

International Business Trip, part 7 (MF, cons)

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Summary: Leaving the port: a flight on a private plane with a gorgeous Russian stewardess... Another plot important part of the overall story...

FLIGHT TO MADAGASCAR

After door to my hotel room closed behind the not particularly good looking fourteen year old hooker, I stripped off my dirty clothes and hopped in the shower. Prior to my shower I hadn't been alone in days...it gave me a chance to really think. In a few days I would tell the chief of that I had decided to marry his widowed daughter.

What would our life be like? Would we have sex every-day? How many children would we have? What would they look like...skin tone, hair and eye color? Would I move to the hut in the village or would my bride and her little girl move to the port...if they did move to the port; would we stay in this hotel room, get a bigger one, or a house? The little girl: what would my relationship with her be like; would she continue having sex with me, or would she become my daughter in more conventional terms? Wow! Maybe I hadn't really thought this through...

I couldn't make heads or tails of the situation I was going to be in as I returned to the oil company's field office in the port. When I walked in the door I was greeted by my secretary / the receptionist for the office. Like me, she was white and American. She was in many ways the stereotypical receptionist: good looking, but not completely hot; reasonably intelligent, but with a somewhat ditsy personality; able to fix problems relatively easily, usually by flirting... She told me that the operations manager in Akaranha (the town I had laid-out on a remote island in Indonesia half a dozen or so years before) had had a massive heart attack and was dead; his replacement had managed to piss-off the local indigenous population (who as a result shut-down the oil-wells) his first day on the job had fled; and the indigenous population wanted to negotiate with me (the only outsider they had come to trust). I was being sent to Akaranha to solve the problem...and there was a plane waiting for me at the airstrip.

Seeing as I was going to be headed to Indonesia immediately, there would be no time to go back to the village and tell the chief I was going to accept his widowed daughter's hand in marriage: so my marriage was (for good or for bad) on hold, for the moment...

The oil company had arranged to "borrow" a private plane owned by a Russian mining company that has a mine a dozen or so miles up the coast from the port. It was going to take me to an airport in Madagascar. There I'd transfer over to a commercial jet for the run across the Indian Ocean to Southeast Asia...

After picking up my bag and checking-out of the hotel, my translator/guide drove me to the airstrip. I informed him that he was going to be in-charge until I returned (he had the brains and

personality for the job, and already knew the other people involved...), and asked him to tell the chief I would marry his widowed daughter when I returned...hopefully in a week or so.

I climbed through the door at the tail of the borrowed plane, an old Soviet built twin-engine prop (which looked strikingly similar to a C-47). The interior of the plane was...well, it looked like the typical private / corporate jet: a leather couch, swiveling leather club-chairs, a beautiful wood dining table...certainly not the sort of vehicle I was used to travelling in. I had barely sat down in one of the club-chairs when the engines roared to life...a moment later the plane was rolling...then airborne.

I was alone in the cabin, the only sound was the hum (quiet rumble is probably a better way describe it) of the engines. I was going to have plenty of “quiet” time to read through the file of what had happened in Akaranha. By the time I had finished reading the first page I knew exactly what had happened: the most recent operations manager had been a “regular” Indonesian (they’re generally despised by the indigenous population: decades of less than ethical/humane treatment aren’t soon forgotten). Sitting the file down on the table next to me, I knew all I really had to do was show up, undo what ever racist policy he had enacted, and request the next operations manager be from the States or Australia: easy...

Looking up I realized I was, in fact, not the only person in the cabin. Standing a few feet in front of me was a stunningly beautiful woman. She had the slender/vertical body of a runway model; was easily six-feet tall, with nearly shoulder-length straight blonde hair, very fair skin, green eyes...truly stunning! But what she was wearing was astounding: a scarf of bright red lace was tied (like a neck-tie) somewhat loosely around her long slender neck; wrapped tightly around her “A” cup breasts was a fairly conventionally shaped layered lace (the outside layer was bright red and each successive layer was slightly darker) bra; hanging from her narrow hips was a matching (same material and color) pair of bikini-style panties (looking more like a bikini bottom, than panties: the waist-band tied in a bow on each side); and on her feet, a pair of bright red patent leather pumps with very high (at least four-inch) stiletto heels. Just seeing the physical beauty of her body, coupled with what she was wearing gave me an instant hard-on.

“Ha-lo, my name is Anastascya, can I get you eny-thing?...food, drink...coffee, tea...eny-thing at all?” she said, her Russian accent was unmistakable, yet her grammar appeared to be quite good.

While I wasn’t hungry or thirsty, I was most definitely attracted to her. “No I’m fine,” I answered, “sit down, take a load off.” I offered, waving my hand in the direction of the club-chair on the far side of the little table. Bowing her head slightly and giving me a very subtle smile (as if to say thank you), she turned and promptly sat on my lap. “Oh my...” was all I could think, particularly when I glanced down to see one of the bow-knots of her “bottoms” was pressed against the hard-on that was straining against the fabric of my shorts.

Anastascya was ignoring my hard-on, so I tried to do the same as I introduced myself. We quickly began talking about various things...home, family, work... I learned that she was 22, had grown-up in a little town east of the Urals in Siberia, had a brother and two sisters, liked

cats...our conversation almost seemed that of a first date...so much so that I had completely forgotten about my hard-on.

As she was telling me her favorite color was red the plane hit turbulence. She put her left arm around my neck grabbing my shoulder as she nearly fell off my lap. In the same instant, I grabbed her: my right hand on her waist, my left hand on her slender thigh, a few inches above the knee. The turbulence continued for some time as we held on to each other tightly, pressing the bare skin of her hip hard against my now completely obvious hard-on. She looked down, gave a naughty grin and said, "You know, I am not just flight serv-ess (she obviously meant 'flight attendant'), I am also flight entert-ainment..." 'Wow, an in-flight hooker,' I thought for an instant, before realizing that I had gotten used to the level of hyper-sexuality 'Za-hun-esshu' had created in the villages I had spent so much time in recently. She probably sang, or played an instrument, or something along those lines. "...when turbulence stop, dance?" she continued, as she reached down and pulled her shoes off with her right hand. I wasn't sure what she meant by "dance": did she mean we would dance together?...or would she perform some traditional Russian folk dance?...or, well...

A full twenty minutes after the turbulence had begun they ended. Letting go of my shoulder, Anastascya tried to get up off my lap; except I was still holding her waist and thigh... Looking at me she said, "You need let go, so I get up," feeling quite embarrassed I released my grip on her incredible body. She stood, walked across the cabin, and put on music: it had a strong beat, but beyond that I couldn't place it and would be hard pressed to describe it. I was admiring the spectacular view I had of the back of her body: the gentle "v"-shaped silhouette descending down her ribcage from her shoulders to her thin waist, the curved flare of her narrow hips, the long elegant curves of her slender legs...

By the time my gaze had reached her ankles, Anastascya was turning around. She had the thinnest ankles I had ever seen on an adult. Then her feet came into view, they were just as beautiful as the rest of her: long slender toes, with neatly trimmed nails coated in bright red nail-polish that appeared to match her shoes; fairly high, delicate looking arches; not a hint of callous or dry skin... If I had a foot fetish I probably would have blown my load in my pants right then and there.

Smiling at me she began gently rolling her hips side to side with the music. With each beat of the music she rolled her hips just a little bit further. Pretty soon her hips were moving through an area at least three-feet wide...she began swinging her arms... I was fairly certain she was doing some sort of folk-dance: the sort of dance that is completely non-erotic when done in normal clothing, except she wasn't wearing normal clothing... I could feel my dick beginning to throb in my pants... A moment later the song ended, giving me another smile she asked, "You like?"

My mouth was dry, "Yeah," was about all I could respond.

Offering her hand to me Anastascya replied, "Then you dance with."

As I stood I replied, "I don't think I can move like that..."

“Course you can, I teach,” she said with a smile, before stepping behind me. As the next song started she put her hands on my hips and began moving my body (and her own) side to side with the beat of the music. After thirty seconds or so she moved her hands off my hips...somehow I managed to continue the motion, “good. Now we dance proper.” She stepped around me. Facing me now she took my hands and put them on her hips. She placed her own hands on my hips as we continued to move back and forth with the beat of the music.

We’d been dancing like that for a few minutes when the plane was again shaken by turbulence. Unfortunately this time we were both standing: the turbulence sent us careening across the cabin. Annastascya landed on the leather couch on her back...I ended up on top of her. The realization that I was laying on top of this incredibly beautiful woman brought my hard-on back to full swing.

The plane continued shaking, causing a certain amount of friction me and Annastascya’s nearly nude body. ‘Oh god,’ I felt my butt-cheeks tighten in my shorts...I was about to have an orgasm. Half a second later my balls drew up under my rigid dick. By this point I knew there was no stopping my orgasm: so I let it happen. The 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 all over the inside of my shorts.

Once my orgasm finally subsided, giving me a little grin, and trying to suppress laughter, Annastascya spoke up, “you need girlfriend...”

“Actually I’m going to be marrying a village chief’s daughter when I return to Angola,” I informed her.

“Oh...” she paused for a second, “...I come to wedding?”

Annastascya was a decent enough person so I said, “Sure.”

“Good.” Annastascya smiled at me, as the plane stopped shaking. Thankfully we had made it through the turbulence.

Climbing off her, I asked if there was someplace I could change my shorts. Boldly she began undoing them right there in the cabin saying, “I take care of it for you.” Soon my shorts were around my ankles... Once I had stepped free of them Annastascya got up off the leather couch, went over to my bag, got a fresh pair of shorts for me, and proceeded to wash the “soiled” pair of shorts I had been wearing in the little sink in the “galley.”

‘Wow, this girl is amazing...’ was all I could think as I put on the fresh pair of shorts before sitting back down in the club chair and returning to the file I had been given at the port.

Shortly before we landed in Madagascar, Annastascya put the mostly dry now clean pair of shorts I had accidentally soiled in my bag.

As I was getting off the plane she said, “If your wife don’t take care of you, I will...” I couldn’t believe my ears: she was actually offering to be my mistress BEFORE I got married!