

Cat Man Dues

Contributed by Administrator
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To Dean it was just another adventure. His wealthy parents had died in a car crash a few years back. Dean was happy to let his older brother run the family business. He lived quite happily off his share of the dividends and interest from the family fortune. He was twenty-five and didn't have any plans of settling down soon. Why should he? He was rich. He could do whatever he wanted and if he fell, well, money has a way of making sure you always land on your feet. Dean was a cat man and he knew it, in fact he reveled in it.

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He'd grabbed the flight to Lukla on a whim. He'd been in Katmandu and decided to do some exploring. Dean knew he was in no shape to take on Mt. Everest on any other monsters in the Himalayas but figured it would be fun to poke around the foothills. He'd slipped a hippie girl in Katmandu a Franklin after sleeping with her and she'd given him the name of a guide named Dorjee who worked out of the Namche Bazaar. She claimed he'd be perfect for Dean's needs.

The cab ride from the primitive Lukla airport to the Namche Bazaar was bumpy and adventurous. Dean got out of the cab stiff and bruised. Fortunately, it didn't take him too long to find Dorjee, everyone seemed to know him and their directions were good, even if their English was a bit shaky. The little guy wasn't much older than Dean and he seemed horrified by Dean's total lack of gear. Dean pulled out five Franklins and Dorjee just stared at him. When he added five more, Dorjee nodded his assent. When Dean asked about a hotel for the night, Dorjee just shook his head negatively.

"You stay with me tonight. We must start early. I must purchase your gear before we go. I do not live far we can walk. The exercise will do you good."

Dean found Dorjee's home primitive but clean. He found Dorjee's wife, Sanguru, just about the most attractive little thing he'd ever seen. Her big brown eyes stared out of a face that combined the best features of her Tibetan and Indian blood. Her beautiful eyes were slightly slanted, her flawless skin was light brown, and her long, black hair was tied back. A colorful sari that did nothing to conceal her ripe round curves was wrapped around her sexy body. Dean couldn't keep her eyes off her as she moved around fixing dinner. She giggled at his jokes. Dorjee merely grunted.

They turned in early, Dorjee reminding him that they would have to be up before the sun. Dean often didn't rise until about noon but figured there was no sense arguing with the tough looking little guy. He tossed and turned on the bed for about an hour. Visions of Sanguru's naked little body were floating through his brain, hardening his cock. He had just reached inside his briefs to stroke it when he heard the floor creak. He looked up to see Sanguru standing by his bed. Her long black hair was hanging down over her shoulders. Dean watched in wonder as her gown floated to the floor. Her naked beauty was even more than he had fantasized.

She put her fingers to his lips.

"Be quiet," she whispered, "Dorjee is asleep. We don't want to wake him."

Dean wasn't about to argue with that, not with this small tight naked brown body leaning over him. He took one of her small but full breasts into his hand and began sucking on her dark brown nipple. Her hand was in his briefs pumping his hard dick. Her soft skin smelled of patchouli, it was warm and smooth in his hands. She pulled down his underpants and mounted him. With her small brown hand she grasped his thick white cock and guided it to her wet pussy. Dean sighed as her sensational warmth enveloped his erection. She began playing with his pink nipples, making them erect as she fucked him, her finger nails flicked at them sending little rushes of pleasure through his chest to join the pulsating waves of lust surging through his crotch. He grabbed hold of her swaying tits, holding one in each hand as he played with the rubbery nipples.

Sanguru was biting her lower lip to stifle the little groans of pleasure he heard deep in her throat. She was bracing herself with hands on either side of his head as she concentrated on fucking his brains out, her little butt bouncing up and down against his balls as her pussy muscles did magical things to his throbbing cock. He let go his grip on her playful tits and grabbed hold of her fine little ass. Her buttocks were soft but firm, he could feel her muscles working while she fucked him harder and faster. He could hear soft slapping sounds as her light brown flesh pounded against his thrashing white

body in the dark room. He was lost in a red haze of fuck lust, thrusting up against the tight Nepal pussy that was jerking his dick as if it had small velvet fingers and, somehow, simultaneously sucking on it as if it was a hot, fragrant mouth. Dean bit his own lip to keep from crying out with pleasure. He had no idea what that little tough guy, Dorjee, would do if he caught him fucking his horny little wife but he imagined it wouldn't be pleasant.

Dean couldn't have been more correct. He was just about to cum when he saw Dorjee in the doorframe, pointing an automatic weapon in his direction.

"Out!" the tough little guy yelled.

Sanguru jumped off him but Dean's orgasm was unstoppable. He gushed wads of hot sperm on his pale belly as the muzzle of the AK-47 pointed toward his balls. Still holding the weapon, Dorjee threw Dean his clothes.

Dean dressed quickly as he stumbled through the house, trying desperately to make the door before the little tough guy decided to start shooting. He was almost crying as he began to run toward the bazaar.

Back inside the house, Dorjee was smiling at his sweaty, naked wife.

"Thank you for your help," he said, "To try to guide an out of shape idiot like that, even through the foothills, would have been a nightmare. Your services alone are worth the money and more."

"Did you enjoy the show?" Sanguru asked seductively. She knew he had been watching through a crack in the door. It had excited her.

Dorjee leaned the rifle up against the wall and took her in his strong arms. Sanguru could feel his erection pressing up against her damp crotch. It was going to be an enjoyable evening.