

International Business Trip, part 3 (MF, intr, anal, cons)

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Summary: The following afternoon...guy is offered the chief's widowed daughter's hand in marriage, gets to 'try her out' (she bathes him, gives anal, possibly gets knocked-up). This part of the story is quite important to the overall plot.

ANGOLA AFTERNOON

No more than five minutes after I had finished eating a significant portion of the cum (a mixture of my own and the smiling twelve-year-old boy's) that had been oozing out of the little girl's pre-pubescent four-year-old pussy and re-secured my fly, a figure appeared in the doorway of the chief's widowed daughter's hut. This time it was the man from the neighboring village who spoke English. He said the chief wanted to talk to me and to come with him. I instantly assumed the worst: the chief's widowed daughter had realized what was happening when her little girl was sitting on my lap. I was, however, painfully aware that there was no way I would be able to physically escape. So, on the off chance I was wrong I followed him.

We hadn't walked more than thirty feet from the chief's widowed daughter's hut when the chief appeared from another hut (not his own) and began talking in our direction. The man from the other village who spoke English began translating: "You are a very important man to us. You will bring great wealth to our village." By this point the chief had joined us and we were slowly walking across the village, ahead of us was a small livestock pen. I was still quite nervous...waiting for the "but" in the chief's little speech. The man from the other village who spoke English continued to translate, "As you know my daughter's husband is no longer among the living, leaving her without a husband to protect and provide for her and her little girl." We had reached the fence surrounding the small livestock pen. The chief leaned on the top rail of the fence and continued, "My widowed daughter tells me you have taken to her young and regrettably, now fatherless, daughter...I think you would make her a good father..." The chief paused for a second before continuing, "Therefore, I must ask if you would take my widowed daughter as a wife."

I had been expecting to be on the receiving end of a beating (or worse); needless to say I was so stunned I was completely silent. The chief must have interpreted my silence as disinterest, he continued to upsell the idea of my marrying his widowed daughter; "Obviously, with a child she is no longer virgin and she is a bit older than typical marrying age, but she still has at least fifteen good child bearing years..."

"Uhm," I interrupted, not entirely sure what I was trying to say (if his widowed daughter spoke English I very well might have said "yes" then and there), "Well..." I tried to continue, "it's just...that...ah..."

The chief looked at me then snapped his fingers, “Of course, you should get to know her better first: spend some time with her, just the two of you, let her prove how good a wife she’ll make you.”

I certainly couldn’t argue with that....except for one little issue: our complete lack of a common language! “Ah...well yeah...that sounds like a good idea, b...” I began to reply.

The chief instantly cut me off mid-sentence, “Good, then go back to her hut, she’s waiting for you.” He waived me off with his hand: not giving me the chance to bring up our language barrier. I paused for a second, before turning and walking back across the village to the chief’s widowed daughter’s hut.

I arrived to a small flurry of activity: a number of the village’s women were there, most likely helping the chief’s widowed daughter prepare to show me how great a wife she’d be. Barely a second after I entered her hut all the other women disappeared, taking the chief’s widowed daughter’s little girl with them.

There were two mats next to each other on the floor almost in the very center of the hut and a bucket sitting next to them. The chief’s widowed daughter was standing on the mat closer to the bucket. She motioned for me to come over to her: which I did. She instantly started removing my shirt, once that was off she sat on the mat and began working on the laces of my boots. I glanced at the bucket and seeing that it was full of water concluded she was going to bathe me. It took the chief’s widowed daughter a good two minutes to untie the first boot and about a minute and a half for the second (after-all most of the villagers went barefoot the majority of the time, and when they did wear “shoes” it was usually something more akin to flip-flops: i.e. no laces). Once the chief’s widowed daughter had untied the laces on both of my boots I sat on the mat with her. She pulled my boots off, removed my socks, unbuttoned my shorts and removed them along with my boxers in one movement.

The chief’s widowed daughter picked up a small piece of cloth which had been sitting on the edge of the mat, dipped it in the water in the bucket then gently wiped the wet cloth across my face. The water was cold: in the heat of the day it felt great. She then wiped my neck with the wet cloth. She moved on to my shoulders, down one arm then the other before moving back to my chest. She slowly wiped the cold wet cloth across my chest...

She had barely gotten to the bottom of my ribcage when the sight of her massive “F” cup breasts gently swaying from the movement of her arms had my dick inflated it its full six-and-one-half inches. When she noticed my manhood at full attention, the chief’s widowed daughter blushed slightly and gave me a little (slightly naughty) smile.

She stood and removed her skirt. She was now standing fully naked in front of me: each and every part of her ebony colored incredible wet-dream of a body practically begging for my attention...her massive “F” cup breasts, her flat tummy, her rather small waist, her gently rounded hips... I could feel a drop of pre-cum ooze out of the little hole on the end of my rigid dick. Reaching out I took hold of her well-toned slender thighs just above her knees, I pulled her towards me slightly. The chief’s widowed daughter clearly understood what I was trying to tell

her: she eased herself back down onto the mat allowing my hands to slide up the length of her incredible thighs...

Once she was fully sitting, I leaned in and gave the chief's widowed daughter a little kiss on the cheek. As she copied my movements (leaning in and kissing me on the cheek), I let my hands migrate up to her hips. I once again leaned in, this time planting a kiss on her cheek right next to her somewhat delicate round nose. Again she copied my movements, this time I eased my hands back slightly getting my fingers onto the round fleshy globs of her incredible heart-shaped ass. I leaned in a third time, kissing her in the tip of her nose. She once again reciprocated...as she did so I gave her incredible ass a firm squeeze; effectively pulling her body towards mine. The instant the chief's widowed daughter's huge "F" cup breasts touched the bare skin of my chest I felt another drop of pre-cum ooze out of my dick. Despite having filled her little girl's tight pre-pubescent four-year-old pussy with my cum twice in the past fourteen (?) hours, I was beginning to fear that the chief's widowed daughter's wet-dream come-to-life body was going to make me cum before she even touched my dick. I kissed the ebony goddess I was alone with yet again: this time on her full nearly black lips. After I broke off the kiss she, again, kissed me back. My god her lips were soft.

Taking our mutual nudity, gentle pawing, and kissing as a "green light:" I eased both of us down onto the mat, moved my hands back down the chief's widowed daughter's spectacular thighs to her knees and spread her stunning legs before moving my nude body between them. Once I was in position, I lined up my rigid six-and-one-half inch dick with the chief's widowed daughter's pussy. The instant the (now pre-cum covered) head of my dick touched the lips of her pussy she spoke the only English word I heard come out of her mouth, "NO."

Hearing that word, I froze. I was mystified as to what she thought we were going to do; so mystified in fact, that I didn't notice she was moving her hand up between our nude bodies...until (that is) she grabbed my rigid dick and moved it a bit lower: to her ass-hole. She gave me a little smile and a half-nod, which I took for a "go-ahead," so I pushed. Having done anal with a few different women over the years I pretty much knew what to expect: some difficulty getting my dick in, followed by warmth and tightness all the way around my dick...so I was positively astounded when the head of my dick easily passed through this ebony goddess's sphincter...then continued to slide a good five inches up her ass.

I fairly quickly built up a good rhythm: about five inches of my dick sliding in and out of her ass. Having not blown my load yet, I was fairly confident I could maintain my pace for a little longer. I shifted the weight of my upper body over to my left arm, allowing me to properly feel the chief's widowed daughter's enormous "F" cup breasts with my right hand. I gave her left breast a tender squeeze, enjoying the feeling of its fatty tissue moving between my fingers for a few seconds; before moving on to the tit in the center of her silver-dollar sized nearly black areola. Repeatedly pinching her tit between my thumb and index finger I was fascinated at how it grew not only in size but also rigidity...to nearly that of a sugar-cube. As I continued pinching her left nipple, the chief's widowed daughter began breathing heavier...

I was enjoying playing with her left breast so much I wanted to play with both at the same time. I withdrew my dick from the chief's widowed daughter's warm ass-hole and rolled over onto my

back; bring her with me...mostly. She must have realized I wanted her to “ride” me, because she quickly moved her feet to either side of my hips and lifted her crotch up. She lined the head of my rigid dick up with her now gaping open ass-hole and lowered her body down onto me...engulfing my prick in her bowels as she went.

In a squatting position, facing me, her back upright, the chief’s widowed daughter placed her hands on my chest for stability and began raising and lowering her hips: forcing herself down onto my six-and-one-half inch dick then lifting herself off it. The instant she started fucking my dick with her incredible ass my hands were on her massive “F” cup breasts...they were so huge (and spectacularly shaped) I just wanted to play with them. Switching back and forth between kneading the fatty flesh of her breasts and pinching her now rock hard sugar-cube sized nipples, she was getting more and more turned on: breathing heavier and faster...the temperature inside her anal cavity felt like it was rising, sweat began to appear on her forehead.

She was fucking my dick harder and faster...with each stroke she was lifting a little bit further up. Suddenly, although I suppose it was inevitable, on a particularly long and fast upstroke the head of my dick popped out of her ass-hole. Before either of us realized what happened she was lowering her body back down: my dick went up between her thighs...its underside sliding along her hot and very wet pussy lips. She noticed before I did; reaching down under her, grabbing my rigid dick and holding it steady before impaling her ass on it once again.

Two more strokes and it happened again: my dick popped out. This time, as the chief’s widowed daughter lowered her body back down my dick went into her pussy...all the way in. She lifted up, again placing her head of my dick in her (now) gaping ass-hole and lowered her body once again.

Another two strokes and my dick popped out of her ass-hole then went into her pussy again. This was becoming not only an inconvenience, but also a distraction for both of us. I moved my left hand from her huge bosom, down under her crotch, slipping my dick between my index and middle fingers to steady it. The chief’s widowed daughter upstroke was long enough to let my dick pop out of her very wet pussy. Just before her down stroke I pushed my dick back slightly so it would go back into her anal cavity; as it did a huge (practically ear-t-ear) smile appeared on her face. That is when I realized why she hadn’t wanted me in her pussy: we were not using a condom and in such a rural area there were really only two forms of birth control...anal and not having sex (oral didn’t seem to be “on the menu” in these parts).

My fingers around the base of my prick seemed to be doing the trick: keeping my dick from going into the wrong hole when it popped out of the chief’s widowed daughter’s ass every couple strokes.

About a dozen strokes later I let my right hand drift down from the ebony goddess’s massive “F” cup breast, across her flat tummy, over her hip, onto her ass. The instant I began kneeling the fleshy globe that was her left ass-cheek I felt my butt-cheeks begin to tighten: I knew my orgasm was fast approaching. I decide then-and-there that I would take the chief up on his offer and marry his widowed daughter.

Since I was going to make her my wife, her becoming pregnant was not only longer an issue. Actually it would be practically a requirement after we married. So I moved my hand a quarter inch up my belly, then in time with her down-stroke, as my balls began to rise up under my dick, I lifted my hips slightly: our pelvises meeting with my butt a full inch above the mat. I lowered my hips fully returning my butt to the mat, just as her upstroke began. The instant my butt-cheeks touched the mat, I felt the cum begin surging up the little tube on the underside of my dick. Half a second later, the head of my dick popped out of her ass-hole; the slight replacement of my left hand allowed my dick to slip between the chief's widowed daughter's hot wet pussy lips...the instant it had the first spurt of my hot, thick, sticky, sperm-laden, white cum spewed out of the little hole on the tip of my six-and-one-half inch dick up into this ebony wet-dream come-to-life's possibly fertile pussy. As her down stroke pushed my dick (along with the spurt of cum I had just shot) deeper into her possibly fertile love canal an image popped into my mind: millions of my white sperms swimming up into her womb, racing for her waiting ebony egg...them combining to form our mixed race baby inside her flat tummy...HOLY SHIT that was hot...maybe our baby would even sit on my lap the way her little girl had: taking my cum deep inside its body...WOW!!! With that thought my dick bottomed out in her possible fertile pussy at the same time the second spurt of cum spewed out of my dick with volcanic force...HOLY SHIT that spurt was massive, maybe the biggest of my life: it felt like once or more.

The chief's widowed daughter's next upstroke lifted her warm wet pussy off my dick. Half a second later her down stroke plunged my dick in her gaping asshole. Little more than the head of my dick was in her anal cavity when the third spurt of cum spewed out of the little hole on the end of my dick.

I quickly moved both hands to her hips, pulling her down until our pelvises met. She now knew I was having an orgasm, and began jiggling her ass slightly: the tips of my pinky and ring fingers could feel the fleshy globes of her ass-cheeks jiggling, her massive breasts were noticeably bouncing both up and down as well as side to side... Even more incredibly, the inside of her rectum was rippling around my dick: practically milking the cum out of me. Her jiggling was definitely have the desired effect; a fourth big heavy spurt of cum spewed deep into her bowels.

My dick throbbed twice more as the last drops of cum oozed out of the little hole on the end of my dick. Then my dick began to slowly deflate in the chief's widowed daughter's ass. I sat up, wrapped my arms around her, hugging her to my bare chest before giving her one more kiss on the lips: this one lasting much longer and far more passionate than the others.

When we broke our kiss she smiled and said something. I wasn't sure what she had said (as she wasn't speaking a language I understood), but from her beaming smile I knew it was positive...I'd like to think she was saying "you're welcome" or better yet: thanking me for the cum I had just deposited in her. Enjoying that thought I reached over to the bucket, pulled out the small wet piece of cloth and began wiping the sweat off the chief's widowed daughters face and upper body while she still sat on my lap.

Once I had wiped off her entire body above the hips she took the cloth from me and returned the favor. When she got to my hips she handed the cloth back to me and stood. As she did, for one

fleeting second I found myself staring at her crotch, in complete and utter amazement: for all the cum I had squirted into her (two big spurts in each hole) there was surprisingly little on her body...just a tiny drop at the bottom of her pussy and two more near her now completely shut ass-hole. I wetted the cloth again and wiped the three droplets of cum off her, then continued wiping off the remainder of her incredible lower body.

Standing, I gave the chiefs' widowed daughter the cloth back. She proceeded to wipe off my lower body... she had just gotten down to my knees when we heard a commotion outside the hut. She dropped the cloth onto the mat and quickly pulled her skirt on before poking her head out the doorway. She quickly turned back to me and began giving me a "hurry up" hand motion.

I re-dressed as quickly as I could, thankful that the chief's widowed daughter had removed my boxers and shorts together, as I was now able to pull both on together. I had just pulled my shirt over my head when the man from the other village who spoke English stepped into the hut informing me that "the water had receded, and the road was now passable." Knowing time was (now) of the essence I shoved my bare feet into my boots, quickly tied the laces, grabbed my socks, kissed the chief's widowed daughter on the cheek, and practically ran outside.