Sex and Violet

By Zenmackie

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Shy Violet learns to serve her Master in public.


SEX AND VIOLET By Zen Mackie Ah, Miss Shrinking Violet, what are we to do with you? So lovely, so submissive--and yet so shy. You must learn to serve me in public as you do when we’re alone. That’s why I’ve brought you to my favorite restaurant tonight. Isn’t it elegant...these intimate tables, the long white tablecloths, the candlelight? I thought you’d like it. I’m glad to see you’ve dressed as I’ve told you; that red satin blouse looks so good with your little black skirt and red heels. In fact—forgive me, I know we just sat down—but stand up and let me look at you. Stand with your hands behind your head, the way I have you do at home. Oh, Violet, no one will notice in this dim light. I’m going to cure you of this shyness, and this is a good first step. Go on... There, that’s my good girl. Mmmm...so lovely. I love what that pose does for your breasts. Thank you, my dear, please sit down again. Now I’m assuming you wore the red lace lingerie, as I requested? Including the garter belt? Excellent. Take off your panties, I want to see them. Yes, right now. No, Violet, you may not go to the ladies’ room—just slide them off from under your skirt and hand them to me. Now. Thank you. They really are pretty, aren’t they? I think I’ll just spread them out here on the table so I can look at them while we eat. Ah, here’s the waiter—I took the liberty of ordering ahead for champagne, I hope that’s all right. Good evening...Bradley, is it? Yes, I thought I remembered you--go ahead and pour. This is my friend Violet, from England. Isn’t she pretty? Sexy, too--these are her panties here on the table, so you can imagine... Oh, don’t be bashful, Violet, look up. Say hello to Bradley. Good. Now I’d like you to show Bradley how sexy you are. Are you done pouring, Bradley? Give the bottle to Violet, if you would. Now Violet, use the bottle to show him what an artist you are with your lips and tongue. Go on... Deeper, my dear. I know you can get more of it in your mouth than that. Now faster—yes, that’s right. Isn’t she wonderful, Bradley? Yes, you’re right, I’m a very lucky man. Thank you, my dear, that will do for now. Shall we order? I’m absolutely famished, my love, I hope our dinner comes soon. Now, Violet, why are you squirming so—is your seat not comfortable? Ah, I wish you’d told me while our waiter was still here. Let me see if I can get his attention...oh yes, I insist—I don’t want you to be uncomfortable while we dine. Here he comes now. Sorry to be such a nuisance, Bradley, but Violet so enjoyed demonstrating her skills to you that she got very wet—isn’t that right, my dear? And since she doesn’t have her panties on I’m afraid her seat got a little damp as well. Could we trouble you to... No, don’t get up Violet, I’m sure Bradley won’t mind ducking under the table for a moment, will
you, Bradley? Excellent. Now Violet, open your legs so Bradley can get at the damp spot. Wider. Wide as you can. Can you see all right, Bradley? Good. As long as you’re down there would you mind drying Violet off as well? No sense letting the seat get damp all over again, is there? Hold still, Violet. Look at me. Here, let me hold your hands. That’s better. Now tell me about your day... All done, Bradley? Excellent, thank you. Violet, is your seat more comfortable now? Good. Aren’t you going to thank Bradley? Now, I know you can do better than that, my dear. You can meet his eye and smile while you thank him, can’t you? Yes, like that. I think we’re all right for now, Bradley, thank you. Excellent, my dear, you’re doing much better. Bradley’s very nice, isn’t he? We’ll have to do something special for him later, don’t you think? Now are you sure you’re dry? Hmm...I think I need to see for myself. Pretend to drop your spoon, my dear, and then crawl under the table to me. Ah, there you are...can you hear me if I whisper like this? Good—I know you wouldn’t want me to draw attention to you there. Now, turn around and pull your skirt up over your hips for me. Good. Can you still hear me? Now, legs apart and head down. That’s right. Now use your hands to hold your cheeks apart—I want to see everything. Aren’t you glad they have such nice, long tablecloths here? Ahhh, lovely—you’re being such a good girl, Violet. But what’s this? I thought you said you were dry. There seems to be a great deal of moisture right...here. All...along...here, in fact. Oh my, yes, all along here. Why, you naughty slut--I’ll bet I can put three fingers inside you without even trying...there, I knew it. And just feel how easily they slide in and out--shhh, my dear, you don’t want the other guests to hear you whimpering like that, do you? Really, Violet, you must learn how to control yourself, those noises you’re making are very disturbing. I’m afraid we’ll have to stop. Here, take my napkin and dry yourself again. There. What? Why, yes you may, since you ask so nicely. Turn around. Here, let me move my chair a little closer to the table so no one will see you. Now, I’ll unfasten my belt and pants for you, but I want you to unzip me with your teeth—and don’t you dare get your make-up on my pants. Yes, you may begin. Careful, don’t bang your head on the table. That’s it, get a good grip...now slowly...steady, steady...that’s right. Good girl, very well done. Yes, you may take me in your mouth. But I expect you to have a mouthful of my come before our dinner arrives or else you’ll be eating yours down there, understood? All right, go ahead. Mmmm...you do that so well. Yes, you may stroke my balls as you continue... Oh, that’s very nice, I’m so proud of you, my dear. That feels wonderful...but you’re working so hard, my dear. I don’t want you getting all sweaty and tired before you’ve even had your dinner. Why don’t you relax and let me fuck your mouth—would you like that? Well, if you say ‘please’... No, no, say it all—say, ‘Please fuck my mouth, Sir.’ Much better. All right, let me just slide down in my chair a little. Now put your head in my hands and relax your neck—remember? Of course you do, that’s right. Here we go, then... Mmmm... Ahhh.... Ahhh... Stop a moment. Look up at me. Do you want my come in your mouth? No, don’t just nod, say it. I can’t hear you... Very well, you may have my come—but you are not allowed to swallow it until I give you permission, understood? All right, let’s continue. Relax your neck...good. Ahhh... Unh...mm! Mm! MM! AHHHhhhhhh....! Oh, that was excellent, my dear. You’re an angel. Oops, good timing too—here comes our dinner, I believe. Better tidy yourself up and get back in your seat. Here’s my napkin. I’ll take care of my trousers. Quickly now... Everything looks wonderful, Bradley. What? Oh, I guess I’ll have the Roquefort
dressing on my salad. Violet? Oh, I forgot—she can’t speak right now. Show him why, my
dear...that’s right, open your mouth... You see? Well, she generally has the oil and vinegar
dressing—is that what you’d like, my dear? Just nod if I’m right. Oil and vinegar it is, then... Thank
you, Bradley. Oh, one more thing. Violet’s panties, here...they’re lovely, don’t you think? I’d hate to
see them get any food-stains. Would you mind holding onto them until we’re done eating? Thank you
so much...yes, I’ll call you if we need anything else. You’ve been very patient, my dear. Would you
like to swallow my come now? All right, go ahead... All gone? Show me. Excellent. Now, let’s enjoy
our meal. Bon appetit, my dear... Well, that was splendid, wasn’t it? Would you care for dessert? No,
me neither—I couldn’t eat another bite. Yes, of course you can visit the ladies’ room. Before you do,
though, I want you to go find Bradley and ask him to bring me the check—oh, and ask him for your
panties. Be sure to ask nicely. Say, ‘Please, Sir, may I have my panties back?’ You can put them on
in the ladies’ room. Go on, now... Ah, there you are, my dear. Bradley and I were just talking about
you. I was just saying that he’s been so helpful tonight—especially to you—that he deserves more
than an ordinary tip, don’t you agree? Yes, I knew you would. Tell me, Bradley, is there some place a
little more private, where we can show you our appreciation? Yes, I think the wine cellar would do
nicely. Lead the way--come along, my dear... Excellent...is the door locked, so we won’t be
interrupted? Good. Now, Violet, I would like you to stand facing Bradley. Take off your blouse and
your skirt, please, and assume the first position—that’s right, feet apart, hands behind your head.
There. Isn’t she lovely, Brad? There’s something about a beautiful blonde in red lingerie... Yes, the
dark stockings are a nice touch, aren’t they? She looks great from behind, too. Turn around and bend
over, Violet—yes, feet together, grab your ankles, that’s right. You’re very proud of your ass, aren’t
you, Vi? Someone told her once that she has “an arse ”—as they say over there—“to die for,”
Bradley. I tend to agree, don’t you? Feel free to fondle it—seriously, go ahead. Violet loves having her
“arse” appreciated, don’t you Violet? Nice, isn’t it? All right, my dear, back to first position. Good. Yes,
she looks like an angel, doesn’t she? Of course she’s actually a terrible slut, aren’t you, my dear? Tell
him, Violet--look him right in the eye and tell him what a nasty cock-slut you are and all the dirty
things you enjoy having done to you. Oh, now look—after all the trouble Bradley and I took to keep
your panties clean for you, you’ve let them get all wet and stained with your pussy-juice. Take them
off, this instant. Now lick them out. Show Brad how sorry you are-- look at him while you lick them
clean ! Well, that’s a little better, but I still think you should be punished. Give your panties back to
Bradley and ask him if he’ll please give you a good spanking, if it’s not too much trouble. You don’t
mind, do you Bradley? Excellent. Thank you. All right, I’m just going to drag this wine crate over here
to sit on. Now Violet, I want you to stand facing me. Bend down and place your hands on my
shoulders. I want you looking directly into my eyes while Bradley administers your punishment.
Whenever you’re ready, Bradley... Good one, Brad. Be still, Violet. Count the strokes out loud for me.
That’s better. Now, between strokes I want you to kiss me—with your full attention, mind—but
continue to count each stroke out loud as it lands, understood? Good. Continue, Bradley... ....Violet,
be careful! ...You almost bit my tongue on the last stroke. Focus, Violet! Before we continue, take my
belt out of its loops and offer it to Bradley to use on you. Go on.... ...And take off your bra, I want to
play with your nipples. And if I sense that you’re not giving me your full attention I’m going to pinch
them very hard, understand? All right, Bradley...continue. Mmm...that’s much better. You’re such a
sensual kisser, my dear. Oh no, I don’t mind the moans, as long as you’re not jumping around.
What’s the count now? Fifteen? Well, I think five more should be sufficient, don’t you, Bradley? Back
into position, my dear. That’s right, look at me...now focus... ...And one to grow on. There! Very nice
work, Bradley ...I almost felt that last one myself. Oh, poor Violet, look at you, your legs are
trembling... Yes, it’s hard to stand like that in high heels for so long. Straighten up by all means. First
position. You’re a very brave girl. Isn’t she, Bradley? Turn around and let me see if Brad has done a
good job on you. Oh yes, I’d say so. Your cheeks are quite red...and ohhh, your skin feels like it’s on
fire! Bradley, would you get me a small piece of ice from the cooler over there? Yes, that will do
nicely, thank you. Here, Violet, let me cool down your skin with this--hold still now... Mmm, you like
that, don’t you? Oh yes, I can see you do—you’re all goose-bumps. Are your nipples sore, my dear?
I’m sorry, I did have to pinch them once or twice, didn’t I? Would you like Bradley to use the ice on
them? Here, Bradley, would you mind? Bradley has been very nice to you tonight, hasn’t he? I think
you should kneel and thank him for disciplining you so thoroughly...oh, and ask him if he’d like you to
suck his cock as a reward. Very prettily said, my dear. Now, if you’re not too tired I’d like you to stand
bent at the waist again but with your legs apart—that’s right, put your hands on Bradley’s hips—so I
can avail myself of your cunt while you’re pleasing Brad. Very well, my dear, you may begin. That’s
another thing I love about those red high-heels of yours, my dear, they bring you to just the right
height so I can get...all...the...way...into you—like this --without even bending my knees. Ahhhh...that
feels nice. Is she treating you well, Bradley? Yes, isn’t she wonderful? All right, pay me no mind—I’ll
just be enjoying myself back here. Legs a little further apart my dear... Mm! Mm! AHHHHHH... Oh,
Violet, I’m so proud of you! And I’d say Bradley is very pleased with you as well—am I right, Bradley?
There, did you hear that my dear? The best blowjob he’s ever had! Yes, thank him, by all means.
You’re not a shrinking violet anymore, are you? And Bradley certainly deserves a good deal of the
credit. Oh, Violet, you’re not going to turn all shy again on us, are you? Very well, whisper it in my
ear... I see... Bradley, Violet says her behind is still so sore that she doesn’t want to put her panties
back on, and wants to know if you’ll keep them for her until next time... .....What? Why certainly, if you
wish... She also wants to know if we can make a reservation for the same time next week. Why, I
think she likes you, Bradley! Hurry and get dressed, my dear, it’s time for us to go. Oh—you still have
a little bit of Bradley’s come on your mouth. Here, let me...there, you can pretend it’s lip-gloss. All
right, same time next week it is, then. Thanks again, Bradley, you’ve been very helpful. Come along,
my dear, let’s get you home to your dungeon, I know how you miss it.