

International Business Trip, part 4 (Mg(8), intr, cons, lolita)

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Summary: The next village...and a preteen mother

ANGOLA ANOTHER VILLAGE

The minute I had exited the chief's widowed daughter's hut, the man from the other village who spoke English and I jogged across the village to our waiting Land Rover. We couldn't have gotten more than five feet before he asked, "Well...will she be a good wife?"

"Oh, yeah...definitely," I replied as we hurried across the village. Arriving at the Land Rover I found my translator/guide helping the man from the other village who had been struck by lightning into the back, the third man from the other village had already gotten in.

The chief approached, saying the only English word I had ever heard him say, "So?" I knew what he was asking.

I glanced at the man from the other village who spoke English (non-verbally asking him to translate), took a breath and began, "She will be a good wife." I paused so the man from the other village who spoke English could translate for the chief. "Taking a wife is not a small decision," I wasn't lying. "I need a little time to think about," I continued, fully aware that in many of these rural villages outsiders who are too eager or positive are distrusted (in light of the various events of history, rightfully so).

After hearing the translation the chief gave me a knowing grin before speaking, "The man who takes time to think before he acts is truly wise... When will you give me your decision?"

"I'll be back in a few days: two or three, not than four; then you'll have my answer." I replied.

The chief hugged me, as he said, "I await your return and decision." With that we were off.

A full two and a half hours after our trip began we arrived in the village that had been so devastated by the previous night's storm...barely twelve miles away. The village was a disaster: only two huts remained fully intact, about half-a-dozen were almost completely destroyed. We were informed that the road leading to the port was still submerged so we should wait there.

While I don't have any medical training, I am well versed in construction (building offices and roads that can handle 100,000 pound tandem-trailer trucks is a significant part of my job for the oil company) and physically in pretty good shape. So I offered to help in the rebuilding / recovery effort. The man who spoke English quickly set me to work with another man and a few ten to thirteen year-olds (I've heard that age group referred to as "tweens") dismantling and reassembling the severely damaged huts.

About two hours later, when we had managed to make five of the severely damaged huts habitable once again (simple construction is a beautiful thing), a number of the village's women began preparing the communal dinner. Shortly thereafter, the man who spoke English handed me a bucket and asked me to come with him to get water. Happy to help out in any way I could, I went with him. This particular village's water came from a spring in a cave at the base of a small rock outcrop.

On our short walk to the cave I noticed how everyone was pitching in: a girl who looked to be about ten (strangely she was wearing a dress) was looking after all the younger children while cradling a very small baby. Seeing where my eyes had wandered, the man who spoke English pointed in the direction of the young children and said, "My grandson was born shortly before the storm hit."

I looked at him: he didn't look nearly old enough to be a grandfather...prior to hearing that I would have doubted him to be a day older than thirty...if that, "Really, you look far too young to be a grandfather..."

"The girl holding him is my daughter, his mother...in a few weeks, she will be nine." he explained.

I thought for a moment before speaking, "I never heard of a pregnant eight-year-old before..."

He half chuckled, "You're not the only one..."

"And...well...so...the father...?"

"No idea, impossible to say..." the man paused, smiled and began explaining, "'Za-hun-esshu*.' We were practicing it long before white men arrived with their 'church.'" Seeing the bewildered look on my face he continued to explain, "A social system promoting family and community. Girls, in age between six and eleven; and boys between six and twelve, may have sex with any unmarried person in the village they wish. Once a child is older than that they become fertile, and may only have sex with ones who are younger...so no babies." It made sense...far more sense than the 'don't do it: it's evil' I was used to...

Once again, as in the previous village, my translator/guide and I ate with the village. As we finished eating, the sun was getting low in the sky and the road to the port was still submerged: we were going to be spending the night. Seeing as there was a shortage of huts, and the back of our Land Rover was being used as a make-shift medical facility; I decided to sleep in the cave...on the little ledge opposite the spring. I told my translator/guide and the man from the village who spoke English where they'd be able to find me if I was needed, and/or if the road to the port became passable, before heading to the cave.

The first thing I did upon getting to the cave was take my boots off. Not having put my socks back on earlier that afternoon had been a serious mistake: my feet hurt like hell. I took off my

shorts, before stepping into a little pool of water next to the spring. My god, the cool water felt great on my sore tired feet.

I had been lounging on the little rock ledge in the cave, my head resting on my makeshift pillow (my folded shorts), for quite some time. The sun had gone down: the only light was from the few small fires a hundred or so feet away, in the village. All of a sudden out of the darkness a small human figure approached, “Hi,” the voice sounded female.

“Hi,” I responded. The figure was now close enough for me to see that it was the man who spoke English’s daughter: girl who had been cradling the baby earlier.

Now standing in the cave, next to the ledge I was lunging on; she once again spoke, “I hear white men feel different.”

Thinking about her comment for a second the only possible meaning I could come up with was that she thought skin tone affected skin texture. It was a strange idea...but everyone I saw in this particular village had strikingly similar skin-tones (looking back on it later it was slightly creepy). Assuming that must be what she meant, I cautiously replied, “Okay,” raising my hand so she could feel it.

The eight-year-old new mother took my hand. Holding it firmly, she swung her left leg up and over my legs, put her left knee on the ledge on the other side of my legs and promptly half-sat (her right foot was still on the rock floor of the cave next to the ledge) on my thighs: her butt just below the bottom of my boxers. The hem of her dress must have ridden up as I could feel the warmth of her nude upper thighs and butt on my legs, I continued lounging: not moving a muscle.

She let go of my hand, and in the very dim light of the distant fires I could see the eight-year-old new mother pulling her dress over her head. Now fully nude she spoke, “Please, be the first man to touch me after my baby.” Less than a millisecond later my hands were on her slender, post-pregnancy swollen upper thighs. Letting my hands wander up her young body I found her belly to be quite soft, definitely still swollen from recent pregnancy (after all, she had given birth maybe twenty-four hours ago).

As my hands reached the pregnancy swollen buds of her eight-year-old pre-teen breasts; I could felt her open the fly of my boxers. Gently pinched her little nipples, I began to feel the tips of my fingers getting moist. I was a bit confused (why would this eight-year-old’s tits be getting moist?) until she spoke, “The baby needs that:” she was lactating. She reached into my boxers and pulled out my (surprisingly) semi-erect dick. The eight-year-old mother wrapped her post-pregnancy swollen little fingers around my dick and began gently stroking it. Once my dick was inflated to its full six-and-one-half inches she spoke again, “Let me feel you now.”

Finally realizing what she meant by 'feel', I said, "'Za-hun-esshu,' right?" I had never even thought about fucking a woman (or little girl, in this case) who had given birth so recently, but the idea was more of a turn-on than I would have expected it to be...

"Right: you're not married, and I'm eight." The girl replied, as she lifted her body up over my rigid dick. As she lowered her young body, all six-and-one-half inches of my dick were engulfed in her very wet, shockingly loose eight-year-old pussy. "Hmm...White men do feel different...a lot smaller and slipperier..." she mused.

For a second I was insulted/offended, then I remembered that this young girl had just given birth the previous day, "Not smaller: you're still stretched out from giving birth." I explained, "My dick isn't in your love tunnel, it's in your birth canal! The slipperiness is residual birth fluids..." deciding that I wanted this very young mother to enjoy her first white dick and her first post-baby sex; I moved my hands back down to her hips.

"Oh..." was all she seemed to be able to say, as I squeezed her young hips in my hands and began thrusting my hips up and down. The residual birthing fluids in her still dilated pre-teen pussy made a great, although quite noisy, lubricant. With each mini-thrust I made into her pre-teen birth canal there was a pleasantly erotic squishing sound; with each with each withdraw a slightly more erotic slurping sound. "Hmm...that feels nice..." she exhaled.

While fucking this eight-year-old new mother's birth canal did feel good; her pussy was still quite dilated: it didn't need to stretch around my invading prick. Her pussy was among the loosest I've ever had my six-and-one-half inch dick buried in. Having had three spectacular orgasms in the past 24 hours, I was more concerned that I didn't have any cum left to give this little preteen mother than I was that I would blow my load before getting her off.

The extreme looseness of the eight-year-old's birth canal was going to work in my favor for a long lasting fuck. The erotic squishing and slurping sounds coming from her dilated preteen hole, however, were speeding the approach of my orgasm. Needless to say I had absolutely no idea how long it would be before my orgasm began. Wanting to make sure she enjoyed her first post-baby fuck, I moved my right hand over slightly and began gently rubbing her clit as she rode my dick.

I felt a drop of pre-cum ooze out of the little hole on the tip of my dick. Thanks to the residual birth fluids still in her dilated pussy, the drop of pre-cum first coated the head of my dick, then began to (surprising evenly) run down the shaft.

Rocking her young hips back and forth, the eight-year-old new mother was fucking my six-and-one-half in prick in nice long four-inch strokes. Wow, did this girl know how to fuck! Out of nowhere a thought popped into my head: "How good at fucking was my future wife's little girl (my future step-daughter) going to be once she was the age of this girl!" The very thought made my dick twitch.

Note more than five seconds later, she let out a little moan, arched her back, and her young eight-year-old body began shaking. The preteen mew-mother riding my dick was having an orgasm

barely 24 hours after giving birth! Determined to make her orgasm last as long as possible I continued sliding my dick in-and-out of her still dilated pussy and rubbing her tiny clit...increasing my speed as much as I could.

The contractions of her loose, dilated pussy around my dick felt absolutely incredible... It only took her orgasm ten seconds to get mine started. Feeling my butt-cheeks tighten in my boxers, I jammed my hips up, thrusting all six-and-one-half inches of my adult prick into her the eight-year-old's dilated pussy. My balls drew up. An instant later I could feel the cum begin to surge through the little tube on the underside of my dick. A big spurt of 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 new mother's loose preteen pussy. Strangely, I didn't feel any additional warmth or moisture on the head of my dick. Then, a millisecond before the second spurt of cum spewed from my dick: it felt like hot goo was raining down on the head of my dick...

I was so preoccupied wondering why I was feeling what I was feeling that I almost missed the satisfying second spurt of cum spew from my dick. Focusing more on my orgasm, I continued rubbing the new mother's eight-year-old clit in an attempt to stretch her orgasm out...hopefully for as long as mine lasted. Spurt after spurt my orgasm continued.

As the fifth spurt of my hot, thick, sperm-laden, creamy, white adult cum spewed out of the little hole on the end of my dick the eight-year-old new mother orgasm began to subside. I was a bit disappointed that her orgasm was going to end before mine...just then the sixth spurt oozed out of the little hole on the end of my adult prick, deep into her young body.

"Wow," she said dreamily, "white men do feel different..." She paused before adding in a half chuckle, "better."

My orgasm had fully subsided, my dick was buried balls deep in her loose eight-year-old pussy; and strangely my dick was still hard as rock. Even more strange, though, was the down-right bizarre sensation of warm goo slowly oozing down the length of my shaft... That's when it hit me: this eight-year-old little girl had given birth so recently that not only was her preteen love-tunnel still dilated, but her cervix was too. The warm goo oozing down the length of my shaft was the cum I had just shot into her...and the first spurt I had shot into her had most likely blasted well into her eight-year-old womb, before being pulled back down through her dilated cervix and landing on the head of my dick...WOW! Just knowing the trip my hot, thick, sperm-laden, creamy, white adult cum had taken in the belly of this preteen mother was going to keep my dick hard for quite a while...

* 'Za-hun-esshu' was made up by "this guy" (the author). To the best of "this guy's" knowledge no such practice actually exists anywhere in the world. Please keep that in mind when traveling.