

International Business Trip, part 2 (Mg(4), ped, intr, lolita, ped, creampie)

by this guy (thisguy.1066@gmail.com)

Summary: The next morning...guy fucks the same little girl while fully awake.

## ANGOLA MORNING

I awoke the next morning to the chief's widowed daughter tapping me on the cheek (the one on my face). She was, once again, wearing her skirt and nothing else. The little girl was also up. I was instantly afraid that the chief's widowed daughter might see the cum I had squirted into the little girl over-night leaking out of her miniature pre-pubescent pussy.

As I got up off the mat and quickly got dressed, I gingerly glanced over at the little girl's pelvic region. Not seeing any white streaks or globs on the dark skin around the juncture of her little legs, I began to think that I must have dreamed the whole thing: it had been a positively mind-blowing orgasm. I could remember shooting either five or six big spurts of cum...the only way she could have had that much cum squirted into her pre-pubescent pussy and not have any running down her little legs would be if I had squirted it directly through the little hole in her cervix and up into her young womb...and I can't imagine how I wouldn't remember feeling her cervix bumping up against the tip of my dick.

My translator/guide and I ate breakfast outside with the whole village. The little girl sat on my lap while we ate. It wasn't until she began slowly wiggling her tiny naked butt around on my lap that I was certain I had, in fact, NOT dreamed the fuck she and I had shared the previous night.

Fearful of what the villagers might do if they noticed the semi-erotic movements the little girl was making on my lap, I glanced around. Thankfully none of the adults seemed to notice. However most of the boys who looked to be between the ages of nine and fifteen did seem to notice. Since none of them said anything, I kept quiet: allowing the little girl to re-inflate my dick in my pants.

As my translator/guide and I were about to get in our Land Rover the chief's widowed daughter walked over to me and wrapped her arms around me in a friendly hug. Despite my raging hard-on, I wrapped my arms around her and gave a gentle squeeze. I fail to see how she could have not noticed my arousal, but most likely assumed having her massive breasts pressed against my chest was causing it.

After the chief's widowed daughter and I broke off our hug, I noticed that the little girl was standing next to her mother. I bent down, wrapped my arms around her nude little four-year-old body and planted a gentle kiss on her forehead.

My translator/guide and I got into our Land Rover and were off. We hadn't driven more than a hundred feet when my translator/guide said he was surprised the chief hadn't offered me his

widowed daughter's hand in marriage. I replied that if he had offered it, despite her not speaking English, I would have been tempted to say "yes."

He chuckled, pointed at my lap and said, "I know which head was thinking that."

Smiling, I replied, "You mean you wouldn't have the same if she hugged you?"

"With her breasts, I'd have the same...problem." Just as my translator/guide said that, we saw three men approaching on foot. Two of the men were carrying the third.

When we approach them, one of the men (who spoke English) told us the man they were carrying had been struck by lightning; and since we had gotten to their village yet, they had assumed we were still en-route. Since my translator/guide had some basic medical training, where as I did not, he got into the back of our Land Rover with the man who had been struck by lightning, and I took over driving. The man who spoke English informed me that the road was under about two feet of water, so we headed back to the village we had just left.

Once we returned to the village all hell broke loose: a number of the women were helping the man who had been struck by lightning, some of the men headed out to the other village to see if they could help with any damage caused by the storm (which in this village had been nothing more than some wind and a little rain).

All of a sudden I noticed that I was the only person outside. But that was okay: it was a warm sunny day... The man from the other village who spoke English seemed to come out of nowhere, he told me that if I was going to stay outside, to get in the shade: the combination of sun and heat could make me sick. So I wandered over to a tree and sat in the shade, leaning my back against its trunk.

It was so still outside that the boy, who looked to be about twelve, walking from one hut to another received my undivided attention. He had a little smile on his face; not the kind brought on by nice weather, the kind guys get from having a great orgasm. It only dawned on me once I had classified his smile: he had come out of the chief's widowed daughter's hut. I knew she was tending to the man who had been struck by lightning...which meant the little girl had given him his orgasm!

I sat there, with my back against the trunk of the tree for a few moments while trying to decide what to do. Should I go over to her hut and try for a repeat of the previous night's events? Glancing around I saw no-one: "what the hell" I thought, it was worth a shot.

I stood, stretched a bit, then nonchalantly wandered over towards the chief's widowed daughter's hut. Looking in through the doorway, I could see the little girl sitting on a mat with her back against the far wall. It was much darker in the hut than it was outside, but in the instant before she got up I thought I saw a streak of white between her young legs.

The instant she saw me, the little girl stood and beckoned me in with a smile and a little hand gesture. Since we didn't speak a common language I wasn't sure how to let the little girl know

that I wanted to put my dick in her pussy again. She beat me to it: fist pointing at my crotch then at her's, she tilted her head slightly and gave me another smile. Assuming that was an offer of sex, I opened the fly of my pants and pulled out my dick before sitting down on the mat.

By the time my back had touched the wall of the hut, the little girl, still holding her doll, was on my lap. She turned around so that her back was to my chest, put one foot on either side of my thighs and began to squat down over my six-and-one-half inch adult prick. I took my dick in my hand, holding it steady, as the little girl slowly eased it into her tiny pre-pubescent pussy.

Her pussy felt slightly different than I had remembered: it seemed much slipperier. I instantly remembered the boy I had seen leaving the jut: he must have shot his load in her pussy. The idea of fucking a woman (or little girl, in this case) who had another guy's load in her pussy always turned me off (so much so, that if I'm with a prostitute, using a condom, I make sure I'm her first customer). Strangely my dick was getting harder...I began thinking, "I'm gonna have to try this again: doing a woman who's already got a load in her..."

By that point the little girl's tiny pre-pubescent four-year-old pussy had engulfed my entire six-and-one-half inch adult prick. Still holding on to her doll, the little girl began bouncing up and down on my lap. Wanting to enjoy the sensations of having my dick buried in such a small tight pussy last as long as possible, I put my hands on the little girl's small hips and held her still.

The little girl tilted her head back and gave me a little pout. If she yelled or started crying, I knew that would attract adult attention; so I hunched my back, tilted my head downward and planted a kiss on the little girl's forehead. That seemed to appease her, for the moment.

I slowly moved my right hand from her right hip and began rubbing the little girl's miniature clit with the tip of my index finger. A second later her tiny body began shaking. As her orgasm began in earnest, she let go of the doll she had been holding, allowing it to drop onto her lap. Her feet slid out from under her...she was now fully and truly sitting on my lap with my six-and-one-half inch adult cock buried to the hilt in her miniature four-year-old pre-pubescent pussy. The little girl's back arched, while I watched in fascination as her tiny toes repeatedly clenched and straightened. An audible whimpering sound was coming from her slightly open mouth as the tiny muscles in her little pussy began rippling harder and faster around my adult prick.

I wanted to enjoy the sensations of having my prick buried in her tiny pussy while she was orgasming to last as long as possible, so I gritted my teeth and thought about un-sexy things as long as I could. For good, or for bad, having my dick buried in the little girl's tiny pussy during her orgasm was quickly bringing me to mine.

When I felt my butt-cheeks tighten, I decided to just let it happen. I could feel my balls draw up under the little girl's tiny butt. Then my cum began surging up the little tube on the underside of my prick. First one, then another, and another: my hot, thick, sperm-laden, creamy, white adult cum spewed out of the little hole on the end of my dick; erupting deep inside the little girl's tiny pre-pubescent four-year-old chocolate pussy.

Just as my cock was spewing its third big spurt of cum deep inside the little girl's pussy, her orgasm quickly died down. Her bare four-year-old legs were out-straight on either side of mine. She half collapsed half slouched back into my chest; all the while I was still rubbing her miniature lit with the tip of my right index finger.

My adult cock continued to jerk and bulge as it shot spurt-after-spurt of my hot, thick, sperm-laden white cum into the little girl's tiny hole.

As my dick was spewing the sixth big spurt of my cum inside the little girl's pussy, I noticed a figure approach the doorway of the hut: it was the chief's widowed daughter. The instant I saw her I figured I was "dead meat," and yet my dick felt like it grew half-an-inch inside the little girl's tiny hole. The chief's widowed daughter smiled, then walked away. I was stunned to say the least, that it until I glanced down to see the little girl's doll laying on her lap: covering up our fun.

My seventh spurt of cum into the little girl's tiny pre-pubescent pussy may have been the biggest most forceful spurt I have ever had. After that, my orgasm slowed to a trickle.

The little girl must have felt my prick begin to deflate in her pussy, because a few seconds after my orgasm subsided, she moved her feet back to either side of my thighs and slowly stood. Her doll finally fell from her lap. With her feet still on either side of my thighs, the little girl bent at the waist to pick up her doll off the dirt floor. In doing so she gave me a great look at her just cummed-in miniature four-year-old pre-pubescent pussy. Its lips were a bit swollen and slightly red, but thanks to her dark skin-tone the redness would be barely visible to the casual observer. There was a white streak of cum glistening between her im-mature little pussy-lips.

Gently placing a hand on her young back to prevent the little girl from returning to a vertical position, I reached out with my other hand and ran the tip of my index finger between the little girl's slightly swollen pussy-lips, scooping up as much of the cum oozing out of it as I could. I quickly shoved my cum covered index finger into my mouth and sucked the cum off of it. Not only had I tasted my own cum before, I had eaten it out of a few women's pussies; but this tasted different. Once again I remembered the smiling twelve-year-old boy who had left the hut before I had entered it. Instantly I knew that the cum I was consuming was a mixture of his and mine. Normally, I would have been disgusted by the very thought, and yet I found myself vowing to do it again...

Once I had gotten a significant amount of the cum out of the little girl's tiny pussy, I removed my other hand from her back; allowing her to stand. She turned around and gave me a funny look. After I put my dick back into my pants and re-secured my fly, I bent over and kissed the little girl on the forehead, eliciting a smile from her...once again.