

A European Beauty

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Foreign traveler meets young woman and stays at her house to do stuff

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I'm just a guy who of course like any guy that adores so many parts or things about women that I wouldn't or don't know where to begin if I had to describe what it is about a woman that I like most. Okay, yes I do. It's her smile. A smile lights her up. A heartfelt smile will do so many things to a woman's "being" that it can tell a story about her in ways a man can not easily describe. However, with that smile a man may not and does not see all the other portions of a woman, excluding the woman's breasts, which will come, and will make her up. If she wears a smile, her eyes will always light up. I've seen this many times. I look for it more then you will ever know. That smile on her lips flows swiftly into her eyes and seeing that it does a man's attention should not focus in on her breasts...although yes it will. And I'm nodding my head on that because to me it happens. It's true. A woman's breasts constitute so much of a woman its hard to imagine why she's even a woman. Okay, maybe she has a vagina. Yes, she has a vagina. A man's erect penis goes into it and the two of them provide sex to each other thus allowing each of them to cum, orgasm and get one another off. Personally, I've only ever been in love with two women in my life. Okay, in truth, there have been a lot more women in my life, but in all fairness I have only been in true love with a woman twice in my life. One is Greta. Greta is a woman who is beautiful. That's my personal opinion. She stands tall at 5' 11" and is amazing in addition to that too. She does not have this incredibly sexy smile that get's heads turning and rolling and eyes doing the same but Greta, who lives overseas, and I won't tell you where exactly. But we promised one another that we'd stay in touch and we promised each other that maybe, just maybe, we'd hook up again, and hopefully when and if we did we'd get married. However, I haven't finished describing her as of yet. Like I said, she stands tall. She has a nice figure. She has "very" nice breasts...big ones too. She also has a great set of nice hips as well as a great ass too. However, there is one part of her I've left out. She has the nicest smile and when and if you look at her and she's smiling when you do, her eyes will light up, and Greta will make you smile for sure. Ohhhhhhh that smile and those eyes I thought. Now, thankfully I'm a photographer. I do not work for any specific company. I do it all on my own. I take pictures on top of pictures and I've found that I am so seriously fond of talking pictures of nature and of course women that I must have taken a few hundred pictures of her, clothed, partially clothed, and totally naked...and I was soooo happy with my pictures of her I almost told her I was in love with her. Well I fell in love with her but it wasn't

because of her body. Greta was special. She had the sweetest eyes. She had the nicest smile. She has the greatest personality. And getting to know her I felt I had to be the luckiest man on earth. "Your name is...is what again?" she asked me once I ran into her and asked for directions. She gave them to me and then I told her my name. "How do you spell that?" she said, smiling that smile. It never seemed to leave her lips. I told her how I spelled it. "Ohhhhhh," she said, still smiling. "Joseph, is that how you say it?" And then she spelled it out. She spelled it correctly. I smiled back at her as she smiled at me. We smiled and stared into one another's eyes. I was quickly falling in love with this woman I'd just met. How or why I don't know but I was. There was something in that personality, smile, and those eyes that said it all. "I am Greta," she told me. "You are Joseph and I am Greta. I like the name Joseph." And then she said something special to me. I live alone but for you it would be hard to tell you where I live. Wait, maybe you do not care?" "No, I'd like to see your house and property," I told her. "That sounds nice to me." "You want to see my house and land?" she comes back. "Really, you'd like to see it?" "Yes, sure...why wouldn't I?" I replied. "I don't know. There is a lot of land. My parents gave it to me and my brother's and sisters. We all live near each other...kind of," she went on to say. You'll probably meet all of them if you stay a while. But you may not stay long will you?" she told me in a tone which suggested she wanted me to but wasn't going to say that. "Nooooo, sure I'd love to see the land. I won't stay if you don't want me to stay," I said. Her big beautiful blue eyes stared into mine. I looked back at hers and developed this feeling in me. It was an extraordinary feeling, a powerful emotion with which I was not sure how I should respond to, but I do remember this. I loved the emotions I was feeling as this heat like barrier of some kind riveted through my body. "Are you alright Joseph?" she asked. "Yes I uhhh I am fine," I told her while still feeling those powerful emotions running through me. She smiled that awesome sweet smile of hers. I loved that about her but hadn't said it. She rides in almost every day and sells eggs and milk to dealers in town. I watched her finish up her work. I was amazed at just how good a dealer she was, turning down offers, or accepting them here or there. Greta was very good at what she did for a young woman of only 27 years old. On the cart back to her house which was way out of the city's limits we talked, and boy can this girl talk when she's comfortable. Anyway she asked me where I was from in the United States. I tried telling her and she said she kind of knew the area because she'd studied geography a lot. She knew a lot about almost every country in the world. I asked her questions about this and that and I found out she knew more than I did. We laughed about that. As we did I'd look over at her and she was always wearing a smile on her face. Then she said "So what would you like to do at my house? I work all day but I can work less now that I have a visitor for a while." "Ohhhhhh no, you don't have to do that," I told her. "You show me what you do and I'll help you." "Joseph, you are a guest of mine. No guest is going to work at my house. I'll introduce you to my sisters or in laws or even a couple others. I do have an idea in my head but I can tell you that later," she said as she looked down, while she smiled, at my camera. "Tell me now," I said. "Tell you my idea, now?" she asked. I said yes and smiled into her beautiful blue eyes. "Okay, I'll tell you. But this has to be a secret for now. I have five other sisters. They are all very pretty. To me I think they are much prettier than I am," but I cut her off. "Greta, you are a very pretty young woman. At least I think you are," I

said. She slowed and then stopped her cart. She turned and looked at me. She smiled but it was not her usual smile. She started to blush. "I am not very pretty, Joseph. I think men look at me and when they do they look only at my...my bosoms. These breasts, Joseph," she went on to say. I looked at her chest. Yeah okay, she had nice big boobs. There was no doubt about that but it was not her boobs that got my attention. It was her smile and also her personality. That caught my attention. And that's what I told her. "You like my smile and personality more than these breasts of mine?" she asked. "Yes Greta and I'll assume your father is deceased?" She said yes. "If he was alive and I had to answer to him I'd tell him that too. I'm being honest with you," I told her. "Awwwww Joseph, you are such a sweetheart. My brothers and sister, when you meet them, will really like you." She smiled as she looked at me. "You do know that I could easily put a kiss on your cheek don't you?" I'm saying to myself yes go ahead...let's get it on. I'd love to play around with you. "Anyway, I want to explain about my sisters. They are all so very pretty. I think...no I know that they would love for you to do pictures of them. I know that any pictures you would take would most likely be umm how should I put this?" She thought about the word she was looking for. "Provocative?" I asked. "Yes Joseph...provocative ones," she said, her smile bigger and more beautiful than ever. I smiled because I told myself or better yet asked myself how beautiful could they be? "You shall meet them. They will come tonight or tomorrow. I have a phone. But I do not have a cell phone like so many other's have," she told me. "They all have wonderful, pretty smiles. They all have very pretty eyes. They all have beautiful bodies too. You'll see what I mean when you meet them." Finally we got to her place. It was huge. Her house was huge. The place easily kept her busy as busy could get. I loved it the minute I saw it. I told her it was a great looking place. "You have many visitors here?" I asked. "No, only my family," she told me. "I do not invite gentleman but for some reason, and I do not know why I did, I invited you. The others around here only want one thing only." She smiled and then added "And I'm sure you know what I'm talking about. Sex, I hear, is great, but that is all they ever want. Any guy, like any woman, can pull it out, and he can easily masturbate, right?" "Uhhhhhh yeah, I suppose so," I told her. "Don't you masturbate Joseph?" she said. "I mean even I do that even if it isn't often I still do that enough? And inviting you here isn't an invitation to have sex with me. Is that clear?" she said as she put her hand on my arm. "I'm just lonely for a friend and so what if you're a man. I'm simply trying to be friendly and not offer this body nor these breasts to you, alright?" "That's a deal Greta," I told her. "Now, it's late. I'll fix us something to eat. We can sit and get to know each other a lot more and we'll see how the rest of the day goes. I can also call a couple of my sisters about doing a photo shoot." She smiled that great smile of hers and her eyes lit up and then she added "That is after you and I do a few first. How's that sound?" "Greta," I said, now that I also was smiling, "that sounds perfect to me too." We both stopped. She didn't even get up to fix us something to eat. We sat where we were on, our chairs, and she and I just looked at one another as we smiled. Then finally she moved. She stood up. "I guess I should go and get us something to eat. Shouldn't I? What would you like to eat? I have a lot of things in the refrigerator. Want to join me and come and see what I have?" I joined her and yes she had more than enough to eat. I made a sandwich for her and for me and we got a couple other things and we sat down. I waited for her to eat and then I started to eat.

She was not a prissy. She gobbles up her food. So I did the same and gobbled up mine too. It was like we were made for each other. We smiled but didn't talk as we ate. We simply gulped our food down, cleaned up the food, and very oddly she and I burped aloud although my burp was much quieter than hers. "Oh excuse me," she said. All I did was smile and tell her it was okay that she'd done it but she said no it wasn't seeing as I was a guest and she shouldn't have done it at all. I disagreed, politely, and we both smiled more as we looked at one another. We laughed as we cleaned up the kitchen area and then she and I sat down. She picked up the phone. She dialed the phone number. She lifted her finger telling me to hold on. "Hiiiiii Francesca," she said. "Yes, it's Greta. How are you?" They had small talk and then she said "I must tell you something. I have a photographer here. He is more than able and willing to take pictures of us all. We can do them on different days. He has told me he is more than willing to do any kind, in any clothing we want to do them in." They talked some more. She smiled while nodding her head. I noticed all the most interesting facial emotions any man would ever see on a woman such as her and then she said "He's going to do shots of me first." She laughed about something and slapped her knee lightly and then said goodbye in her home language. Then she called another sister and went into it all with her. I didn't listen to all of it but as she talked I heard the rain. It got heavier and then even heavier. She looked outside as she hung up the phone and she looked at me. She wore a straight look on her face but then she said "Today's a nice day for a photo shoot in here. Today is a very nice day in fact but let's go upstairs. I want to show you the rest of the house, first. I'll show you my bedroom. I'll show you your bedroom. Who knows Joseph, maybe my bedroom will become our bedroom...nahhhh," she said teasing me as she giggled. "But you never know do you?" Nope, I said to myself. We stood up and I followed her upstairs, noticing her fine ass in the process. As tall as she is, and I've told you that she stands 5' 11" I could see straight into her fine shaped ass as we climbed the stairs. What a nice beginning to whatever is ahead of me I thought. "This is my bedroom," she said. She told me to come right in, look around, and she even said "Sit down on the bed. You'll love it." She patted the mattress as if she and I were about to lay down on it but then she waited for me to sit down beside her. So I did. I sat down next to her and immediately felt warm all over my body. "Doesn't that feel nice? It is a great bed isn't it Joseph?" I said yes. She got up. She headed to my bedroom and pointed out the bathroom. We again sat down on the bed and then oddly something happened. "I love masturbating. I do, do you too?" she asked me. I said yes, that I kind of liked doing it. "It to me feels really very special. I mean I don't have masturbation toys but I do have other tools with which I use to play around with. Do you know much about that Joseph?" I swallowed hard. She noticed. I said I sort of did. "It's alright. You and I can maybe toy around doing things like that. I've already decided I like you a lot. No, I like you very, very much. In fact, instead of doing a photo shoot with you right now I'd much prefer if you and I got partially undressed and we laid down on your bed. We can see how it all plays out. Does that at all sound good to you? Does it Joseph?" she asked, smiling. She said let her go and get some toys. She'd be right back. I wasn't sure what to do but I went with it and I did take off my shoes, socks, and also my shirt. I sat with my pants on and left it at that. She came right back. Once she saw me with my shirt off she smiled a brilliant smile. "No fair...no fair. You got started

before me," she said. "Let me catch up to you." she took off her socks and shoes, then her jeans, and sat on the bed with only her button down corduroy shirt and underwear. "Do you like this look?" she asked. "Nooooo, knowing that you're a man you probably don't. Men are-" "No, it's a perfectly fine look Greta," I said. "I mean knowing what I know already it isn't like you and I are going to have sex, right?" "Right," she said. "I just want us to goof around with each other. You'd like that, right?" "I'd lay with you naked all night long and do nothing if that's all there was," I said. "Really?" she said. "You'd just lay here on this bed, naked, and do nothing at all?" "Well, I don't know about not doing nothing..." I told her. "Ohhhhhh you're soooo silly Joseph. I like you soooo much already," she said smiling. With that I kind of surprised her. I leaned in and I kissed her on her cheek. She smiled and took my hand in hers and she laid down on her back on the bed. "Hold me, gently will you?" I did just that. I held her softly and gently, as we looked into each other's eyes, and I noticed her big beautiful blue eyes begin to almost twinkle and glow like nothing I've ever seen in this world. We laid there doing nothing but looking at each other. I felt like gobbling her up into my arms and I wanted to hold her forever. It was romantic and also exciting as ever to me. I loved watching and holding her. It was as if she and I have known each other for months and months. If I had the chance I would marry her easily. For whatever reason, she rolled over, but then she told me why. I could feel her butt against me and I knew I liked how it felt. I pulled her in as she said "I like this...being held by you like we are but looking out the windows and laying against you like I am I can see the rain. I can watch it and still feel you. I can feel your arms as you hold me Joseph. I do love that...mmmmmm," she went on to say. "Let's just lay here. Hold me okay?" she added and I did, gently as my hands moved gradually up around her breasts. The rain came down. It was the middle of the afternoon but you'd think it was late at night almost. My hands were still on her breasts. I cupped them as I held her close. Her body was warm. It felt really nice to hold her so close like I was. This was a dream come true. I had to ask her a question. "Greta, does this ever happen to you...ever?" "No, never Joseph," she said as she started to turn to face me but I stopped her and held her affectionately. "I have never had a man up here and I have never undressed for any man. You are the one and only man I have ever done what I am doing this with. Joseph, does that answer your question?" I said yes and then I let her turn over. She and I looked into one another's eyes and I smiled first and then she smiled at me. "I do like you," I said. "And I can't believe I just met you today, can you?" She said, with a smile, no she couldn't. She touched my lips. She looked at my chest and she started touching my chest all over. "I'll tell you this Greta," I said. "If I ever have the chance to I will make love to you. That's how easy it's been. Maybe I shouldn't say this but all of this just feels...well it feels right to me." "It does to me too but you know how I feel Joseph. I won't make love to a man I am not sure I am not in love with. However, I do know I am already, on the very first day too, close to that...mmmmmm." She leaned in and she kissed my cheek. I kissed hers back. "Touch me here," she said and she took my hand and placed it on one of her boobs. She pressed it down against her boob. She pressed it even harder. "Oooooohh, just like that okay?" she said and she let go of my hand and let me press on it even harder but then I did something extra special. I grabbed it. I squeezed it even with her shirt on and I moved my hand around it kind of as I squeezed her tit. I did it to the other one and her eyes were closed and her head

was back and from there I lifted up her shirt way over her breasts and she was wearing a plain old white bra underneath but she definitely had some big ass boobs. Cleavage sprung out all over the place and I watched her big juicy cleavage as I squeezed one boob or the other. Still that whole time I did what I was doing, squeezing one boob or the other, her head laid back while her eyes remained closed. And her face showed that she was in love with what I was doing to her body so far. "You're enjoying this are you?" I asked. She smiled immediately and opened her eyes as she nodded her head finally saying yes she was. She said I could come and do that anytime of the day or night that I wanted. I smiled and said okay. "But I do work too you know," she said. "Ohhhhhh don't worry," I replied. "I know that. I won't bother you...too much." "I think I might be falling in love with you. Nooooo, maybe not...maybe all this is just making me a little on the aroused side of things? I don't know for sure." The rain continued. We had been in bed for God knows like an hour and a half maybe. I had held her. I had held her boobs. I had squeezed them. Other than what we'd already taken off as far as clothes were concerned we were still "dressed." "I've had thoughts," I said a bit later seeing as we laid around doing nothing. She asked me what thoughts I've had. "They aren't too dirty. I've just wanted to touch you and kiss you elsewhere but in no way do I ever want to overstep my boundaries." "You can kiss me. I don't care. You can kiss me anywhere on my body that you want to," she told me. "I'd love that. No man has ever done that Joseph. I've never had anything like that done to me before. Where would you kiss me?" she said. I shrugged my shoulders and said "I don't know...maybe on your butt cheeks?" She smiled and easily turned over. She said feel free to kiss them so I said "Kiss your butt cheeks honestly?" She said yes and with that I pulled off her underwear and looked at one of the most marvelous looking ass, I thought, that I'd ever seen in my life. I leaned down and kissed both ass cheeks. I started getting more romantic about it too. It was becoming almost sensuous on my part as I kissed one and then the other and as I was doing it she was starting to murmur sweet nothings I'd never heard before. "Greta, may I do something else?" I asked and she asked what. "May I kiss the insides of your thighs and thereabouts too?" She turned over wearing a very surprised look on her face. "Uhhh really...you uhhh want to do that to me?" "I'd love to Greta," I said. She did not say a word. I waited but still she hadn't said a word. A minute had gone by almost and I decided that no, she doesn't want me to do it. I'd given up. She doesn't want to go that far. I have pushed my luck I thought. "That's okay," she said. "Instead I want something else Joseph. I want to see your penis. I want to see it and hold it and well I don't know." She paused a moment and finally added "I want to play with your penis in my hands, okay?" she said. I loved how she said it all. "That's fine," I said. "Take off my jeans and underwear and then go on and feel and play with my uhhh penis." She quickly grew nervous as her fingers nervously undid my belt, then the button on my jeans, and she fiddled with my zipper. Finally I pushed down my jeans for her. All that stood were my underwear and I waited for Greta to take them off my body. And I waited too. It all went slow but she finally got those off too. I couldn't believe it. We were about to do something but what it was I wasn't totally sure. Here I was, totally naked, and my limp somewhat semi-long cock was sitting between my two legs. I watched her. Yep, I knew I was ready for it all but whether or not she was prepared for anything I didn't know for sure whatsoever. Either way I wasn't sure. But either way she did it with

precision. Greta was pulling it up just under its tip and as she did she was looking at my face every step of the way as she adroitly tried handling my cock in her fingers. And get this...she smiled at me as she "tried" doing it too. To me it was cute as hell the way she did it all. "Joseph umm this is umm weird to me," she said. "Hold on and give me time, okay? I will get all this right. I will do it all correctly in time, she said. Do you wish to uhhh touch me any where?" she asked. "I think I would like to be touched in certain places," she went on to tell me. I think I need to uhhh get the uhhh hang of this, alright Joseph?" she told me and I said okay. I watched her as she started to "handle" my limp cock. She looked at me quite often to make sure it pleased me. I'd nod my head and smile and wonder what it was she wanted to do for her. She kept on toying or playing with my limp cock. "Joseph, do you wish to touch me?" she said as she looked at me. "Greta, do you want me to touch or feel you somewhere in particular?" I asked. She looked at me some more and finally she smiled. "Yes Joseph," she said. "In all honesty I'd like it if you'd feel and touch my umm breasts." She looked at me and then she said "I know that you are a man. In my guess most men love women's breasts. Is that true with you too?" Right away I looked at them. She smiled. I did too. I nodded my head and then said "Greta, I will admit that you do have umm very beautiful and really wonderful looking breasts." I nodded my head and added "Yes, I'd love to." I took it off. She was practically naked at that point and now she was. I took them. I held them. I loved them. She loved it that I loved her breasts in the physical way I did. We were one with each other almost. Even if my cock wasn't hard I started to enjoy her body all over the place. It was soft and tender. She was soooo willing to give of herself. I was ready to eat her up. I was ready to go after her. But we didn't. We only had fun doing what we'd done so far. "I loved that...what you did Joseph," she said. She had that smile all over her face and her eyes lit up the area around us too. "I had a nice time too Greta. "Joseph, how long will you be staying around?" she asked. "How long do you want me to stay?" I said. "Well Joseph, I know I do like you, and I know that I enjoyed what we did tonight just playing around like we did. But Joseph, I guess I won't mind if you stay for umm, I don't know maybe a month? It's up to you. But let's figure all that out in the morning." It was still early in the evening and she went on to add "Just hold me for now. I like how it feels to be held by you like this. Joseph, I like you a lot. I mean that too." And then she snuggled close against me and took my arms and wrapped them around her. "Good night Joseph," she said. "Good night Greta," I said as I looked out at the pouring rain and held her naked body close to mine.