy, her feet just touching his shoulders. He reached down, and pressed his cock firmly against her cleft, and held it there for a moment, just feeling her texture, silky skin against his shaft and her smallness. Looking down, he could see his cock projected out from her thighs three or four inches over her hairless mound and tummy.

He then slowly, while still pressing his shaft into her cleft, pulled his hips back, seeing his crown disappear between her thighs, running along between her labia, leaving a thick trail of pre-cum. When his crown came into view, he pushed it down further, where it dipped into her bottom, finding her rosebud. He was so, so tempted, and even pressed in slightly, feeling his crown slip into her recess. He could almost have persuaded himself that he felt her dilate, and she would have taken his whole length, but he knew it wouldn't be possible, without at least hurting her, and possibly damaging her.

Katrin was enthralled. She'd never imagined anything like what was taking place in front of her right now. She looked at the tiny girl, and thought how she was only three years older, and yet had taken that huge cock into her pussy twice now, and she couldn't wait for it to be there again later that night. Mike thrust himself forward again, and she saw his crown appear again from between the child's thighs, over Lucia's clit, a snail trail of his slippery

stuff oozing across her olive coloured belly, towards her tummy button. She watched, and didn't realise she was playing with her own clitty, feeling those tingles rise within her once more.

Mike now upped the pace, and pulled back and thrust forward again, repeating it, getting faster each time. Again and again, he thrust, faster and faster. She was so slick, now, his pre-cum everywhere. Even Lucia was getting into this. She'd climaxed before, no reason why she wouldn't again, and all the signs were there. She was panting, her eyes half closed, her face flushed, she was muttering something.

Looking at Katrin, he waved his head for her to come over. He could see she was working her clitty hard, she was going to cum as well soon, it seemed. He took the hand she wasn't masturbating herself with, and pressed it to the top of his shaft above Lucia's mound.

"I'm going to part her legs in a moment, Katrin," he instructed, "when I do, I need you to press my whole cock down into Lucia's pussy, as hard as you can, OK?" She nodded.

Mike took hold of Lucia's calves with each hand, and slowly parted her legs outwards, into a splits, further and further, until at last they were sticking out sideways. Katrin, meanwhile had pressed him hard against the Andalusian girl. There was so much pre-cum, it was flowing around her hips and mons, dripping onto the table. Katrin changed hands, and used her slick covered hand to strum her clitty with, feeling the warmth of his pre-cum, soaking into her pussy.

"I'm going to cum, now, Katrin," he stated. "Grip me hard with both hands. Keep pressing me into her. Do as I ask. I will look after you in a minute."

Katrin kept her hand pressing him into Lucia's cleft, but brought her other up to grip his crown. She remembered how he'd liked it before, and squeezed as hard as she could. She felt him swell under her fingers a little, then again, and suddenly, he was blasting out across the tummy of the little girl. Pulse after pulse squirted so hot, so powerful, so arousing. Katrin realised she'd cum herself too. Lucia was moaning, little meowing sounds. It reminded Katrin of a cat.

Katrin looked down at Lucia, and saw there was semen all along her mound and tummy, over her chest, and even dripping down her mouth and chin, where it had landed on her face. Lucia was even wiping some from her eye. Her other hand still holding her icecream.

"Rub it into her skin, Katrin," he said, "like suncream. It's very good for the complexion."

Katrin, still feeling the after affects of her own climax, obeyed without thinking, and spread his semen all over Lucia's torso, seeing her glisten with the damp in the light under the skylight.

Mike, now sated, pulled back a little, and pressed his cock to Lucia's pussy, watching his crown ooze in half an inch. He squeezed his foreskin, wringing out the last of the semen from inside, and was pleased to see half a teaspoon of the thick white mucus dribble out onto her, running down her cleft, towards her bottom. He stood back, and lowered Lucia's

legs, and pushed her to the middle of the table for better support. He smiled to himself, as he looked down at her. She was still eating her choc-ice.

“Now Katrin, I’m going to look after you,” he said. “The more you do as I say, the more I will make you feel good. First, I want you to lean on the table with your elbows and forearms. I’m going to lift you up, so your legs are over my shoulders.”

Mike reached down as she leaned over the table, and lifted her up as he’d said. He slid his head between her thighs, and as he moved forward towards her pussy, her weight came onto his shoulders and her forearms. He pressed his lips to her vagina, and immediately tasted her arousal. It was flowing thick and fast from the child. He sucked a little and tasted even more. Moving down to her clitty, he dabbed his tongue against it, feeling her immediately tense up. He dabbed her again, several times. She was going to cum again, he knew. He held back, and paused, feeling her curl her body towards him.

“Would you like me to lick you there, Katrin?” he asked.

“Please, please, yes, now, yes,” she responded breathlessly, desperately.

“I will, Katrin,” he acknowledged, “but every time I lick you, you have to lick Lucia. I need you to lick her clean for me.”

Mike couldn’t see her face, or read her thoughts. If she did this, though, he knew he would be able to command her to do any depraved act for him in future. There was a hesitation, so he slowly licked her pussy, with the lightest of touches along her whole length, just once. First she moaned with pleasure. Then he heard it. She started to lap at Lucia’s body. When she tasted him on her, she got quicker, finding it was far nicer than she’d anticipated. He licked Katrin, Katrin licked Lucia and Lucia licked her ice cream. Katrin was cuming again in moments. Mike just couldn’t get over how sensual she was. He had much experience and he was amazed.

After about ten minutes, finishing with Katrin licking Lucia’s pussy clean, and Lucia having a gentle cum as a result, the job was done, and he lowered Katrin to the ground. She was wobbly on her feet for a moment. She helped Lucia off the table, and the two naked girls trotted out, to go and wash themselves off in the sea.

It was while Mike was making his next rounds, talking to customers, taking money and making sure all was well, he noticed Sefarina go into the hut. The thing which puzzled him, though, was that he’d just spoken to the ladies in black, and she could have asked him if she needed to go in for any reason. He soon found out what had happened, though, when he went back in, he found that his shorts had been moved and his wallet in the pocket, now on a shelf. Thirty Euros was missing, all the spending cash he carried to the beach. His main fund being in the safe in the apartment. He quickly pulled the cards from the hidden cameras, and on plugging them into the laptop adaptor, found what he needed to know. Sefarina had come in to the hut, as he’d suspected, gone straight to his shorts, pulled the wallet and emptied the cash.

He was angry, but Mike had long learned to control anger. He believed in the ancient Ashanti saying, “Softly, softly, catchee monkey”. He saw one of the ladies in black was missing, as he walked the few yards over to the group. Sefarina too was absent. He spoke

to the remaining woman and got talking to her. Commented that she was alone and enquired where they were.

"Sefarina's such a good girl," the lady said. "So helpful, so thoughtful. She has saved up her pocket money, instead of spending it on sweets and ice-cream. Her mother was going to buy her a new swimming costume, but she said she wanted to buy it herself. The one she wants is €30, so they've gone to the shop over there," she pointed up the beach, to Rosa's beach shop, "to buy it. They'll be back in a few minutes."

He bided his time. It was a quiet time of the day and so he sat waiting. Eventually Sefarina and her grandmother arrived, the girl already wearing the costume, which was very pretty with flowers of all colours printed on it. It had a designer style cut to it, with large cut-outs at the back and sides, and a plunging neckline coming to a point well below nipple level. It was, in fairness, a very well designed, pretty costume, and excellent value for €30.

After a few minutes of admiring it, the ladies, and other kids went back to their normal activities of knitting and sand castle building. Sefarina walked up the beach, after a while, and came to show off to Lucia and Katrin her acquisition.

Mike asked if he could see it too. "Shall I photograph it? Come on, Sefi, give me a pose!"

After a minute or two, he asked her if she'd like to see the results. "I can e-mail them straight from my laptop if you have an e-mail address I can use."

He sat under the awning, in the shade, so they could see the shots. He'd taken the card out of the camera and inserted it into the laptop. She really liked them, and chose a couple for him to send over.

"Of course, that swimsuit isn't really yours at all," he said pointedly, looking at her, "is it, Sefi? It belongs to me." She coloured up, the only hint of showing her guilt.

"No," she replied casually, "I saved up for it, and bought it with my own money. What are you accusing me of?"

"I am accusing you of theft, plain and simple. You stole that €30 from me, this afternoon." He clicked the mouse, and on the screen appeared the short clip, showing her enter the backroom, pick up his shorts, take out the wallet and empty the cash, before tucking it into the top of her old worn, green undersized costume. The evidence was damning. She sat there, mouth open, eyes wide, completely bewildered.

"What have you to say for yourself, young lady?" he asked in a formal voice, "First, of course I will need to talk to your grandmother and explain what you did. Then I will need to ask her to accompany you, when I speak to the police. I imagine the bishop will need to know. I don't suppose your first communion will be possible after all, will it?"

By now, the crocodile tears were streaming down her pretty face. He might have felt sorry for her had he not known the facts, and observed her actions with the other girls. He handed her some Kleenex tissues, which she mopped her tears with. Mike could see she was a good actor. She looked fearfully at him, and realised her tears had failed to move him in any way. She was really in trouble this time.

"Please," she begged, "Don't tell them, I didn't mean to do it, I'll pay you back, I promise."

"How, Sefarina? You had to steal to get that money. I leave on Monday, you will never earn that much in time. No, I think it best we get this in to the open, and call the police don't you?" He made to move towards the door, when her composure finally broke.

"Please, please, nooo," she sobbed, genuine tears this time, "I'll do anything you ask, anything, just don't tell them, please." Mike had been waiting for those magic words. It had taken almost five minutes to get there. He knew he'd got her now.

"What, would you do for €30 Sefarina, I mean, I don't need help with the hut, and anyway, your grandmother needs you to go to the cathedral tomorrow afternoon. Besides, Katrin is helping me here. No, I can't think of anything, you could do, can you?"

"I would let you see me without my clothes on," she suggested. She saw that didn't impress him too much. "I would let you touch me, as well," she added quickly.

"I would love to see you naked and touch you Sefarina, but I see lots of girls naked down here everyday. I think I'd better talk to your grandmother."

"No," she finally said, "I know what you want. Lucia told me, she said what you and Carlos do to her. I will let you do that, you know, rub yourself on me."

"No, sorry, Sefarina," he shook his head, "Lucia's just a little girl, she does it for fun and ice-cream. You're a big girl and a thief. I think you will have to do a big girl thing, don't you? A very big girl thing."

"Do you mean, you want to..., you want to fuck me?" she asked aghast.

"That's exactly right, Sefarina," he confirmed. "Right now or tomorrow morning in fact."

"I can't do it," she stuttered, "I just can't."

"Oh, but you can, and, you will," he said more kindly, "I will make sure you enjoy it as well. Think about it, Sefi, I will teach you how to do it properly, how to enjoy it, and your grandmother will still think you have a halo, instead of devil's horns. And," he paused, "I will even let you keep the swimsuit."

"If, I agree, you know, to let you do it to me," she asked, "what do I have to do? I mean I've never done anything like this before."

Mike knew he was nearly there, now. "You don't have to do or know anything. I will teach you everything, I will show you."

"You said I could do it now or tomorrow," she said, repeating his words, then emphatically: "I will think about it, then and decide in the morning."

"That's OK, Sefi," he responded, "but if you leave it until tomorrow, you will have to show me you are serious, otherwise we go and talk to Granny right now, and show her that little film I made."

"How do I do that? Show you I'm serious, I mean," she asked, puzzled.

"Simple," he replied, "all you have to do, is slip that lovely new swimsuit off, and let me photograph you for a while and then let you experience some of the feelings you will enjoy in the morning. I won't fuck you now, but I promise I will make you feel very nice. But when I fuck you tomorrow, you will feel even better."

"I don't know," she said doubtfully, "I really don't think...."

"OK," he said sharply, "forget the whole thing. I'm going to call the police. Go and tell your grandmother what's happening. I'll be out there in a minute."

"You win, you win," she sighed, "what do you want me to do?" She slipped the shoulder straps off her new costume and peeled it down her chest. Then when she got it to her hips, she put her thumbs inside, and pushed it down her legs. Now she'd made a decision, she felt much happier, a little determination in her face again.

Mike stood, openly watching her strip for him, admiring her fine toned body, curved, muscle toned legs, unlike the pencil thin legs of the very young, or flat waists of those a little older. Ten was the perfect age for the pedo, who wanted to see a beautiful girl about to blossom into a woman. She had a narrow waist curving up to half baby orange sized boobs, which didn't jiggle, when she moved. They were tipped with brown, goose bump covered areolæ, surrounding peanut sized nipples a shade darker. Her belly had no spare fat, and curved inwards, before sweeping outwards over her mound, a full half tennis ball in size. Half way down her tear shaped dimple, leading into her cleft. A fraction lower, her cowl, a thick slip of skin bisected her beautiful cleft, which curved down between her thighs. He could make out her vulva, a bulge below calling out to him. He wouldn't be long heeding their cry.

"Just stand for a moment, Sefi, arms by your sides, and slowly turn all the way round." Mike went into professional photographer mode and started his fast model programme. "Great, now stand with your back to me, please. Good, feet apart. Further, much further, a bit more. Good. Now look over your shoulder at the camera, hands on hips. Now, keep your legs absolutely straight and grasp hold of your ankles for me. Quickly now, please. Good." Mike could now see the whole of her pudenda opened up before him, her anus looked gorgeous. He looked forward to checking it out soon. Her vagina peeled open, under the outward pressure of her thighs. She was wet inside, a very good sign. Her cleft was now parted, bordered by thick labia, leading to her, now engorged clitoris, thickening as he looked, a darker colour of pink, now. The lens he was using, could zoom in to capture her every detail.

"Excellent, Sefi, stand up straight again and turn, facing me, please," he said in a reassuring voice. "Feet well apart, like before. Yes. Now put both your hands behind your head and arch your chest towards me, shoulders back. You should think about modelling as a job. You're good at it. You have a lovely body. Don't be ashamed of it. Now, sit on the edge of the table, would you? Good. Further back, nearer the middle. Now lie back, good.

Do the splits please, legs as far apart as you can. Good hold it there.” Mike was in there fast, the macro lens fitted in a second, photographing inside her vagina. “Put your hands under your bum, please as far as possible. I’m just going to touch you, to show you where I want you to put your fingers.” He put the camera down reached in, and peeled open her pussy. “Put your fingers here, and hold yourself open like I’m doing.” She got it right first time, and held her vagina open, a gaping tunnel opening up to the camera lens, again recording her most intimate details. “Lift up your head Sefi, and look down at the camera, for me.” He managed to get a really excellent cunt and face shot, she couldn’t deny later.

“Very good, now pull open your bottom would you?” he asked. She obeyed without question, the shoot flowing well, now. “Now, Sefi, could you pull your cleft open? That’s this bit here,” he said, tapping her clit, making her jerk in reaction. Finally, he got some close ups of her beautiful pert breasts and told her the photo shoot was over and to lay flat and relax.

He put the camera in the cupboard, and came over to her. She was breathing quicker now, looking at him with an expression which could have been nerves, or could have been anticipation. He bent, and taking one of her tiny boobs gently, he sucked all of it into his mouth, flicking his tongue back and forth across her nipple. She arched her back in response. He brought his hand to tease the other, watching the nipple grow, turn darker, harder. He could hear her breathing getting faster, while he now ran his other hand down slowly over her silky soft tummy, lower and lower, touching the rise of her firm mound, up and across. His finger dipped into her dimple, and beyond, touching her clit again. She gasped in response.

There was no question in his mind, she was rising, responding, becoming aroused. Certainly the little girl mucus running down from her vagina to her bum crack suggested she was enjoying herself. His finger reached her entry, and dipped in, sinking into the tightness between her slick labia. He lifted his wet finger back to her clitty, and strummed her a couple of times, feeling her tense again, the small of her back lifting off the table. He repeated it, and he heard her take a long intake of breath. He continued to strum, and still she hadn’t breathed out, her arched back taut, under tension. Then she came. Her breath whooshed out of her, her bum thumped back into the table and came up again and down. Mike could feel her cleft clenching repeatedly on his finger, as she pulsed out her climax. Her breathing was just a series of snorts through her nose, her eyes screwed up, her jaw tight shut, both her hands, clenched fists. Her climax went on and on. He’d thought Katrin’s ability to multi orgasm had been impressive, but Sefarina could keep going and going.

Mike decided to see how long she could go on for, and kept one finger in her vagina, massaging her g-spot, feeling the ring of her hymen tight round his finger, while his other hand was employed caressing her mons and strumming her clitoris gently and continuously.

Sefarina lay on the table looking up at the man who had blackmailed her into submission. He’d bullied her into making a choice between two impossible alternatives. She knew she’d manipulated her family. She’d done it for years. Mummy and Granny were easy. Her father even easier. Her sisters knew the truth, but they didn’t matter. Then he’d come along and caught her stealing. She’d hated him until he made her feel good, and

suddenly, a whole new world had opened up to her. Then she'd started to really cum and cum and she was still cuming. She didn't want this to end. She opened her legs a bit more for him, she pushed her pussy against his probing fingers each time. Those wonderful feelings just kept cuming. She didn't say anything, but right then, if he'd asked her if she would like to fuck right now, she would have agreed, no coercion necessary. But instead, she looked forward to doing it in the morning with him.

There was a gentle tap on the door. Katrin's voice outside: "Mike, are you in there. Lucia's sister came over, and they have gone home."

"Is there anyone with you, Katrin?" he asked.

"No," she replied, "just me."

He reached over and unlocked the door, asking her to lock it behind her. Katrin could see immediately what was happening, and came to stand beside the Spanish girl, smiling at her.

Mike translated for her: "Nice isn't it," she said, "He does it really well, doesn't he? Have you cum a lot? One of mine lasted ten minutes yesterday."

Mike asked Katrin if she would be willing to try something new. She nodded, open faced, wondering what he had in mind.

"You know how I ate your pussy, before, and your mum did it to you this morning, and how much you liked it?" she nodded. "Would you do that for Sefi?"

Katrin thought for a moment, then without answering, moved to the end of the table and lifted up Sefi's legs onto her shoulders, she stooped down, kneeling. Mike quickly moved Sefi, by sliding her towards the edge. Katrin could get at her better now and immediately engulfed Sefi's pussy in her hungry mouth, sucking hard tasting another child's arousal and pushing her tongue into her cleft, finding her clit hardened. Sefarina's back arched up again, as a new climax washed through her in waves of utter bliss. She no longer cared what they did to her, as long as these wonderful feelings continued. She never, through her screwed up eyes, even noticed Mike videoing the scene, his camera getting some immensely erotic and sensuous close-ups.

It was Katrin who tired first. Her tongue just couldn't work any more, and her jaw started to ache. She looked up with appealing eyes at Mike, who nodded. Katrin pulled away, licked her lips, then wiped her face dry on a towel, lying nearby.

Sefarina lay in her salacious position for a minute or two, allowing the last climax to subside. An inch away from her vagina, Mike's camera, on video setting, recorded her pussy opening and closing with the child's orgasm, as her muscles spasmed. Leaving the camera there, he put his fingers back on her hot, wet clit, and masturbated her again, seeing her rise into full orgasm yet again in moments. Finally, Sefi reached down and grasped his wrist with both her hands and lifted him away. "Enough, enough, please, I can't take anymore." It still took two or three minutes for her pulsing vagina to stop moving, and for her breathing to return to normal.

Sefarina turned her head towards Katrin and Mike and smiled at them. "You said it would feel even better tomorrow. Is that possible?" she asked.

"Yes, much, much better," answered Katrin, translated by Mike "He was gentle with me, and I keep wanting him to do it again, but it was my first time too, and I still feel a bit sore, otherwise I'd be asking him to keep doing it."

"How sore?" asked Sefi, with a worried look.

"Nice sore," she responded, "it was worth it. Every seven inches of it." She giggled as Mike translated again.

Sefarina swung round, and sat on the edge of the table. Mike steadied her, as she dropped down onto wobbly legs. Katrin handed her the new costume, which had been lying on the floor. Sefi quickly slipped it on, and asked if anything was out of place. Katrin untwisted a strap and said she looked fine. Taking a choc-ice out of the freezer, she walked out into the sun and sat beside her grandmother, saying how much she liked the new costume, and thanked her for going to the shop with her.

= 10 =

Saturday Late Afternoon

Mike looked at Katrin, and she returned his stare.

"You feeling like I'm feeling?" he asked.

"Horny, you mean?"

"Ah hah," he nodded. "What are we going to do about it?"

Mike and Katrin spent the next half an hour in a sixty nine position, with her on top, sucking his cock, while he probed as far into her pussy as his tongue would reach. As before, she kept having little climaxes, building up to a big one. Mike felt the signs, as his prostate clenched, his scrotum tightened up and the movement of semen spurting up his shaft. The warning: "Cuming now, Katrin," was just in time for her to take a breath. The timing perfect, as she was swept into her tidal wave of a mind blowing orgasm. He blasted into her throat, and she swallowed immediately. The next pulse spurted into her, she swallowed again and got into a rhythm of him spurting, her swallowing, until at last they were sated. They just lay there for five minutes, letting their pulses and breathing return to normal.

Alex had been gone for three hours. Mike was doing his final rounds, and starting to collect in the loungers, with Katrin's help, when he saw, up on the street the four boys walking along the pavement, away from the shop entry. There was no cockiness in their step now. Their backs were straighter, they walked with purpose. The boys had perhaps become men. He wondered what had become of the woman.

Mike and Katrin locked up the hut, and walked up the beach, hand in hand, taking their time. When they went in, the place looked like a hurricane had hit it. Every piece of furniture had been moved, even the carpets were rucked up. Mike looked to see if his

cameras were still in position. They were. One as a photo on the shelf and the others ornaments dotted round the room. It took a few minutes for Katrin and Mike to straighten the place out. They heard the bathwater pouring, confirming where Alex was. He thought it kinder to let her soak in the bath for half an hour or so. Mike slipped the cards out of the cameras, fitted them into the multi adaptor and plugged it into a USB port on his laptop.

“Do you want to see what they got up to, Katrin?” he asked conspiratorially. She grinned, nodded and shuffled alongside him.

The scenes had to be edited on fast forwarded, but Mike was expert at doing this, capturing the right angle to record as the scenes played out. The boys entered the apartment, and for a few minutes, there was an awkwardness, before Alex started to undo each of their belt buckles in turn, dropping their shorts to the floor. In a minute, they were all naked. The boys, by now, seeing her young, mature body, all had stiffies, which one by one Alex grabbed, as if assessing them for hardness and size. The ten year old boy came in her hand immediately she held him. “Much use he’ll be for a while,” she muttered.

Ricardo being the eldest, at eleven, took the initiative, and put his palm under Alex’s pussy, her legs spread enough to give him access. She took his cock in her hand and stroked him, seeing him grow, then to her annoyance, he too came in a messy blast in her hand. ‘This wasn’t going well,’ Alex’s expression said. It was as well she’d spread a large bed sheet over the carpet in the sitting room, as Mike had suggested, to catch the semen as it dripped. She turned to the two smaller boys, and grabbed both of their cocks, one in each hand, and gave them a few strokes, and the same happened. She looked upset. Her dream shattered.

Alex turned to Ricardo, who had sat on the settee since he’d cum. She went down onto hands and knees, and taking his shrivelled up cock in one hand, coaxed some life back into it. It partially grew, just enough for her to lean in and suck the end of it between her lips. She licked his tip with her tongue, feeling it slowly grow in her mouth. Finally, after about fifteen minutes, he was hard again.

Alex gestured for Ricardo to lie on his back on the floor. She wasted no time, before he might shrivel up again, straddled him, and sank straight down onto him, taking his three inches into her cunt in as many seconds. She immediately started a thrusting action, her hips moving forward and backwards over the boy. She was so pent up, so aroused, she was cuming in seconds. Ricardo didn’t take long though, and it was clear he came a few minutes after her, squirting his immature, infertile semen into the ‘Dama Blanca’.

The next boy took his place and ten minutes later the third, and so on, until all four had fucked Alex in her pussy. It wasn’t the most satisfying fuck she’d ever had, but it had made her cum and it was by far the most erotic, at least to her. The boys having now cum twice took a thirty minute break, and raided the fridge for drinks. They discussed in Spanish what to do next.

“Juan, you and me, we go together now, OK? You take her pussy again, I will take her bum. We’ll swap round later, like the beach man said.”

Juan lay on the floor, and held his arms up to Alex, who was waiting anxiously and straddled him, sinking onto his little stiff cock quickly. He pulled her down to his chest, and

kissed her in his immature way. He'd a lot to learn. As soon as she leaned down on him, Ricardo knelt behind her and put his hands on the globes of her bottom. Alex, surprised, looked over her shoulder, but realising what he was going to do, smiled, and turned back to Juan, sweeping her hips back and forth over his cock buried inside her.

Ricardo pushed his little end into her anus, and felt her clench. He pushed again, and suddenly slipped through the tightness of her sphincter, sliding his full three inches into her rectum. Juan, feeling his friend's cock against his through the thin skin dividing her vagina and rectum nodded to Ricardo. In a rhythmic motion, Ricardo would pull out as Juan pushed in. Quickly their pace built and they were going at it like little rabbits in no time. Juan grunted, then Ricardo, then Alex, and suddenly it was over.

They pulled out of her, and sat panting, grinning at each other for a moment. The two younger boys had been waiting for over an hour, and thought they were ready to go again, Ricardo explained what they needed to do now. They were all going to wait for the grand finale, so they switched the TV on and watched the football match. Barcelona vs. Real Madrid. The two older boys sat either side of Alex, and while they watched the game, they each had a finger in her sloppy wet pussy.

Finally the game ended, and in a pre-arranged movement, Juan lay on the floor, his newly tumescent cock held in his hand, pointing upwards. Ricardo gestured for Alex to squat over his friend, facing his feet. She thought he was going for her pussy once more. Juan, instead, guided his cock to her anus, still slippery from Ricardo's semen. She realised his intention, and lowered herself carefully down impaling the boy into her, sitting on him with her full weight. When she was down, Juan, took her by her shoulders, and gently pulled her back onto his chest.

Ricardo then lifted her feet, and folded her legs up and back, indicating to her to hold them to her chest. Alex was able to go one better. Because she was very gym fit, she tucked them behind her shoulders. Her whole pudenda was now completely exposed, with Juan's cock plugging her bum. Ricardo waved the two young boys in. They knew what to do, and had now had enough time to recover, while holding her, her thighs, side by side, partly angled inwards, and both brought their cocks to her vagina, which was slightly reddened, and dripping cum. They pressed to her, her labia bulged out, with the added pressure. There was a moment's pause, before they both popped in together. She gasped, their combined thickness was almost as thick as Kristofer's, although nowhere near as long; and his in turn, was nowhere as near as long, or as thick, as Mike's. She sighed, Katrin was so lucky. But Alex still enjoyed the sheer illicitness of being fucked all afternoon by four preteen boys.

Alex laid back, enjoying the feelings growing inside her, as the two little boys moved in her vagina, and Juan pushed in and out of her bum. The feelings Alex had experienced for the last couple of hours had blown her mind. She knew this was illegal, illicit, immoral and perverse, but the boys were enjoying it, and there was no question, so was she. Ricardo was watching, waiting. She wondered what he was going to do next, and she wondered what her surprise would be.

Ricardo said something to the three brothers in Spanish, which Alex couldn't understand, but immediately, they all started to thrust hard into her. She was cuming again before they thrust for the third time. It was all she'd ever dreamed of. She became aware then of

Ricardo. He knelt behind her head, his knees either side of her ears. He held her head with both hands, and tipped her chin up and back. She saw his little stiff cock waving before her eyes, coming closer. He pushed her jaw away, opening her mouth, and presented his crown to her lips. She sucked him in, savouring his taste, a mixture of his pre-cum and semen, his friends' semen, and her bum and cunt. A heady mixture.

Ricardo thrust hard into her mouth, feeling her sucking his crown. Her tongue running over his frænum. Again and again he thrust and she sucked and he was first to cum. He squirted a small pulse. It was his forth cum this afternoon, and he was spent. He sat back on his haunches, watching the others for a while, still going at it like rabbits. Ricardo collected his thoughts, and shuffled forwards, so he was sitting astride her stomach, her legs pressed to her chest, under his thighs.

The two younger boys both came together in her pussy, their little pulses making her cum yet again. Within seconds, they too slipped from her their tiny erections vanishing like snow in a desert. Ricardo had told them what to do, and they moved away from her and moved to hold her feet and legs where they were, so she couldn't move. Juan had managed to hold back and was still pumping his cock into her bum. Time for the surprise.

Ricardo leaned forward, and started to strum her clitoris, amazed, when she responded by cuming immediately once more. He worked her up and up, sensing when she was at her peak. Keeping his fingers working her hard, he smacked her with his right hand, as hard as he could, on her taught right buttock. She squealed, but before she could say anything, his hand came down again on her left buttock. Her thighs were so taut, bent in the position they were, the smacks were very sharp. He repeated it, but this time, the impact was on her right upper thigh, then her left. Again and again he smacked her, using all the strength he had, as Mike had instructed. His finger working her pussy felt as though it was sinking into a flood of her arousal fluid, and their own little boys' cum. For the last few smacks, he targeted her pudenda, and as his hand came down on her wet pussy, there was a most satisfactory clapping sound. She was delirious by now, almost out of her mind with her overwhelming orgasm. It was just continuous, and as intense as anything she'd ever experienced before. She hurt badly, but the strength of her climax more than made up for it. Far more. She just hoped she'd never stop cuming.

Mike clicked the "Finish editing and record" icon. "What do you reckon then, Katrin. Your mum's quite a goer, isn't she?"

Katrin was absolutely gob smacked. She'd never realised how sensual her mum was, nor how depraved she could be either. "That thing," Katrin said, "you know, Juan was doing in her bum. Is it nice or is it nasty? I've never heard of people doing it in there before."

"Well, Katrin," he said thoughtfully, remembering how much he enjoyed bugging her on the plane, "some women like it a lot, some like it to please their partner, and some don't like it at all. Everyone's different, I suppose. The only way you'd know is to try it sometime, I guess. The technique to stop it hurting, though, is to push, like you're trying to poo, as it goes in. It relaxes the muscles and opens everything up." He left her thinking about that, as he started to prepare the evening meal.

Alex had been in the bathroom for over an hour when she came out. All she was wearing was a pair of light white cotton knickers and a bra. She showed no embarrassment. Firstly, she knew Mike had seen her topless on the beach, with the smallest of bikini bottoms on and secondly, he'd arranged all the details of the best fuck of her life, and thirdly, he was a pedo and not interested in her anyway. She walked gingerly around, obviously quite sore. All over her upper thighs, were bruises showing where Ricardo had hit her. But the most telling of all, despite having been in the bath for so long, the crotch of her panties was damp.

The three enjoyed their baked fish. Katrin asked if she could have a glass of the chilled Chardonnay Mike had uncorked. Alex didn't object, perhaps thinking she'd broken a few of the rules herself that day. They watched the sunset across the bay to the west. Again the spectacular colours giving a wonderful end to a wonderful day.

It was still early, and Mike suggested a walk along the seafront, but Alex declined, saying she was sore, from this afternoon, and didn't want to aggravate it. "It was interesting," thought Mike, "she was quite open to discuss her behaviour."

"I've got a great movie you might like to watch," said Mike, winking at Katrin, who tried to hide her grin. He got up, and plugged in the HDMI lead, connecting the laptop to the TV, selected the edited hour clip and clicked "play". As soon as Alex realised what was on the tape, she gasped. Her immediate reaction was to switch the TV off, but knowing what was to cum, her curiosity overcame her reticence. After five minutes, Alex was gently pressing the front of her panties into her, stimulating herself. After ten, her hand was inside her knickers and after fifteen, the panties were around one of her ankles, and Mike and Katrin could see just how red her pussy was, the bruising coming out now, but still she masturbated, despite the discomfort.

Mike and Katrin were lying on the settee, cuddling, Mike against the seat back, spooning Katrin, lying in front of him, watching Alex watch the movie. He leaned into her ear, "fancy a fuck, darling?"

She turned her head towards him, over her shoulder. "I'm still really sore," she whispered. "Can we try it the other way, you know, in here?" she pointed towards her bottom. Mike's heart skipped a beat. He usually had to persuade or bribe girls to let him bugger them. It was rare to be asked.

"Do you mind your mum knowing, or do you want to do it secretly," he asked, "could be fun?"

"Secretly," she answered with a giggle. Katrin stretched and yawned. "I'm going to get ready for bed," she announced. Her mother muttered something, her eyes never leaving the TV, her hand openly masturbating herself, to the first, of what was to be, many climaxes.

Katrin went to the bathroom, she peed, washed, brushed her teeth, and came out wearing her diaphanous nightgown, he'd first seen yesterday morning, when she'd looked out of the window to see the sunrise. She walked over to Mike and lay back on the settee, lifting the gown above her waist at the back, cuddling into his form. What she didn't know was while she was in the bathroom, he'd nipped into his bedroom and removed his underwear,

and coated his cock in KY jelly. Leaving his boxers off, pulling up his shorts and put the little tube of KY in his pocket.

As soon as she settled, she was reaching behind her, feeling for his hard erection, searching for the clip holding his shorts around the waist, pushing his zip down, reaching in and hesitating when she found him so slippery and wet to the touch. Katrin felt Mike fiddle with his shorts, pushing them down a few inches, freeing his movement. She felt him move his hands to her buttocks and caress them for a moment. She felt him run his finger down her crack, finding and pressing it into her sensitive rosebud. She was so aroused by the secretiveness of what she was doing, she knew she would soon be cuming, like her mother, who was looking so wanton, with her legs far apart, her fingers working at her pussy making lewd squelching noises, as she cried out yet another climax.

Mike prised Katrin's bottom open, and pushed the nozzle of the tube to her anus. He knew exactly how much to squeeze the tube. He'd done it a hundred times before. He felt her clench as the cold goo squirted into her. On the screen, Ricardo, on his knees, was taking Alex's arse for the first time from behind. Alex was oblivious to anything else in the room, other than what she was doing between her own thighs.

Mike prised Katrin open again with his fingers of one hand and guided his cock to Katrin's anus with the other. He applied gentle pressure, and even felt her press back against him. Then he felt it, she was pushing. She had listened to him. She grunted quietly a couple of times, as she pushed again. After about a minute, she dilated just enough, for his crown to squeeze into her, popping through her sphincter. He felt her clench hard, his crown almost being chopped off at the roots. "Push," he whispered hoarsely. The pressure suddenly eased. They remained like that for several minutes, both watching Alex writhing in her chair, her orgasms taking their toll on her. How much more could she take. The movie had another forty minutes to run.

Suddenly, without applying any more pressure, Mike felt his cock start the long journey into her interior, her buttery passage parting for him, while he slid deeper and deeper into her rectum. She was so tight. What could be better than buggering a willing eight year old in front of her mother, without her mother's knowledge. He pressed his pubis into her buttocks. He was seven and a half, nearly eight inches into her bowels. She felt exquisite on his cock. Every little movement or clench she made caressed his crown wonderfully. Nothing could feel better.

They remained silent and unmoving for five or ten minutes. On the TV was Alex being fucked by the nine year old boy. An observer might have thought Alex seemed to be comatose, except for her fingers moving very slightly against her clit. At this point, Mike started a fucking motion, gently moving in and out of Katrin's bum an inch or two. At the same time, he slipped a hand under her nightgown, found her clitoris and while the child watched her mother play with herself, Mike started to bring Katrin slowly higher. Katrin came unexpectedly. He'd had no warning at all. She remained silent, but he could feel her rectum spasming on his cock, like fingers gripping him tightly, running up and down his shaft. It was exquisite.

He continued to strum her clit gently, while continuing his fuck motion, moving in and out now about six inches, but not forcing the pace. Every few minutes, she would silently cum again. She just so loved this. It was arousing, erotic, sensual and just the most wonderful

feeling possible. On the screen, now, Juan was underneath Alex. The two boys lining up to penetrate her together. It was about ten minutes from the end. Alex lay in her chair, her eyes just slits, her breathing, pants, her fingers now stationary, pressing hard into her clit. The only sign of her ongoing climax, was a fluttering of her belly.

Mike upped the stakes now, and started to fuck harder into Katrin, moving almost all the way out, before plunging hard right back in. He masturbated her clit harder now, feeling her climax clamping his cock so tightly. Finally, he could feel the signs, deep inside, as his prostate clenched, everything tightened up, and suddenly he was blasting into her bowels a stream of cum, one spurt after another, again and again. The only sign she made was a sharp intake of breath, when the first spurt fired into her, but after that, it was just her clenching rectum that told him how she was feeling. Slowly their pulses eased, his ejaculation ended, her climax diminished as it came to an end. He pulled his flaccid cock from her bum and quickly pulled up his shorts and zipped the front, as Katrin made a run for the bathroom. For several minutes, he kept hearing her farting into the pan, amplifying the sound.

She eventually came out, and cuddled back into him, on the settee. The movie had ended, and Alex lay asleep in her chair, her legs spread, one over each of the arms. A runnel of little boy cum ran from her in spoonfuls, the only visible sign of what had occurred earlier.

Mike suggested they went to bed a few minutes later. "What about Mum?" asked Katrin. "We can't just leave her there."

Mike went to the side of her chair, and in a quick movement, put one arm around her back, under her armpits and the other, he scooped up her legs under her knees. He lifted the young naked woman, her panties still swinging from one ankle, and carried her to her room, letting Katrin open the door and pull down the covers. She was certainly going to sleep well tonight.

= 11 =

Sunday Morning

Katrin was really tired when they went to bed, but they cuddled and chatted and caressed and fondled.

"Would you cuddle me closer when I sleep, Mike?" she asked.

"I can't get any closer than this," he answered, "I mean we're naked, we're spooning together, I'm holding you tight and you couldn't get a slip of paper in between us."

"No," she said, "I want you in me. All night. If I wake, I want to feel you in there. My pussy still stings a bit. Put it in my bum, please, I like it there."

Mike wriggled into position, and felt his cock slide easily into her bum, her tightness and warmth enveloping him. They were both asleep in just a few minutes.

Dawn broke, finding Mike looking out of the bedroom window, his naked form silhouetted against the faint light of the street below, and the horizon beyond. Mike was an unrepentant pedo. He accepted what he was, what he needed and what he was going to

get, by guile, charisma or even manipulation. He'd fucked over a hundred little girls, most of them many times; all of them below the age of puberty. But few had had the energy and desire of Katrin. She had awoken something new in him. This fabulously beautiful girl, with her piercing blue eyes, and long blond hair, and a seemingly insatiable appetite for sex had stirred something new inside him. Something disturbing. He was growing fond of her. He was getting emotionally attached. She was nine today, her birthday. He'd gone to the department store at the end of the street, and got a card, and in a moment of weakness, a present. The girl in the shop had kindly wrapped it for him.

"It won't do," he thought. "If I get too attached to this girl, I'll never keep my freedom to fuck any girl I choose." But another voice inside him nagged, telling him she was special and he needed to look after her when they got home. He heard her stir in the bed. He looked across, seeing in the dark, two glints as her eyes reflected the light from the rising dawn.

"Morning, Mike," she said, with a coquettish tone, "I'm not so sore this morning. Can I watch the dawn come up while you look after me? I want to remember today."

Mike took her by the hand, and led her to the sitting room. He opened the door leading to the balcony just enough to place the table in the doorway. He placed some cushions over the top, and indicated for her to bend over the table. She quickly took up her position, feeling the chill of the night air against her skin. He stood behind her, and placing his hands either side of her, already, engorged vulva, gently prised her open. He could see she was very aroused already, as he was himself. This wasn't going to be romantic, nor extended and teasing. This was going to be recreational sex. Both needed to cum, and cum soon.

He stood behind her, and guided his cock to her entry, feeling her labia part as he pressed in. She reached back, her fingers searching for her own entry, and pulled herself open, letting him dip into her hot, wet, vagina. He slipped in through the tight elastic ring, feeling her snap over the ridge of his crown. He paused, letting her body adjust, then, as her muscles relaxed on him, he pushed and kept pushing, feeling his cock sink deeper and deeper into her passage, her walls peeling open for him. Deeper. He hit her cervix, and knowing what had happened before, pulled back a little, and pressed in again, feeling her open to him, all the way. Again he paused, before pulling slowly out, nearly all the way, and back and out and back, commencing his fucking motion, like a mighty locomotive building speed and power, faster and faster, harder.

Katrin had woken this morning, feeling wonderful. She loved yesterday. He'd made her feel so good, so important. He'd taught her stuff, like licking his cum off that little girl. She pretended she was unsure about it, but it had turned her on so much. And he'd fucked her and let her mum eat her out. How cool was that? And last night, he'd fucked her bum. She'd never done it before, and yet she felt it had been familiar, like she had. But, it had felt so good, especially watching Mum on the movie with those little boys. And now here she was out in the cold night air, watching the horizon lighten over the warm sea, as he pounded into her from behind. She'd cum almost as soon as he'd touched her with his cock, but as he slid in, she climbed that mountain of pleasure once more, cuming harder. Katrin knew although she was only nine, now, she would want someone like Mike, to look after her, make her feel good. And, she knew it would never be little boys like Ricardo or Juan. She needed Mike, or someone like him, a real man.

Mike was going at her like a steam piston, pounding into her, slapping as his thighs hit her bum. He was rising, and already felt the warning signs. He knew she was happy, he'd felt her clamping on his cock right from the start, so even though it was going to be a 'quickie', both got immense pleasure from it, as he blasted his orgasm into her over and over, hearing her grunt quietly.

"Happy birthday, Katrin," he said, as he gently pulled out of her. He was surprised, to see Alex standing behind him, as he turned. He knew what she wanted, and waved her towards her daughter's exposed pussy. As he went to take a shower, he saw Alex kneeling behind Katrin, her face in the gap between her thighs, a rude sucking noise indicating what she was doing. He had to smile to himself. He'd been embedded up Katrin's rectum through the night, while they slept. As he closed the door, and knowing where Alex's face was right now, he heard Katrin fart a long loud wet one.

Breakfast was a really relaxed affair, with open and honest conversation. Mike, as he sipped his coffee, and chewed a croissant, asked Alex if she wanted Ricardo and the other boys to repeat yesterday's orgy, and she agreed. She even suggested he asked them to try doing some oral sex, this time. She'd loved the smacking, although it had left her a bit sore afterwards. When he asked her if she'd like a repeat, she just said: "Maybe". Mike took that as a yes.

"Would you like another surprise?" he asked her.

"Yes, OK, something different, though," was her answer. Mike already had something in mind.

"What are you doing today, apart from looking after the hut?" she asked.

"Nothing much, just the usual," he said, "but I do have a virgin to break in this morning. You can watch if you like. It's that Sefi, you know, the one who's having her first communion this afternoon."

Alex gasped. "But she's such a sweet innocent girl. I heard her talking to her grandmother. Why would she let you fuck her, it doesn't make sense?"

"It's because she's not the sweet innocent child you think she is. I caught her stealing yesterday, and, well, we had a little chat and I gave a couple of choices. She didn't like the idea of talking to the police, and having to explain to her grandmother what she'd done, and lose her halo. I got some nice photos of her yesterday. Here have a look." Mike swivelled his laptop round, and selected the set showing Sefi's striptease and salacious display to the camera. In some of the close-ups, her doomed, stretched hymen was clearly visible to see

"Bloody hell," she muttered, "you think you know someone is whiter than white, and then you find they are no better than the rest of us. You don't mind me watching you fuck her?"

"No, not at all," he responded. "Have you ever tasted virgin blood? It's quite unique. You won't get the chance very often. You can clean her up afterwards, if you like. You're good

at that. " She nodded, but he noticed without blushing, this time. Her face shining with anticipation.

Mike opened up the hut in his usual style and had everything laid out as the first sun worshipers started to troop down on what promised to be a busy, hot Sunday. A young German family were some of the first to ask for a couple of loungers, a sand mat and an umbrella. The husband and wife were, he supposed both around thirty, with identical twin daughters of about ten or eleven. They were relieved he could speak good German, as they spoke no Spanish, and little English. They hit it off with him immediately. Like most Germans, the woman was a topless sunbather, and was lying on her lounge minutes after they arrived. Mike noticed she had a lovely figure and very pert boobs, that hardly wobbled when she moved.

Lucia arrived with her sister about that same time, and took up her usual place in the sand, close to the Germans. She was soon stripped off, as usual, and walked down to have her paddle and swim in the sea. Likewise, the ladies in black arrived, and Mike cleared a space for them, as he'd done the previous day. They were looking very smart, ready for the ceremony in the afternoon, in the cathedral. Mike asked where Sefi was.

"Oh, she'll be here in a few minutes," her grandmother answered. "She was just putting her dress on when we left. She looks so pretty. Could we ask a favour, though?" He nodded. "Would you hang up her dress in the hut until it's time to go to the service? We don't want her to crease it or get it stained."

"Of course," he replied, smoothly, "it would be my pleasure."

Just as he'd spoken, Mike saw Sefarina walk down the steps onto the sand at the top of the beach. She was wearing a beautiful long white dress, which came down to her ankles. It was layered, like a Spanish flamenco dress, but made in white, with silver trim. It was fastened up the back with mother of pearl buttons. Her neckline plunged between her small breasts, the gap filled with a triangular shaped chiffon type gauze, showing just enough, thought Mike, to make the bishop's mouth water.

Sefi's grandmother smiled at her and they spoke for a moment, before getting up and walking with her to the hut, where she told Sefi to turn around, while she undid the buttons. The old lady expertly released the dress, and asked her to raise her arms. She lifted the dress off her and held it up smiling for Mike to admire. He said all the correct things, making the lady smile. Sefi was now standing in her brand new white satin knickers, long socks and black shiny shoes.

"Go inside the hut, darling," her grandmother instructed, "and hang up your dress and take off your shoes and socks, there's a good girl." Grandmother handed her a coat hanger, she'd brought for the purpose. "She's such a good girl," Granny smiled at Mike, "I wish the others were like her," she said, before turning and resuming her seat under the umbrella. "So do I," thought Mike, "so do I." After a minute, Sefarina came out into the sunlight, completely naked and wandered over to her family.

Sefi was about to pull on her new swimsuit, when the German twins' mother spoke to her and her grandmother. Mike, realising they had no common language offered to translate for them.

"Are the children allowed to be naked on this beach?" she asked.

"Yes," came the reply, "we let our girls wear nothing if they like, until they are a little older than Sefi, here. It's up to them." She pointed to the girl. "After that, it's probably better they wear something. At her age, sometimes she wears a costume and other times she doesn't bother."

Sefi, dropped her new swimsuit and went over to join the twins, who were now naked. She played in the sand with them for a while. With a prompt from Sefi, they asked their mother if they could go out in the canoes. She agreed and looked at Mike, who said they would need lifejackets fitting. The three girls followed him into the hut, where he told them to pick one they thought would be the right size. In the process of adjusting the straps, he was able to molest them a little, his hands 'accidentally' passing over their boobs, or bums, as the straps were fixed. In the case of Sefi, when the twins were facing the other way, he ran his finger through her cleft slowly and whispered in her ear: "looking forward to later on?" She blushed.

He went down to the water's edge with them, and helped them into and launch the canoes, before returning to the hut. On the way back, he saw Alex and Katrin walking down the steps onto the sand. Alex was walking with a slight limp, but had a wide smile on her face. He saw Ricardo, still sitting with his grandmother, obviously waiting. He raised his head, looking at her. Mike knew both Ricardo and Alex would enjoy another replay later.

He chatted to the ladies in black, complimenting them on Sefarina's lovely dress. Just at that moment, Alex joined the little group. Katrin, spotting Lucia across the beach, went to join her.

"Yes, it is a nice dress, isn't it?" said Granny, "A friend made it for her as a present. We'll have to leave a little early to have her hair done on the way to the cathedral."

"Oh," said Alex, "I could do her hair for you if you like. I am a hairdresser and beautician. It was my work, before I joined my brother's company. It would be my present on her special day. I'll go up to the flat later and bring my combs and scissors down."

"That's very kind of you," said Granny, "thank you."

"Perfect," thought Mike, who had been wondering how to get the girl into the hut for an hour later.

"What time will you need to go?" asked Alex, thinking exactly the same as Mike, "for the make-up and hair, I will need her for just over an hour."

"Oh, about twelve noon, would be good," the old lady replied, "I'll make sure she's with you before eleven. She can play with her new friends, until then."

Mike did his rounds, and was soon back in the hut, sitting, having a drink. Alex was outside making the most of the sun on a lounge. He was sitting beside the wall of the hut,

adjacent to where the German couple were, just the other side of the thin wooden wall. He heard some muffled words of conversation, not sure if he'd got it right. He grabbed his phone, and pressed a special app he used for eavesdropping. And pressed it to the wall. He could only hear the occasional word, but the recording would hear everything, he hoped. The conversation ended, and Mike pressed the replay button to listen. The conversation, of course, was in German.

"Did you remember to encrypt the pictures you took of Liesel and Gretl, last night?" asked a man. Mike recognised his voice as the twins' father.

"Yes, of course, I am not stupid, you know," replied his wife. "Do you want my phone to Airdrop them to your phone?"

"Yes, if you would, please."

"What's your access code again?" she asked.

"5390," he said "same as yours."

"Make sure you encrypt the file. It's the same code."

"That's great, Regine," he said, "they all came through."

Mike opened up a special app on his phone, which could fool other phones into sending files through Airdrop, as long as they were close by, but he needed the access codes to do so, which he now had. Sure enough, he was close enough to link to both their phones. He quickly scanned through the photo files. Most were innocuous. However, a whole section were encrypted. He selected those and pressed the button to transmit. His phone being rather special, downloaded them in moments. He scanned the second phone, and only found the same files there, so closed the connection. He plugged the phone into the laptop, transferred them, clicked on the first, entered the decrypt code and whistled through his teeth.

The very first picture, showed the man sitting on a carpet, leaning against a wall, with one of the twins in his lap, cuddling her to his chest, his erect cock curving up into her vagina, balls deep. Her bald mons and spread cleft open to the camera. His hands covered her underdeveloped boobs, her nipples showing between his fingers. Beside him, the other twin sat, her knees up, but parted, her pedomom mother buried between her thighs, eating her out.

The next picture showed a similar scene, the man in the other girl. The mother fingering her sister. The only differential between the girls being, one had a blue hair ribbon, the other red.

There were twenty photos in all, showing every position possible. Certainly they appeared to be one happy family. Mike saved the file to his own encrypted file, and shut the computer down. "Interesting," he thought, "how to use this piece of information to his own advantage?" He reckoned he could either use the photos as blackmail to fuck the girls in return for his silence, or induce the Germans to come to the apartment tonight for a little orgy. The problem was, he didn't know if Katrin would be willing, or Sefarina available.

"No," he decided, "nice as an orgy might be, it would get complicated. Just fuck the girls and be done with it. They were very beautiful, any pedo's dream, and worth two more blue Dots on his cock."

Mike knew he had to make time for Sefi at 11:00. He glanced at his watch. It was still only 08:30. He reckoned he could just about pull in Lucia in a few minutes time and then fuck the twins before he closed up for the night later. "His diary was getting full," he smiled to himself.

Mike walked outside and found the two Germans chatting, enjoying their holiday in the sunshine. He sat near them and handed each an ice lolly, he'd just pulled from the freezer.

"Your first time to Spain?" he enquired.

"Yes," said the woman, who he knew was called Regine, "we got a last minute deal for €100 each and half price for the kids, so here we are. We usually go to the Black Forest. There are some very good naturist resorts there. Very friendly people too."

"Yes," said the man, who he later learned was called Hans, "we enjoy the open air and the sun. Are there any naturist beaches here, anywhere?"

"Yes," said Mike, "there's several nearby, public places, no charge. The nearest is about five miles east of here, that's about eight kilometres."

"Great, thanks for the advice," said Hans, "we like taking the girls where they can enjoy the freedom of naturism."

"They seem to be doing that right now," chuckled Mike, as he saw the three girls land the canoes and climb out, wearing only the life jackets. "One thing I'd really like to know," he continued.

"Hmm, what's that?" asked Hans.

"How do you tell your girls apart?" he asked, "I mean, they are so alike, how do you tell?"

"There are little differences," said Regine, "Gretl has a freckle on the side of her neck on the left, and Liesel has the same, but on the right."

"That's interesting," said Mike, "do they feel the same? You know, if you tickle them, are they just as sensitive? Do they have the same emotions, are they good at the same things at school?"

"Yes," said Hans, "absolutely the same."

"So when you fuck them, can you tell the difference? Do they feel the same deep inside, are they identical?"

There was a stunned silence. Both Regine and Hans were frozen to the spot, not quite knowing how to react.

“Do they both like doing the same things in bed,” he continued, “I’m really interested to know? Do you like fucking them both together?”

“You don’t know what you’re saying,” blustered Hans, “be careful what you accuse us of.” He lapsed into silence seeing Mike’s expression. Regine, clearly the thoughtful one, red in the face, remained quiet.

Mike took his phone out of his pocket and clicked into the one picture of the girls with their parents he’d kept on the phone. “I know what you get up to,” he said “those pictures you took are really good. Both of them seem to like you fucking them and eating them out. Here, I have one of the pictures on my phone. They’re obviously enjoying themselves.” He showed it to them, seeing their guilt colour their faces.

“What are you going to do?” asked Regine, the first to collect her thoughts. “We aren’t rich people, we can’t pay you. Are you going to report us to the police?”

“No,” answered Mike in a reassuring voice, “nothing like that. Don’t worry, I won’t extort money, or even report you to the police. There is only one thing I would like. I’ve always wanted to fuck some young twins myself. See what it’s like, would I be able to tell the difference? Let me fuck the two of them together, and we’ll say no more about it.”

The two looked at each other, shocked, stunned, speechless, appalled.

“I will leave you two alone to chat about it for a minute,” he said. “I’ll be under the awning having a beer. When you have decided, you know where to find me.”

Mike expected them to argue about it, with each other and with him, for the rest of the day, so he was surprised when they walked round to speak to him ten minutes later.

“We’ve discussed it,” said Regine, clearly the dominant one of the two, “and we’ve decided to agree to your demand.”

Her husband nodded. “But there is one condition,” he added, “we want to be there, so we can watch....”

“No, quiet, you fool,” she spat, chastising and silencing him. “We need to be there, so we ensure that you don’t hurt them in any way, to protect them.” She licked her lips, as she looked at Mike. In that moment, Mike knew why they would be there, and so did she.

Mike smiled at them. “Don’t worry,” he said, “I’ll make sure they have the time of their lives. They’ll love it,” he looked at their expressions, “and I think you will too.”

A few minutes later, he was sitting under the awning alone. Mike looked around, and saw Lucia hovering near the ladies in black. He glanced at his watch. It was the usual time for her choc-ice. He caught her eye and nodded her over. He grinned, when her chubby little naked bottom and tummy wobbled, as she weaved between the family groups lying on the sand. She was still wet from swimming in the sea, water dripping on the sunbathers as she passed.

Mike walked into the backroom and held the door for her, locking it as she entered. "You can choose your ice cream when you go, Lucia, and if you do as I ask nicely, you can have two." Her eyes lit up. Mike dropped his shorts and speedos onto a chair, and shrugged off his tea shirt. He held out his arms for her to cuddle into him, his, now tumescent, cock pressed against her chest just below her chin.

"Has Carlos ever asked you to give him a proper blow job, Lucia? You know, when you swallow." Mike already knew the answer, but wanted her to say it.

"Si señor," she responded. "Every week on Sunday, he always wants me to do it. Always on a Sunday." She looked at him coquettishly. "Today is Sunday, señor." She went to grab his cock, which was only a couple of inches below her mouth, but he shook his head.

"May I show you another way, Lucia?" Mike patted the edge of the table. She looked puzzled, but, with a lift from Mike under her armpits, hopped up, sitting on the edge, her little thin legs swinging in the air. He pushed her gently back, so she was lying on the table, then placing an arm under her waist, and the other over her, cupping her shoulder, he pulled her towards him. As she lifted away from the table, her head dropped down and her legs went up. She was now upside down, as he pulled her tight into a cuddle against his chest. She squealed in surprise, but realising she wasn't going to fall in his tight grip, she giggled and relaxed.

Mike now had Lucia's pussy directly under his face, and when he asked her to do the splits, her legs fell away either side, horizontally, her whole pudenda opening up for him. She obviously knew what was expected, because he felt her grasp his cock in one of her little hands. In moments, there was wet warmth engulfing him and hot breath against his pubis, as she sucked him in. Following the talk with the Germans, a lot of pre-cum had collected under his foreskin, and as she sucked, he felt the release from his tip, her tongue licking around his end and a sucking sound. Suddenly, she pulled him right in, and he felt his crown squeezed between her tongue and the roof of her mouth. She was sucking continuously, her mouth working on him, like a milkmaid on a cow's teats.

Mike dipped his face down into her pudenda, and started to explore her whole cleft with his tongue and lips and eyes. Up until now, only his cock had explored between her thighs, but now a whole new world opened up to him, as did her labia, as his tongue pressed between them. He found her vagina, a tiny, wet, pink and coral coloured tunnel, her little hymen stretched taut by the position of her legs. He pushed into her entry, tasting her arousal, but tasting the saltiness of the sea more, several grains of sand sticking to her mucus and now his tongue. He licked her tiny bead of a clit, poking out from her little cowl, engorged. He was always surprised, and excited, when little ones, like her became aroused, as she was. He'd seen arousal in girls as young as four and climaxes in two year olds.

They settled into an unhurried session of oral sex. He probing deep between the six year old's labia, pressing into her crack, finding arousal, her little girl taste, her nectar. She sucking as hard as she had ever done before. This big man was making her feel so nice. She wanted to do the same for him. Then suddenly, she came, she trembled, her whole tummy shivering. It made her lose control. Mike sucking her pussy, engulfing her whole cleft in his mouth, his tongue working hard in her, suddenly tasted her cum, as she

squirted into his mouth, feeling her quiver, hearing her moan, sucking him even harder. It put him over the top, and he came too, suddenly feeling vertigo, needing to lean his bum back against the table, ensuring he didn't drop her. Then his climax really overtook him, as he exploded and blasted and spurted far into her throat. She'd felt that first little pulse, warning her, and as he emptied himself into her mouth, she swallowed and swallowed, not a drop wasted. She loved the flavour almost as much as her ice cream rewards. She knew she would always be popular with the boys. Holding power over them, was something she was yet to learn. Already, Ricardo often came to see her now, sometimes once or twice a week.

= 12 =

Sunday Late Morning

The morning went on, with hundreds of Spanish and tourist families crowding onto the popular beach, squeezing into the ever reducing spaces between their neighbours. Mike kept bringing more and more umbrellas, mats and loungers out as demand continued. He'd never been so busy. He noticed that with the ladies in black's girls, Lucia, Katrin and the German twins all naked, that other families tended to follow suit. He'd never seen so many naked little girls playing on the sand, as were before him at that moment. Every now and then, he sneaked into the hut and photographed what he could, from the deep shadows, which was plenty.

Alex gave Mike the nod when it was coming up to eleven o'clock. She came into the hut, and pulled on her shorts and loose T-shirt, over her bikini. She approached the ladies in black, and said she was ready to do the makeup and hair for Sefarina, whenever she was ready. Granny moved to come in with the girl, but Alex waved her back to her chair saying she preferred to work alone. She took Sefi by the hand and walked her into the hut, where Mike and Katrin were waiting for her, both already naked, as she was herself. The door was firmly locked.

There was no time to waste. First, he wanted to put her at her ease, so held out his arms and, with a half smile, she came to him and buried her face into his hairy chest as he cuddled her to him. He quickly ran his hand up and down her back, and over her curvaceous bottom. She felt his hand exploring her bottom crack and his hard cock pressing into her tummy. Ever since yesterday she'd thought of nothing but the wonderful feelings he'd given her and how he'd promised today would be even better. She knew what they were about to do was naughty, really naughty, but she was excited and looking forward to it.

Mike lifted her up onto the table, and asked Katrin and Alex to each hold one of her legs, while he indicated to Sefi to lie back. He pulled her towards the edge, so her bum was now overhanging the table, but she was well supported by Katrin and her mother holding her legs. On Mike's signal, they moved her legs further and further apart, until she was in a full splits. Mike then knelt down, and sucked in the whole of her pudenda into his mouth, his tongue, for the second time this morning, running up and down the cleft of a Spanish virgin.

He knew she was very aroused immediately he touched her. Her taste, her response to his touch, her eyes, even her smell. He wanted this to be special, memorable for the child. He didn't just want to give her a quickie fuck, take her virginity and wave her off, and wait

for the twins. He wanted this to be more special for her. So he'd arranged something a little different with Alex. Sefi started to rise quickly. He'd only been eating her out for a few minutes, and already she was showing all the symptoms of closing in on her first orgasm of her deflowerment. Her vagina was flowing with her arousal. She smelled of her sex. Some girls did, some didn't. She just did. There was little he could do about that. He wondered if the bishop would notice it too. Mike let her slip into her climax, coaxing her with all his skill on her clitty. She gasped, as the first pulse of blissful pleasure hit her deep inside, pushing out to her pussy, where Mike coaxed more and more delight for her.

When she calmed down, he asked her if she was ready. She smiled and nodded. Mike stood and holding his cock with one hand, guided it to her open vagina, rubbing as much pre-cum into her as he could. She was so aroused herself, there was no shortage of lubrication. He pressed his tip into her entry, watching her labia bulge and lighten in colour. He eased and pressed again, and again. He expected this to take perhaps ten minutes to breach her entry; it took three. Suddenly he popped through and he felt himself pressing against the tight membrane of her hymen. She gasped, Mike gasped, Alex and Katrin both gasped.

Using his thumb, he started to strum her clit again, hoping to stimulate her, return her up to the high plains of pleasure again. He wasn't disappointed, soon she was rising, and just as she gasped with the onslaught of her climax, he pushed through her barrier, which melted away, as some do. She never felt a thing, and he sank deeper and deeper into her. She felt that, though, and her orgasm went up another level. She'd been told she had to remain silent, being under the open skylight, as she was, and a hundred people within calling distance. It excited her. She couldn't believe, though, just how wonderful it was to feel his cock sinking into her, almost reaching that itch, deep inside, and yet, she could see he had only got half of his thick cock into her. Then he bumped into her end, and the itch was scratched, and she crashed into a, yet deeper, climax. She'd never felt anything like it before. He might have threatened her yesterday with reporting her to the police, unless she did what he wanted, but she was now really glad he had. She was enjoying herself more than anything she'd ever done in her short ten years of life, and already knew this would not be a unique experience. She was definitely going to do this again. She would need to talk to her brother Ricardo.

Mike decided it was now time, and nodded to Alex. She and Katrin pulled Sefi's legs back from the splits and released her. Katrin went over to the white dress hanging in it's polythene cover, took it down and unwrapped it. Alex helped Mike get onto the table, without him needing to uncouple from Sefi. He turned and lay back, bringing Sefi up, above and astride him. Katrin handed her the dress. Mike told Sefi they were going to drop the dress over her head and to put her arms up. Alex and Katrin lifted it over her, and watched as Sefi wriggled her arms into the sleeves. They went behind her and in moments, clipped the mother-of-pearl buttons up. The dress was on and looked fabulous.

Sefi was in a world of her own, flashing lights behind her eyes, pulses of pleasure flowing through her, overwhelmed her mind, as she knelt over the big man, his cock pressing into her deepest part, yet still over two inches to go. She tried to drop onto him further, but he was in as far as her tight little body would allow. Mike now started to buck his hips, pushing and pulling his cock into the child, humping her properly, feeling her tight vagina pulse on his cock, as her orgasm continued unabated. Alex lifted the hem of the dress up, so they could all see what was happening beneath. Her virginal dress, so pure, so

uncontaminated covering a different truth beneath. Katrin now pointing the camera, not sure how to use it, but hearing the shutter click, knowing he'd be pleased and reward her later. So good.

Something about the illicitness of the virgin girl in her pure white virginal frock, being deflowered on his cock and watched by two other females turned Mike on to such an extent, that he knew he was going to cum far sooner than he'd intended, and cum he did, blasting his semen into the girl, hearing her cry out in ecstasy, despite her being warned to keep quiet. Seeing her face screwed up in the agony and ecstasy beyond measure, pure bliss. Tears fell from her eyes, but they were tears of joy, not pain, feeling his cock pumping his semen deep into her tight vagina, again and again. She looked down, and realised she was sitting on his groin, his hair scrunching into her pussy. He was all the way into her. So good. The others looked where she was staring. A small pool of semen had leaked from her. It was pink, with red streaks. They all thought the same. Keep the dress clean!

Her orgasm had started as soon as he'd first touched her with his tongue and hadn't eased off since, just intensified. Her whole body shook with pleasure. She must have this again. She already knew she would be back on the beach, tomorrow, as soon as he opened the hut in the morning. She knew Mike was leaving the following evening, and wondered if Carlos might be.....

Alex and Katrin held the dress well out of the way, as Mike helped Sefi lift herself off him. Katrin went to grab a towel, but passed the satin/silk panties first by mistake. They went into Sefi's crotch, the mistake being realised, too late. They were blood stained beyond use and cast aside. Sefi remained kneeling, her thighs well apart, as she held a towel to her pussy, while semen ran from her vagina. It would have been so much easier if she could have rinsed herself in the sea, but that was no longer an option. It was 11:45, fifteen minutes to go.

Alex folded a fresh towel twice, and placing it on the table's edge, motioned Sefi to sit on it. Alex made her part her legs as much as possible. She then took out her hairdressing set, and with amazing speed commenced arranging Sefi's hair. Using gas tongs, she curled the sides, piled up the back on top and made a long plait to act as a highlight across her crown. Meanwhile, on Alex's instruction, Katrin, using a little brush, applied foundation powder to Sefi's face. As soon as Alex had completed her hair, she took a blue eye liner pencil and in a few seconds transformed the girl into a beautiful young woman. She looked gorgeous. Some light pink lipstick completed the beautification. Alex tied on one of her shoes, Katrin the other. Mike was poised with his camera. As Sefi hopped off the table, she asked how she looked. Their expressions answered her question. Mike took several shots of her standing, looking beautiful in her first communion dress, her hair and face looking perfect. He then asked Katrin and Alex to lift the hem of the dress, to show what was underneath. There was a wet trickle was running down the inside of one of her thighs. They all grinned, at the thought of the secret only she would know in the cathedral.

As Sefi left the hut, it was like a wedding. Both the elderly ladies in black were in tears, looking at the beautiful girl, they had known since her birth, in her exquisite confirmation dress. Her hair and face giving her poise. She was the picture of pure innocence. As they walked up the beach, people stood and clapped in appreciation, while they watched the

young girl going to the cathedral with her family. They couldn't see she was not wearing underwear, nor the pink wetness, running down her thighs.

It was coming up for the hottest time of the day, and after Mike did his rounds once more, he came and sat under the awning near Katrin and Alex, who always seemed to be lying in the sun. To the side, he noticed the German family, sitting in a circle, talking animatedly. Every now and then, one or the other of the twins would look over at Mike, eyeing him up, appraising. He decided to break the ice for them, and taking four of the most popular ice lollies, he walked over and sat down near them. He gave the girls a choice of flavours, and handed the other two to the parents.

"Where do you go to school, girls?" he asked. "What are your favourite subjects? Are you good at sports?" and so on. They warmed to him slowly. "Would you like another go in the canoes?" clinched it, and they were suddenly stimulated. He waved Katrin and Lucia over and asked if they'd all like to go out in the canoes together. Ten minutes later, he pushed the last of the boats off the sand and walked back to the shelter of the awning.

Regine and Hans came and sat with him "Thank you for coming to speak to the girls," Regine said, "they were worried about what we had asked them to do, later, even frightened."

"I saw you talking to them, and their worried expressions, and thought it might help," Mike said. "I'm going to be in the hut for a few minutes. If your girls would like to come in and get to know me for a while, that would be fine. If it helps, I don't mind you watching later, when I fuck your girls. Is there anything they particularly like or dislike, by-the-way?"

Hans looked at Regine enquiringly and pursed his lips. There was no doubt at all who was boss in their family. She nodded "They like doing it all ways," she replied, "they have tried every position. Even in the bum and mouth. They like both, but don't like oral after anal, though. They hate that. But they do have a favourite way, and as it's their first time with you, maybe you should do it that way. They like to get into a cuddle, face to face, one on top of the other. Then you fuck one for a few minutes, then the other, then back to the first and so on. After a while, you can roll them over, so the one below is now on top, They both like you to do it quite hard. Harder than you might think, in fact. They'll tell you."

Mike handed them each a lager, and they sat silently, watching the little groups of naked children, running around playing on the sand. After about twenty minutes, the four canoes came back into the shore and the girls got out, helped by Mike, who pulled the boats above the slight surf line. As he walked up, Katrin and Lucia each held one of his hands, and the twins followed close behind, also holding hands. Mike noticed the German couple had left the hut and were now back in their own spot, round the side.

They'd all been in the hot sun for a while, so Mike opened the freezer and gave each a free choice. They all chose something different.

"Katrin," asked Mike, in Russian "do you fancy a quick fuck?"

"Yes of course," she replied, "you don't need to ask, you know."

“OK,” said Mike, “take the other girls into the backroom, with you. I will join you in a minute.” He went over to let Alex know where he would be, and told her that Liesel and Gretl, the German girls would be with him, watching.

He entered the backroom and locked the door behind him. He told Lucia, in Spanish, he was about to fuck Katrin, and she could stay and watch if she wanted, or go and play outside. She opted to stay. Changing to German, he said to Liesel and Gretl: “Did your mum and dad speak to you about what we might do later on today?” They nodded shyly. “Katrin and I are going to play around for a few minutes, now, like you and I will later. Would you like to stay and watch?” The two girls looked at each other and nodded.

“But if you’re going to watch me,” he continued, “then it’s only fair I’m allowed to touch you both at the same time, don’t you think? You’re allowed to touch us too if you want to.” The girls once again looked at each other, their silent communication taking moments only, before they turned to him and nodded again.

“Which way would you like to do it, Katrin?” he asked. He repeated this in German.

“This time, I want you to come in me from behind,” she answered, “you go in deeper that way.” Again he translated for the twins, who were now showing signs of interest.

Katrin picked up several towels from the pile, and laid them over the edge of the table, making a thick cushion of them, before bending over them and gripping the far edge of the table. Mike looked at the twins and tapped the table top. “Why don’t you two make yourselves comfortable on here either side of Katrin?”

Mike now shucked off his T-shirt, and as he pushed his shorts down together with his speedos, there was a gasp from the twins, when they saw how thick and long his cock was, as it sprang into view, slapping against his stomach.

“Mein Gott,” said one of them, “it’s so much bigger than Papa’s, we’ll never fit it in.”

“Nein,” said the other, with a grin, “but it will be fun trying. You know, I think it’s even bigger than any of the men’s in the Pedo Club.” Her sister nodded. She couldn’t wait to tell all the other girls in the club about this.

Mike wasted no time, and quickly grabbed Katrin’s buttocks, and gently pulled them apart, watching her cleft open up for him. He pressed his tip into her vagina entry, watching his pre-cum ooze in and around her labia. She curled herself up to meet his pressure, and quite soon, she dilated, and he popped in, her entry muscles snapping around his crown. He paused, and looked at the twins, while Katrin’s body adjusted for a moment.

Liesel and Gretl were sitting on the table, either side of Katrin. Both were semi recumbent, leaning back on their elbows, so they could see, their feet on the edge of the table, their knees now spread so he could touch them, as he’d asked. They were both surprised he’d been able to get into Katrin’s pussy so easily. They’d both thought it would take much longer.

Katrin was ready, and Mike started the long slow plunge into her. He bumped her cervix, and heard her usual grunt, before pulling back and then in again. Already Katrin was

breathing in shorter sharper pants, her arousal evident. He reached out now and placed a hand on each of the twins thighs, just below their pussies. He squeezed them reassuringly, as he continued to thrust into Katrin, faster now. He slipped his fingers higher, feeling the crease where their vulvas met their thighs, and sloped his movement inwards, his middle fingers running over their clefts, feeling their firmness, their shape, even their dampness. His fingers found the entrances to their vaginas, and slipped into their aroused interiors easily. He felt both of them tense, not in pain or discomfort, but because he was bringing them pleasure, even at this early stage.

Katrin's vagina had begun to squeeze Mike's cock in a pulsing spasm, as the little girl tumbled into her first climax. She so loved fucking now. She got so much pleasure from it. And here she was on her ninth birthday enjoying her second one of the day, and she knew it wouldn't be the last.

Feeling the two German girls pressed against her sides, enhanced Katrin's pleasure. It was so illicit, so naughty, Mike fingering two other girls while he fucked deeply into her. She came again, as he slipped even deeper into her, that deepest part, where his cock just had to touch her, and it felt wonderful. Katrin had led a sheltered life, protected by her parents, for reasons she wouldn't have understood, had she known. Then in the last few days, Mike had come into her life and it had changed. She'd loved her dad, but now he was dead, and suddenly there was Mike, and she loved him too, but differently. And now he was fucking her, deep inside her, where she needed him. So good, so nice.

Liesel and Gretl were by now moaning, while Mike's wet fingers worked into them, as far as he could reach, and his thumbs massaged their clits continuously, bringing them higher. Things were coming to a head, and all of a sudden, Katrin came again. But not her usual shivering, gentle, soothing cum, but an explosive surge deep inside her. Her sudden intense climax, squeezing Mike's cock, made him cum and jerk his fingers. Simultaneously, the twins now came too, Mike feeling his hands suddenly soaked, as they ejaculated their own hot, wet juices into his palms. The four of them all came together, and Mike just hoped no one outside could hear the noise within.

He was breathless, as his pulses finally eased off and stopped. Katrin was trying to catch her breath, as were the twins. Mike slipped his fingers from the twins' pussies, hearing a sucking sound as he did so. Both of them lay still for a couple of minutes, letting their intense climax finally calm to nothing. They looked at each other and nodded. They both knew their turn, later that afternoon, was going to be something special. Something to look forward to. They couldn't wait to tell Daddy.

= 13 =

Sunday Afternoon

The heat of the day again drove everyone under their umbrellas. Mike had hired out every single one there was. He had a steady flow of customers wanting ice cream and enjoyed holding the little girls as they reached deep into the deep freeze, making their choices.

Ricardo had come over with the three brothers. They were looking keen and eyed Alex up, as they received their instructions from Mike. She had wanted and asked for another surprise. Mike handed Ricardo a small shopping bag. Inside, were four lengths of cord, Carlos used for tying down items, when the wind got up. He instructed Ricardo that they

were to use her in any way they wished, like they had yesterday, but at the end, they were to tie her down to the dining table, fixing the cords to the table legs. Lastly, Mike told Ricardo where he would find Alex's vibrator, which he had put in a drawer, and they were to shove it into her, switch it on, and leave her like that when they left. The boys were laughing, as they walked up the sand, followed by a bemused, but excited Alex.

Mike looked down the beach and could see Katrin, playing in the shallows of the surf, with the twins and Lucia. He was looking forward to fucking the two German girls. He'd never had two together before, and he was already becoming erect at the thought. He quickly did his rounds, taking rent and serving customers, before he spent a couple of hours sitting under the shade of the awning, watching and occasionally photographing the little kiddies running around, playing on the sand and in the slight surf.

People started to drift away. There was a big game on TV later, and being Sunday, had things to be doing, so by mid to late afternoon, there was a steady drift of people leaving the sand. Mike spent his time collecting in the hire equipment, so that there wouldn't be a lot of work at the last minute. The four girls had spent all afternoon together splashing in the water, enjoying themselves. At about five o'clock, Mike saw Ricardo and the three brothers walking along the far side of the street, making their way home. They waved to him, smiles on their faces. Clearly they'd had a great afternoon.

It was about five thirty, when Mike decided he would close up for the day. He walked around the last sunbathers and told them to leave the loungers and mats where they were, when they left, he would return and clear up later. He suggested to Hans and Regine that they might like to slip into the hut, as if just returning their beach mats to be inconspicuous. He walked down to the water's edge, and picking up the last canoe, told Katrin quietly that it was time. He carried the canoe back to the hut, and as he lowered it, noticed the three girls following him. Lucia, now in her swimsuit and sandals, was walking across the beach, to join her sister.

Mike locked the door behind the girls, as they all crowded into the small backroom. Hans and Regine, looking almost hungry with anticipation, were sitting on a pair of plastic beach chairs.

Hans nodded to Katrin as he asked "Is it alright if I touch the Russian girl?"

Mike felt irritated with him. He hadn't taken the trouble to find out Katrin's name, or even her nationality, and yet he was asking Mike, not Katrin, if he could molest her.

"Ask her yourself," Mike said curtly, "I'll translate for you."

Mike quickly told her what had been said, and that she didn't have to do anything she didn't want to. She eyed Hans up. She hadn't really taken any notice of him up until now.

"Tell him he can touch me on the outside," said Katrin emphatically. She liked the German girls, and didn't want to upset them. "But, definitely no fingers. If he pokes me," she continued, "I'll slap him. I won't touch his tiny cock, either."

Mike translated, leaving out the last comment, and Hans nodded, with a little smile, almost a sneer, on his face.

“OK,” said Mike, “let the show begin.”

Regine stood and came to the table, and in an obviously well practiced manoeuvre, helped by lifting first Liesel, telling her how to lie back, face up on the table, and then Gretl, who she told to lay face down on her sister. They had clearly done this many times before, because they quickly wriggled into a comfortable position, cuddling each other, before kissing one another passionately.

“We need to slide them over the edge of the table now,” said Regine, “so you can get at them. Hans and I will hold their legs up for them.”

Mike put his arms around Liesel’s hips, and while Hans and Regine gently pulled their legs, he slid the two girls easily towards him, until they were well over the table’s edge.

Speaking in quiet German, he leaned in towards the girls, and asked “Are you ready, Leisel, Gretl? Happy to do this?”

The two of them nodded and made a “hmm’ing” sound, their mouths still pressed to each other’s.

Mike nodded to Regine and Hans, who gently pulled the twins’ legs apart. He went down onto his knees, placed his palms on their inner thighs, and took in the sight of what was before him. Their clefts were directly in line, one above the other, their mounds pressed together, clits touching. As their legs were pulled further outwards, their pussies peeled open, mucus stretched between the lips of their labia, running down from one cleft into the other girl, their tiny vaginas opening as a pair of dark tunnels with coral and pink entries, wet, glistening. He pressed his mouth to their pussies, one after the other, and concentrated on licking their clitties for a minute, feeling them tense as he did so.

Mike was able to suck both of their clitties into his mouth, and flick them with his tongue. He felt them flinch at the sudden stimulation, followed, a few seconds later by a swelling of their labia and clits. He was fascinated by their taste. Mike had found every little girl tasted slightly different. Perhaps it was diet, perhaps genetic, or even their promiscuity. Katrin tasted almost sweet, but these two both tasted slightly bitter, like the tang of soy sauce. The one thing every girl had in common, though, was that they tasted wonderful. He stimulated them enough. Both girls were beginning to writhe now, and their breathing was getting short. He didn’t want them to cum yet. He wanted his cock to do that.

Standing up. He pulled his T-shirt off and dropped his speedos to the floor. Both the parents, especially Regine stared at his huge cock in awe. It was so long and thick. Would her daughters be able to take it? She would certainly enjoy watching him try. Already she felt a strong arousal building within herself.

Nodding to the two parents, he signalled for them to open the girls’ legs as far as they could, which, as it turned out, was almost a full splits. Mike watched in awe as their little pussies opened wider and wider, their clefts peeling apart together, as one, their tiny vagina entries winking up at him. He moved in, and taking his cock, firmly in one hand, started to rub his crown up and down their beautiful little clefts, spreading his pre-cum, pausing to press gently at their entries as he passed over them, seeing their little tunnels

starting to fill with his pre-cum, their whole pudenda becoming slick, slimy and very slippery.

He didn't know which of the girls was on top or underneath. It wasn't that he didn't care, but he just didn't need to know, because he intended to fuck them together, as one. These twins were so identical, they felt the same as each other inside, as they looked alike outside. He'd realised that, when he'd had his fingers in them both earlier, and couldn't tell them apart. He decided to press into the one on top first, and as his crown pressed, her labia bulged out, her red inflamed vulva, lightening in colour as he did so.

She quickly dilated, and he popped into her easily, her tight entry muscles snapping over his rim. To Mike, with the way she felt, it was obvious she had regular intercourse. He paused a moment, before gently applying pressure, and watched as his cock sank further and deeper into her, his pre-cum lubricating the way. She grunted, not in pain, but in contentment, as she felt him sink into her deepest place, bumping into her cervix, sparking off an electric like jolt in her belly and pussy.

He remained still for a minute, feeling her body adjust to his massive intrusion, before he slowly withdrew from her, hearing her sigh as he popped out. Immediately, he pushed his cock down the two inches to her sister's entry, and repeated the process, feeling her, too, open up to him in exactly the same way. Apart from one girl lying on her back and the other, face down, their two vaginas were identical in the way they squeezed him, their tiny pulses as he penetrated them, their warmth and tightness. This was a completely new sensation to Mike, and that described it. It was sensational!

He bumped against the girl's cervix, as he'd done her sister's, feeling her tense under the stimulation, before pulling out again and going back up to the first girl. This time, he slipped easily into her, feeling her vagina suck him willingly in, all the way. He thrust into her half a dozen times, and just as her breathing started to shorten he returned down again, repeating the six thrusts on her sister. Back and forth, back and forth he went. The girls were rising now. Their passionate kissing of each other becoming more urgent, their little muscular spasms becoming fiercer, more frequent. Mike felt something change, and as he thrust into the top girl, he sank all the way in, his pubic hair mashing into both girls' clitties. He was nearly eight inches into her. He pulled back and thrust in, out and in, feeling her vagina spam on his cock, as she tumbled into her first proper climax. Dropping down to the other twin, he thrust in, and although there was a pause, he felt her give way, and she too took him all the way in. She grunted as he bottomed out, then when he pulled back and pushed deep into her a second time, she, too, tumbled into her intense climax.

Mike wanted this to last. Both girls were now on an ongoing orgasm of climactic bliss. If he handled it right, and nothing interrupted things, he knew he could keep them going for ages. It was at this moment, that Katrin leaned over, bending down to get a close look at the amazing spectacle. Hans, as agreed, had been gently fondling her globular bum, over the last few minutes, but as she bent over, the temptation was too great, and he pushed his fingers down into her cleft, dipping into her wet entry, where her arousal and Mike's semen from earlier leaked out. Her reaction was instantaneous, and she slapped him hard across his face, like she'd said she would if he did anything to her.

The slap caused Mike to glance across and momentarily lose concentration, seeing Hans's red cheek, cupped with the palm previously cupping Katrin's bum. Whichever twin

he was in, also clenched on hearing the slap, and clamped so hard on Mike's cock, it pushed him over the top. He could hold back for a few more seconds, but the dominos of his orgasm had already started to knock one another down, and he knew he couldn't hold back now. His prostate tensed and pulsed, his balls tightened, and his semen shot up his shaft, seven plus inches deep into the child. He immediately pulled out and pressed into the other girl, just as his second blast shot out. He alternated between one girl and the other, doing his best to squirt into them and not on them. Inevitably, he failed a couple of times, covering their joined pudenda in thick creamy semen. Both girls were in full climax now, as was their mother, who was openly masturbating herself vigorously under her bikini bottoms. Hans had lost the impetus following the unexpected slap and Katrin was now sitting in a plastic beach chair, rubbing her clit, enjoying the show, knowing her turn would come round soon enough.

Things slowly ground to a halt, ending with a lot of panting, as they caught their collective breaths. Finally, Mike slipped his cock out and grabbing a beach towel, wiped himself clean. The sight before him though was arousing. The two twins hadn't moved, their legs still held apart by their parents. Both vaginas were dilated widely, dripping semen, as they moved. Mike, grabbed his camera, and took, what he later considered to be the photo of the holiday, up close, in high definition, every detail recorded.

The twins started to untangle themselves, and their mother wiped them clean of the excess semen, running down their thighs. She handed the girls their swimsuits and chivvied them along. As soon as they were ready, Regine, Hans and the girls left, saying they would see them in the morning, leaving Katrin and Mike alone.

"Well," said Katrin, "that's something you don't see every day." They both laughed, as they finished tidying up, locked the hut, and headed back to the apartment, hand in hand.

= 14 =
Sunday Evening

When Mike and Katrin entered the apartment, the first thing they saw, along the corridor and into the sitting room, was Alex, completely naked, spread eagled on the long table, tied by her arms and legs. She was gagged and blindfolded. In her pussy, was her own vibrator, still buzzing, pushed in as far as it could reach. She tilted her head, hearing the door close and Mike and Katrin's movements. She grunted, as much as the gag would allow.

"Well," said Mike, "look who's been a naughty little girl, then. What have we been up to? It looks like you're still enjoying yourself." She grunted again, shaking her head from side to side. She couldn't hide the fact that her pussy was still visibly contracting with the stimulation of the vibrator. She was, though, exhausted. Mike reached down and switched off the device, leaving it where it was. He couldn't resist twisting it round a little, just to let her know he was able to do anything to her he chose. With the vibrations now off, her hips sagged to the table, her tension eased off. He pulled the blindfold from her face, letting her see again, but decided he liked the quiet, and left the gag and rope ties in place.

Mike leaned over her, and asked "Did you have a nice time, Alex?" She blinked her eyes and sighed. Clearly she had. Just for fun, he gave the vibrator another little twist.

“Aren't you going to untie Mum, Mike?” asked Katrin.

“I'm not sure it's my place to do that,” he answered, “perhaps she wants to stay like that for a while. After all, she must have let the boys tie her up in the first place.” He ignored her nasal grunts of protest and flashing eyes. “Shall we have a look at what they got up to?” he asked her. Katrin smiled and nodded.

They sat down on the couch, side by side, as Mike plugged the camera sim cards into the laptop adaptor. He set the playback speed to ‘fast’, and edited the recording as they watched. A lot of the action was a repeat of what had happened the previous day, although the boys were more adept, particularly the youngest two, who knew what to do with more confidence.

It was only about half way through, when Katrin reached over and unzipped Mike's shorts and pulled out his cock, grasping it with one hand, feeling it's stickiness from the German twins, playing with herself with the other. Mike in the meantime, teased Alex with comments like: “my goodness, Alex, you like it in the bum a lot, don't you?” and “Gosh, look at that Katrin, your mum can get three little boys into her all at the same time. And the forth one in her mouth.” They ignored Alex's grunts of protest.

By the end of the editing and viewing, Mike had become very aroused again and an idea came into his mind. He whispered into Katrin's ear what he wanted. She smiled and grinned, standing up and stripping off without hesitation.

Katrin moved a chair to the table, near her mum's head, and stepped up. Moving on her hands and knees, she got onto the table, her knees, either side of Alex's chest, and her hands either side of her hips. Alex, looked up, straight at her daughter's pussy, just inches above her face. She wondered what was happening, then gasped, as Mike climbed onto the table, behind Katrin, obviously about to fuck her from behind.

Alex, who had for many years tried to suppress her hidden secret yearnings, had, in the last few days, found every personal secret she'd ever harboured, was now general knowledge. She'd always tried to bring up Katrin in a traditional way, to high moral standards, and now, here she was, tied to a table top, watching her own nine year old daughter about to be fucked by a man with a huge cock right over her face. The problem was, she was incredibly turned on by the whole thing. She watched, as Mike slipped his cock into Katrin's vagina. She watched as he paused for a moment, before slipping deeper into her. She watched avidly, now, as he hit her end, and she still watched, as the two of them curled their hips in an obviously practiced movement, and sank into her all the way. She watched as a small bump appeared on Katrin's tummy as he pressed in, and vanished as he pulled out and there it was again as he once more thrust into her. But what sent her right over the top, was when Katrin reached out and switched the vibrator on, still deep inside her own pussy, where it had been for the past two hours. Her immediate climax was so intense, she remembered little of what followed.

Mike and Katrin built up a rhythm, as he fucked deep into her immature vagina, both of them enjoying this immensely, both knowing how they had treated Alex was depraved, immoral, probably illegal and incredibly sexy. Both knew they would enjoy yet another stupendous orgasm, and neither were disappointed, and Mike came, sending Katrin over the edge too. Alex, watching the bump in Katrin's tummy, saw it flutter, sending her, in turn

into another crashing climax. The three of them came and came, rounding off a very active day, nicely. Mike finally eased out of Katrin, and got off the table, but told her to stay put. He watched, as his semen started to slide from Katrin's pussy, dripping onto her mother's face. Seeing her frantic eyes, he reached down and pulled the gag off her mouth. Immediately, she lifted her face to Katrin's pussy, and sucked at her daughter for the next ten minutes or so. Both mother and daughter had gentle cums several times, as they experienced sensations new to them both. Their mother daughter lesbian experience had come as a revelation to them an action, which they both now knew would be repeated many times in the future.

The two were still at it, when Mike started to cook the evening meal. The vibrator had been discarded, but they remained on the table, their tongues in each other's pussies, working to give and take as much pleasure as they could.

That night, Mike slept cuddled up to Katrin, her back to his chest, spooning together, his cock deep inside her bum. The other side of Katrin slept Alex, being spooned in turn by Katrin cuddling her from behind. When the others were asleep, Alex reached under Katrin, to feel Mike's cock, impaled in Katrin's rectum, marvelling at how deep into her daughter he was and wishing she could have her turn, for just for a few minutes,

= 15 =

Monday Morning

Mike woke early, as the grey light of dawn touched the eastern horizon. He had slept like a babe, and was still embedded in Katrin's bum. He hadn't fucked her after they went to bed last night, just enjoyed being inside her. As he lay there, thinking about the previous day, he started to grow, becoming tumescent. He'd fucked Katrin three times, once with both fingers in the twins at the same time, had an amazing 69 with Lucia, fucked Sefarina, taking her virginity and then fucked the twins together. All in all, not a bad day and would earn him two blue and a red tattoo spots. It was turning out to be an interesting holiday.

He started to very carefully move in and out of Katrin's bum. He didn't want to wake her after all. After a minute or two, he was moving the full scope of his long cock. He suddenly became aware of eyes watching him, and looking up, saw Alex observing, him as he buggered her daughter. To Mike, this was just a quickie, and it wasn't long before he felt the early signs of his climax rushing in, overwhelming him once more.

A few minutes later, he pulled out of her, and as he went to the bathroom, was aware of Alex moving under the bedclothes. He returned after a shower and was amused to see Katrin still curled up as she had been all night, but another lump was under the covers, behind the curve of her bottom, where Alex was doing something to her daughter. He didn't need many guesses to work out what it was. The sucking noises explained everything. He almost laughed out loud, when he heard a long, loud, wet fart from under the covers, followed by a cough and gasp.

When Mike returned with the croissants and milk, he found Katrin and Alex up and about, like any normal mother and daughter, chatting about what they would do today. He had his breakfast and explained he wanted to leave for the airport about three in the afternoon. He asked Alex if she wanted to meet up with Ricardo and his friends again today. She

blushed a little, but nodded, all the same. They agreed they would probably need to have their session later in the morning.

Katrin said she wanted to have a long soak in the bath. She was a bit sore in both holes for some reason. Alex and Mike smiled at each other. Mike agreed with Alex that she would stay in the flat, and he would send the boys over as soon as they arrived. He walked over the road to unlock the hut. It was still early, just seven thirty, and no one was about, or so he thought.

Sitting outside the hut door on the sand was Sefarina. She was wearing the new flowery swimsuit which had caused so much trouble two days before. She smiled at him, as he came round the corner.

"Hi, Sefi, how are you today?" he asked. "Did the first communion go OK? You looked really pretty yesterday in your lovely dress,"

She smiled again, enjoying the compliments and nodded. "Si señor," she answered, "Granny and Auntie really enjoyed the service. The cathedral was full. There were twenty three people being confirmed. I was the youngest. The bishop said I was the prettiest too. He asked if I would go and see him next week after school. Do you think I should? He gave me a card with his number on it and said he would give me some money. He's a bit fat, and he sweats, but I think he likes me." Mike realised she was intelligent enough to understand what the perverted priest had in mind.

"That, Sefi, is up to you," he answered, "you learnt a lot about yourself yesterday, didn't you?" She nodded. "Well, I think you know what the man wants, don't you?" She nodded again. "But, it depends on whether you want to do it, and how much he will pay."

"How much should I ask him for, do you think €10 is too much?" she asked.

"Sefi, tell him you want €100, and if he won't pay, tell him you'll have to speak to Granny." He smiled at her and she grinned back. "Now why are you down here so early today?" he asked.

"You made me feel so nice yesterday," she said with a coquettish look in her eye, "I wondered if you would, you know, do it again." Mike realised this girl was very candid. She knew what she wanted and how to get it.

At that moment, Mike heard childrens' voices coming down the street. It was Ricardo and his three friends. He'd asked them to get down early today, and here they were.

"Hold on a minute, Sefi," he instructed her, "go inside the hut and wait for me. I won't be long. I would prefer Ricardo doesn't know you're here."

Mike met the boys half way up the beach. He quickly told them that Alex was waiting for them in the apartment, and they could spend as long as they wanted with her today. "Don't worry about giving her a surprise this time," he added, "just enjoy yourselves." He watched as they trotted up the sand. Their movements suggesting they were keen to fuck the "Dama Blanca" once more.

He went back into the hut, and not wanting to be disturbed, quickly pulled out several stacks of loungers, single chairs, mats, towels and all the canoes, lining them up outside. There was a "If I'm not here, help yourself to a lounger," notice, which Carlos used when not available, that Mike hung on a nail by the stacks of equipment. He entered the backroom and locked the door.

"What would you like to do today, Sefi?" he asked, as he pulled his T-shirt off. "Do you want to do it the same as yesterday, or would you like me to show you lots of different ways?"

She blinked with uncertainty, as she muttered: "Umm, I don't know, would you show me different things?"

"Right answer," thought Mike, as he pushed his shorts down, kicking them off his feet, his cock now pointing at the roof, the centre of her attention, as it waved around with his movements.

Mike leaned down, and putting his arms around Sefi's little chest, under her arms, lifted her effortlessly up. He cupped her bum in his hand, as he cuddled her to him. She responded by wrapping her arms around his neck, pulling him closer. She curled her legs around his waist, feeling his cock nudging her bottom, through her swimsuit. Already, he realised this ten year old girl wasn't interested in romance, or any kind of affection, she wanted raw sex. She'd got the bug yesterday, and knowing he was leaving tonight, wanted as much as she could get, before he'd gone. He could feel her dampness on his hand, through her costume. She was ready.

He had a funny thought, and for a few minutes, he held her under her knees, and pressed his cock against her swimsuit, immediately over her vagina. He pressed and released, pressed and released, enjoying feeling her cunt give a little each time, beneath the costume, which had caused so much trouble. He watched, as his pre-cum spread across the material, in a silvery coating of slippery mucous.

Mike lowered his other hand, one now cupping each of her buttocks. He curled his fingers, and pulled the gusset of her swimsuit to one side, feeling her open, wet pussy against his finger tips. He gently pulled her hot, swollen labia apart. In his mind's eye, she was open to his cock, now brimming with pre-cum. He pressed his end to her entry, releasing her labia, as his crown settled into her.

Sefarina was in a world of her own. She knew she was a wicked girl. She was self centred, entirely selfish, she stole, she cheated, she lied, she bullied. But at the same time, she made every adult believe she was an angel, could do no wrong. Every adult except Mike. He'd seen straight through her. He'd caught her stealing, called her bluff. But he too was bad. She knew he was a pedo, and that now suited them both. She wanted a fuck, a real fuck, to be taught by a master, and so did he. He would be gone tomorrow, but in the meantime, she would let him do anything to her, anything at all. She wanted to know everything. She had already decided what to do about the bishop. At €100's a time, it was a no brainer. She'd also heard rumours about one of the teachers at school. One of her friends fathers had also tried to touch her once as well. She would check them out when term started. It might become a nice way to earn some serious cash.

Mike felt his crown pop into the child's entry. She clenched, but relaxed again. He paused just a moment, before lowering her down his cock, feeling it sink into her depths, the walls of her vagina peeling apart as he penetrated her. His tip nudged her cervix, but Mike already knew he was going to go in deep. He pulled back, curled his hips up, as he'd learned to do, felt her little recess, and pressed in, feeling her cervix reluctantly open up to his intrusion, deeper, deep.

He was pressed into her as far as possible. He paused to let her body adjust, dilate. He'd gone in as fast as he'd ever done with any ten year old, and she must feel stretched. But he knew there was something primeval in this child. She was too demanding, so, to him, needed dominating. He looked at her, and she at him, their eyes interlocked, a silent communication passing between them. There was no passion, no fondness, just base, raw lust. He wanted her and it was entirely mutual. He knew what she wanted, and he was going to give it to her, and a lot more besides.

Mike had only fucked Katrin an hour before, and knew he would be able to make this last as long as he wanted. It gave him an advantage over her, he knew.

He slowly pulled back from her, several inches, and pressed in again. He repeated it, speeding up each time, increasing his scope. Soon his pubis was slapping nicely into her thighs, as she clung to his neck. Her breathing was a little ragged now, as she approached her first orgasm of, what would turn out to be a marathon fuck. He upped the pace once more, now holding her weight in his hands around her hips, as he pulled almost all the way out and pounded back into her. She gasped, as she came, bliss spread across her face. She'd had what she'd come for. A great fuck. But she'd not counted on Mike. He wasn't done yet. Not by a long chalk.

He held her tightly to him, letting her gently calm from her climax. At that moment, there was a gentle tap on the door, and a quiet voice said: "It's only me, Mike, I'm alone." He reached over and unlocked the door, letting Katrin slip in, locking the door behind her. "The boys are with Mum, now," she explained. "I decided I didn't need to be a gooseberry, and came to join you instead, if that's OK."

"That's fine, Katrin," he replied. "I was just showing Sefi what the Bishop would like to do to her next week." He grinned. Katrin smiled and looked at Sefi, who shrugged. "Could you help get her swimsuit off her, we don't want to spoil it, do we?" Katrin slipped the straps off Sefi's shoulders and pulled the suit down. Mike quickly pulled out of her, as the costume was pulled down her legs, and immediately pushed back into her. Mike stepped forward, and settling Sefi's weight onto the edge of the table, pulled her legs from around his waist. She thought it was all over, but instead, he lifted her feet into the air, then taking her weight in his hands again, turned her, so she was now face down. His cock never left her vagina. Stepping back from the table again, he pulled out from her and pressed in again. She was forced to put her hands on the table's edge, so her head didn't drop to the floor. Mike didn't pause for a moment, recommencing his pounding into her pussy, full depth thrusts now, feeling his huge cock plunging in and out of her.

Sefi was taken by surprise, as she felt another climax charging towards her, overwhelming her, taking her breath away. She also felt him increase his pace. She was so stretched; so tight; so good. She knew this was completely illegal. It was one of the reasons she was

here. She had to bend the rules and not get found out. It was just the way she was. It made it even better for her.

Mike was now holding Sefi by the thighs, her legs out straight, either side of his hips. Her fingers, clinging to the table's edge, desperately holding her up, stopping her from falling, exactly where Mike wanted her. He always thought of this position as the wheelbarrow. He could feel her pussy clenching continuously on his cock now, as he pounded deep into the ten year old mischievous child. He was going to make this one last as long as he could. She was moaning now, as her orgasm washed over and over her, her face screwed up in an excruciating expression of something between pleasure and pain.

She was all consumed in the experience. She couldn't have asked him to stop if she'd wanted him to. Her pussy was already sore from yesterday, but she'd just had to come back for more. But now, her pleasure only just outweighed her discomfort, as yet another climax washed over her. They were continuous now. So good. How ever sore she felt, she knew she couldn't stop this. Mike eased up his pace, sensing her mood and arousal. She had calmed.

He looked at Katrin and pointed at his shorts. She picked them up, looking quizzically at him. "A little tube, in the pocket," he said in Russian. She pulled out the KY Jelly and realising what he wanted, unscrewed the cap, and squeezed a large dollop onto her middle finger. She moved towards Sefi's bum and looked enquiringly at him. He nodded. Katrin placed her finger against Sefi's anus, and pushed in, smiling as she watched her finger sink into the Spanish girl's rectum, ignoring the squeaks coming from below. When she was in as far as she could reach, she turned her finger, spreading the lubricant as much as she could. She smiled up at Mike, pulled her finger free, sniffed it and offered it to him to smell too. It was surprisingly sweet.

Mike pulled his cock slowly from Sefi's reddened, swollen cunt and immediately pressed his tip to her anus. He applied some pressure, watching his crown bulge, turn pale, as it tried to squeeze into her bum. She squeaked again, when his rigid crown popped through her sphincter. He paused only a moment, because she had almost recovered from her last climax, and her vagina was obviously very sore. If he didn't get her on a high soon, she was going to want to end this, and that was the last thing he intended. So he kept the pressure up, and watched with a gratified smile, as his cock sank deeper and deeper into her. She groaned when his pubis hit her buttocks. Pausing only a moment, he pulled back and thrust in again. She grunted each time he bottomed out.

Mike put an arm under her tummy and lifted her back up against his chest, feeling her weight pressing his cock even deeper into her. Reaching down, he put his other hand behind her knees and lifted her legs up. He told her to hug them to her chest. Next, he slipped his fingers between her thighs, seeking her clitoris, needing to bring her arousal back up again. He was worried she was too sore to do this, but almost as soon as he touched her there, she started to react, her legs tensing and relaxing. Mike now had his hands under her thighs, taking her weight. His finger tips reaching in, teasing her clit, keeping her on a high. Her climaxes came in waves, every few seconds, her moans and muscle clenching, telling Mike how aroused she was.

Mike had been looking forward to the last part. It was one of his favourite ways of buggering little girls, who were small enough for him to hold up for long periods of time,

but big enough to take the whole of his cock up their rectums. He pulled back, and pushed in, starting a swinging motion, his cock plunging in and out of the child's bum each swing. As he plunged into her, there was a slap of his thighs against her buttocks, then, as she swung forward, he almost came out of her, before swinging back again. On and on this went, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes. Katrin was sitting in one of the chairs now, sucking an ice cream, idly watching the performance, envying the Spanish girl's long, long climax on the end of Mike's cock. Later, she would ask if he would do the same for her sometime. She couldn't complain, though, he'd given her a really nice fuck this morning, and she was still tingling from that.

Sefi was in a world of her own, half way between unconsciousness and awareness. She experienced some of the most wonderful feelings of her whole, short life. It just kept happening on and on. She couldn't ask him to stop, and yet she knew she was so sore down there. Both holes on fire, now. And still he pounded into her and still he strummed her swollen clitty, bringing yet more wonderful feelings to her. She already knew she would spend the rest of the day sitting in the shallow water, letting the surf wash over her.

At last, Mike felt the tell-tale signs of his orgasm approaching, and suddenly it was upon him and he held himself still, pushing his cock as deep into her as he could, while he blasted his semen into her. Again and again he pulsed into her; more than he thought possible after fucking Katrin so recently.

At last, it ended. He asked Katrin to spread a towel on the table, and as he lifted Sefi off his cock, he laid her onto it. She looked red raw. Anyone inspecting her would be in no doubt at all what she'd been doing. It was important she kept this to herself, and so he said: "If you let your Granny or aunt see how red you are, Sefi, they'll know what you've been doing. Then you won't be able to visit the bishop. I would keep your swimsuit on today, if I were you." She nodded, lifted her cheek and farted. A little pool of cum appeared. They smiled.

= 15 =

The following few days

As midday came, it quietened down. Mike only took half the money he'd had the previous day, when Spanish families had been on the beach, not just holiday makers. Alex had come down and smiled at him, knowing he knew exactly what she'd been doing. Mike asked her to take a look at Sefi's pussy. She'd limped down to the water's edge after her marathon fuck, and was clearly in some pain. Every few steps she had farted, making holiday makers turn and smile at the little girl. Mike hoped the spreading dark damp patch on her new swimming costume wasn't too obvious to the casual observer. The ladies in black hadn't come down to the beach today, so at least he didn't have to worry about that. Alex said she had some local anæsthetic cream in her wash bag, and went to the apartment, taking Sefi with her, the child still farting every few seconds. They returned about fifteen minutes later. Alex said Sefi would be sore for about three or four days, but no damage had been done. Certainly the child would remember her first time!

Carlos arrived just after siesta time, and waved to Mike as he walked down the sand. He was hand in hand with a little chubby dark haired girl of about six. Her name was Lola. He introduced her to them. "This is my grand daughter," he explained. "She has come to stay with me for a few days." Mike knew exactly why she was here. She looked very pretty,

with her smiling face and exaggerated camel toe. He hoped she enjoyed her stay. Carlos was very surprised how thick the money belt felt, when Mike handed it over. He told Mike he was welcome back anytime.

They said their goodbyes to their friends, and caught the mid afternoon shuttle bus to the airport. Almost as soon as the plane took off, Mike, Alex and Katrin were all asleep. On touchdown at Heathrow, they collected their bags, and were met by Harry, who drove them to a safe house near Watford. There, Alex was to be de-briefed. The process would take several days, perhaps weeks. It was no place for Katrin to be at all.

The security services have good childcare facilities for such cases, but Alex wasn't happy with that idea. Mike offered to take Katrin with him to his home, until Alex could join her. She was happier with that, and so it was arranged. Mike knew that Katrin would hit it off with Sammy and Emma. However, when Mike arrived home, he found that Sammy was staying with a cousin, while her mum was in rehab; and, Emma was on holiday with her mum. Her step father had left them. He'd funded Sammy's mum's rehab, before he went and left enough cash for Emma and her mum to manage for a few months.

So Mike and Katrin spent a week together, swimming in his pool, touring the area, modelling for photos in his studio and fucking in bed. There wasn't a spare moment, and it seemed no time at all before Alex came to join them. He didn't quite know when the transition happened, but it was to be several years before she moved out. It proved to be an unexpected bonus to Mike, though, having a young mother living in his house, when it came to enticing young girls in. Sleepovers and pool parties became very regular events.

Mike was supposed to have gone to Ukraine the day after they returned from Spain, but Alex and Katrin caused a week's delay on his trip. MI5 squared up Eagle Eyed Industries for the delay. But travel there soon he must. Few other agents had his language and technical skills. But he knew when he returned, Sammy, Emma and Katrin would be waiting for him. Not only that, but there were three other girls on his hit list living close by, as well as new neighbours across the road, who had moved in while he was away. They had two girls a year younger than Sammy and Emma.

THE END

Find out how Mike gets on in the Ukraine in:

Mike The Mechanic – Book 4 – Sofiya, the beautiful preteen spy.

[Mike the Mechanic Book 4 Sofiya, the beautiful preteen spy \(asstr.org\)](http://asstr.org/Book-4-Sofiya-the-beautiful-preteen-spy)

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