A Tale of two Boilers

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I knew the new owner of Doc Wheeler's house was shopping when my answering service called my cell. I'd noticed Billy's and Serge's, my competitors', vans there last week.

I parked in the driveway and walked up the path. I took a deep breath and stood tall and rang the bell.

She took me by surprise. I had a hard time not looking down—I didn't want her to know what I was thinking. I'm sure she did. I kept my eyes on hers and put out my hand. "Cliff Stone," I said, with a self-deprecating smile to let her know it was my real name.

"Barbara Beech with a double *e*," she replied. "I don't have any heat, and I'm freezing. She hugged herself, which I took as permission to look.

"This used to be Doc Wheeler's house. Are you the new owner?"

"Me and the bank. I'm Bob Wheeler's granddaughter."

"Really? I liked your granddad. He respected me and what I do. A lot of homeowners treat me like dirt."

"He left me and my cousins some money and the house. I had to buy my cousins out. I'm stretched pretty thin."

I looked down. She was only a little thin and in all the right places. *Nice tits*, I thought. Through her hand knit sweater they bounced like she wasn't wearing a bra. I wondered if I had a chance of finding out.

“I’ll show you the cellar,” she said.

“I’ve worked here before. I know the situation. The short version is you need a new boiler.”

“That’s what the other guys said.”

“It will cost about eight thousand dollars, installed.”

“Yeah, they said that too. Isn’t there any way I can get it cheaper?” she asked, hopefully.

“The boiler itself is expensive, and then there’s my time. But I do good work. Your grandfather used me exclusively.”

“I can’t afford it. I’m really in a bind. I appreciate that you can’t give away your services, but could you do it cheaper if I agree to buy all my oil from you for the next million years.

I didn’t like being put in the position she was putting me in, but I did want to help her, and all my reasons weren’t altruistic.

“How about a cup of coffee?” she asked.

“Sure. I’d like that.” *And you.*

I followed her to the kitchen. She wore her jeans the way I like them—not so tight that they were vulgar but fit to a tee. Her buttocks were as fine as her breasts, but the curves of her wide hips flowing into a narrow waist were breathtaking. There she was a goddess.

She’d made coffee and took muffins from the oven. She was a woman who prepared. I admired that.

The kitchen was warm, but she took me to the living room. She was making a point. I was uncomfortable, but I thought, *if she can stand it so can I*.

“I’m Bob Wheeler’s granddaughter, so you know I’m honest,” she began.

I nodded, giving her the benefit of the doubt.

“Here’s what I propose,” she continued. “I hope you’ll consider it carefully.”

“I’m all ears.”

“I’ll pay for the boiler, at your cost, and I want you to install it without charge.”

“That would be generous of me. And in exchange for my largess, you’ll…”

“I’ll be your friend.”

She looked right in my eyes. She was very direct, but everything she didn’t say was everything I wanted to know. The silence was deafening.

“Friend?” I asked.

“Friend: as in I’ll make an effort to get to know you, and we can do things for each other.”

“Things?”

“Do I have to draw you a picture?”

“What did Billy and Serge say when you made *them* that offer?”

“I didn’t make them an offer. Billy couldn’t take his eyes off my breasts, and Serge needs a week in a washing machine.”

“You’re quite frank, aren’t you?”

“I’ve been called worse: blunt, brash, a mouthy bitch.”

“I don’t want to be offensive, but let’s be straight with each other. Are you, Doc Wheeler’s granddaughter, offering to prostitute yourself for a boiler?”

“You asshole. I’m not offering to fuck you. I’m offering to be your friend.”

She got me good. I don’t know if she planned it, but she got me. What could I say—that I *hadn’t* been considering fucking her for money? I hadn’t, had I? Regardless, there was no point in denial.

I shook my head in resignation. “I’m sorry I insulted you,” I said. “I’d like to be your friend, very much so. I hope we can work that out. I accept, but I take my friendships seriously.” I was trying to resurrect a little dignity.

“As do I. Thank you. You won’t regret it. Now, I’m cold and uncomfortable, and if you’re as nice a guy as my grandpa said you are maybe I’ll let you help me get warm.”

“The Doc mentioned me to you?”

“He did.”

I had just started mulling the implications of that when Barbara asked, “Would you like to come upstairs?”

“As a friend?” I quipped.

“I pay my bills in full,” Barbara Beech with a double e said. “But it’s my policy not to pay too much in advance.”

“Meaning?”

“Do you want to come upstairs or not?” she said, with a smirk.

I looked at my watch. It was still near the beginning of my work day. *She got me good, but now I’m going to get her. Or am I? Only one way to find out.*

“Don’t you work?” I asked.

“I’m taking the day off.”

“That’s not all you’re going to take off.”

“Don’t be crude, and you can wipe the smug smile off your face.”

“I’m not smug. I’m happy.”

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I offered my hand. She took it, and I helped her up and led her up the staircase. She came willingly.

“Turn left,” she said.

She guided me to her bedroom. It had a big bed with warm covers and lots of pillows. I sat her down

then laid her on her back. She lay passively as I lifted each leg and removed her shoes.

I left her legs over the side of the bed and sat next to her and took off my boots. Then I stood, with her legs between mine, and began unbuckling her belt.

“No! Don’t!” she said.

I looked at her, questioning. “Does No mean No?”

She smiled coquettishly and tilted her head. “No,” she said.

Again, I reached for her belt.

She put her hands on mine. “It means Not Yet.”

“You’re naughty. No one likes a tease.”

“I bet you do.”

“Well…” I had to admit it. Being teased *was* high on my list of how to get horny, as long as I knew I’d get what I came for in the end, which I didn’t. “How about a naughty girl spanking? That would warm you up.”

“No thanks, maybe some other time, if you deserve it.”

“Can we write that into the contract?”

Barbara stood. I was still in front of her. She put her arms under mine and reached up and held my shoulders and lifted, pressing herself into me, rubbing her breasts on my chest. She tilted her head and kissed my neck. My cock hardened precipitously.

I put my hands under her ass and pulled her onto my hard-on, trying to get it as far under and into her as I could with our clothes on.

I moved forward, and Barbara fell backward onto the bed. I straddled and lifted and turned her, placing her head comfortably on two pillows. I spread her legs, she opened her arms, and I came to her. I kissed and lay on her, being careful not to hurt her. I slid my hands under her sweater and found her breasts and stroked gently, over every curve, except I never touched her nipples.

She breathed deeply and sighed and thrust out her breasts, begging me to touch their tips. She began to pull up her sweater, but I took her hands and held them over her head. “No! Don’t!” I whispered. “Not yet.”

“You prick,” she tried to say angrily, but she giggled. “I’m never going to let you fuck me now, not until you put the boiler in.”

“Oh, I’m going to put the boiler in, don’t you worry, and it’s going in soon if you’re a good girl and deserve it.”

“Maybe I’ll let Serge put it in instead.”

“I work longer and harder than Serge.”

“How do you know? Have you two worked *together*?”

“Mrs. Barstow, the young widow on Sixth Street told me. It’s too bad her abusive prick of an excuse for a husband died such an untimely death—a real tragedy.”

“So I’m not your first customer?”

“So far you’re not a customer at all. You’re all promises. But to look at, you’re definitely number one.”

“That’s the trouble with men—all they want to do is look and touch.”

“I’m serious that I take my friendships seriously.”

“Me too, but I won’t share my toys, even with a grieving widow.”

“Fine. Can I take off your sweater now?”

“In your dreams. Get off me. Maybe some other time, and you’re still putting that boiler in—the one in the cellar.”

“In *your* dreams. You’re not being very *friendly*.”

“Girls don’t like to rush, you know.”

I’d had enough. I got off Barbara and off the bed and turned away, but she scrambled after me and

reached around and grabbed my cock, which had gone limp.

“What are you doing?” I said, miffed.

“Please don’t go. I’m sorry. I was only playing.” She repeatedly squeezed my cock, pumping it back up.

I took her hand off and turned. “I’m going to undress you now. If you say No I’m leaving.”

“Just take off my sweater. Please?”

“My balls are starting to ache.”

“You could jerk off, and I could watch.”

“No thanks. I want to fuck you, badly.”

“I’m probably going to let you.”

“Yeah, when? When hell freezes over?”

“Take my sweater off first. I like to be undressed.”

I rolled Barbara to the side, and I pulled the covers from under her and turned them down. I rolled her back and put her head on the pillows again and asked if she was comfortable. She nodded *yes* and said "mm hmmm."

I took off both my shirts and took my time at it, folding them neatly and placing them on a chair. I turned toward her. I knew I looked good—well and hard muscled. I took off my jeans and folded them neatly too. My aching cock showed clearly through my underwear. I could see her staring at it. I could feel its tip peaking out of my waistband, and with Barbara waiting submissively, with her arms outstretched and her legs parted, it was all I could do not to rip her clothes off and force my prick into her and fuck the consequences. But that was fantasy. Force is something I would never do. I’d sooner die preventing a rape than indulge in men’s dark side, but I was fucking dying anyway, and jerking off wasn’t going to cut it, and I still didn’t know whether Barbara would really let me fuck her.

I slid off my shorts and let her take me all in, visually, and don’t let anyone tell you women aren’t excited by the sight of a fine man naked, especially one with a hard cock, especially a hard cock they were responsible for getting up. Barbara licked her lips.

I straddled her again, gathered the hem of her sweater, and slid it up her chest and over her head. Her breasts reposed in one of the beautiful forms breasts can take—this of a woman in her finest position—on her back.

“I’m cold,” she said.

“I can see that.”

“Please cover me. You look cold too. Come in bed with me.”

I came in and covered us both. I kissed each breast and took each nipple in my mouth. She moaned and reached and held my penis loosely. I pumped through her soft hand. We teased and caressed and stimulated each other, and we talked. We agreed that we had found more in each other than expected.

We rested, her nipple in my mouth and my penis in her hand, our free arms around each other. She gave Mr. Man a squeeze. I suckled her back and nipped gently with my teeth.

Barbara disengaged and got out of bed. “Now you deserve me,” she said and unbuckled her belt.

I watched her slide her jeans down her legs. Her panties were pink, cotton, and brief. Her vulva was pronounced. She slid her panties down and stepped out of them. Her clitoral shaft peeked from between her labia. She raised her arms, opened her legs, and presented herself. “*Ta da*,” she sang.

“Come, my dearest,” I said, with open arms.

“Yeah, right. Your dearest what? Girl who’s available right now?”

“Come on Barbara. You can stop teasing. I don’t have a girlfriend, and I like you. Is that so hard to believe?”

“Tell me how you like me. Tell me all the ways.”

I kneeled and started toward the edge of the bed. “I’m coming to get you.”

“No you don’t,” she said, holding up her hand.

“Here I come.” I stepped off the bed.

“No! Stay back!”

I stepped toward her, stalking, slowly, one step at a time.

“No, No,” she begged. “I’m just a little girl. My mother wants me home now. I’m a virgin.”

“Ooooh, how exciting. I never *had* a virgin before.”

Barbara tried to get to the door, laughing and squealing, holding her hands in front of her, trying to hide her charms, but I blocked the way. I stalked her, trapped her in a corner, and grabbed her.

“Oh, please mister pirate. Please let me go.”

“Never.”

I pulled her toward the bed, and I sat on it and turned her back to me and put my arm between her legs. I reached as far I could, and I bent at the elbow and began to caress Barbara’s abdomen with palm and fingertips. My hard biceps pushed between her buttocks, my muscular forearm pressed against her labia, and the crook of my arm lifted, as she tried to balance on tiptoes.

Ohhhh, she trilled, squirming with pleasure on my arm, clamping it between her thighs and rubbing her crease, from buttocks to clitoris, on my skin, muscle, and bone.

I had her right where I wanted her—captured with an arm and caressed with a hand, my other free to roam about her body at will. I took full advantage, and each of Barbara’s breasts received the examination they so badly desired.

“You can make love to me now,” she yelled. “I’m ready.”

“I don’t know,” I said. “Maybe I will, maybe I won’t.”

She fought me, trying to get off my arm, trying to turn and jump my bones, but I was having too much fun holding and stimulating her. Yes, she was ready. I could feel her wetness on my arm.

I fell backwards and carried Barbara with me, she on her back on top of me, her legs in the air peddling like a bug trying to turn over. It was a highly indecorous position. She kept yelling, “Let me go. Let me go.”

I put her on the bed and let her go, and she turned and socked me on the jaw. “Ahhh,” I screamed. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“Don’t you *ever* do that to me again. What do you think I am, a toy? All I wanted to do is go to bed with you and play some games and end up making love. Now you’ve spoiled it.”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I really am. I thought I was playing too, but I went too far. I’m really sorry. Please forgive me. I made a mistake, and I don’t want to spoil our friendship. Okay? Can you forgive me?”

Barbara shot me daggers, but she relented. “Okay. I’m sorry too. I guess I started it. I just didn’t like you holding me and not letting me go when I told you to.”

I rubbed my jaw and straightened the covers and invited Barbara back to bed. “Please lie with me,” I said. “No more fooling around, okay?”

“Okay.”

We got in bed and pulled the covers up and held each other, touching gently, soothing our hurts.

“Why did you come on to me so quickly today?” I asked. “It doesn’t seem like you. I mean, you’re sort of a combination of too fast and too slow.”

“Did you know that our grandfathers were good friends?” Barbara asked.

“Doc told me he knew my grandfather, but I didn’t know they were close. My grandfather died when I was eight, so I never got to know him well.”

“They were very close. They were best friends when they were in their twenties, until your grandfather married and moved to where your grandmother lived.”

“Really?”

“When I was sixteen I visited my grandfather, and he wanted me to go out with you, but I didn’t want any part of meeting some strange boy my grandfather wanted me to get to know. It seemed so weird.”

“I’m glad I met you now.”

“I came looking for you. I got old enough to appreciate that my grandfather knew a thing or two that I

didn't know about when I was sixteen. He was a tough old bird. They say I take after him. Maybe that’s why I’m lonely. I bought the house and moved here to make a new start, but I don’t know anyone here, so I thought about looking you up. The boiler was a perfect excuse. I figured I had nothing to lose, and I liked what I saw.”

“Thank you. Why did you call Serge and Billy too?”

“Research—I wanted to know if you were giving me a straight story.”

Barbara got under the covers and slid between my legs. She took my penis in her hands and kissed it. My head fell back and my eyes closed. She kissed the length of it, up and down and all everywhere, anointing me with fealty. It was painfully hard when she put it in her mouth. I groaned with pleasure, but soon I begged, “Please let me put it in you, Barbara, my dearest.”

“Ih ih ih mmm,” she mumbled.

“Please,” I laughed, begging again.

She released me and sat up. Her hands stayed on my thighs, and she braced herself as she put her legs outside mine. She lay on my chest; my penis snuggled in the crease of her vulva, and we kissed—tasting each other. Then she slid higher and held my aching penis to the entrance of her vagina, bathed its glans in her fluids, angled it into her opening, and sank upon it as I pushed. Together we drew it deep down into the dark moist inside of her.

“Ohhhh,” she moaned.

“Uhhh,” I gasped. It was such a relief knowing I really was going to get laid, not that I didn’t care for Barbara, considering the brief time we’d known each other. Those thoughts fled as I pulled all the way out and came back in. The initial entry, my hardness pushing open the tight muscle of her vagina, was so exquisite I did it over and over, but soon I couldn’t stand not being all the way in her, and I sheathed my penis to the hilt.

“Ohh, ohh, ohhhh,” she cried. She gripped my buttocks and pulled me into her, her nails biting my skin. Her urgency and cries stiffened me to the max, and I dug deep as she ground her clitoris on the root of my shaft.

We made love and we fucked for a long time before we climaxed. We took turns on top, switching more than once, and Barbara was a cowgirl when she came first amidst an explosion of writhing and cries of lost reason, but she didn’t stop; she kept fucking me and pausing and fucking me again and

again and herself to another and another orgasm until they became one continuous climax driving her to an insanity I never imagined. The spasms of her vagina and her screams of madness pulled my muscles tight; I was ready to shoot, and when Barbara fell on me, squirming thrashing, and crying out, I fired, and she sucked the semen right the fuck out of me in a long stream of ultimately satisfying symbolic impregnation. Fuck, that felt good.

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When we were completely satisfied and done and our breathing began to return to normal Barbara gave me a *thank you* peck on my cheek and an "*mmmm*" of a cat full of nine bowls of cream.

It was a wonderful first encounter. We had made an emotional connection through her grandfather who cared about us both. I had a good used boiler, and I put it in for free, and then there was my other good used boiler that Barbara let me put in whenever I was a good boy and she was in the mood. We're loyal friends to this day.