Coffee Girl

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Falling in love with an Indonesian lady

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The heat. The heat felt oppressive as I followed the hotel driver from the airport terminal to the hotel's car for VIP guests. I looked around the city of Jakarta wondering if I would survive the heat or how long it would take to get used to it. Traveling all the way from the west coast of the US and changing planes once took a toll on me, as did the past year following my messy divorce.

I work for a socially conscious, small but growing coffee company. We decided to place a buyer, me, close to our main source on a full-time basis. I agreed to go for two years just to get away from my devil of an ex-wife. While limiting sex with me to a handful of times a year, I found out she had been screwing two of her cousins. Fifteen years of being faithful to her shot to hell. At thirty-eight I was on my own.

Once at the hotel I found the inside to be pleasantly air conditioned. As I registered the hotel manager came out to greet me.

"Mr. Williams? I am Mr. Harris, the manager here." He looked Indonesian, but Harris? I must have looked surprised. "My father was American, but I grew up here, except for my time in college."

"I'm sorry, I hope my surprise didn't offend you." I was too tired to think of hiding surprise.

"Not at all. I know you are tired. I have scheduled a meeting to take care of the special requests you mentioned in your e-mail. Shall we meet tomorrow at 9:00 AM in my office? That will give you some time to adjust to our time difference.

The next morning I was escorted in to Mr. Harris' spacious office by a secretary who stayed to take notes and serve coffee. She was very pretty and nicely dressed. I was casually dressed as I saw most people were when I went walking around briefly the previous evening.

"Mr. Williams, I think I have a good solution to several of your requests. Near where you plan to have the plantations contract with your company there is a smaller hotel owned by the man who owns this

fine establishment. I contacted the owner, as well as the manager of that hotel, and we can make an excellent offer to you for the space you requested for offices. It could be a month-to-month or annual lease, and the hotel would provide cleaning. Of course, you could have accommodations there as well in a suite."

"That sounds good," I replied. "Any chance I could see it soon?"

"Certainly, whenever you like."

"As far as a personal assistant, a driver, and translator, I wasn't certain if you wanted one, two, or three people. I also didn't know if you wanted me to advertise, or help you select from people I know?"

"How do you normally hire people here in your country?" I asked.

"Commonly we hire friends, relatives, by recommendations."

"I see. Not off of resumes like in America?"

"Generally, no. Most Indonesians have never had a resume."

"Well, do you know anyone who has a car, speaks excellent English, has a good head for business, and can be available pretty much around the clock? Oh, and has excellent computer skills?"

"If I did I might hire him myself," Mr. Harris replied laughing. He opened a wooden box and took out a cigarette.

"I'm sorry Mr. Harris, but I am highly allergic to tobacco smoke. Would you be offended if I step out while you smoke?"

"Please stay. I'll not smoke now." He put the cigarette back in the box. "Back to your need. I can think of one person who I recently interviewed to be our…I think in the US you call them banquet managers. She was widowed a year ago and is still depressed. I thought she'd be a great employee except for that.

I saw Mr. Harris' secretary look at him surprised. "Do you mean Nina, Sir?"

"Yes, your cousin, Nina."

“I, well, Sir…I think Mr. Williams was thinking of a man, not a woman.”

“I was,” I replied. “But tell me about your cousin.”

“She is very smart. She went to college two years here, and two years in Australia for business. She married a military officer and he died in an accident a year ago.”

“Would she feel comfortable working for a foreign man?” I questioned.

“Yes, I think so.”

“I hadn’t really thought about a woman, especially a widow. But if you, Mr. Harris, recommend her, I can consider her.”

Mr. Harris turned to his secretary. “Why don’t you call her and arrange for a meeting?”

The secretary left the room while Harris and I talked about a few other things. When the secretary returned she told us her cousin, Nina, would be coming to the hotel to meet with me at 1:00 PM. I excused myself to go and draw up a list of questions to ask her.

A few minutes before 1:00 PM I walked into the lobby to find the secretary talking with a very attractive woman. She was about 5’4” tall, slim, and nicely dress in a dark blue dress. Her hair flowed halfway down her back. She carried a briefcase as well as a purse. The secretary walked her over to me and introduced us. I stuck my hand out and she barely stuck her fingertips into it.

“I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Williams. Please call me Nina.”

The secretary walked us to a small office with two couches, a coffee table, and two thick easy chairs. Nina placed her briefcase on the table and waited for me to sit. “I have a resume if you would like to see it, Mr. Williams.”

“Yes, please.” I replied. Her English sounded American rather than Australian.

She produced the resume which I looked over carefully. She majored in business which I asked about. “I wanted to work for one of the big foreign corporation which have interests here. I thought business would be the best thing to major in.”

“Isn’t that unusual for an Indonesian woman?”

“It is. However, I’m more western in my thinking, and Indonesia isn’t a typical Islamic country. You’ll notice most of the women, hardly any really, wear Islamic dress. I am the older of two daughters and then my parents couldn’t have more children. So they made certain my sister and I were well educated. There’s more, but I would prefer to wait until after you know if I will be working for you or not.” She gave me a big, bright, somewhat playful smile.

I told her what I was looking for in an employee or employees. I described the business, and what the company’s expectations on me were. She made some notes on a pad she took from her briefcase. When I asked if she had any questions she did.

“How many hours a week or month are you expecting?”

My heart sank thinking she had children who would get in the way. I was starting to like this woman and I didn’t know why. “To be honest, I don’t know. It depends upon the work needing to be done.”

“I see. “ She thought for a moment. “What would I be doing?”

“Driving me around, at least initially. Computer work, translating, helping negotiate, secretarial work, hostess duties, a lot I can’t think of right now.”

She nodded her head. “I’ll take the job. When do you want me to start?”

“I, er, uhhh…I was planning to just interview you today. Don’t you want to know what the pay is?”

“Am I not qualified? And I trust you for the pay.”

“I think you’re qualified. I just…can you start tomorrow?”

The next morning Nina picked me up in her Toyota and we drove out of Jakarta towards the region where my company planned to organize the coffee growers into an exclusive fair trade socially responsible coop. We arrived late in the afternoon at the hotel we planned to use for offices. We’d be staying two or three days for meetings. As I settled into my room Nina knocked on my door. Upon opening it she asked what my plans for dinner were, knowing I’d probably need a translator. We decided on 7:00 PM to meet for dinner. I asked what she would be doing to which she replied looking around the town. I mentioned I had seen a swimming pool and she laughed saying a single woman swimming might invite gossip. We looked at the office suite between our rooms, and she mentioned if I needed to talk to her it would be best to go through the suite to cut down on gossip. I told her the same thing.

After a time adjustment nap and dinner we walked back to the hotel. I went straight to the office with Nina in tow. “So, Nina, what do you think so far?”

“I think I like the position. I do like you for a manager. I think we will work together very well.”

“I do too. I am glad Mr. Harris and your cousin recommended you.”

“I was concerned at first you would be an American like in the movies, some big-headed bully or sex-starved, and looking for little people to dominate.”

“I hope I’m not big-headed, or anything like that. We don’t want to dominate anyone. Sex starved – my ex-wife ensured I was that.”

“I’m…I’m sorry, Mr. Williams. I didn’t mean to imply anything.”

“No, you didn’t. I shouldn’t have taken it personally. And Please call me Jeff. We’ll be working together for a while, so I’d prefer if, when we aren’t with others, you call me Jeff.”

“Alright, then, Jeff.” She looked out the window at the pool. “How tired are you?”

“I had a good nap, so I’m not too tired. Why?”

“I would like to swim, and think it best I have an escort.”

“I’ll grab my swimming suit and join you.”

I wore a conservative swim suit, as did Nina in her one-piece. It was then I realized she was small-breasted and had a tight ass. She looked like a ballerina or gymnast. She cut the water clean as she dove in and swam the entire length of the pool underwater. I dove in and swam slowly towards her. “You’re a swimmer.”

“Yes, I love the water.” She turned onto her back and did the backstroke to the far side. I leisurely swam a bit and floated as she did laps. After half an hour we went to our rooms. As we bid each-other goodnight I realized I thoroughly enjoyed our time together.

The next day we had meetings with several of the coffee growers. Nina did an excellent job of translating, including interpreting nuances and the farmer’s concerns and thinking. We finally finished in the early evening and headed to dinner. As we finished I was feeling jet lag, the heat, and decided to call it an early night. Nina told me she’d be staying up a while longer to type the reports.

I awake at 2:30 AM to the sound of a Pacific storm. I couldn't go back to sleep and figured I'd might as well read the reports Nina typed up. I got up and put on a pair of short pants and opened the door to the office. At first I didn't see her standing by the widow, but as I walked closer to the desk she was clearly looking at me over her right shoulder. "Nina?"

"I…I couldn't sleep. I'm sorry; I'll go back to my room. This is so embarrassing!" I started to reach for the desk light switch. "No! Please no."

"Nina, what's wrong?"

She jumped behind a chair. "The only thing I am wearing is an undershirt. It covers my private parts, but nothing else."

"Oh, Nina, I'm so sorry." I turned my back to her. "I couldn't sleep and decided to read what you had typed. I'll keep my back turned so you can put something more on. I hope I haven't embarrassed you."

I heard her walk to her room. A moment later she returned wearing short pants. "I typed as much as I could, but the remarks call for your opinion. She sat in the chair she had hid behind. I read the three pages. I then picked up a pad and pen and wrote three paragraphs of my impressions of the farmers' willingness to proceed. I then wrote a fourth paragraph telling of Nina's strength's and helpfulness in making the project a success so far, and handed them to Nina. "Add those as my opinion."

Nina read what I wrote. She then looked up at me. "Thank you, Jeff, those are very kind things you said about me."

"You deserve them. You've helped me accomplish more in two days then I thought I'd get done in a week."

"This has helped me too. I haven't done much since my husband died. Being a young widow in our country is hard, especially if you have some western thinking."

"Why is that?"

"Most Indonesian men don't appreciate an educated, somewhat independent woman. Also, most men looking for wives want women who are…sexually inexperienced, I forget the word."

"Virgin?"

“Yes, a virgin. And me, I liked having sex. I liked it more than my husband.”

“I know what you mean. My wife seldom wanted to do anything.”

“Is that the reason you aren’t married?”

“No, I found out she was having sex with two of her cousins.”

“What?! Are you serious?” Nina’s hand flew to her mouth as if she was embarrassed.

“Yes, it’s true. “

“That is so…so, to do it with family.” She was at a loss for words.

“America is pretty lax sexually, but a married woman having sex with cousins is still wrong.”

“Do you miss her?”

“In some ways. But mostly no. The last few years we were married we had sex maybe twice a year. I almost had to beg, and I felt demeaned.”

“Oh, Jeff. “ She got up and came to the desk where I was sitting. “Just in the past four days I’ve learned what a kind man and good supervisor you are. I think you were a good husband too. You should not have had to beg for relations with your wife.” She leaned over the desk and patted my hand and then squeezed it. As she leaned I lowered my eyes briefly and could see her breasts through the opening of her T shirt. I quickly looked back up, but could see that she had seen me.

“I…I better go back to bed before I do something we will regret,” I said. I stood up.

“Jeff, I think…I am…I doubt I would regret anything.”

Slowly I stood, turning my hand as I did so told hers. “Would you like to come to my room for the rest of the night? You don’t….”

“Yes, I would like to.” She rubbed her hand on my bare chest. “I haven’t done anything with anyone other than my husband, so I hope I don’t disappoint you.”

I put my free hand under her chin and tilted her face up so I cold kiss her. Her lips were warm and

soft. I let go of her chin and hand and scooped her up, carrying her to my bed where I lay her down gently. She scooted over and I lay down next to her. The moon shining in the window was our only light. Nina pulled me closer to her and I wrapped my upper arm over her. “I feel nervous like a young girl,” she giggled.

“I feel like a college guy with his first girlfriend.”

“I am not a western girl, so I don’t know what men like you do.”

“Let’s discover together I said as I brought my lower arm between us and placed my hand over her breast through her shirt.

“I’m sorry they are not bigger like an American woman’s.” She looked into my eyes.

“They are perfect,” I replied and then kissed her as I reached under her shirt and palmed her breasts skin to skin. I then kissed her. As I rubbed her nipple her kiss became more fervent. She reached down and started rubbing my cock through my shorts. Soon her upper leg moved over my hips. I brought my upper hand from behind her and slipped it into her shorts. She was not wearing panties, and I felt a thick covering of soft hair. I worked my finger through the hair until I found her slit. I slid up and down along her slit gathering her natural moisture, then moved up to the top of her slit to her clit. As I circled her clit her hips started moving up and down. She moved out of the kiss and tilted her head back and started breathing heavy. She took her hand away from my shorts and struggled out of her shirt, then slid her pants off. I then removed my shorts.

“I told you I missed this she said.” I placed my hands back on her breast and vulva, and her upper hand went back to my cock as she moved back to resume kissing me. When she felt the size of my manhood she backed away and looked at it. “It is much bigger than I was used to. I hope it will fit in me.”

“I’m sure it will. I’ll take it slow and easy.”

“I don’t know if I can wait for slow,” she said gripping me and moving her hand up and down the shaft.”

“I’m afraid I’ll cum too quickly if you keep doing that, Nina.”

“Cum?”

My fingers rubbing her clit and dipping into her vagina had her pelvis moving in circles. Maybe she

was as turned on as I was. I reached further down and inserted my middle finger all the way into her. She broke the kiss and took a deep breath. I moved it in and out a dozen or so times and her hips moved forward and back. Then I slipped a second finger in and moved in and out as my thumb rubbed her clit. Her breathing became ragged, her pelvis moved in rhythm with my fingers, and then she stiffened and exhaled, “Oh Jeff!”

I pushed her onto her back and I moved over her. Taking one of her nipples into my mouth, I tried to line up my cock’s head with her opening, she reached down, grabbed my cock and moved it into position. “Please go slow, it has been over a year.” I switched nipples and lightly bit down causing her to inhale sharply. I pressed my cock into Nina a couple inches and stopped, but she would have none of that and lifted her hips forcing two more inches in. “Oh!” she gasped.

“Did I hurt you?”

“No,” she replied. “I’m just opening like new.” She pushed her hips up again taking more of me. As I backed up she relaxed and I moved forward. It was too dark for me to look down and see how much remained outside, so I just kept up the in and out slow motion. Nina’s breathing quickened and deepened and soon she had another orgasm. “Oh, Jeff, you will kill me with joy.” Soon my hairs were mingling with hers where our sex organs met.

“I think you have all of me, Nina.”

“I am so full. Go slow, please.” I pulled out slowly until just the mushroom head remained inside her. I then pushed all the way back in. As I pulled back her hips would retreat, and as I pushed back in her hips would move up to great mine. Her pussy was warm and wet. Her arms wrapped around me and her legs gripped mind. Soon her hips began rising hard to greet mine. “Go faster, harder.”

“I’m going to cum soon.” I could feel my cum rising up my rod.

“Me too!” Her head rose and she was breathing deeply where my neck and shoulder met. Her hips were moving strong and fast and her pussy clamped down on me. “Oh Jeff!” she screamed into my neck. I couldn’t hold back and felt a long and strong burst of cum exit me. She inhaled as she felt it. Three or four more bursts sot into her. Nina pulled her head back and looked into my eyes. “I could feel you….”

“Throbbing? Pulsing?”

“Yes, as you….”

“Shot my cum into you?”

“Yes.”

“What did it feel like?”

“You got bigger, and it felt warm, nearly hot.”

We lay there looking into each other’s eyes and kissing until I felt myself shrinking and slipping out of Nina. I pulled my hips back and Nina gave a small shriek and dashed to the bathroom. The door didn’t shut completely and I could see her sitting on the commode as she let as much cum as she could run out of her. I grabbed my T shirt and mopped up as much as I could from the bed. When the light to the bathroom was turned off I watched Nina walk to my bed and stop. “Would you like me to stay in your bed tonight?” I held my arms out to her and she fell into them. As she curled up next to me she looked into my eyes and said, “I did not think about my…time, and I hope I am safe from making a baby.”

“It’s OK, I had a vasectomy two years ago.”

Nina pulled her head back a bit. “A what?”

“A vasectomy. A simple operation so I can’t make a woman pregnant.”

“But what if we want to make children later?” Then she giggled. We soon fell asleep.

As the sun began to rise I slowly awoke to find myself spooning behind Nina. My upper arm was wrapped over her holding her abdomen. And I had one hard hard-on. It was tucked in her butt-cheeks with the head in her pussy lips. She was wet, very wet. Her breathing was soft and quiet, and I felt very content, except for the hard-on. I wondered if I could slip it into her without waking her. I inched my hips back and then tried to line my cock up with her opening and missed. Nina moved her hips back a bit and I couldn’t tell if she woke. I moved my cock forward a little and felt I was in the right place. I pushed forward a little and the head lodged in. Nina stiffened and shuddered, then inhaled loudly. “I am awake now!” she said surprised.

“Do you like to wake up like this?” I asked.

“I think so. This is the first time.” She rotated her ass in a circle as she tried to take more of me in. “I don’t think we can go as deep this way.”

I grabbed her hips pulling her on as much as possible as I also rotated myself onto my back, bring her on top in a reverse-cowgirl position. She shrieked, “Jeff!” as I did so. With her legs splayed out and her fully seated on my raging hard-on she looked over her shoulder at me. “Now I am fully awake.”

“Good morning. Try to turn around without coming off of me.”

Nina slowly turned, never letting me slip out. I reached up and put my hands on her breasts, taking her nipples between thumbs and index fingers. She moaned and she began riding me. She got a strong rhythm going. I sat up and took one nipple between my lips and used the fingers of my free hand to rub her clit. Nina slowed at one point and said, “you are going so deep.” It was true, I could feel the head of my cock touching her cervix.

“It’s not hurting is it?”

“No, it doesn’t hurt.” She pushed me back down and shifted her hips as she lay low still driving me into her. “I’m going to cum soon,” she said.

“Me too!” I began short thrusting moves into her. Simultaneously we stiffened, exhaled, and came.

As we lay there Nina said she could again feel me releasing into her, and she loved the feeling. She grabbed the undershirt I used earlier in the night as she headed toward her room. “You can use my bathroom,” I told her.

“We have to make it look like we slept separately for the maids.”

I looked down and could see obvious evidence of our love making – her dark pussy hairs to my light brown ones. I quickly brushed all the hairs onto the floor and grabbed a towel to mop up our juices. As Nina came out of her bathroom and stood in the doorway between the office and my room she said. “We can do this, but it must not look like we do.”

I’m sure I’ll be writing more.