

International Business Trip, part 5 (Mf(14), intr, oral, prost)

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

Summary: The same guy...with a fourteen year old prostitute in the port

ANGOLA HOTEL

After cleaning the four loads of cum that had poured out of the new mother's preteen hole off my boxers, I put my shorts and boots back on, headed back to the village with the other two members of our early morning threesom to another communal meal. Once we had finished eating; my translator/guide, the few injured people from the storm devastated village and I got into our land Rover and headed for the port.

The drive to the port from the village which had been so heavily damaged during the storm was quite pleasant and faster than it should have been: the flooding had actually managed to improve the road (putting dirt into the terrible ruts and potholes that make driving so difficult in these parts).

We had dropped off the man who had been struck by lightning and the two other people who had suffered much more minor injuries at the hospital.

I had been wearing the same clothes for a few days: they were filthy... So I decided to stop at my hotel to change clothes, take a shower, and the like before heading in to the field office.

The hotel I was staying in was uncharacteristically nice: it had been built back before the Great War, when Angola was still a colony, as a place for the colonials to stay and hang-out at... The rooms were large with their own baths, hot and cold running water, there was a bar and restaurant, a ballroom...I could go on. However, thanks to the region's more recent history, the hotel was now somewhat run-down: catering to a very different clientele...

I was barely two steps into the lobby of the hotel when an unsavory looking man approached me and asked, quite clearly, "You want to buy girl?" I must be cursed: whenever I go somewhere even remotely urban in the places I have to travel to, someone always tries to sell me something completely bizarre and/or illegal.

First off, I'm not the type of guy who wants to have a slave, and secondly: me, a white man, buying a girl in sub-Saharan Africa...yeah that's going to go over well. "No thanks," I replied, before heading over to the desk. I asked if there were any messages for me: there weren't, so I walked up the grand staircase to go to my room.

I was less than a dozen feet from the door to my room when a girl stepped out from behind an almost non-existent corner in front of me. In broken English she asked, "I come your room?" As I thought for a second to understand what she was saying, I looked her over: she looked to be about fourteen (or so), with mocha colored skin, had a less than appealing looking face

(comically big lips, a very prominent brow line, a large pimple on her left cheek, and a nose flatter than a boxer...who's lost a lot of fights), badly straightened hair dyed candy-apple red, her body was almost (but not quite) chubby.

"I don't know," I replied; still looking her over. She wasn't particularly good looking, but I was intrigued by what she was wearing: stretched over her nearly "C" cup breasts was a child's-sized white t-shirt emblazoned with the "star and bars" (confederate flag) and the slogan "the south shall rise again"; hugging her hips was a faded black denim skirt with a frayed hem (at about the middle of her somewhat thick thighs); stretched over her lower legs (and knees) were shiny, almost clear plastic stockings; and a pair of heavily worn medium brown unusual looking platforms (open sandals with a 2" platform at the toe, rising to 4" at the heel; a single narrow strap over the ball of her foot, and a thick buckled ankle/heel strap at the back) which were clearly a size too big for her.

"I suck: two dollar." She said.

"Sure," I replied: 'head' for only two dollars, even if she was lousy it was a good price... I put the key (yes an actual key) in the lock and open the door, leading her inside my room. I barely had the door closed when she began undoing my shorts. In a flash her hand was in my boxers, pulling out my already inflating dick.

She licked her right hand before wrapping her mocha fingers around my dick. With an unusually firm grip she began stroking my dick until it had inflated to its full six-and-one-half inches. My god, this girl knew how to use her hands!

Then, still firmly holding my dick in her right hand; she promptly stopped stroking, held out her left hand and said, "two dollar." This was clearly her way of making sure she got her money: so I pulled two dollar bills out of my wallet and gave them to her.

She tucked the money in the waistband of her skirt, licked her lips and squatted in front of me. Beginning to stroke the length of my dick once again, she pressed her gigantic fourteen-year-old lips together and kissed the tip of my dick. Parting her lips slightly she moved her head forward not more than half-an-inch: allowing the head of my dick to slip between them.

Suddenly, her cheeks hollowed and I felt suction on the tip of my dick. Wow did that feel good! I put my right hand on the back of her head; as I was just beginning to push her head towards my crotch, she stopped sucking on the tip of my dick. With the tip of my dick still between her comically big lips, she gently shook her head "no."

As I removed my hand from the back of her head the fourteen-year-old hooker parted her lips a tiny bit farther, easing her head forward to the point where I could feel her front teeth against the end of my dick. She moved her left hand up from her knee where it had been since she squatted down in front of me and reached into my fly the began gently massaging my balls: rolling them around with her fingers. This continued for a full two minutes, as I just stood there enjoying the first 'lip-job' I ever had.

“Wow,” I stammered: the ‘lip-job’ she was giving me felt great. Judging by the little sparkle that appeared in her eyes, she clearly understood my statement was a complement. An instant later she moved her lower jaw down just enough for the very tip of my dick (including the little hole on the end of it) to slip between her front teeth: the chewing surface of her upper teeth at the top of the little hole on the end of my dick, and the chewing surface of her lower teeth at the bottom.

Her mouth stayed in that position for a few seconds as I felt the tip of her tongue dart back and forth across my piss-hole. It felt so absolutely incredible...if I hadn't had half-a-dozen orgasms in the last sixty or so hours I'm sure I would have blown my load then and there...

Increasing my pleasure further, she began rapidly moving her lower jaw up and down. The amount of movement was tiny: probably less than one millimeter, but it was just enough for her front teeth to repeatedly pinch the little hole on the end of my dick open and closed... She continued stroking the shaft of my erect dick with her right hand, rolling my balls between the fingers of her left hand, firmly sucking on the head of my dick, and flicking the tip of her tongue across my piss-hole.

Barely a moment after she had begun pinching my piss-hole open and closed with her teeth I felt my ass-cheeks tighten. My orgasm was going to begin in no time...an instant later, when my balls drew up in her left hand she knew it was coming too. 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; shooting into this teenage hooker's mouth, between her front teeth.

By the time the second spurt of my cum had shot into her mouth, I could feel her begin to repeatedly swallow. Spurt after spurt of my cum was spewing into her waiting mouth to be hungrily swallowed down into her fourteen-year-old belly. All told I shot a total of five big spurts of my hot, thick, sperm-laden, creamy, white adult cum before my orgasm began to die down...

Once my orgasm had subsided and my deflating dick had slipped out from between her comically big fourteen-year-old lips, she opened her mouth wide and stuck out her tongue: showing me she had swallowed all the cum I had shot into her young mouth. She kept her mouth open until she was once again standing. Giving me a little smile, she put my mostly flaccid dick back in my shorts, turned and headed for the door. “Wait,” I said: she stopped and turned her head. As she was looking over her shoulder I took out another dollar bill, “you suck well, a little extra for a good job.”

She turned to face me, smiled a big smile and eagerly took the 50% tip before saying, “Thanks.” A moment later she was gone.