A European Beauty PT 2

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Published on Lush Stories on 28 Sep 2012

Guy loves European woman and almost has sex with library manager

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/a-european-beauty-pt-2.aspx

Like I said at the very beginning I'm just a guy, like any other guy, who adores so many features, or should I say facets of a woman, but I never know where to begin when I see the woman for me. However, as I grew up or developed what tastes I felt and thought were best for me as far as women were concerned, I've learned more about them in life.

The first thing about a woman is, I think, her smile.

The second most important feature are her eyes.

Those two will always get you what you want. Look at them, pay attention to those first off, and you can and will develop into a direct way and path to her heart. It's true. I did it with Greta or I'm pretty sure I did. I didn't do it intentionally, but I did. And it was, it appeared, a successful route to her heart.

Seeing as I'd been invited to be a "live in" with her, our relationship took off almost immediately. Before I knew it we were sleeping together. And get this…that occurred on the very first night. Okay no, we did not have sex, but we sure played around with each other a lot. You can bet on that. And from what I learned that very first night that I got there we learned more then I ever expected to know about one another.

We learned more then either expected.

She wanted intimacy out of someone, like me, and I gave her that. She wanted affection too and I know I certainly had and gave her that as well. We kissed a lot more then I ever expected to kiss.

Boy, the woman could kiss up a storm too and I sure loved that…let me tell you.

On the other hand, she was more then willing to play around and as a result we played or toyed around with one another's bodies as we lay in bed one late afternoon while it stormed outside. Before I knew it we were hitting the sack, for the day, and we held one another's naked bodies. And this was

on the very first day I met her too.

No, again we didn’t have sexual intercourse, but she and I hit it off really well. She has the most wonderful personality in the world. How she hadn’t ever been latched and gotten herself into a relationship already I don’t know but all that matters is she and I were together all the time I was there with her. That’s all that mattered. I initially didn’t work and I didn’t have an income to speak of. Thanks to my parents, I was pretty much financially “sponsored” by them at that point in my life, but that wasn’t too much to speak of.

The next morning, after that nasty rain, I woke up, but Greta was still asleep. Her back was turned away from me and as she slept I watched it. God, she sure looked beautiful in her naked fleshy figure. Those white shoulders, her long blond hair, her torso, and her ass all seemed to flow beautifully in my opinion.

I couldn’t wait to tell her either just how beautiful she is. I watched her body flow in a manner of speaking. This way and that way and up and down it moved. She breathed quietly as she slept the early morning away. I wanted to kiss her body all over.

I wanted to reach out and grab a hold of her body. I wanted to pull her tall 5’ 11” frame against me. But I didn’t. She was sound asleep and although she was as pretty as any could be we were more or less “foreign” to one another and I didn’t think it was appropriate. So hence I eventually eased myself out of bed. I grabbed some clothes and moved very quietly out of the room. I headed downstairs and once I did I started to put some of my clothes back on.

Oops, I should have started doing that a bit earlier. A red headed, gorgeous woman that was even more beautiful then Greta was down there reading, quietly. She was, like I said, more beautiful then Greta ever was.

“Uhhh hi,” I said. “May I uhhh help you?”

She smiled. Her face exploded. I stopped right on the spot. Her smile made me freeze. In a manner of speaking she looked beautiful for two reasons. One was her smile but the other reason was that she wore this top, which buttoned up from around her chest up to her neckline. Only thing is about that top of hers is that she had it unbuttoned down low so that I was able to see most her cleavage.

She was a succulent beauty in that with her red hair, which was thick and wavy, she also had these blue eyes, and once she smiled at you your whole body melted almost right away. However, there was soooo much more to her I thought. She had tits that were bigger then Greta’s and I tried, and I mean I tried, not looking at them, but I failed.

She smiled and then asked “You are Joseph?” I said yes I am. “Hi Joseph, I am Francesca. I am Greta’s sister. It is very nice to meet you. You sleep upstairs?” she asked and I said yes.

Thank God I had on my boxers when I got down there. She got a chance to see most my body. I put on my shirt. I put on my pants. She watched every last detail of me doing that as I put on my clothes.

“She must like you. She never has men over to her house. And I mean never too,” Francesca said. I nodded my head. “She says that you are a photographer. Is that true?” I said yes and nodded my head as well. “I can see how she may like you. You are nice looking man. She does not date men only because most men, in her opinion, are how do Americans put it?” I waited for her answer. “They are and pardon my expression but they are assholes.”

We both laughed. All of a sudden Greta, slowly, came down the stairs. “Hi everyone,” she said and we both said hello back to her. She took my hand in hers and led me to the couch where she and I sat down together. Francesca had no reaction to that. I let Greta be the boss and I let her do all the talking.

“Greta, I wish for uhhh Joseph and me to talk. Joseph, would you like to do umm a photo shoot of me?” I said yes but that I was going to do a photo shoot of Greta first. “That is perfectly fine with me. You two do what you need to do and when you two are ready for me I will get everything ready on my end, okay?”

We agreed to that. Those two hugged. I shook her hand but she hugged me too. Greta didn’t make a big deal of me and Francesca hugging. Francesca smelled incredible. She smiled at me, I smiled back, and Greta teased me by lightly hitting me on my butt. We said goodbye and she left. I noticed she’d made coffee. What an angel I thought.

“She is married,” Greta said. “She has twin boys. They are very young. Isn’t she pretty?”

I lied. “Not as pretty as you are,” I said.

Francesca was prettier then Greta but there was something about Greta that stood out to me. I could not put my finger on it as of yet.

“May I get you coffee?” I asked. She was already smiling at me as she said yes. “Your sister made it so I-”

“Ohhhhhh then it will taste wonderful. My sister always makes the best coffee.” I brought the two of us

coffee and she went on to say “I had the most wonderful time with you last night Joseph. Being with you was…I don’t know but it was a,” and she closed her eyes and thought a moment. Her voice was soft as she went on to say “It was sweet and comforting. I loved it.” She wore a sparkling smile which I loved.

“Greta, I did too. In fact, I laid on the bed this morning watching you. You looked soooo beautiful to me. I’ll bet you didn’t know that.” I smiled as I looked at her.

We smiled and then she said “I have a lot of work today. Unfortunately I do not have time to do any personal things with you. I would like to,” and she frowned, “but I can not.” I nodded my head. “But if you wish you can go and take pictures or you can watch me work. It will be boring, Joseph. But I must do it.” She smiled and winked. “Yes dear. I must go and do it. Feel free to eat what you need. I will get myself something soon.”

So we went our separate ways, more or less. I washed up and changed clothes. She did too. She wore this small but loose top. It defined her boobs. Yes it did. It was as if she was showing them off to me. Was she I wondered? I don’t know if she was but it sure looked like it to me. We kissed, on the lips, and she said goodbye and headed out of the house. She went to work. I went out to see what she did exactly.

She milked cows. She harvested eggs upon eggs. She was the dairy queen. She sweated and she sweated as she did all of this. She brought it all in and she put it all on the cart. Gallons and gallons of milk were stocked on it as well as cartons of eggs too. I sat and watched her do it. That’s all I did was watch her work the dairy like a horse and I did nothing to help her do any of it. It took a long time but by 3:30 or so she was done. She was sweating up a storm.

I thankfully had my camera and seeing as she was done I started snapping a few unattractive but possibly attractive pictures of her as she sweat. However, due to her sweating I found started to think that she looked “hot.” Can you believe that? She kind of looked “hot” to me.

“I am going down to the pond Joseph. You can come and wait while I swim and rinse off a little bit. I will not mind if you do. It will be pleasurable but I do need to rinse off.” She smiled and waved me her way so I followed her down to the pond.

She turned away from me as she stripped down to nothing. I watched her backside as her shirt came off and I saw those lines of hers appear before my eyes. My heart melted as I wished for her and I to be together in bed together. I watched her jean shorts come off.

She wore underwear. She took those off too. Ohhhhhh wow, I told myself. Look at that ass. I watched

that butt crack of hers as she walked, slowly, into the pond. Shoulders, lines into her waist, and no waist hardly at all, I made sure I snapped pictures of her naked body as she walked towards it and into the pond. Mmmmm, that young woman looked more then marvelous to me. I wanted to be with her and on her and I wanted to somehow make love to her as well.

“Joseph, do me a favor please will you?” she asked. “Please turn around while I get out of the water. It will only take a moment.” She smiled and waited and I turned around. She got out of the water and swiftly put on her top and shorts. “Okay, now you can look at me,” she told me, wearing a huge beautiful smile on her lips and in her eyes.

“Wow Greta, I can’t tell you how pretty you look,” I said.

“Awwww Joseph, stop teasing me,” she said, still smiling.

“I’m not teasing you. I mean it Greta,” I replied.

We walked back to the house. She dried off and changed and we headed into town and I watched her do her selling. She was good. No, she was one experienced sales woman. She came back with “loads” of money. She was proud of herself again for being the best in the area.

Back at the house, her sister Francesca was there again. “Hi Fran,” she said. Did you come to have your pictures taken already?” Her sister said yes. “Talk with Joseph. You and Joseph can work out all the details.”

Francesca and I talked. God I loved sitting across from her, watching that cleavage sitting there like it was, her eyes looking at me as if she was undressing me or something, and I started thinking that maybe she and I could make love to each other.

“So what should I wear?” she asked me.

“Anything you want to Francesca,” I told her.

“Even underwear or umm…lingerie too?” she asked.

“Even that,” I said. “You have an incredibly beautiful body Francesca. I could easily take a million pictures of you with or without clothes on. Your body is a body that needs no defining. Any type of clothes or underwear or whatever you wear will be perfectly fine with me. Trust me.”

“Have you and Greta taken pictures yet,” her soulful eyes said to me. I said not yet. “Then you two

must take pictures first.” She looked over at Greta. “Greta dear…you do want to have pictures taken. Isn’t that correct?” she said.

“I do but I do not know what I want to wear,” Greta said to Francesca.

“Then we all shall go upstairs and you and I and Joseph shall pick out what clothing you want to have pictures taken in. How does that sound,” Francesca said as she stood up.

We were upstairs. We headed down the hall. I was behind both of them and I watched two extremely nice asses ahead of me walk and sway as we headed into her bedroom. We picked out, based on what Greta liked, and we put them on the bed.

“Are you sure you are comfortable with all this Greta?” Francesca asked.

“I am more the comfortable,” Greta said.

She changed into one outfit, which to me was one damn sexy outfit, and as she did Francesca stood near me. Wow did she smell good. She seemed to always look phenomenal and I wanted to tell her that but I didn’t. I started snapping pictures. I snapped a lot of them. We went from her bedroom of her lying on the bed, to the hallway, and down into the family room while Francesca carried all the other clothes. I took pictures, and sexy ones at that, indoors and outdoors, and she got down to doing some even I considered questionable.

But she was comfortable doing it all. And I was happy that she was.

“I am done for the night,” Greta said. “But I have had a lot of fun Joseph.”

“I’m happy you did. I like the pictures Greta. I really do like them all,” I said.

“Did you like them Francesca?” Greta asked and she said yes she did.

Francesca said she was starting to get jealous of it all. We all laughed and Greta and I hugged one another for what seemed a long time. “Awwww that looks soooo cute,” Francesca said and then she came up and slid her boobs into the hug. Thank God she did.

I did some pictures of Francesca but not even remotely close to what I did for Greta. I told her I would come and do more but she said she would come to Greta’s and we could do them at Greta’s seeing as she had a few hours to spare and she knew she could do it all at Greta’s place. So in all fairness I took those pictures of Francesca and boy the man who married her is one lucky man. I wish I was

that man. No, I was too into Greta.

In it all, I took pictures of her in clothes, lingerie, and simply erotic like underwear and with the look in her blue eyes and that red hair of hers she is simply a woman that demands attention in a specific way. I loved photographing her. It was hard to get her out of my thoughts.

Night time came. Greta and I ate. We sat down. We were alone.

“Greta, I have to ask you a question,” I said. She turned to me and asked what it was. “You know many a man must and probably do find your sister Francesca prettier then ever, right?”

“She is a very, very pretty girl. I know she is that. She is prettier then I am,” Greta said.

“No, she isn’t, I said. “Anyway, how did soooo many men get passed up? How is it that soooo many boys and men let her get away?”

“Francesca knows what she wants in life. She is extremely beautiful woman with soooo many assets from which to choose from. And you must know that too, right?” I had to agree. “But she knew who she was going to choose as her suitor once she left high school. She went after him. He fell in love with her. She told him how it would be with her. And she said to him, from what I understand, that she is ready for more children, and so this is why she did the photo shoot. You, Joseph, are a Godsend to us all.”

She leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. “That is why I love you in a manner of speaking,” she told me. “I also loved all the pictures you took of me today.” She then smiled a hearty, loveable smile, and her eyes lit up. “Will you do me a favor again tonight?” she asked. I said yes. “Sleep in my bed with me tonight?” I smiled and looked at her eyes and I said yes. We hugged for a while too.

“Do you know what?” I said as we pulled away from hugging?

“What’s that Joseph?” she asked.

“Umm, I want you to know something.” She smiled and nodded her head. “I feel really comfortable being around here, around you to be specific. I can’t say what it is exactly but I know being here, with you, and here at your uhhh farm I love being with you all the time,” I said.

“Joseph?” she replied. “To be honest with you I love it that you and I met.” She smiled a very happy and brilliant smile as her eyes did that “thing” again. They lit up her face. They lit me up as well. And at that point I wanted to pull her in against me and kiss her and swallow her up. “I loved last night. I

loved our photo shoot. I'd love to do it again. You make me feel…uhhh extremely pretty, which I don't think I am, but anyway I am soooo happy you came into my life."

We sat staring at each other and my heart and probably even my loins wanted her badly. Days went by. I still hadn't met her oldest sister. She wanted me too. She said her oldest sister, unlike Francesca and her, had the best body of all three of them. I asked why, not that it mattered, but I told her I wouldn't mind seeing her. She said I'd have to see her sister for myself.

"You'll understand why when you see her," she said.

Corry is her name. She lives in an adjoining town where she's the bank manager of a huge bank. It deals in international trading. She does almost all its trading but I'd understand her and why she's there once I meet her.

Two weeks had passed and we had worked together, as well as slept, but not made love with one another and Greta said we were gong to take a weekend trip to the town that Corry lived in. She couldn't wait. She'd heard about me. She'd heard that I was staying here. And she told Greta that she had a free weekend and that either she could come down or we could go up to the big town. I didn't care. Either way was fine with her.

We packed our clothes, borrowed Francesca's truck, and Greta drove up. I had all my camera equipment with me. We held hands as she drove. At every stop, she'd lean in and kiss my cheek. I was slowly falling in love with her. I knew that too.

We got there. We talked and socialized all Friday night. Her sister Corry was a beauty, in my opinion, and she straight up asked me what sort of pictures I liked taking. I told her exactly what I loved taking. And it wasn't always pictures of women. It just so happened that Corry knew I'd taken pictures of Greta and Francesca's bodies. She also knew I hadn't taken any completely nude pictures of them either.

What was magical about Corry was that she was tall like Greta. But the most unusual feature about Corry was that she had "no" waist. It was small as in small. But she had hips, that to me, were to die for. We decided, to start out with, that she'd wear her underwear, and she decided on this bra and a matching pair of panties. I was taken by her. Greta wasn't moved by it. She'd seen her sister like this before.

But Corry wore this satin like bra and these almost too small matching pair of panties that I swore she barely could fit into. She stood there in the center of her room. She kind of curtsied with her elbow twisted and she slipped her pinkie finger into her mouth as I took a bunch of pictures doing it.

But those hips of hers, as I focused in on her waist, looked exceptional, and astonishing.

“Wow Corry do you know just how extraordinary you really look to a man?” I asked.

She teased me and Greta knew she was too. “Does it make you want to take my body to bed, Joseph?”

“Uhhhhhh no…I do not know you well enough,” I said.

“Awwww come on Joseph…we can play around. I can make your penis get hard. I will allow you to put your penis into my vagina. We can make loving and passionate sex together,” she told me.

I “dropped” my camera. I was shocked. I looked at Greta. She was onto Corry’s joke. Still she wore a straight look on her face. And throughout it all Corry wore on too. Corry stepped up closer to me, still wearing a straight face, and like her sisters she had really nice sized tits.

“Do you love my body too, Joseph?” she asked.

I could smell it. There was a fragrance about her body which if you inhaled you could fall to your knees and practically beg her to do as she pleased with you. I’m serious. She was that sexy, that delicious, and that body of hers did a number on your brain.

Finally, I got back to reality. They broke up laughing. They explained that they knew she was going to do it. She backed down and told me that she knew that Greta and I were somewhat of a couple. No way in hell was she going to overstep her boundaries. She stepped up and kissed me on my cheek. I looked at Greta and Greta, as usual, was smiling.

Greta mouthed the words “I love you Joseph.” I said them back to her.

We went home a day later and she and I “made love” to each other. I was leaving for home in a few days. We “made love” in a manner of speaking but thankfully, for the very first time, she and I had oral sex. I ate her out. Shoved my tongue inside her pussy and she told me afterward that it was the greatest moment of her life.

We kissed after that for a long, long time as our naked bodies wrapped around the others, and my cock got hard and she told me she wished we could have sex some day soon.

“Come back…please Joseph please,” she said. “Write me, send me letters will you?”

“I will do everything in my power to stay in touch with you,” I told her. We hugged. We kissed out in the open. We hugged some more. And I ran to board the plane back home.

I’ve sure missed her but I promised myself that somehow, in some way that I was going to go back to her, and I was going to ask her to marry me. I sent her pictures of her and her two sisters. I told her that I was in love with her. She wrote me back and said she loves me too.