

# Voyage d'Etude en Europe: The Sexy French Girl

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*A college trip to Europe starts with sexual frustration and ends with sexual elation!*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/voyage-detude-en-europe-the-sexy.aspx>

(episode 23) This follows The First Annual "Pool" Party.

Earlier that school year during Fall Semester I had applied for a UGA summer trip to Europe. It was a partnered program by the university and private businesses created to enlighten the cultural, business, and historical perspective of Europe for students studying for business degrees. Later during spring semester I received the great news that I had been accepted for the program. I would get credits toward graduation and also get to see Europe at the same time. Before that, I had never been outside the United States except a short drive over into Mexico from San Diego while vacationing with my parents in southern California when I was 12 years old. Needless to say, I was very excited about this new adventure.

As that summer began, my old girlfriend, Jennifer and I, despite having hooked up for sex a couple of times during spring semester, had failed to work out our problems and still were not back together. That failure was weighing very heavily on my emotions. So I saw this European trip as a great opportunity to get Jennifer off my mind. I knew that if I stayed around I would be further upset by Jennifer becoming more involved with that older and very rich law student I mentioned in my previous story. I despised the guy, not only for his involvement with Jennifer but also for his arrogant attitude and snotty personality. To be blunt, he was just an ultra rich snobby prick. It really infuriated me to see Jennifer with that pretentious guy. I knew that this trip was just the diversion that I needed.

About twenty students along with three professors and their spouses were slated to go on the trip. I was filled with anticipation to see if any of my friends had also been chosen for the trip but found myself quite disappointed when I finally saw the list of students going. I did not see anyone on the list that I knew well. The list did contain the names of some nerdy geeks along with several people I

didn't know at all.

The trip was to take us to several European cities including Rome, Florence, Athens, Barcelona, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Amsterdam, Brussels, and then a full week at our final destination of Paris. At each stop we were to tour some large corporate business or manufacturing facilities, as well as the famous tourist and cultural sites of each location.

Once we were gathered at the Atlanta International Airport for our flight I noticed that there were only about three decent looking girls in the entire group and I didn't really know them. The best looking one by far, was a girl named Bethany, though at that time I couldn't remember what her name was. I had been in a couple of classes with her but knew nothing about her. Bethany was very attractive, a little taller than average with long straight brown hair, long legs, a great ass, average tits, tiny waist, brown eyes and she wore glasses.

Once we were boarding the plane I was pleasantly surprised when Bethany asked if she could sit with me. I had barely spoken ten words to her over the previous couple of years and actually could not remember her name as she sat down with me. I was very relieved to find out her name again when another student said Bethany's name as she spoke to her.

Once Bethany started talking to me I was shocked to find out that she knew so much about me, especially since I knew nothing about her. She asked if I had gotten back together with Jennifer. When I said that I hadn't, she seemed to lighten up so I had no doubt that she was interested in me. Since Bethany was the best looking girl in the group and we would be in Europe for 6 weeks I thought I might as well let that scenario play out. She then proceeded to talk my ears off most of the way over the Atlantic until she finally got tired and fell asleep. I wondered to myself if she was always that chatty. Once we were in Rome she soon erased any doubt that she wanted to latch onto to me.

Over the next few weeks Bethany constantly hung around with me and she seemed very content with the way things were developing. For me though, things just did not work out the way I had hoped. She would work to get me alone somewhere as much as possible, whether it was on the train we were on, in a back alley close to the hotel, or a few minutes alone in a hotel room, then we would passionately make out.

Bethany was a very good passionate kisser and eventually she would would always grab my hand and lead it to her breasts or down to her pussy, but she would never let me put my hand inside her jeans or inside her panties. It was obvious that she really enjoyed me rubbing her pussy and she would instruct me to rub faster or rub harder, and she always responded with a lot of very heavy breathing and panting. Finally, I realized she was usually getting off from this, but I was not getting anything from her in return. When I asked her to rub me or touch me, she would then break things off

and say we better stop before someone walked in on us. I hadn't had to deal with anything like that since high school.

I found myself aching constantly in the groin from a bad case of the 'blue balls'. Worse, there was no opportunity for me to do anything about it as there was rarely any privacy as I always shared a tiny hotel room with several other guys. I had not found an opportunity to masturbate and relieve my agony until one day in agonizing desperation, I found a public restroom with individual stalls.. As quickly and quietly as I could I masturbated while standing up in the stall. By that time I had become so sore from the blue balls that the orgasm actually hurt, but it did provide some much needed temporary relief.

By then I was really getting tired of Bethany's immature approach to sex, so I would try to think of ways to avoid her but she would always find me. Then she'd get me alone, and the same old thing would happen all over again. For some reason I would optimistically hope that the next encounter with her would actually lead to more. Instead it would be more of the same, passionate kissing and me rubbing up her tits and pussy through her clothes with no finger penetration and nothing in return for me.

Aside from that agonizing frustration, I had thoroughly enjoyed seeing Europe, the historical places, the art, tasting the local food, and enjoying the availability of German beer.

I was particularly excited when we arrived in Paris for our last week of the trip.

Our motel was in the Montmartre section of Paris. Typical of Europe, I guess, small rooms and a small shower that I shared with 2 other guys, no air conditioning, but it was cool in the evenings. The tiny hotel elevator could only hold about 3 people tightly squeezed in. The front desk and lobby had a eating and lounging area where we could get our breakfast every morning that consisted of croissant, hard french bread, some pastries, jams, jellies, coffee and orange juice.

There was something special about Paris though. I could just feel it in the air, the energy of the city with its beauty and bustle. I didn't realize it yet, but Paris was about to provide some real excitement and be the true climax of my trip to Europe.

I didn't see her until our second morning. She was a beautiful French girl, about my age, working at the front desk of our hotel. She came over to my table where I was sitting with Bethany and about 4 others from our group, and asked if we had found everything (talking about the breakfast food). I was surprised that a French person was actually providing some cheerful customer service. When her eyes met mine there was an instantaneous spark. She spoke English well, though with her heavy French accent. She had long shiny straight strawberry blonde hair, big brown eyes, a gorgeous model face, incredibly sexy full lips. Her skin was somewhat pale, slightly taller than average and had a very

sexy body. Her sexy legs were displayed in a medium length skirt and heels with a tight white button up blouse on. Her walk and moves, while brisk, were sexy and sensuous and her eyes kept meeting mine. All the guys in my group could not keep their eyes off of her either and the girls in our group noticed that fact. It was obvious from their body language that they did not like our attraction to that French girl.

Before I went back up to my room I made a stop by the front desk to ask directions to someplace where I could cash a cashier's check for some Euros. Actually, I already knew of a place but just wanted an excuse to talk to the French girl. She was very friendly and told me where the exchange was and gave me very detailed directions to get there.

The French girl then pointed the baseball-style cap I was wearing and asked, "What is Georgia Bulldogs?"

"It is the university I attend in the USA," I answered.

She laughed and asked, "You attend Georgia Bulldogs University?"

"No," I laughed and said, "it is the University of Georgia and Bulldogs is the name for our sports teams, like football."

"Are you a footballer?" she asked.

"Not now, well I used to be, you know, American football," I answered.

"You mean the kind where you wear helmets and attack your opponents," she said in a very flirty tone while her body swerved provocatively at the hip from left to right.

"That's absolutely right," I answered laughingly.

Then she laughed and told me, "Do not attack anyone today American footballer."

At that moment her desk phone rang and she waved bye to me as she answered it and I waved bye back to her as I turned and walked away.

After our tour excursions for the day I made every excuse to walk through the lobby at which the French girl always saw me and smiled. Later when our group was meeting in the lobby to go out to eat and later take a night cruise on the Seine River, she waved at me to come over to the front desk and she asked my name. I told her my real name but then added, "a lot of friends call me Buz."

She laughed and said questioningly, "Buz?"

I told her that it was a long story and she looked me deep in the eyes and said, "I will enjoy very much you telling it to me." Then she said, "I am Yvette," and she extended her hand in a sexy outstretched girlish manner to shake hands with me, when I took her hand we held them together for several seconds and I knew that there was a strong mutual attraction.

Yvette then told me that she was getting off work in an hour. I told her that I had to go with my group on the Seine River cruise. "Come see me after," Yvette said as she handed me a small piece of folded paper.

When I said it might be a little late, she responded, "it does not matter."

I eagerly said, "okay!" and she smiled and waved bye.

As soon as I turned I saw that Bret, a geeky but nice guy I had befriended on our trip, had seen the note exchange and heard the conversation and he asked, "What will Bethany say?"

"She had her chance," I said as I shrugged my shoulders.

Bret made a funny big eyed anticipatory expression as if the situation could become interesting.

Yvette's note listed her apartment address and walking directions from the hotel.

During the river cruise I endured Bethany's banter and kept trying to discreetly get away from her, though she made that impossible. As soon as my group got back to the hotel I rushed up to my room to brush my teeth, gargle and freshen up and rushed out the door before I could be seen by Bethany. Then I quickly headed out to find Yvette's place.

It seemed late but the Parisians seemed to start their evening socializing at a late hour anyhow. There was still a lot of street activity and I saw a little old man selling some flowers. I stopped and bought a yellow flower from him. I remember he said "A-ha" followed by a lot of words in French and he seemed really nice. As I went on I discovered that it wasn't far at all to Yvette's apartment nor was it hard to find. I walked up the stairs and found her door number and knocked.

Yvette opened the door wearing a nice pink dress, not real short, but above the knees and low cut with a loop around the back of the neck. I gave Yvette the flower at which she said, "Oh! for me?"

“Of course,” I said as Yvette pulled a vase out of a kitchen cabinet and put the flower in it with some water.

There was another girl in the apartment with a guy. I could see from the resemblance right away that it was Yvette’s sister. Yvette then told me that it was her older sister and her sister’s boyfriend. She introduced us, telling them that I was an American footballer and university student.

Then Yvette inquired jokingly if I had attacked anyone that day.

“No,” I answered, “but I am looking forward to doing that tomorrow.”

She quickly explained her question to her sister and her boyfriend who both looked quite confused. Once they understood they both laughed. They were all very nice and we all went out on her small balcony and had a couple of glasses of wine while they all smoked cigarettes. They were very inquisitive as to why so few Americans smoke cigarettes. I tried to explain that we think that cigarettes are unhealthy but really they didn’t seem to care. After socializing awhile, Yvette’s sister and her boyfriend left.

Yvette told me that she and her sister shared the apartment. It was clean, but small and not furnished as lavishly as you would expect in the USA but still very nice. Within a few minutes we ended up sitting on her bed and soon she gave me a short kiss.

Each time she kissed me the kisses got longer until we were passionately tongue kissing. Yvette proved to be one of the best kisses I have ever encountered. It was truly outstanding to be french kissing with a real French girl! Before long she looked at me and said in her sexy French accent, “I want to take your clothes off!”

I think I almost melted and my head felt weak from sheer anticipation and excitement. I held my arms up letting her know to go ahead and she pulled my shirt up and over my head. Yvette looked at my naked upper body. Her big brown eyes opened wide with excitement and she smiled as she rubbed her hands all down and around my muscled chest and tight muscled stomach and felt of my arms.

Yvette said, “Buz you have a beautiful athlete’s body, I believe you to be a real footballer.”

I again told her I used to be but not anymore, she didn’t pay any attention to what I said, she just felt of my muscles. Her eyes stopped at the Georgia Bulldog tattoo on my left deltoid, she smiled and said, “Like your cap, no?”

Yvette then started to slowly kiss all over my chest and slowly down my stomach, then she unbuckled

my belt and pulled my khaki cargo pants and my boxers off. Yvette paused to giggle when she realized my boxers were an American flag pattern.

I laughingly said to her, "I am a loyal American."

"I can see that," she replied laughing.

Yvette then stood up by the bed and untied her dress and allowed it to fall to the floor revealing that she had worn nothing at all underneath it. She looked so beautiful standing there with her sexy tight toned pale white body sporting an unshaved but sparse little strawberry blonde bush. I softly touched the sides of her torso and then pulled her to me and kissed her stomach while my hands cupped and fondled her breasts which looked and felt like they were no more than B cups. She crawled onto me on the bed and cuddled up to me kissing me passionately and slowly stroking my by now very erect cock.

Yvette seemed very intrigued that my pubic hair was trimmed very short. She then slowly began to tease and nibble at my throbbing cock. Her eyes kept checking to see if I were watching and of course I was. She seemed as if she actually was smiling as she then she proceeded to lick my cock and balls with such amazing skill and eroticism. Her tongue expertly worked and wiggled its way down my balls and underneath flicking back and forth across my scrotum.

I softly cupped her head and stroked her hair as she continued licking my nuts. Her tongue finally made its way back up my hardened penis as it rolled and lapped its way upward until she reached the head of my dick. At that point Yvette's tongue seemed to vibrate on the top of my cock. I am sure I let out a rather loud and deep groan in ecstasy.

It was everything that I would have expected from a French girl, amazing!

Then I told Yvette it was my turn. She looked at me inquisitively and I eased her back on her bed and spread her legs out licked my fingers and slowly rubbed them up and down her pink moist pussy lips. Then I began to lick her slowly and suck her clit. Yvette was soon writhing and moaning with her thighs rubbing and rotating against my head and shoulders as I continued to give her the best oral I could. After awhile I felt her tense up, her hand pushed my head away and she said, "stop! stop! oh! oh!" She pulled up away from me slightly then looked at me, "Where did you learn that?"

"Back home," I answered.

Yvette then said, "I did not expect an American to be so good at that, you made me cum, you know that?"

I then pulled her to me cuddling her in my arms and asked, "Well, how many Americans have you made love to?"

"None, you are the first," Yvette said. Then I kissed her deeply.

Yvette looked at me and said, "I want to be on top of you first."

"You mean cowgirl?" I asked.

"Cowgirl?" she asked

"Yes, cowgirl, girl on top," I said, "like a cowboy riding a horse but a girl riding a guy."

Yvette smiled, pressed her forehead to mine, looked deep into my eyes and said in her sexy accent, "Cowgirl it is."

In one incredibly impressive move, she quickly climbed up on me and slid my cock in to her. Her face fell onto mine and she kissed me deeply and she began to grind, slide, and squirm on me. Soon she sat straight up on me, took my hands and placed them on her breasts and told me to, "Squeeze."

Yvette who's pussy was very wet, reached behind her with one hand and rubbed, tickled and stroked my nuts as she rode on me. Yvette kept her eyes focused on mine and smiled with those sexy erotic lips. She stayed on top of me for a really long time and would not let me change positions as she kept riding me. When I finally had to orgasm she knew it immediately and yelled for me to, "Cum!"

Yvette and I lay together cuddled for several minutes until she asked if I were able to go again and she said, "you choose." Meaning for me to choose the sex position.

I kissed her then crawled up on her missionary and as soon as I was thrusting in and out of her good, I pushed her legs way back and kissed her again. She looked at me, those sexy lips of hers contorted as she moaned out loudly and said something in French, her eyes rolled back in her head. Then her vaginal muscles seemed to clamp tightly around my tingling cock and it felt amazingly awesome.

I pushed into her and ground myself into her making sure that her clit was getting plenty of stimulation, never letting go of her legs. Then after several minutes of that, I pulled her up to me with my cock still in her, holding her ass off the bed and her in my arms still thrusting in to her very wet pussy. I then turned her around and started taking her from behind doggy-style. I grabbed her hair firmly but not hurting her at all. Yvette was then making even more noise and yelling out and in her

sexy French accent, "Oh yes very good, very good!"

In a few minutes while still fucking doggy she yelled out to me, "Do you fuck in the back?"

"In the ass?" I asked to clarify.

"Yes," she answered, "the ass."

"Sure I do!" I exclaimed.

She then pointed to a wooden box on the little table by her bed. I stopped fucking her and rolled over to it. She said to open it and when I did I saw what looked like a metal tube of lube and held it up inquisitively.

"Yes, rub that on your cock and on my ass." Yvette told me.

I squeezed some onto my fingers and lubed my cock then I lubed her asshole at which point she pushed me back on to the bed and squatted above me then slowly slid her asshole down onto my cock. She looked at me and said with a question, "Cowgirl?"

I smiled and said, "Yes."

She rode me and rode me. Her asshole was very tight and squishy from the lube. It felt tremendous. I kept pushing in and out of her as she moaned very loudly and passionately yelled things in French. Yvette began fingering herself furiously as I kept fucking her asshole. Suddenly she buried her face into a pillow that she grabbed almost violently and yelled what almost sounded like a groan muffled by the pillow. I still kept thrusting in and out of her until I exploded my orgasm in her ass.

After that we both sighed relief as we collapsed together on the bed. We then cuddled together and fell fast asleep.

The next morning Yvette got up before me and was getting ready for work when she woke me up. I begrudgingly went back to my room at the hotel. The other guys were already up and I hurried to shower and get ready. By the time I got downstairs for breakfast Yvette was at the front desk.

I went over and talked to her while I drank my coffee. By mid-morning I think the guys that I shared the hotel room with had spread the word about me spending the night somewhere else. The group had figured out that it had been with the French girl at the front desk. Bethany was not speaking to me anymore. But, we had never discussed being an exclusive item and if we had I would not have

agreed to that anyhow. Besides, Bethany had her chance with me and she blew it by being a selfish prick teaser. I actually felt very relieved that Bethany was mad at me and not speaking to me.

I spent every evening for the rest of that last week in Paris with Yvette. She kept referring to me being a 'Georgia Bulldogs University' student even though I had told her the difference. She just enjoyed saying it that way to tease me. Yvette had a great sense of humor. She even had me pose in my American flag boxers again for her to take my picture. She took me to several great places to eat and drink, listen to music, dance and hang out. One evening we took a late night trip up the Eiffel Tower to see the lights of Paris. No doubt I could have really fallen for Yvette if I had been there any longer.

Those few days Yvette had loved to take my Georgia Bulldog cap off my head and wear it herself, so when I was saying goodbye to her just before heading over to Charles DeGaulle International Airport with my group, I gave her my cap. She hugged me really tight and kissed me and she had tears in her eyes. She said to me, "I will never forget my funny American Buz."

Yvette and I exchanged emails for a couple of years. She was attending a university in Paris. And I later sent her a gift package that had a couple of University of Georgia women's t-shirts in her size, a pair of American flag thong panties and a tourist map of UGA-Athens, Georgia. Yvette emailed me back a picture she had her sister take of her in her bedroom wearing the American thong panties, UGA t-shirt and my old Georgia Bulldog cap. I could see a framed photo of her and I together from that week in Paris on a table in the background. The last time I heard from her, she said that she had just received a really good office job at a government agency. Yvette is one special girl I will never forget.

Vive la Paris!