

# My Perverted New Flatmate

By harrylime

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## MY PERVERTED NEW FLATMATE

Finally, we had a solid bite from a person interested in sharing our luxury loft in the upscale part of the City. My best friend Alice and I had been living on the edge of financial ruin after our third sharing partner Gregory had been called back into the military for an overseas assignment. Things had been a bit dicey even with three of us sharing the costs of the plush surroundings and when we reduced to a 50-50 split we were eating bread and water to make ends meet.

Both Alice and I worked days in a high-end ladies lingerie shop next to the main rail station. We also took turns modeling the specialty items for the endless stream of customers searching for that “nice little number” to set the mood for the evening.

My appointment with the prospective tenant was at six PM and I wanted to get home early to freshen up a bit before meeting our potential savior with the funds to save our asses from bankruptcy.

My name is Francesca. Until recently, I had been employed by a pharmaceutical firm in their customer service department. I had been let go unexpectedly because of some distasteful accusations of inappropriate comments to product users. I assure you it was entirely innocent but my supervisor had me in his crosshairs ever since I refused to give him a blow job at the Christmas party.

A few years back, my parents had all but disowned me after I moved out of our comfortable middle class home in a very nice area outside the City. I loved my parents very much but I was quite

distraught after my Mum discovered my box of condoms under my pillow. I think she really objected to the flavored ones and the ones with the delightful little ridges on them. My Daddy seemed to find it all very amusing and I could not help but blush horribly when he looked at me with a new-found interest. I have always been very much a “Daddy’s girl” and I loved to wiggle on his lap and cuddle whenever Mum was not around to chide us both for our silly behavior.

I have had a fair share of boyfriends, some young and some quite old. My rule was to always use safe sex and to only take it up the ass if I was having my period. I thought that I was pretty high on my blow job count with more than forty odd recipients of my oral favors, but if one was to believe my best friend Alice; she surpassed me by three for my every one.

Alice and I were very close and sometimes we slept together holding each other tightly. I loved to hear her heart beating and feel the heat of her skin next to mine. We were not lovers. I don’t think either one of us even considered it. She wore my clothes and I wore hers. It was like we were parts of the same person only with our own separate personalities. Sometimes we would take care of our special needs like shaving each other’s pussies or removing unwanted hair from our bums. It was not sexual in any respect, only taking care of each other.

Gregory had been the perfect third leg of our trio. He was all caught up in football and he was wound tightly around the finger of an absolute bitch from hell called Gwen. Alice and I called her “Gwen the Hen” and some other names less ladylike. We had no doubt she would have murdered all three of us if she ever thought he had engaged in sexual activities with either or both of us. Poor Gregory was so terrified of this tiny little Irish girl with long red hair that he was constantly looking over his shoulder to see if she was anywhere in the vicinity.

Several times I had looked with interest at his long firm cock when it stuck out from behind his bath towel or when he scurried naked from his bed to the bath late at night. Alice and I would giggle uncontrollably when we whispered our fantasies of a sex obsessed Gregory coming into our bedrooms to make us take his cock into all of our feminine centers of pleasure. Poor Gregory would look at us queerly suspecting he was source of our amusement but not driven to discover our reason for laughter.

His bitch of a girl friend told him when he was leaving,

“Go screw some third world slag, you wanker!”

She also added a long litany of her pet peeves and gripes about the way he dressed, the way he talked, and the way he never gave her a satisfactory orgasm. I knew this to be utter bullshit because I heard her several times in Gregory’s room wailing out her orgasm in a petulant whiny voice that just sent me up the wall.

I could see poor Gregory was distraught but kept his chin up and shouldered his duffel right onto the train leaving for his embarkation point. It was only a week later that I saw his little redhead bitch playing kissy-face with a middle-aged banker out on the town for a little slap and tickle. I wanted to go

over and slap her pretty little princess ass back to whatever little corner of hell she crawled out of.

After arriving home, I quickly swigged down a glass of wine to get pumped up for the interview. I hoped that our prospective tenant was carrying cash for the deposit as well as the agreed on first month's rent. We needed to pay the phone and the utility bill first thing in the morning.

The front door buzzer made me hide the evidence of the wineglass and I smoothed my tight skirt to look nicely domestic and unfettered by thoughts of erotic sex. I had recently been obsessed with fantasies of being anally impaled by a rather large black man with a huge cock.

My last opportunity for sexual bliss was an unsatisfactory shag in a Mini-Cooper with a married male customer I met in the lingerie shop. The silly shit kept telling me to keep a towel under my ass so my pussy juice would not stain his precious upholstery. Then, when I was just about to go over the top with a halfway decent orgasm, he jerks his cock out and tells me,

"I really must dash! My wife is waiting dinner and I simply can't be this late. Let me drop you at the rail station. I have to get home before my wife suspects I am diddling sluts again."

I could not believe it. This was the same smiling man that told me with a straight face only an hour ago "how perfectly divine" I would look in a crotch-less panty hose ensemble.

When I opened the front door, I must admit I was taken aback. Instead of a young man, in front of me was a very resolute young woman dressed in a neatly tailored business suit.

"How do you do? Please come in. My name is Francesca. Francesca Longternario. Just call me Frannie. I was expecting a "Peter", but you are definitely not a Peter."

"Frannie?"

"How quaint."

I noticed the attractive 30 year old was wearing gloves. She did not take them off when she shook my hand. I remember thinking to myself, "How very odd! When is the last time I saw gloves on a woman? I wonder is it an affectation or some new fad I am unaware of."

She looked disdainfully at the well-worn easy chair and perched her tiny ass on the edge of our black leather sofa. Her dress was about 2 inches below the knee. The latest fashion called for about 1 inch above the knee so she was either out of style or abnormally modest in her selection of dress style.

"I will, of course, have my own bedroom, right?"

I guided Miss Peters back to the small bedroom and kept my fingers crossed that she would not be put off by the size.

She picked up the football magazines from the bureau and looked at the pictures of Gregory and his mates which still remained on the shelf.

“That was our last flatmate, Gregory. I will remove them to my bedroom if they disturb you.”

“No, that won’t be necessary. I must ask you bluntly, Francesca, were you or your other flat-mate “getting it on” with this Gregory person?”

I thought this to be an extremely odd question but in an attempt to be diplomatic, I answered in a very mild tone of voice,

“Oh, no, there was no hanky-panky at all. We were just good friends. He was a very nice boy.”

“All right, then, I will take it; but I will bring my own sheets and pillows. You must excuse me; I am very funny about that sort of thing.”

I had absolutely no idea what the attractive young businesswoman was talking about, but when she produced the full deposit in cash and a check for the first month’s rent, I breathed a deep sigh of relief and ran to the kitchen to make tea.

Miss Peters told me she was a “Freelance Video Producer” and might be doing some of her work from her bedroom. I was only half listening because I was caught up in the tea and biscuits routine and was still in a state of shock from being saved from financial ruin.

When “Angelica” removed her gloves, I noticed she had erotic looking barbed wire tattoos around each wrist. It was the very last thing I would have expected from the demure and proper Miss Angelica Peters. She sat at the kitchen table across from me and hiked up her dress to get comfortable on the hard kitchen stool. I could not help but notice her nylons were supported by very sexy looking black garters attached to a skimpy garter belt above her knickerless crotch.

I was not that much into girls, but I had my share of sex with other females. I really enjoyed the kissing and the licking and stuff like that, but needed a real cock for any kind of sexual penetration to make me achieve a satisfactory orgasm.

Looking up Angelica’s dress, I had a sudden urge to taste this pretty little woman with the odd wrist tattoos. My eyes moved from her nicely trimmed pussy to her face and I saw she was smiling at me with a very experienced expression. She knew exactly what I was thinking and she spread her legs wide in an unspoken invitation as she sipped genteelly at her tea.

My heart was beating suddenly fast and I felt my pussy lips pucker with my own juices as I dropped to my knees in front of Angelica. I started by kissing the inside of her legs with my inquisitive lips. My wet tongue was licking her soft delicate skin and I could taste the essence of her femininity on my taste-buds.

Angelica slurped her tea and dunked a small biscuit before cramming it into her beautiful mouth.

She put down her teacup and placed both of her hands at the back of my head. Gently, she pushed my face up deep into her dripping pussy and moaned softly like a girl receiving a massage for the first time.

Unexpectedly, she began to hump frantically against my face. Her juices were spurting into my mouth and I could hear her shouting at me.

“Get your tongue in there, bitch. That’s it, suck all my juice down into your tummy, you little slut. Eat my pussy and get your tongue back up into my ass. I want you to taste my juice and my ass at the same time.”

My fingers were working furiously in and out of my dripping pussy slit. I was almost to the verge of a fantastic orgasm. When Angelica pulled my wet face up and slapped me hard on both cheeks, I lost it and squirted my pussy juice all over my legs and her expensive imported Italian pumps.

“You nasty bitch! Get down there and lick every drop off my shoes, you little slut.”

I hastened to follow her command without question. She had established a hold over me that is quite difficult to explain. I licked her shoes studiously and allowed the tip of my tongue to touch her exquisite foot every now and then. Every time my tongue came in contact with her nylon covered foot, a delicious shiver ran up and down my spine and my pussy lips would tremble with desire.

Angelica pulled me up and she kissed me full on the lips. My whole body was trembling. I was not thinking about cocks or balls or the things men had done to me while I was helpless on the floor on all fours. I could only think about this wonderful woman and the way she made me feel. She made me feel complete. I wanted to go inside her and become a part of her.

Angelica gently explored every corner of my mouth with her marvelous tongue and held my mouth open as she dribbled her saliva onto my tongue. I drank her fluids as if they were a fine wine. The taste of Angelica was like no other. She was sweetness and light. She was the brass ring that I could never reach no matter how hard I tried. It was a complete revelation to be so besotted with such a raptured state of mind. I don’t think it was just sex or a form of love. It was more of an instantaneous obsession with this fantastic woman.

I explained to Angelica that Alice and I would sometimes sleep together but we were not sexual in any way, we were just close friends that took care of each other. She nodded her head and whispered in my ear,

“You and Alice can continue to be together like that, but I want you to be in my bed each night to give me your loving and I will pleasure you like you have never been pleased before.”

I nodded my head in agreement and my new “Perverted Flatmate” moved in that very day.

