

International Business Trip, part 8 (MMf, cons, prost, intr, threesome, squirt)

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Summary: Bachelor Party... Sharing a quirky teenage hooker with a new friend...

BANGKOK BACHELOR PARTY

I was already in my seat in the commercial jet headed to Bangkok when I fully came to terms with Anastascya's offer to be my mistress and the fact that she would probably be attending my wedding with the chief's widowed daughter. This had the potential to make my married life even more hyper-sexual than...well, anything I had ever experienced and my wildest dreams put together.

The flight, other than being long, was uneventful: no turbulence, no one kicking the back of my seat, no screaming little kids, and amazingly no crying babies. I already knew that I would have to get on another commercial jet to take me to Sulawesi...followed by a small prop to the airstrip on the island just north of Akaranha. Then a ferry across the straights...

After landing in Bangkok I realized the flight to Sulawesi didn't leave until the following morning: that meant I was going to be spending the night. I checked myself into a decent hotel: the sort that caters to tourists who are looking for an "authentic experience."

After the number of hours I'd spent in planes a beer was definitely in order: so I left my room to see if I could find a decent (non-skin) bar. On the elevator I met another American man who was also looking for a drink. We ended up at a small bar on a little side street not far from the hotel. Through the course of our conversation I learned that he had won a few million dollars in the lottery was "whoring his way around the world; and after an entire month, felt like he had just begun to scratch the surface of what Bangkok had to offer."

I told him about some of my adventures in Angola (among other places), my upcoming marriage (making sure to describe the chief's widowed daughter in great detail). I also mentioned the experience I had had with the chief's widowed daughter's little girl after she had been with the boy. I left out the little girl's age: what can I say; I don't like the idea of people thinking I'm a pedophile or some such. After I mentioned the chief's widowed daughter's little girl my drinking companion commented, "I wouldn't have figured you for the type who likes 'em old."

"'Old'..." I was taken aback, "Wait...what do you mean?"

"The woman you're marrying..." he began explaining, "you were with her daughter; so either the woman your marrying is older, or she was really young when she had her daughter..." he trailed off for a moment, "...or her daughter would have to be kinda young..."

“Yeah...” I replied with a half-chuckle, “Yeah, her daughter is kinda young...” I paused as I took a swig from my beer, before adding, “...a bit too young.” I was suddenly fearful he’d ask how old the little girl was.

Through a little smile he commented, “Sometimes the younger ones can be better...” I couldn’t help but smile at the thought. “...so how ‘a bit too young?’” he asked.

SHIT: he asked. “You know,” I snorted. After pausing for a second I truthfully replied, “I don’t know how old she is...but a year or two too young nonetheless.”

“I’ve been there,” he said with a knowing smirk. ‘Oh thank god; he didn’t accuse me of robbing the cradle,’ I thought in the moment of silence before he asked, “So she already had another guy’s load in her when you screwed her?”

“Yup,” I replied.

“Wow, that must have been...” he trailed off, “...interesting, different, fun...I’m not sure what the right word is.”

With a smile I commented, “Oh, it was...” I took a breath, “Slippery, very slippery.” I boastfully declared, “...and a bit on the messy side afterwards...”

“Nice,” was his single word reply as he lifted his beer.

“Oh, yeah...” I commented, “...but messier still: I had a three-way with a girl and a teenage boy.”

“How was that messier?” my new friend asked.

With a boastful smile I explained, “We were both in her fuck-hole at the same time.”

“Oh...” he commented, before asking, “So, how did you both fit in the same hole?”

“She’d given birth a few days before,” I explained, “and was still stretched out from it...”

“Ah...I’m gonna have to try that sometime...” There was a pause in our conversation, and after a moment of silence he asked, “You have your bachelor party yet?”

“No,” I replied with a chuckle, “don’t even have a date for the wedding yet.”

“So, would you be interested in a little ‘pre-marriage’ fun?”

“Sure, why not,” was my reply: he pulled out a cell phone and made a call.

When we left the bar he promised I wouldn’t be disappointed in the “entertainment” he had arranged for my “bachelor party,” as we traded email addresses. On our walk back to the hotel

it started raining, thankfully we didn't have far to go. Returning to the hotel we went to his room where we waited for a few minutes before there was a knock at the door. My new friend opened the door...

A very short (maybe 4-foot-7, if that) completely drenched woman wearing a plastic raincoat with the hood up over her head stepped into the room behind my new friend. She remained behind him (and out of my line of sight) when she removed her raincoat... I suppose that was a good thing, as it revealed her to me at once. She was slender, probably weighed less than 75 pounds, had very pale skin, her hair in a pixie cut was bleached white, dark purple eye-shadow framed her large nearly black almond-shaped eyes. She had slightly thinner than average lips, coated in shiny orange lipstick. Her chin was pointed and narrow. Judging by her face I'd put her age at about fourteen, with the looks of a living, breathing Japanese anime girl...

Letting my gaze drifted down her body, I noticed that the lime-green tube-top she was wearing hid her almost non-existent breasts. A flat tummy disappeared into the waistband of a pair of very-short black denim cut-off shorts. Appearing from behind the frayed fabric less than an inch below her crotch below was a pair of very slender stick-like thighs, which disappeared into the top of a pair of above-the-knee boots. My gaze continued to drift down the shiny black patent leather of her boots to the floor.

To say she intrigued me would have been an understatement. Judging my her face I'd have guessed her age to be about fifteen or sixteen; her body on the other hand looked practically pre-pubescent, suggesting she was perhaps ten or eleven. Add to that the bleached white hair in a pixie cut... Well, just from this girl's looks I knew it was going to be a fun night...

Through a thick northern-Thai accent she said, "who first?"

My new friend looked at me and matter-of-factly said, "There's no way we'll both fit in her at the same time."

"Okay," I said, fully believing him. "You found her: you go first."

With a little grin he pointed at himself. The girl casually walked over to the bed. She undid her shorts and let them drop to the floor. I was pleasantly surprised to see her completely hairless crotch...the naughty girl hadn't been wearing any panties. As she nonchalantly sat on the bed, she pulled the tube-top over her head revealing a pair of tiny brown nipples on her almost completely flat chest.

The girl spread her slender stick-like legs and my new friend stepped between them. His shirt was off in little more than a second. The nude (well almost nude, she was still wearing her boots) girl undid his pants and pulled them, along with his underwear, down his legs. I almost didn't believe my eyes when I saw that his dick was not only already hard, but somewhere in the neighborhood of eight inches long and quite thick.

With his pants around his ankles, my new friend bent down; placed the tip of his large dick against the girl's small hairless pussy. In one singular motion, he slammed his hips forward:

shoving the entire length of his large dick into the girl's pussy. With the forceful intrusion of his dick into her pussy the girl let out a high pitched squeal.

In a matter of seconds he was thrusting his hips back-and-forth with reckless abandon: slamming the entire length of his large dick in-and-out of the small girl's pussy. All the while a series of high-pitched squeals were emanating from her slightly open mouth. 'Wow' is the only word I could use to describe the action in front of me: it was almost like I was on the set of a porno flick, watching as it was being filmed...

Wanting to jamb my dick into this quirky hooker's sex-hole as soon as my new friend yanked his dick out of it, I moved over next to the bed. Realizing that my new friend could "get off" at any moment, I removed my shorts and underwear.

Little more than a minute later I noticed my new friend's butt-cheeks tighten. He thrust his hips forward hard: forcing the entire length of his large dick into the small quirky hooker's pussy, and held that position as he groaned, "Oh god."

Fully aware that my new friend was having his orgasm, I took hold of my dick (readying it for when he pulled out of the girl) and began encouraging my new friend's orgasm. "Yeah, that's it: fill her tight little hole with your man-cream...fill her up good...you know the little slut wants it..."

After a few seconds of my encouragement, he panted, "oh man that was good," before rocking his hips back: withdrawing his softening, but still mostly hard dick from the quirky young hooker's just fuck pussy.

The instant my new friend had stepped out from between the quirky young hooker's legs I had taken his place. I quickly shoved my rock hard six-and-one-half inch dick into her just fucked, just cummed in pussy. And my god was it tight, almost as tight as the chief's widowed daughter's little girl's four-year-old pussy...

In little more than two or three seconds I was rocking my hips back and forth: sliding my dick in and out of her surprisingly tight and very slippery hole. The pitch of the quirky hooker's squealing got higher, as its volume increased somewhat.

Suddenly, after I'd been fucking her for perhaps a minute, the quirky hooker let out a single loud screech, her large raven black eyes rolled back in her head, her body tensed, and a thin clear slippery yet sticky liquid shot out of her incredibly tight pussy...soaking the front of my body. "She squirts," my new friend declared in simple admiration. I couldn't believe how much wetness was squirting out of her small body, over / past my dick...in a matter of seconds the front of my shirt was soaking wet.

A full minute after the quirky hooker began squirting the thin clear slippery yet sticky liquid I felt my butt cheeks tighten. I felt my balls draw up, 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 quirky hooker's surprisingly tight very slippery teenage pussy.

As the fifth spurt of my hot cum shot out of the little hole at the tip of my prick the quirky hooker's orgasm died down: I was no longer being subjected to squirts of her female love-juices shooting up the front of my body...

As the seventh spurt of my hot, thick, sperm-laden, creamy, white adult cum oozed out of the little hole on the end of my dick; the quirky teenage hooker's large raven black eyes returned to their normal position. Seconds later my dick was beginning to deflate; I rock my hips back withdrawing my prick from her well fucked and thoroughly cum filled hole. While panting to catch my breath I watched as she put her left hand on her lower abdomen a few inches above her little teenage pussy-mound. Through a little grin she said, "Ohh, so full," in her thick northern Thai accent, as she turned to the side.

It wasn't until the quirky teenage hooker swung her legs up onto the bed that I noticed my new friend had moved around to the other side of the bed, stripped off the remainder of his clothes and had sat down on the bed. "Plenty of room in the bed if you want to spend the night," he said.

"My flight is pretty early in the morning," I replied half truthfully... 9:00 a.m. isn't that early, but I was pretty sure I'd end up missing my flight if I spent the night...

"Alright, man..." he said, "let me know when the wedding is."

"Sure," I responded as I headed out of his room.

A few minutes later I was in my own hotel room, climbing into bed, and drifting off to sleep.