

Europe in Love

Jacqueline George

*Four beautiful and romantic stories from a mistress of the Good Life.
Colourful, erotic, a wonderful blend of European places and history.*

Europe in Love

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A Colourful Life

.....excerpt.....

“Marry me, and we’ll do it next week.” She does not like me confronting her like this, perhaps because she does not want to hurt my feelings. When she did not reply, I said, “Sometimes I think you only want me for my money.”

“No! That’s not true! You have a beautiful cock as well.”

Mmh. That’s Deena. Direct, honest, innocent.

The first time we met, she virtually invited herself into my bed and made love very sweetly. I never would have managed by myself. I have never been good at persuading women and although I have some female friends, dating and all that goes with it are a foreign country for me. Deena overwhelmed me. So beautiful, such a lovely attractive smile and bouncy personality, but why had she come to me? By the second time we met, I was smart enough to have suspicions.

We arranged to meet at Paulaner’s on Schlacte, near the river. It was a busy evening, everyone was having fun, and we sat at the bar enjoying ourselves. I talked about work, she talked about her engineering course at the University, and we began to get to know each other a little more. Then Deena started talking about her poor mother back in Trincomalee and, man of the world that I try to be, I thought *Right, now I understand. She’s going to ask for money.*

And that is what she did, but she did it with embarrassment and that made things easier. (I now know she is an accomplished actor and is never embarrassed about money.) She wanted 50 euros, sent by PayPal. Not a big sum, and well worth the fun she promised, but I did not want her to think me soft and stupid.

I don’t know what made me do what I did next. Please believe it is completely out of character for me. Perhaps it was the beer talking but I said maybe, and whispered in her ear, “Take off your panties and give them to me.”

She sat up sharply and said “What? Now? Here?”

I was prepared to be reasonable. “You could take them off in the toilets.” She gave me an unbelieving look and, with pursed lips, grabbed her bag and slipped off her bar stool. She returned very quickly. She looked flustered as she climbed back onto her stool and passed me a small, tightly compacted ball of black lace. I raised my glass to her.

“How do you feel, Deena? Good?” She bit her lip and did not answer.

“Are you worried? Do you think anyone knows you’re not wearing any knickers? Only me, and I like the idea.”

“Well, I don’t! Some-one might see.”

“How? They’d have to lie on the floor as you walked by. Unless you showed them, of course. Would you like that?” I was enjoying myself and thought that, for once, I was in charge.

Deena sat and thought about her feelings. I could see a change coming over her, as if we were sharing a conspiracy. “It feels very naughty,” she said. “I know it’s a secret, but I feel as if everyone knows. Let’s go home and we’ll send that money to my mother.”

I pretended to think about her suggestion. I did not want to end the fun. “You don’t want another drink?”

“No.” She leaned nearer to whisper. “Hurry up, I’m wet already.”

Sometimes, I am not a nice person. I try to be better, but that night I said, “Let’s do a deal. We’ll go home and transfer a hundred euros to your mother, but only if someone else sees your pussy before we get there.”

She turned to the bar and put her head in her hands, but said nothing. I watched and wondered if I had pushed too hard. She took a quick look around the room, and put her head back in her hands. Then, when she felt ready, she reached out one hand to me for support and, twisting her hips, she reached a leg down to the floor and slipped off the side of her stool. For a moment her dress remained on the stool and I could see her legs as far as her hips. Beyond her,

a man sitting at a table stared in shock as she slid out of her dress. She did not see his shock - her eyes were fixed on mine - but once she had stood up and allowed her dress to fall back into place, she did see him smile and pretend to mop his brow. She had been exposed in public for perhaps a second.

Deena hurried me out of the bar and into the night. "You're very sexy," I tried to tell her, but she was not listening. She pushed me into a shop doorway and frantically attacked my zip. As soon as she had freed my cock, she put her arms around my neck and said, "Quick! Lift me up"

I reached under her and lifted. She was wet and ready, and I slipped into her easily. I held her against the wall and she wrapped arms and legs around me. Her panting in my ear quickly turned into a long moan as she came, and then came again with me.

She was smiling as I set her back on the ground. One of her shoes had fallen off, and she leant against the wall and gave me her foot to put it back on. I could feel her trembling. We carried on home, to send the money for her mother, and to make long, slow love with her riding my cock as I lay on the floor.