**Violet**

First story ;-D .. kinda slow, ws.

cheesedipthong@gmail.com

My flatties are a young couple in one of the (unnamed) national ballets. My flatmate Violet and I share a sexual relationship we’ve never discussed. Violet’s 20 years younger than me. She’s about 5’4”, built like a bird, with little bird titties, strawberry blonde hair, a warm smile and all the grace of a ballet dancer. Her partner Julien is pretty cool, also a dancer, and French. I’m 44 male, trim at 82kg (180#), with a mop of silver white hair, my genetic inheritance. It all developed so strangely – let me start at the beginning. It’s an unwritten thing that their rent is a little lower because they live with some of my – let’s call them ‘curiosities’. I masturbate maybe 5 to 15 times a day. Addicted. I’m also a bit public, so she may have taken a cue from some other activity where and when I was too ‘in the moment’ to be bothered noticing observers, like the time I got caught fucking the downstairs washing machine. High on acid, I’d tucked my knees to my chin and lowered my ass onto the central turbine, a 6 or 7 cm shaft that ultimately felt like it pressed against my lungs .. oops – another story.

Actually, it all started with the toilet (we share a bathroom). When Violet does her tinkle in the night, she doesn’t flush. It’s a conservation thing. Of course, I can’t help myself. After her footsteps have crossed back to her room, I sneak across to the bathroom myself. I lower my head into the bowl, breathe in her scent and sometimes lap the homeopathic trace of her sweet mild piss straight from the bowl. One morning some time back now, Violet caught me. She said nothing though. She left me there silent, kneeling before the toilet, the seat still warm from her ass. What could I say? The silence was better and she definitely could have caught me at worse moments. I snuck back in twenty minutes later. She had returned too, the champ, and pissed across the floor. I knew, and she knew that I knew – this was another level of boldness again. I lay my face in it, let her cool piss caress my cheeks. Then I slurped it up.

That was the first real piss puddle she laid for me. There were more, but she’s so discreet! She sends Julien to the shops when she needs to tinkle during the day, I noticed, so there’s a little more time.

Other things happened. Some afternoons she’d go topless around the house with a European nonchalance, while Julien and I talked on the sofa. Her breasts, somehow perky proud alert as a sunflower B-cup, maintained pointy pale nipples of pastel pink. When we’d sit on the sofa together talking, she’d slide one out from her singlet top and examine it, stretching the areola this way and that. But I was never allowed to talk about our sex. She’d stand so close to me, you know I might be cooking or anything, that I’d get an erection, my cock nuzzled gently to attention by the almost invisible massage of her thighs. Right there in the kitchen/lounge/deck wherever – she didn’t even care if there were other folks over, she’d give me a hardon with ‘accidental’ brushes of her hand, her ass, whatever, and then just saunter off.

One time, all without a single word spoken as steam billowed from the bathroom behind her, she’d make it clear she had left her warm wet panties on the floor, a crumple of softness, wet with her juice and the cum of her lover, Julien. I kept my head down at the sink, washing dishes. But as soon as she snapped shut her bedroom door, I was in the bathroom, sucking the funk from the crotch. Her panties were orange, that lovely sheer nylon-elastane that I also wear, and his cum had sodden the gusset, the protein surprise floating in the hot pot of souped-up sex. And her chutzpah! She actually thanked me for cleaning them later, but in such a cheerful, platonic way that I couldn’t bridge the subject back to the sexualised nature of the event and the moment passed. A few times that happened, I stopped trying to bring stuff up, and she’d reward me with a wink and a tongue paused on her lips, all over Julien’s shoulder as we watched tv.

Today I didn’t get in to work. Lucky I have some sick days. All I could text my boss was: “morning D... Hey, I feel fncked, really too fncked to come. Sorry.” (I usually substitute the ‘n’ ‘cause of the work email scanners). Anyhow, I like to have a wank in the morning, but I must have dozed off again after coming and I woke up with Violet at the foot of my bed. Was she shaking me awake by the cock? Suddenly, it felt, she was all at me: “Hey sleepy, do you want a coffee? Don’t you need to get to work? I was just leaving, but I’ll give you one before I go if you want.” She paused and gently twisted the ‘give’ when she spoke.

“UMMph ffmm”, I managed. Did I think about asking why she hadn’t knocked? No. I was still waking.

Though pre-conscious, I could see through the eyes that were apparently mine how Violet’s glance lingered at my ass as she left my room to make me a coffee. A tumble of thoughts. Hello, this is your body. That’s right, I’m a person – I only \*feel\* like a cloud. Ok, I’m laying naked on my bed. And my 10” latex dildo is clearly hanging from my ass as I lay there on my bed, say the incoming nerves. (Mental note, at least my ass nerves can still send a distress call. Anyhow, getting off track …). Violet hadn’t said a thing. I slid it out, silent as a ninja. It glistened: there’s no shit when you don’t eat. I imagine that Violet lets me know what days are food days. She never does.

My crotch is shaved below the pubis – the shaft and balls. Otherwise, I’m a bit hairy. Still, my crotch was crusted in cum. I’d been milking my prostate all night, ass-fucked sideways and silly with that faithful old dildo. Violet was back. Ok, I’ve got to wake up, I think to myself.

“Thanks honey” I manage this as Violet hands me the coffee (and feel I’m taking a liberty in my language). I drink. I realise that I’m now standing there nude with her in my room, I’m drinking this coffee she’s made me, and I still can’t get past this next bit – then she reaches out and takes hold of my penis. She’s never been this forward. I can’t help smiling, amazed at her precociousness.

“What is it?” I ask.

“You’re covered in cum. Are you sure it was only you in here last night?” she giggles.

“Ha ha” I say.

She squeezes my cock.

“What the fuck?” I begin.

And she pushes her fingernails into my shaft.

My silence, as I gasp air in.

“That’s better” she says. “Now I just want to say, dear flatmate, that I don’t want to get my panties confused with your panties when you do my wash from now on. And capital eew! - I’m not having your cum touch my panties in the wash, and since you can’t stop spraying your cum all hither and thither, you’re just going to have to stop wearing yours.”

“Hither and thither .. wtf?” I start to think. I think therefore I am. My sweet Jesus, I realise Violet has a fist full of my now hardened cock. This is super weird, and not a dream.

“Are you going to spray come all over me now on my clean dress, and after I brought you a coffee?” she jokes.

“Err …” I start.

Then huskier, she asks, “Is my pussy like you’d imagined? Does her trickle make you want to come?” In a graceful move, she’s holding the hem of her sundress and her soft white panties to one side, and her peach is laid bare to me, softly cream and pink and glistening sticky-dewey along her inner lips. Man, that peach. A gentle copse of soft downy blonde hairs across the puffy labia and a moderate hood holding over what I’d later call a ‘catholic clit’ (for reasons of that moment of freedom from repression).

As if I could muster words. I felt no humiliation at being naked before Violet. I knew only that she was my unquestioned master. “No Violet, I came maybe 8 or 9 times last night, and then again this morning” I added sheepishly – “There’s nothing left right now honey.” (I can’t believe I was saying this).

She released my cock.

“I mean you’ve got a gorgeous pussy, Violet, you know I’m crazy about you. I hadn’t imagined you’d want me. I mean … Julien?” I added meekly. And stupidly.

“Yeah, well, who said anything about wanting you. Be ready from now on. I mean tonight. Nothing comes out of these until I say so”, she stepped up and easily grasped my balls. “And show me you can at least clean up.” I looked around my bedroom … I was still standing naked in my bedroom, with an aching erection, and my flatmate, twenty years my junior telling me ‘how it is’. (Well I wasn’t complaining either, particularly with this horny new advance in our relationship.) “To clean …?” I began ??

“FFS, I’m wet as, clean me up.” The instruction was unequivocal. I knelt before her as she lay back on my bed, spreading her legs and pulling her lips apart. I licked and lapped at her littoral clitoral tides as only the truly abandoned may do until she pushed me away. “Thanks. I’ve got to go. Remember, no panties for you from now on. There’s something else in the bathroom for you, when you’re ready.” She snapped back her panties and bounced out of the room.

With my head still reeling, I am caught up in the thought that I can never speak with her to share my wonder of the occult strangeness of our relationship, to discuss with her the writhing orgasms that shook and bled me over the past weeks – there is never any acknowledgment. Cooling, and at the worst I feel like a wraith, devoid of soul and hungering for human warmth. At the best, like now, I can still taste, smell, hear and feel the lingering threads of kisses. She’s ferocious, precocious; I wonder why she does it.

In the bathroom I dragged my violated panties into a pile. Laundry. I scanned the room. Almost immediately – behind the toilet (mental note - there is a nice firm vegan shit in the toilet) - there was a black shoebox with a pre-formed bow, also black. My life is just like fucking Alice, I thought. What’s next? I opened the box. A pair of Violet’s panties lay folded on top. Cream, with slightly browned rings through the gusset, these dried oases of her peach juices, I picked them up and held them to my nose. My head filled with the warmest of Violet’s funks, she had clearly given some sporty time to these panties. I set them aside, and peeled back the tissue paper in the box. A card and a giant dildo – a lordy! mean and nasty one. I opened the card.

‘You make me so horny you little fuck. You seem obedient to now. First base. So from now on, as long as you’re wearing this as a plug – you’ll see the design works – then we can kiss. I’m looking forward to that, but I’m not having some dirty old man – not saying you are – I’m not having some dirty old man take advantage of me. I’m the boss. No plug, no kissing.’

I finished my coffee, put my new gift of panties in a safe place for later, fished her turd from the toilet bowl and placed it in a saucer for later, then set to with the new plug. It was going to take some time, and some of that meditative state stretching, but to drink from the fountain of her mouth? No hesitation. And she’d be back tonight.