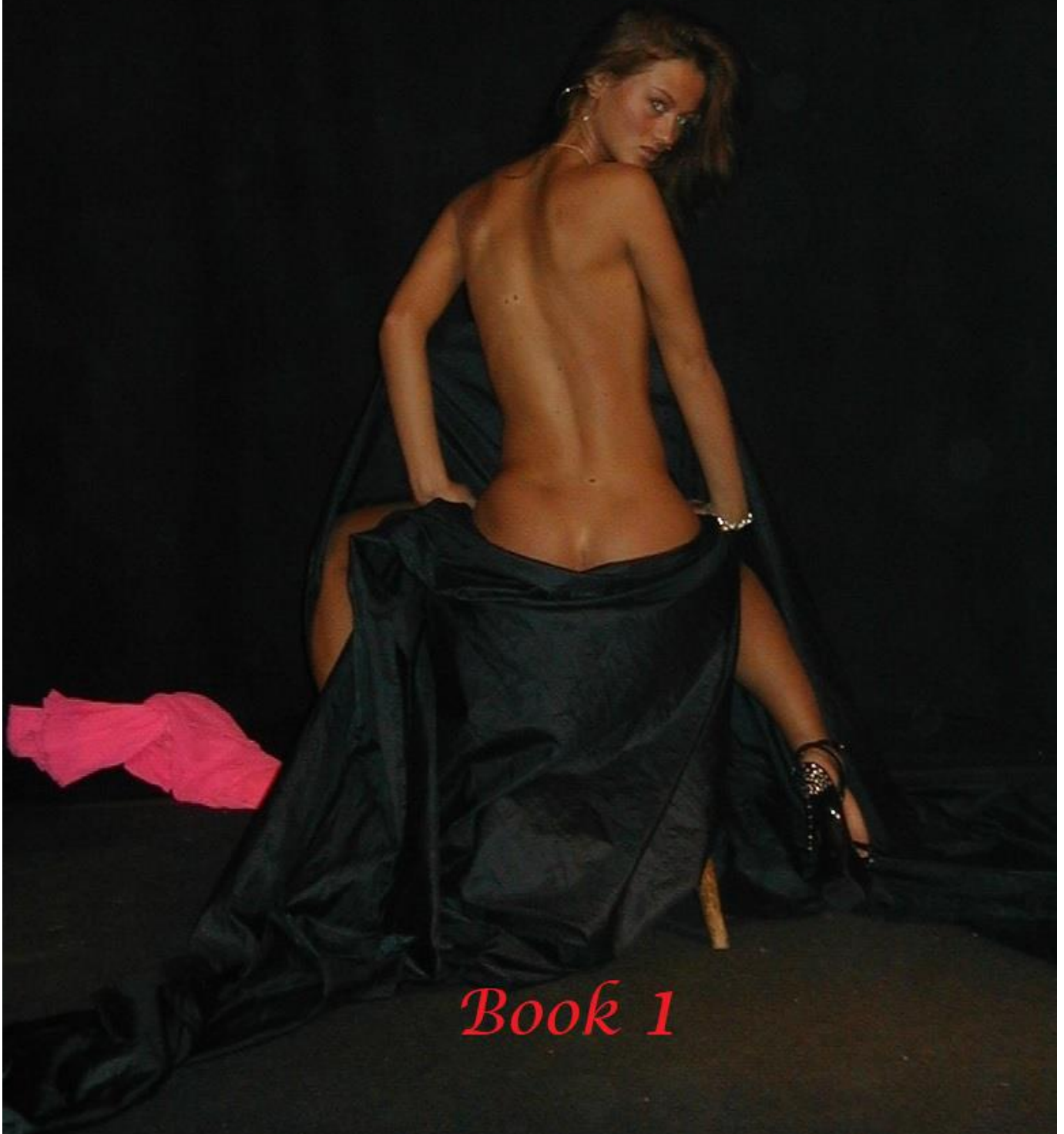


Lew's Photo Studio

By Lew Pit



Book 1

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Lew's Photo Studio

Book 1

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Introduction

Lew's Photo Studio series follows the fictitious life of a 59-year-old retired man who can finally realize his life's dream of opening a photo shop and studio where he can take pictures of nude women to his heart's content. His professional life and later as a retiree leads him to different destinations even across the ocean to the USA or the Far East.

Book 1 covers the first 10 chapters with the first one taking you back to when Lew was 29 and photographed his first girl in the nude. This encounter developed into a lifelong friendship between the two.

This book ends when Lew tells one of his favorite nude models how he lost his virginity to a woman twice his age when he was 18.

This is a work of erotic fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or sites is entirely coincidental. Names, characters, and places are products of the author's imagination.

Please be advised that these are very adult stories. There are a lot of sexual situations and graphic descriptions of sexual acts between men and women contained in these stories.

These stories are written for entertainment and the situations, as well as the actions performed by the characters, are not real nor is it advised to follow their example in real life.

Readers are advised to exercise discretion while reading the stories and not get immersed in them to the point that it blurs the boundaries between reality and fantasy. This is meant to be fun, read it purely for enjoyment. The description of any acts in this story is not an indication that they are endorsed by the author or the publisher.

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Chapter 1

Catharina

My name is Lewis but everyone calls me Lew and my story starts when, due to extensive restructuring, I was made redundant in the company I worked for.

Up to when I was 59 I was doing pretty well at my job, working hard sometimes 12 to 14 hours per day.

I held the position of European logistics manager for an American company which allowed me to travel extensively throughout Europe and sometimes even overseas.

During these travels, I met lots of people of all ages and gender, but my interest was mostly drawn to the various women I met. My hobby, photography, eventually led me to open a camera and photoshop in the village where I lived.

I served the company faithfully for 42 years after all, so the redundancy payment I received was ample when I said my goodbyes, allowing me to follow through with my lifelong dream.

A few months after my retirement I found an existing old photoshop almost in my backyard.

Nobody paid any real attention anymore to the little photo and camera shop in the village where I lived, it had been there for ages, with a small shop window with analog and lately the newer digital cameras on display, nicely arranged around some typical photos you would expect in such a small establishment.

Photos of pets, blended with some photos of newlyweds, kids doing their first or holy communion, and some of the few local events.

The chap running the shop was almost an antiquity himself, he must have been well in his eighties, in fact during the actual sale I found out he was eighty-seven, so high time for him to retire, which he confirmed to me he was doing gladly.

The leftover money from the redundancy payment allowed me to have a nice new photo studio built in the back and equip the shop with all the latest equipment I needed for printing photos.

Before I start however to tell you how my adventures in the shop and studio were developing, I would like to share with you the unique event that triggered my passion for mostly general and nature photography to move into an entirely different direction.

During a business trip to Italy when I was 29, I met this gorgeous Italian girl. I quickly learned her name was Catharina.

Maybe, I wouldn't want to call her a girl anymore as it turned out she was 19, so she should be more described as a young woman.

She was working as a waitress in the hotel's restaurant where I stayed at the time.

I had, had a rough day when I met her, going to several meetings with suppliers and I was bushed, so I decided to stay in the hotel rather than go outside to have dinner.

Usually, these hotel restaurants don't attract too many patrons, as they tend to be pricy and the food mediocre, so the place was virtually empty when I arrived.

I chose a table next to a window overlooking the garden situated in the back of the hotel.

When I was comfortably seated, this beautiful young woman came over with a bunch of menus tucked under her arm.

She spoke in a sultry voice like only Italian women can "Buonasera sono Catherina tua cameriera questa sera." (Good evening I am Catharina and I will be your waitress for tonight.)

I always had a thing for languages so I must admit I sort of wanted to impress her with my relatively small knowledge of the Italian language.

"Buonasera sono Lew e mi piacerebbe cenare, ma parlo molto poco italiano." (Good evening I'm Lew and I would like to have dinner, but I speak very little Italian)

"Do you speak English?" I continued."

"Yes," she replied, "I studied the language at school and love to practice."

She then kindly asked, "are you dining alone tonight sir?"

Upon my positive reply, she asked "shall I get you a menu in English then sir?"

"That would be very kind of you, my dear."

She disappeared but returned quickly and handed me a menu card in English.

Catharina gave me ample time to check the menu after proposing to bring me a drink.

Being a wine lover, already from a young age, I asked, "Do you have an open bottle of red wine you can recommend, preferably something local maybe?"

That was the trigger she needed to demonstrate her knowledge of the local and other wines they had on offer.

"Oh yes sir, we have an excellent red wine from a small winery in the vicinity of Rome, they produce this wine exclusively for us. It has just the right amount of tannins and can be drunk very young."

"Excellent, Catharina was it?"

"Yes sir at your service."

"You seem rather young to already know so much about wines how is that?"

"I am studying to become a sommelier sir."

"Excellent then I am in the right hands to give me the best advice about the wines offered here."

So we got to talking about her passion for wine and eventually mine for photography of course.

I must admit that I had been studying her and what I saw triggered my interest and got me thinking about asking her if she'd done any modeling work.

Contrary to a lot of Italian women who have their hair dyed blonde, she had remained with her natural color which was close to black, not gypsy blueish black but a warm natural black. She was wearing it in a high ponytail, as was probably required by the hotel management who had hired her for this job.

For an Italian girl, she was rather tall, my guess was somewhere between 1,75 and 1,80 m, like most young Italian women she was slender but with nice curves in all the right places.

Rather quickly Catharina confided that paying for her studies was hard, as her parents were not wealthy, and she had to work multiple jobs to make ends meet and gather the money to finance her studies.

"And that is how I ended up in this hotel as a waitress," she finished.

"Yes I understand your predicament, but allow me to ask, you are a very beautiful young woman..."

"You are flattering me, sir," she said with a shy smile.

"No I mean it, have you ever thought about modeling?"

"Modeling, you mean like in fashion shows or for fashion magazines?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean, there is a lot of money to be made in that line of business."

"So I heard but then you need some sort of a portfolio to be sent to agents and fashion houses and I can't spare the money to have one made, besides I don't think that I am beautiful enough or have the courage to venture in that direction."

"As photography is my hobby, allow me to completely disagree with you, I think you definitely have what it takes to make it in that world, maybe I could help you with that?"

"I couldn't possibly ask you to do that for me and I am sure that you don't have bad things in mind but to be honest, I don't know you."

"You are absolutely right Catharina, I am a total stranger to you, and as far as you can see who knows I might be a serial killer or a rapist that's true.

"No, no, you seem like a nice person, but I only just met you and I only know that you are a guest in the hotel."

"Yes, you do which makes it pretty easy for you to look up my data in the hotel registry."

"That's right but still..."

"You know what, I am staying in Rome over the weekend to continue my meetings the next week and I have nothing planned, as a matter of fact, I am looking at a boring weekend having

already visited all the tourist sites in Rome on previous occasions. You are from Rome, I bet you know a lot of places in the city unknown to the average tourist which are worth seeing."

Gathering up all my courage I asked Catharina "If you are free, would you consider being my special guide Saturday or Sunday afternoon? you would be safe out in public places, surrounded by fellow Romans and you would save me from total boredom, please, I will pay you the going fee for a private tourist guide!"

Catharina looked at me, I saw her brain cells turning at full throttle, weighing the pros and cons.

"Ok, I'm free at the weekend so I could do that, and you are right I would be safe out in the street and the money would be more than welcome."

"Great! And you know what, I'll bring my camera and if you'll allow me I'll take some photos of you, that you could eventually put in your potential portfolio. I have some experience with wedding photos and pictures of kids that I made for friends and family, so how hard could it be to photograph such a beautiful young woman like yourself?"

At that point in time, I had no intention whatsoever of taking pictures of her in her underwear or even partially or totally naked well especially not downtown, the future would prove me wrong.

We said our goodbyes and agreed that she would pick me up for a walk Saturday around two o'clock.

Rather excited about what I regarded as my first model shoot, not with a professional model, but still a very beautiful girl, I went to my room after dinner.

The next morning, after breakfast I asked the hotel concierge where I could find a shop to stock up on batteries and one or more memory cards for my camera as I didn't want to run out of power and certainly not out of storage capacity as I intended to make the most of this opportunity.

Promptly at two o'clock, she showed up in the lobby of the hotel to take me on her walk around town.

She looked quite different not wearing her waitress uniform, she sported a pair of tight-fitting jeans, which looked like they were painted on instead of her wearing them. No visible traces of underwear were showing, I guessed she did not come commando so I presumed she wore a tiny thong or string.

The tightness of her jeans accentuated her head-turning cute bottom.

As it was nice and warm outside, her top was sleeveless with a boat neckline leaving the top of her shoulders bare hinting that she was not wearing a bra which was confirmed by her nipples pressing against the tight fabric, seemingly like tiny naughty creatures that were desperately trying their best to poke holes in the material.

The top stopped short above her jeans, just leaving a hint of bare skin at the level of her midriff and showing a cute belly button.

Luckily in those days navel piercings and tattoos, which I find horrible, were not the fashion yet.

There is nothing more beautiful than the natural look of a woman, an unpierced untattooed skin is the best dress a woman can wear.

"Hey, Catharina I don't think we can completely avoid some of the touristy places, the Trevi fountain, the Spanish steps, the Colosseum, San Marco place, and the Vatican as backdrop would look great in your portfolio."

As we went along she got into the modeling thing and started to take poses drawing the attention of the younger Italian men devouring her stunning figure with their eyes and looking at me with rather envious ones.

After she took me to some patios of private houses that she knew were extremely nice, and open to the public, we went for the obligatory small and extremely strong Italian coffee around four in one of the many coffee bars.

Taking me to these more secluded spots and me behaving like a gentleman she had gathered that I could be regarded as a trustworthy person and started to confess that she was rather enjoying herself and becoming more confident.

Picking up on this unexpected opportunity I said "What do you do for dinner Catharina?"

"Uh, dinner?"

"Yes, you showed me some interesting places so I am sure you also know some small interesting restaurants you can show me as well. Besides, would you condemn a poor lonely photographer to have dinner all by himself in the hotel restaurant this evening?"

"No, you are right that would maybe be a bit cruel from my side. I know just the place that you could like."

"Great! We've got a date, is eight o'clock OK for you?"

"I know that this is rather early for Italians but we, people from the North eat earlier, well in fact much earlier, so I hope that eight o'clock is a good compromise."

"Ok, but we can't meet at the hotel, we have rather strict policies about employees mingling with guests!"

"I understand, so where shall I meet you then?"

"Come to the corner of the street on your right, I'll be there around eight."

At seven forty-five I was a bit nervously, waiting for Catharina at the corner of the street where the hotel was. I had never done this before, having dinner with an unknown woman in a foreign country. In hindsight I was taking as big a risk as she was. It wouldn't be the first time a young man was led on by a beautiful female and ended up robbed and beaten up if not dead.

When she showed up, again she managed to take my breath away proving that even with a small budget she could look stunning.

It being a nice warm evening she wore a relatively simple, figure-hugging, flowery summer dress with spaghetti straps just giving a hint of cleavage and ending mid-thigh with the rest of her sun-kissed legs showing in all their glory.

I remember trying to pry my eyes off her cleavage even then, only to have them look up at her face, and drown in her beautiful dark eyes.

"It's only a short walk to the place I have in mind Lew," she said in her melodious voice.

After a short fifteen-minute walk we came up to this very Italian-looking place, the kind that you also see in many Italian movies. Small tables with red and white checkered tablecloths.

When you walked in you already started to feel hungry taking in all the fantastic smells coming your way.

"Buona sera Catharina! Come stai?" Said a guy greeting us when we entered giving Catharina a big hug.

"Molto buono e con voi?" She responded.

I was a bit lost, but I did understand the gist of the short conversation between Catharina and what I guessed was the owner or a waiter.

We were guided to a table in a discreet corner of the restaurant.

I presume the person who had greeted us knew Catharina well as he had hugged her when we came in.

"It looks like you are a regular here Catharina?"

"Yes and no, before I started to work in the hotel I worked here for a bit so in that respect I would be a regular. Would you mind if I order the food? I know that Antonio does not have menus in English, or shall I translate for you?"

"No, please just order the food, I trust you completely."

I must say we had the most fantastic dinner, which in its simplicity could compete with food I had eaten in many a top restaurant around the world.

The wine, as I expected, was superb, proving that you don't always have to spend a fortune buying famous chateau wines to get the best. Catharina had of course a point to make proving that one day she could become an excellent sommelier.

As usual, I had taken my camera to record our dinner together and add some more photos to the ones I had taken earlier that afternoon around town.

"As the night was still young Catharina, and it is a beautiful Summer's night in Rome, may I suggest a walk to digest this excellent food we had?"

"That's an excellent idea, Lew."

She led me through a number of these small Italian streets in Rome where the buildings look horrible on the outside but which hide beautiful patios and very luxurious apartments on the inside.

Arriving at a less posh area of the city, turning to me, Catharina said, "Shall we have a cup of coffee at my place which is just around the corner?"

"Sounds excellent to me Catharina, provided you can serve me a latte macchiato?"

"I can do," she replied with a chuckle.

"Hey, I can also download the photos on your computer at the same time then."

Going thru one of these big double doors which you find in most Italian places we came into a patio with a few poorly looking shrubs and what probably had once been a nice tree but which had died years ago.

Crossing the somewhat dilapidated patio we went upstairs to her small apartment.

"I am sorry that you will have to climb so many stairs but I live on the fourth floor and there is no lift."

I wasn't sorry one bit as I got to stare four floors long at her delightful bottom, slightly wiggling and shaking with every step she took."

Her place was tiny but comfortable and spotlessly clean, something which is rare to see when you visit the digs of a nineteen-year-old.

The room was comfortably furnished with a table for two, a settee, a nice antique-looking bookcase, filled with books, about wine of course, and some posters of vineyards and grape varieties on the wall.

"I can see from your choice of books that you are living and breathing wine in every possible way, except the fluid one I guess, as that would probably drain your budget?"

"I do have my sources for wine, they don't always have to cost a fortune if you know where to get them."

In one corner there was some sort of kitchenette with a two-pit gas stove, a fridge, and some cupboards above and below probably holding all the usual necessary kitchen utensils.

On top of the gas stove the one and only Italian espresso coffee pot, which she immediately started to prepare to produce the suggested cups of coffee.

As she already knew I am not a big fan of these strong coffees like espresso or ristretto that put hair on your chest so to speak she meticulously prepared the Latte macchiato I had mentioned.

She preferred the real hard stuff, black as the night with lots of sugar.

While looking at the pictures we got to talking about how she sees her future how she was going to finance her studies and what she hoped to achieve in life in the wine business.

"I mentioned before I had my sources to get wine, well I have an uncle..."

"Don't all Italians have an uncle somewhere?" I jokingly asked.

"Yeah, that's true, but mine has a small farm where he grows olives and some grapes and during the harvest and vinification period I go there to help pick the grapes, crush and press them, thus not only learning about the taste of wine but also learning the basics of the whole winemaking process as well."

"Way to go, girl! Now coming back to the photos I took this afternoon and evening, would you dare to take it a little further than what we did during the day in the streets?"

She immediately blushed, I guess understanding what I meant but asked in a coy manner, "What do you mean?"

So I took the plunge and asked "Would you be willing to show some more skin than what you were showing this afternoon or this evening during dinner?"

Total silence was what followed but I could see that she was fighting inside about what she would answer.

"I am only looking to take some more artistic-oriented photos of you. I will keep my distance when taking them and rest assured I wouldn't even dream of touching you!"

Finally, after what was a long internal debate she replied "OK but where could we do that?"

"There is no better place than here, this is where you feel comfortable, so why not here and maybe now, unless, of course, you are too tired?"

"Not really, but what exactly would you like me to do then?"

"First of all, you should only do what you feel comfortable with, maybe you could start off by lowering one of the straps of your dress, with her back to me, and look seductively over your shoulder."

She giggled got up and started to do just that.

I started snapping pictures moving around her and thus trying different backdrops in her little apartment, but certainly all with her long-life dream of becoming a sommelier in mind and not a housewife which would be the case if I choose her kitchenette as the background view.

"Hey, Lew this is nice but isn't it becoming a bit boring? Shall I maybe be a little bolder and lower the zipper of my dress?"

After a confirming nod from me, she began to pull the zipper down very slowly revealing her lovely back to me in the process, at the same time proving she was not wearing a bra.

When the zipper had gone down to her lower back with the straps already off her shoulders only her hands were keeping the top half of her dress covering her boobs.

"Shall I turn to face you now?"

"Yes, that's an excellent idea."

All of sudden by turning she lost her balance.

"Wow!" she cried, lowering her arms to support herself on a nearby piece of furniture.

It was then that earth's gravity took over control of her dress which immediately dropped all the way to the floor, revealing her almost naked back to me and the camera.

Quickly she tried to replace the dress with her hands covering her lovely perky breasts.

For the rest, she was almost completely naked except for her tiny thong still covering the most intimate feminine part of her toned body.

"Oops!" was all she could say.

"Let me try to help you," I said, but before I could bend down to pick up her dress to hand it back to her, to cover herself up, she turned and stepped out of it, kicking it to the side.

I have no idea what possessed her, but she let go of the most perfect B-cups I had ever seen and was reaching for the ceiling stretching her body pushing out her boobs, and pulling in her midriff as if she was offering her breasts and her whole body to me.

"I feel adventurous Lew!" she cried out, "Take a photo before I change my mind!"

Her mounds were topped with small darkish areola, typical for black-haired women of Southern Europe descent, they were the size of a 2 euro coin.

I quickly started clicking away with the camera.

It became clear in about 2 seconds that she had other plans in mind for me as she started to come closer and closer, getting so close in the end it became impossible for me to take any more pictures.

Her arms dropped and she took my head between her two hands and in one swift motion, her lips came to mine with the tip of her tongue darting out and trying to get into my mouth, which I of course immediately allowed her to do and start participating in.

I almost dropped the camera but was still astute enough to put it safely down on the coffee table at my side, saving my precious camera and all the pictures I had taken of her.

Leaning back a bit she said "Oh yes please kiss me!" and invaded my mouth again with hers.

My arm went around her, one hand pressed against the middle of her back, the other groping at her butt.

I buried my face between her breasts. And with a muffled voice I whispered, "Oh my God you are so beautiful Catharina!"

From the valley between her breasts, I moved to her left tit licking the dark nipple making it grow and get hard under my manipulation until it stood out like a pencil eraser.

"Yes Lew, I love it when you kiss my boobs!" She said with a little giggle.

As I had only one mouth, and God I wish I had two at that moment, my other hand was massaging her right breast, pinching its nipple between my thumb and index finger resulting in some light moans from Catharina.

When I replaced my hand with my mouth that same hand slowly ventured down her stomach, tickling her belly button, and shortly stopped at the elastic of her thong.

Moving on slipping inside the thong my fingers encountered a narrow landing strip of her coal-black hair. Moving on I felt her nicely shaven slit feeling slightly moist due to what I hoped was her mounting arousal. I then pulled my hand out again and hooked a finger from each hand in the elastic at the top and started pulling again, slowly taking it all the way down to her ankles, thus unveiling what felt like a nicely shaved pussy topped with a trimmed little bush.

I was desperate to not only feel her girly bits but also to get a closer look at them, so I dropped to my knees bringing my face exactly in front of her most intimate area.

My palms reached around her lite body going for her round, firm ass cheeks, grabbing a hold of them like I was drowning, while pulling my face into her perfumed honeypot.

She smelled of vanilla accentuated by her own delicate but also enticing female aroma.

I brushed with my lips down from her pubes and reached the top of her gash.

My tongue raked along her velvety outer labia as I planted feathery kisses on the hood protecting her clit.

"Oh my God this is heaven!" she cried out in between moans.

As she was now holding the back of my head, with both hands which had moved there with me descending, this allowed her to push my head straight to her lips down under, urging me on to continue kissing them as she had kissed my upper lips merely minute ago. I couldn't resist the urge to continue doing just that, lavishing myself on her fountain of love.

"Yes, Lew kiss my pussy...Lick my pussy...Make me come!"

I felt her bending her legs making her knees point outward giving me better access to her moist depths.

She sighed hard pulling my head into her snatch even tighter.

Moving my hands slightly upward to her hips I guided her towards the settee and made her sit down.

Grabbing her legs just above the back of the knee I was able to open her up completely resting her feet up on my shoulders and pushing her knees gently outward.

I pulled back for a moment, appreciating the captivating sight of her secret garden, her labia were smooth and hairless.

They were pale and puffy and now spread wide before me.

Between them, her inner lips, a deeper pink hung blood-engorged and begging for my attention.

"Oh Catharina, I am going to eat you alive," I whispered.

I started licking her pussy again from the hooded clit all the way down, right over her perineum to her little brown star and back up pinching her love bean with my lips enticing it from under its hood eliciting high-pitched moans from her.

My questing tongue traced circles around her now growing clit until she was dripping from my saliva and her honey.

Sliding down again I pushed my tongue as deep as it would go into her fuck hole, and feasted on the rich, tangy taste, of her nectar.

After a while, replacing my tongue with my index finger I started to make the famous come here movement tickling the spongy tissue of her G spot.

This got her juices really flowing, she started to move her pelvis up arching her back all the while making moaning noises.

After introducing a second finger in her love grotto she started to buck and deeply inhale drawing in her stomach bringing out her two mounds which she started to caress herself pinching the rock hard nipples.

Her clit had now almost doubled in size and I began giving it little bites alternated with long licks with a flat tongue.

Her moans increased in volume, "Oh, Dio...Oh, Dio!" she began to gasp out loud in her sing-song Italian.

It was then that I felt that an orgasm began to course through her.

"Fammi venire!" she cried out, further reverting to her mother tongue reaching her orgasm.

Her pussy was producing a flood of girl cum. I could barely keep up swallowing her delicious fluids.

This was by far the best dessert I could imagine to ever get after dinner and to be honest totally unexpected.

I could not have imagined that a simple dinner engagement with a total stranger would result in such a feast.

I had difficulty keeping her in position as she started to buck her hips accompanied by loud cries, "Ti Vengo! Ti Vengo!" yelling out loud, "I'm cumming, I'm cumming!"

I sure hope the neighbors were not at home and if they were, they would be stone deaf.

I kept licking her pussy sticking my tongue deep in it while I started probing her backdoor with my finger.

"Oh si, OH SI!" she screamed, "Keep doing that, that feels sooo good."

By slowly wiggling my finger in her butt hole I kept her orgasm going resulting in more screams, and hard breathing while pushing her pelvis harder into my face.

As her orgasm kept going, I felt her vagina contracting hard around my fingers firmly embedded inside of her.

Pushing my other finger up to the second knuckle in her rear passage resulted in a bigger flood of girl juices in the front.

Looking up at her she was out of this world her eyeballs had turned up and she was shaking and shivering and by the looks of it, losing consciousness.

I removed my fingers and put my hand flat on her pussy to bring her down from this enormous orgasm she just experienced while I placed little butterfly kisses all over her body.

Starting at her abdomen and slowly going through the valley of her perky breasts making a little side trip to her engorged nipples over her collarbone to her neck ending up on her cherry lips.

By that time she had come down from her orgasm, she had fallen asleep.

I picked her up and carried her to her bed laying her down and pulling a sheet over her so she wouldn't get cold and could slowly recover from her adventure.

I settled back on the settee and sort of tried to imitate her by making myself comfortable with a pillow and a blanket.

Before falling asleep however I had set my alarm to 6 AM as I knew she had to be back at work around seven for the breakfast service in the hotel's restaurant.

Promptly at six, the alarm went off startling me.

I opened my eyes, at first I had no idea where I was, but then it all came flooding back like a Tsunami, the divine body, the gorgeous eyes, the legs long as a night without love, the toned abdomen, and the twin peaks crowned by diamond-hard dark nipples.

I jumped off of the settee and checked on her in the bedroom, she was slowly waking up smiling at me.

"What happened?" she asked.

"You were gone from this world darling and joined the heavens I think experiencing a massive orgasm as you did, in short, you lost consciousness and fell asleep. I put you to bed and tried to catch some shut-eye myself on your sofa, and here we are."

Then she remembered, "Yes, I have never before experienced such an orgasm in my life, I had no idea what came over me, it was earth-shattering."

"I am afraid you now have to forget all about that and start getting ready for work. Guests will be waiting to be served their breakfast at the hotel, me being one of them."

"Oh yeah, I need to get cracking," she said all of a sudden turning all business-like.

She jumped out of bed giving me again an amazing view of her glorious naked body and hurried into the bathroom jumping straight into the shower.

When she came out, about five minutes later, she looked refreshed and ready to tackle that day's tasks.

"Catharina, would dare to go to work commando?"

I saw the question marks appear in her beautiful almost black eyes. "Commando," she asked, "what is going commando?"

"You never heard about going commando?"

"No!" was clearly her honest answer.

"Well Catharina, going commando is when you don't wear underwear especially down there, you just leave your pussy uncovered under your clothing."

"MMMh! I never heard of that, I am not sure that would be a very good idea though but I'll give it some thought during the day."

We walked together to the hotel splitting up at the corner of the street, she going to the employee entrance, me going through the grand entrance straight to my room.

Once there, I too jumped in the shower, shaved, and put on some clean clothes so I could join her in the breakfast room.

Upon entering the breakfast room I saw her already waiting for the guests to arrive.

On a Sunday morning, however, around seven-thirty not many patrons of the hotel had the courage to come down to breakfast, so again I was virtually the only guest down there.

I choose a strategically placed table with my back to the wall so I could oversee the whole room making sure nobody was paying attention to me.

Quickly Catharina joined me at my table with the breakfast menu.

After receiving it from her I took ample time to look it over and start a conversation with her about what she would recommend.

In the meantime, I made my move, gently caressing her knee and slowly sliding upward with my hand tickling her inner thigh getting closer and closer to the spot I wanted to explore and feel if she had followed my suggestion of going commando.

A slight tremor went through her body as my hand moved slowly towards her secret love garden.

As she was standing next to me behind the table nobody could see what was going on. When I came closer to my target I started to feel some wetness.

It was clear that her juices had started to flow, I could even detect her womanly scent.

Finally, my thumb reached her labia and I promptly started to wiggle it back and forth eliciting a slight moan from her lips.

Moving my hand to the rear, I replaced my thumb with my index finger sliding between her pussy lips and my thumb moved to her little brown star.

As my thumb was wet from the juices that had emanated from her pussy during its passage there, that too slid easily into her back passage up to the first knuckle, resulting in another louder sigh.

By that time my index finger was almost in her love canal to the second knuckle.

I started to wiggle them both toward each other and felt her tremble, her legs started to give way, time to stop, otherwise she surely would have orgasmed and I am sure the rest of the staff would have noticed something out of the ordinary was going on, which I definitely wanted to avoid.

So I quickly withdrew my hand and brought my index finger up sliding it into my mouth so I could taste her honey again.

She looked at me with big eyes which in fact didn't see anything as she was experiencing a mild orgasm stifling her moans with her order book for breakfast.

After a few seconds, she composed herself again and was able to note what I would like for breakfast, orange juice and tea, with two fried eggs sunny side up, bacon, some hash browns, and please lots of baked beans. Toast and jam, a croissant, and some yogurt and fresh fruit to finish it off.

I thanked her for following my suggestions and expressed the hope that she did not regret it, followed by a wink.

She replied with a careful giggle, "I sure hope you liked my commando look, sir?"

After which she blushed and moved quickly towards the kitchen to pass my order to the chef and get my drinks.

Upon returning with my order, I asked Catharina if she would be interested to meet up again when she was done working for the day.

"I finish my shift at four, after the afternoon tea service, and it would be nice to have another fun-filled evening with you."

After breakfast, I returned to my room to get some work done.

All of a sudden I remembered I still needed to download the photos I had taken the day before onto my laptop. I was soon distracted by the photos and completely forgot about work.

Reliving the day through the photos was mesmerizing especially when I came to the part of the photo session in her place in the evening when I had captured her natural beauty in all its naked glory.

And glorious she was, now that I had ample time to have a prolonged look at all of the images, admiring all the different enticing parts of her tempting body.

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