

A European Beauty PT 3

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Young man loves girl but does stuff with older woman while he's away from love of his life

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I was on the plane, way above Europe, and already I was thinking about Greta plus her two sisters as well. They are lovelier than ever and those two happen to be incredibly gorgeous sisters as well. In my opinion it just so happens to be that they are soooo much prettier than Greta, the love of my life is, in my opinion. It does not matter. Based on her personality and what I knew of her I knew that I was in love with her shortly after she and I met. When I thought about her in that context, along with having seen and been with her sleek naked body of course too, all I thought about and wanted was being there with her almost right away. She is absolutely gorgeous but in ways her two sisters aren't. Just how beautiful she is happened to be in the context of her overall. To me, Greta has to be the most wonderful woman in the world and that alone is based on her personality, not that her looks aren't bad either. There is no doubt in my mind, as I sat here doing nothing, but thinking about her and a little about her sisters too, who I truly admire in this world, but that all of this is not just on a physical sense. I do love Greta. I really, truly do. I did not have any stamps. It didn't matter. Seeing as I missed her already I found some paper in one of my bags and I began to write her a letter. It was an unusually long letter but I reinforced to her that in no uncertain terms I was taken by her, that I was in love with her, and that if I had it my way I'd ask her to marry me. That is if I had it my way. "Dear Greta," it began. "I already know one thing. I love you. Being up here in the skies like I am I realized, already, that I miss being around you, and with you. My body aches not being with you. I long to be near and with you and I already want to turn this plane around and come back and lay down beside you at night so that you and I can cuddle and talk and show our love to one another. I do hope that you feel the same way because I know, for sure, that I do." I re-read that portion of what I wrote and then I proceeded. "Being there and getting to know you, your sisters, and brothers and getting to know all your in-laws as well was absolutely terrific. In fact, right now, I am smiling. Okay, so what if I have terrible thoughts running through my mind...you are the only one for me. I mean it. I can't tell you just how much I adore you and being with you. It was soooo terrific to be around you and learn about you and your lifestyle." My letter went on and on. I wrote three full pages to her. I told myself that as soon as I got back to the states I would send it to her. I told her, again, at the very end, that I loved her and missed her dearly. I folded it up and put it away. I couldn't wait until I got back home. A few days later I arrived back home. Nobody knew when I was going to get there. It didn't matter. All I

knew was that I had fallen in love with Greta. Oh, and there was that other girl, but I'm pretty darn sure that Greta had the edge on her. She smiled all the time. I soooo loved that about her. She always smiled. Her eyes always lit up her face. They lit me up. How could anyone be soooo happy as she was I asked myself. "She's always smiling," I told my parents. "But she lives a million miles away," my mom said to me. "It doesn't matter mom," I said. "I love her. I love her through and through. I can not explain it...well yes I can. You'd just have to meet her. She's terrific." "She will live here...in the United States of course?" my dad asked me. "We aren't even close to being engaged dad," I said. "We haven't dated. In fact we don't date. I work on her farm and all I did was help her out." "Did you make money working there? Did you work for money?" my dad asked. No dad, she offered me a place to live, we got to know each other, she smiled a lot, and I just started helping her do her work that she does to make money. Plus dad, she makes a hell of a lot of money doing what she does," I told him. He asked me what she does and I told him. A week later a letter came to me. I couldn't believe it. The letter came from Greta. It was one very thick letter and it was twice as big as mine was. In truth both Francesca and even Corry added letters to me in her letter. Personally speaking that was a tad erotic to me. My door to my bedroom was open and my dad walked in. "What does she look like son?" he asked. I asked him if he'd like to see some pictures and he smiled, humbly, thinking they'd all be dressed, but in a way none of them were. "They are almost all a little on the naked side. That's what they wanted me to do. So I took a bunch of them on the uhhh naked side of things and let me pull them up. "Here's Greta...you'll see what I mean," and I pulled up a relatively modest picture of her although anyone who looked at the picture would soon see her boobs, which were big and round and quite exotic looking. "Wow," he said for starters. I knew instantly what he had looked at but he went on to add "She's a tall one isn't she?" I said yes and then I showed him Francesca's picture. It showed lots and lots of her cleavage which appeared to hang out all over the place. He kept quiet for a while as he stared and he stared some more at her face, hair, but especially her cleavage. "My Lord, she's uhhh an abundant one isn't she?" he said. "Don't let your mom see any of these," he told me. I said I didn't plan to but also said to him "They are very attractive women aren't they?" He said yes and then said "You said there are three girls?" and I said yes and showed him Corry's picture. It was the safest one I could find quickly. "Holy mother of uhhh fu-" but he stopped after he realized what he was about to say. "Yeah dad, I agree with you...nice set of hips aren't they?" "They're all gorgeous women Joseph...all of them are," he replied. "And they're all sisters too?" he asked. "Yep," I came back. "Let me see them again," he told me. I pulled all three of them up so that he could see all of them at the very same time. He stared at them, I did too, and I found both of us smiling at the three sisters who looked absolutely gorgeous no matter what they had on. And that included Greta too. I shut that part of the program down and he and I talked a while. He asked me how long I expected to hang around there. I said I didn't know but what I did know was that I knew I needed to find a job and quickly. I told him I had barely any money left. He knew it and suggested I go and try at the library. "Why the library?" I asked him. "Well for one, they are hiring on several people and I kind of know the library's new manager. She's a sweetheart and is always willing to try out a new soul, like you, who is intelligent, worth working hard for his money, and knows what he's

doing,” my dad said. “I’ll go over in the morning,” I said. He left the room, I went to bed, and in the morning I headed out to the library to apply for a job at the library. I left around ten in the morning. “Hi, good morning,” I said. The clerk said good morning. “I’m here to apply for a position I’ve heard you have open.” “You’ll have to wait a bit,” the clerk said, smiling as she said it. “The library manager is busy but she can see you but will you do me a small favor? Will you please fill these out for her to look over first off?” I said yes and she was in the back room talking with the manager, who I didn’t realize was the manager but the woman was unique in that she was tall. She stood around 5’ 10” with her heels on and she was slender, relatively pretty or so I thought she was, and she wore glasses which I liked too. She had red hair pulled back somewhat but it was an appealing look on her. She wore this straight face, which I did not like, but that’s how she appeared to me. They called me into interview. Oddly enough her and her daughter sat in on the interview and at first for a while I felt strange being interviewed by a mother, daughter team. Regardless, it turned out to be a really good and productive interview. “So it sounds like you will be a good fit,” Amber’s mother Georgiana said to me. “I’d like...no I’d love to call and talk with you some more on Monday morning. Will that work for you otherwise you and I can talk on Sunday.” She looked at Amber. “Amber, my schedule is free on Sunday isn’t it honey?” Yeah, Sunday was perfect but I said to myself aren’t they closed on Sunday? Then she said “I know that we’re closed on Sunday but Amber and I will be here to do some things. I would like for you to come in on Sunday if that will work for you,” she said as a smile rose up on her cheeks. “No uhhh nooooo Sunday would be perfectly fine to me Georgiana,” I replied. And then Amber stood up and said “Here, let me walk you out.” Amber to me was an adorably attractive young lady. She looked a lot like her mother, especially in her figure I thought. She was sweet. She had a lot of nice things to say and she actually saw me all the way to my car. “So, we’ll see you on Sunday, right?” she said. I said yes and confirmed the time with her. Oddly enough, she and I stared into each other’s eyes as we said goodbye, but she also added, as she lowered the tone of her voice, “One thing to be careful about. My mother can get a little umm mischievous Joseph.” She smiled and then she turned and walked away saying to me “Have a good day. With any luck,” and she stopped and turned back towards me, “we will see each other soon.” And out of nowhere she winked at me. On Saturday, I received a call. This time it came from Georgiana herself. “Joseph dear, sorry to bother you but there’s been a small change of plans. I won’t be at the library on Sunday but may I umm entice you to come to another location?” she asked. I said yes and asked where. “My house,” she said. I said, with some hesitation, yes, and I asked for directions. She gave them to me. I knew the neighborhood. “Ohhh and bring your bathing suit. Amber and a friend or two will be over. That shouldn’t much of a problem but maybe you’d like to stay? That’s up to you.” I came as expected on Sunday and boy did she surprise me. It was a small house but with an above ground pool out back but the big, big surprise was what Georgiana wore that day. She had on tight, and I mean tight blouse which highlighted her breasts quite well I thought, and along with that she wore something underneath it. However, in addition to the blouse she wore a pencil skirt that to me also highlighted her legs that seemed to last forever. Her in that would easily take one’s eyes off anything else in my opinion. “Well welcome, welcome,” she said. That’s when my eyes did a number on the outfit she was

wearing. And she knew it too. "Come in, sit down won't you?" she said. I did as asked. I had water. She had wine. She looked glamorous as glamorous could be. I wanted to be with her as on top of her even if she was somewhere around 45 years of age. "Is something bothering you dear?" she asked. "Uhhh no, I was just noticing how...how extremely uhhh attractive you look in the outfit you have on," I said. "Ohhhhhh, I hope this isn't too overdone. It isn't is it?" she asked. "I don't look too overdressed do I?" "Nooooo," I said. "You look very attractive today. That outfit looks...hmmm fabulous on you Georgiana." I must have said the right thing because just then, just after I said what I did, I thought that maybe she was starting to come on to me. "You like me in this? You like me in my blouse and skirt, really?" she said with a smile. I saw her hair again. It was up in a bun, as usual. She was wearing those pencil rimmed glasses but it did not matter. She was a librarian's librarian. She was hot looking despite the glasses and although she wasn't saying so, she knew she was hot looking to be honest. Take off those glasses, let down that hair, and take off the blouse and skirt and what did look like underneath all that?" I sure wanted to ask her. I sure wanted to know. We talked a little about the position. She eyed me up and down as we talked. I felt her eyes, and even her desires, burning holes into me as we chatted, but it didn't matter. I knew what she wanted. I could read it all over her eyes. She wanted me. She wanted me badly I thought too. Yes, I saw it in her eyes. I've seen that look in a lot of women's eyes. That's why Greta and I got along so well. "Now Joseph, there are a few things I want to get straight with you right off the bat. "I do find you to be a very attractive man. There is no doubt about that. If I had life my way, I'd invite you upstairs to my bedroom, right now, or even possibly into my shower." I couldn't believe she said that outright like that. And she added "Mmmmm, did you realize that is how scrumptious I think you are?" It was a shocking comment but an inviting one at that. An invitation like that, even if she was a lot, lot older than me, sounded really good to me. See, she is a very attractive woman, I thought, who has a lot of needs which needed to be attended to. I'm just a guy who easily could be aroused to do stuff I shouldn't but I swallowed hard as we looked at each other. She was smiling at me and waiting for an appropriate response. In addition to that I suddenly felt some tingling down in my crotch. "Joseph sweetheart," she went on to say and as she scooted closer to me, "wouldn't you like it if a woman reached over, like this," and she did reach over, "and wouldn't you like it if a woman, say like me, touched you right here?" And she touched me on my crotch. Holy fucking shit! She actually touched my crotch! My body jerked and I jumped back as she rubbed my crotch softly. However, I will admit, after the fact, that it felt incredibly nice to me. "Mmmmmm, now Joseph that feels soooo good to me," she said. "If you'd allow me I'd love to take off those uhhh slacks of yours and I'd love to rub it down for you." She then smiled and added "I could even put it into my mouth. How's that sound? Would you like me to do that for you?" ***I swallowed hard. I could not believe it and then she said "Sweetheart, let me take you up to my room. You'll enjoy all of this soooo much more. Trust me, you will." I wasn't thinking. I was so turned on by what suddenly just happened. So instead of saying no thank you and asking forgiveness from Greta for what I should not be doing I said "Uhhh sure...that sounds uhhh interesting." She stood up, slowly. She took my hand in hers and gently she led me to the stairs as we headed up to her bedroom. I couldn't believe I was about to do something I'd never done in a situation like this but once we got to

her bedroom I saw this huge immaculate bed. I easily was enticed by that alone. She turned around and smiled some more and as she did she took off her skirt. I watched her drop it to the floor. She wore a slip beneath it which only made me hornier. I knew what was going to happen. I felt like that little kid who sees a woman's slip for the very first time in his life. She kicked off her heels. For a woman her age I thought. She sure had some sweet looking legs. She continued to smile right at me as she watched me watch her slowly become undressed. She stepped forward. Georgiana started to undo my slacks. I was frozen. I couldn't seem to move. However, either way, what she was doing to me, felt incredibly awesome, but I should have known better. I've been here. I'd done this with Greta. But doing it with my potential boss...well this was an entirely new adventure for me altogether. My pants were unbuttoned and they were falling off me. "Just let them drop sweetheart," she said in a sweet, succulent like tone of voice. "Here, scoot over to the bed. I'll get them off for you. That's it...now here, let's sit down, and I'll take them off after we get your shoes off." She took off my shoes for me and she took them off slowly as she smiled. "Mmmmm, now isn't that better sweetheart? Are you enjoying all this because I know I am." Yes I was. I felt my cock burning a little inside my underwear I had on. There was this intense arousal developing and I told myself I was about ready to cum all over the lady. Finally she slid off my pants completely and then began doing the same to my underwear. She stopped and smiled as she looked right at me. Then she said "This is my favorite part. Do you know why it's my favorite part?" I shook my head and said no, not thinking. "Because honey, once I pull these off, I get to see just how beautiful you really look down there." She did it. She pulled slowly slipped them off and for whatever reason, I let her. She smiled a bigger smile and once she did I heard her utter "Oooooohh ahhhh." She closed her eyes and added "It's absolutely beautiful to me Joseph. I want to make you so happy today. Would you mind if I did sweetheart?" And then she decided to show me her underclothing. "Now, you're going to turn around for a moment and then I'm going to let you see what else I have beneath this slip" which was black, "and this blouse of mine," she said. I did just what she told me to do. I closed my eyes and turned around as she stripped down to a black and pink bustier she had on beneath her skin tight blouse and skirt. How that worked out, I don't know, but Georgiana somehow looked fantastic in it. It made me think of her as more than an older woman. She appeared to me as a woman of around only 30 some years old. She had stood up for me to allow me to look at her. Oh my God, she looked marvelous in what she was wearing. And my eyes and mouth showed it too. "Soooo it looks like you like me in this...is that right honey?" she asked. My eyes were locked in on her body and attire. I was slowly nodding my head yes as I stared at her. Unconsciously, my eyes were wide open and my mouth was hanging open too. But there I was, nodding my head as I stared hard at her figure in that getup she had on. Somewhere I was telling myself I wanted to fuck her, badly. All I did was nod my head. I looked her body over again and I made sure I looked every part of her over too. She smiled and asked me if there was any part of her body I wanted to touch and feel. Without stopping to think about anything I said "All of you." "Ohhhhhh Joseph, you are such a sweetheart. I can't wait until you do feel me everywhere," and after saying that she added "Mmmmm." She wore an affectionate like smile as she took one of my hands and placed it right on top of her breasts. She closed her eyes and cooed and she started to coo once

I felt left my hand on it and lightly squeezed her tit seeing that she seemed to enjoy it all. I was starting, finally, to have a little fun even if it was supposed to be a job interview. "May I?" I asked. "May you what dear?" she said back to me. "May I remove this?" I asked. "Well...why don't we do this first honey," she said. "I'm going to take hold of your cock and I'm going to stroke it and maybe even put it into my mouth. You'll like that right?" I knew I would and so I said yes. Seeing as I was already naked, she stroked it a little, but then she bent over and began sucking me off. My potential future boss was sucking me off? Really, I'm at her house and I'm already letting her suck off my cock? Yes she was. "Holy fucking cow," I said by mistake. But she kept at it. She kept on sucking, and licking, me off. Ohhh my fucking God! I was getting harder and harder and more erect as the seconds ticked off the clock. How she did it was out of this world. She didn't try too hard but she did it such a way, and at a certain pace, that she had me ready to cum all over her mouth, face, and even her bed. I don't think she really cared that much if I did. She appeared as if she was on another planet, smiling with a gracious smile, and more than a little happy that me and my cock were there to service her needs and wants and desires. She pulled away from me and Georgiana was still smiling as her eyes were all lit up excitedly. She asked me "Sooooo honey, is it time for you to cum yet or do you need me to stroke you some more to get you off. To be honest with you I sure wouldn't mind seeing you cum all over my body. Would you do that for me today dearr?" I wasn't thinking. I was horny as fuck and I said "Uhhh sure yeah...I'd love to." But then I asked "Don't you want me to have sex with you too?" "Ohhhhhh honey we'll have a lot more chances to have sex together," she said, smiling. Does this mean I get the job I wondered and then it was like she read my mind. "Of course you do understand that you already have the job honey. However, doing what you and I just did here today has nothing to do with that. I just needed a great guy, like you, to do what you and I did just. Only we're not quite finished now are we? You are a great guy Joseph. I hoped you would come up to my room like we have and doing what we've just done well not let's get you emptied out." With that she went back down on me and finished sucking me off as she licked my hard scrotum as she did. She pulled away and held my cock in her hand as she smiled. She stroked it a little and we watched me spray all over her bustier, face, and elsewhere. She completely loved it all. "Whatever happens Joseph, I will always love you for what we did here today," she said. I couldn't believe I did what I did. That was totally, and absolutely, wrong on my part. I allowed the good looking, older woman to suck off my cock. Then once that was done, I came all over her body, including that bustier she wore and also on her face. She told me she loved me for doing that to her. She also told me, with a smile, she'd see me on Monday and at what time to be there. Then she leaned in and placed a warm inviting kiss on my cheek. Once I stood up, I took my time to get getting dressed and she sat there, partially naked and smiling as she watched me get dressed and leave. I went home and started to write a letter to Greta due to I felt guilty as sin but I stopped. I went downstairs and I went to my parents. They were just sitting around doing nothing. I looked at both of them. "May we help you dear?" my mom asked. "Yeah son, can me or mom help you with something?" my dad asked. "Uhhh, yeah," I said. "Maybe, I don't know." Mom then asked "What is it honey?" I felt I had to tell them. I knew I should probably explain it all to them. "Can we talk?" and they said yes as they smiled like good parents will do. I sat

down.