

Sex Money - Chapter Five

By SITTING

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Jim grinned at Heidi's shell-shocked face as he pushed her dress up, creasing it, feeling her soft smooth skin.

'Jim! We can't!' Heidi's eyes were wide in apparent fear.

'Why not?'

'Someone will see us!'

'No-ones looking' Jim muttered.

He lifted his ass up slightly off the seat and pulled his trousers and boxers down, taking his engorged dick out, wrapping his hand around the rigid length. He pulled Heidi down onto him, kissed her again.

'You ready for this baby?'

'I can't believe you! You're crazy!'

Jim shrugged, 'Crazy for you maybe. Now are you ready?'

Heidi gazed down at him for a moment before nodding, 'OK, but make it fast!'

'Jesus woman! Don't rush me!'

He pulled her hips closer to him and pushed her damp underwear to the side, sliding his fingers along her wet slit.

'Right,' he manoeuvred his dick to her entrance, pushing her thighs further apart on either side of him.

Heidi groaned as he began to penetrate her.

'I can't believe we're doing this.' She leaned her head back, her long hair hanging down her back as Jim gave a sudden push and launched his entire dick into her tight cunt.

She screamed, 'Fuck! Not that fast!'

Jim didn't say anything, his rough hands clinging to her waist as he lifted her on and off his cock, thrusting at the same time.

'Oh God, yes.'

He could feel the adrenalin rushing through him coursing towards his plunging dick, making him harder and harder as he pushed into Heidi's beautifully tight pussy, his lips moving up to her tense neck.

Heidi was moaning, her hands gripping Jim's arms, looking nervously out of the tinted windows.

'Hurry up baby!'

Jim groaned loudly, 'For God's sake, give me a minute!'

He pushed into her harder and faster, so fast that he felt like a machine, drilling mercilessly into this gorgeous girl, drawing delicious moans from her slender body. Heidi began moving with him, at the same pace, drawing reactions from herself she had not thought possible.

'Oh Jim!' She felt her legs weaken as an impossibly powerful orgasm descended on her, making her shake, gasping, 'Jim! Oh God, Jim!'

'Fuck yeah,' Jim was grunting, sweating as he shoved into her repeatedly, 'You like that, baby?' He felt her clench down hard on him and shouted, 'Oh fuck, I'm cumming!'

He was as good as his word; he came heavily, pulling her close to him as he thrust into her for the final time, his cock pulsing as if it had a life of its own.

'Oh Heidi, baby, that was hot!'

Heidi was pulling herself off him, pulling her dress down over her body, adjusting her underwear, crawling back into the passenger seat. Jim just sat there for a second, amazed at this extraordinary girl; how could she make him feel like this?

She turned, glancing nervously out of the window, 'Come on! Let's go.'

With a grin, Jim climbed back into the driver's seat.

'I'm taking you home.'

Heidi shrugged, 'Yeah, I know. Step on it.'

Jim smiled, 'Not your home. My home.'

'But where do you live?'

'You'll find out when we get there.'

It was a long while later when Jim parked up in his driveway. They hadn't spoken much with the radio on and Heidi had soon fallen asleep to the sound of Snow Patrol. Jim turned the car off, looked at her motionless form. Damn it, she was so beautiful; he could have looked at her for hours on end. With a sigh, he pulled himself out of the car and went around to the passenger door.

"Heidi." He whispered, "Wake up baby."

She didn't move. He could hardly blame her. It was one in the morning. She'd had countless orgasms during the last couple of hours and he wouldn't be surprised if she slept for the whole day. He shut the door and went over to the house. Unlocking it, he went back to the car, scooped Heidi up in his arms and carried her upstairs to his bedroom. Removing her shoes, he lowered her gently onto the bed. After locking the car and the door he undressed and showered before lying down next to her, covering them both with a sheet.

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Heidi woke up, blinking at the light pouring into the room. The bed felt odd, the room felt different. She sat up, there was no one else there. Where was Jim? She knew this had to be his house because she could see his jacket hanging on the door, saw his shoes lined up, but where was he? She realised she was still wearing her dress and got up, smoothing it. She felt weird. Walking sleepily over to the window, she looked out. There was nothing. Fields and trees stretched as far as the eye could

see. There wasn't a single human being in sight.

"Jim!" she called out. There was no answer.

She pulled off her dress and underwear and went into the en suite, switching the shower on. What was going on? This *was* Jim's house, wasn't it? Well it must be. She groaned; let the warm water cleanse her body as she washed her hair, hoping there'd be a hairdryer hanging around somewhere. She realised with a wicked thrill that she was meant to be at work right now. She should probably call in. Stepping out of the shower, she towelled her hair until it was reasonably damp and pulled on a robe that hung there. She walked back into the bedroom and reached for the phone that was on the bedside table. Tapping in her work number she told them she couldn't make it in.

Now what? What was she supposed to wear? Where was Jim?

She opened the door and looked carefully around it. "Jim?"

Nothing. What the hell? She walked around, checked in the multiple bedrooms and bathrooms before heading down the stairs.

"Jim! Where are you?" Still no response.

There was no one in the dining room, the sitting room, the kitchen, the study, the gym, the library. Not even in the cupboard under the stairs. What? She couldn't even find a hairdryer.

She trudged back up to the bedroom and looked in the wardrobe. Men's clothes. Shirts, jeans, suits, t-shirts, shorts. Damn. She pulled out a Batman shirt. She had one just like this, only much smaller. With a sigh, she pulled off the robe and put on the t-shirt. She pulled on a pair of beach shorts, tightening them as much as possible, until they were only slightly loose. She looked ridiculous in the full length mirror, but it couldn't be helped. Her hair was uncomfortably wet. She ran her fingers through it in annoyance. The alarm clock read 11:30am. Where had Jim gone?

She slumped down on the bed in annoyance. He'd left her in this enormous but woefully under equipped house, in the middle of nowhere, with nothing to do. Damn him.

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Jim pulled back up outside his house at 12:15. He wondered whether Heidi would still be asleep. He smiled at his Mom as she got out of the car.

“I don’t want to be disappointed Jim.” She said. “She’d better be nice.”

“Don’t worry Mom, she’s great. I’ll just go and tell her you’re here.”

He ran up the stairs and went into the bedroom. Heidi was lying sideways on the bed, wearing his clothes. Oh fuck, he’d forgotten to pick hers up. She must have woken up after he’d gone, he realised.

‘Heidi!’ he gave her shoulder a little shake. She blinked, disturbed,

“What? Who...?”

“It’s me baby.”

She shook her damp hair away from her face, “Where were you?”

“I went to pick up my Mom. She wants to meet you.”

Heidi sat up suddenly. “What?! Your mom?!”

“Yeah come on. She’s downstairs.” He grabbed Heidi’s hand, pulled her up off the bed.

“I can’t see your Mom. I’m not even wearing proper clothes. Why didn’t you tell me?!”

“It doesn’t matter. She won’t mind. Come on.” He pulled her towards the door.

“Jim!”

“What?”

“I don’t want to.”

Jim turned in surprise, “Why not? She’s really nice.”

“She won’t like me. She’s going to ask me weird questions.”

“Oh come on.”

He half dragged her down the stairs and pushed her into the sitting room.

“There!” Heidi stumbled in to see an elegant old lady sitting down. “Mom, this is Heidi. Heidi this is my Mom. OK?”

He sat down on the sofa next to his mother and smiled.

“Why don’t you sit down?”

Heidi sat awkwardly on the opposite sofa and forced a smile.

“I’m very pleased to meet you, Mrs, uh, Mrs Mitchell.”

Jim’s mother smiled, ‘You too, dear.’ Heidi could sense her taking in the oversized t-shirt and shorts and was mortified. What must she think of her? She crossed her legs awkwardly.

“So, Heidi, where are you from?”

“I, uh, Atlantic City.”

“Oh yes. Jim’s always there on business. That must have been how the two of you met. Where did you meet?”

Heidi gulped, “In....in...a....um....casino.”

“Really? That’s very nice. So you live in Atlantic City? Do you live alone?”

Heidi nodded, “Yes.”

“And you work there?”

Heidi nodded again, nervously. Jim grinned at her.

“What type of work are you in?”

“Uh...I guess you’d call it advertising, marketing, you know.”

Jim’s mother nodded, “Yes.”

Heidi smiled, waited, there was an awkward pause.

“So, what about your family?”

Heidi stiffened, “What about them?”

“Well, do they live near you, or....?”

Heidi looked at her, and then her eyes flew to Jim before focusing down on the ground. Jim looked at her questioningly.

“Heidi?”

She cleared her throat “Well, uh....”

“Jim, dear, why don’t you go and make us all a nice cup of tea? This poor girl looks starved.”

Jim groaned, “Do I have to?”

“Yes.” His mother’s gaze was fixed on Heidi, who was looking resolutely at the carpeted floor, chewing her fingernails.

Jim glanced at her, then back at his mother. A meaningful look passed between them and he got up, went to the kitchen.

“Heidi?”

Heidi looked up, “What?”

“Your family.”

Heidi’s face was drawn, “They, uh, I’m not sure really.”

“Well, don’t you keep in touch with them?”

Heidi looked up at the ceiling, “Well, I have a sister. She lives with my Grandmother quite far away. In Maryland.”

“Oh, that’s nice. What about your parents?”

Heidi shut her eyes. "I haven't talked to them in a while." She said.

"Oh, why's that?"

Heidi felt like bursting into tears. Jim's mother was so kind, her voice so soft and coaxing. She wanted to tell her everything, get it out of her system, but her lips wouldn't move. She thought of her father and felt the tears prickling. She blinked them away.

"I don't want to talk about it. I'm sorry. I don't want to."

She risked a glance at Jim's mom who looked concerned but nodded.

"That's OK dear. So, what do you think of Jim?"

Heidi shrugged, "He's nice. Kind, funny, you know."

Jim came back with a tray of tea and handed her a cup. Their eyes met for a fleeting second and she looked away. She didn't really know much about his man at all, and here she was, being introduced to his mother. He was full of surprises; that was for sure.

"So, how long have you known each other?"

Heidi frowned. "Five days, I think." She realised how pathetic it sounded as she said it and took a gulp of tea, only to have it go down the wrong way. She tried to cough discreetly. Jim sniggered.

"Shut up dear." His mom said to him. Heidi snorted before realising how unladylike she sounded. She straightened up.

"Five days." His mom mused, "Well, he's clearly very fond of you. It usually takes months before he agrees to let me see his girlfriends."

"Really?" Heidi said, "So, uh, how many girlfriends has he had?"

Jim's mother rolled her eyes, "I lost count years ago. There have been plenty. Most of them gold diggers."

"Mom!"

"What? It's true."

Heidi's smirk was not quite hidden by her teacup and Jim glared at her. "How many boyfriends have *you* had, Heidi?"

"Jim! You can't ask such a question." His mother frowned.

"It's quite alright Mrs Mitchell." Heidi said, "You're my first actually Jim."

Jim looked at her shocked, "But I thought...."

"Don't you remember?" Heidi said, looking pointedly at him, "The first, uh," she looked nervously at his Mom, "The first time....we....in the, you know.....hotel...." she tailed off.

Jim shrugged, "Yeah, I know that. But hadn't you even like been on a date, or kissed another guy?"

Heidi shrugged. "No."

His mother smiled, "Don't look so surprised Jim. Not all people are as immoral as you." She caught Heidi's eyes and twinkled at her mischievously. Heidi bit back a smile. She ran a hand through her hair and realised it was still damp. She must look horrible. She smiled nervously,

"I'm really sorry. I have to go to the bathroom. I'll just be a minute."

"That's fine." Jim's mother replied, "Take all the time you like."

Heidi walked quickly out of the room and into the downstairs loo. She looked at her reflection in the mirror. Her long hair was damp, slightly curly, a bit of a mess. She smoothed it down, washed her face and dried it with the hand towel. She leaned against the wall and waited for a while.

Meanwhile, Jim's mother had turned to talk to him. "I'm impressed!" she whispered. "She's lovely."

Jim grinned, "I told you!"

"She's so polite, so good natured. And so gorgeous. She's perfect. But I think you need to talk to her about her dress sense."

Jim smirked, "They're my clothes; she doesn't have any here."

His mother nodded, "Well, that explains it. Has she talked about her parents at all?"

“No. Didn’t you get anything out of her?”

“No. She closed up. You should have a go, but don’t be too pushy. You don’t want to lose her.”

Jim nodded. “So you’re happy, right? Do you think I sh...”

The door opened and Heidi paused in the entrance. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to disturb you. I’ll...”

Jim’s mother shook her head, “Nonsense. Come and finish your tea.”

The three of them talked for a while longer until Jim’s mother announced that she had to go. She had a dinner party she had to attend. Jim drove her home, leaving Heidi alone in the house again. She sighed, switched on the TV. Well, that had gone better than expected.

She was engrossed in an old James Bond movie when Jim returned.

“Hey. You hungry?”

Heidi looked at him, “Yeah, half starved.”

Jim chuckled, “You always are. I’ll get us something.”

He came back half an hour later complete with a homemade spaghetti Bolognese. They ate in silence, before Heidi washed up the plates, Jim drying them.

“So, what did you think of my mom?”

Heidi smiled, “She’s great, really nice.”

Jim grinned, “I told you. She likes you too you know.”

Heidi smiled but didn’t say anything. Jim put the plates in a cupboard and they walked back to the sitting room.

“I missed work.” Heidi said.

Jim shrugged as he sat down next to her on the sofa, “So what? It doesn’t matter.”

Heidi looked at him, "So are you taking me home today? I've seen your Mom and everything, but I should probably not miss another day."

Jim sighed. "Sure. I'll take you home tonight. I thought you would've wanted to stay though."

"You mean *you* want me to stay."

"Yeah, that's right."

He bent his head, kissed her mouth.

"You know, my mom was saying what a weird dress sense you had."

Heidi laughed. "I actually have a smaller version of this t shirt at home you know."

Jim smiled, "I bet you look very nice in it." His lips were grazing her neck as he tugged at the front of the shirt, "But this one..."

"What about it?"

Jim straightened up. "It'd look much better on the floor."

Heidi rolled her eyes, "Is that the best you can do?"

Jim didn't say anything, just pulled it off over her head.

He gazed at her naked chest for a moment, "There! Much better!"

Heidi laughed, covered her breasts with her arms, turning away from his shameless gaze. He grabbed her by the waist, turning her around to him.

"Come on! How many times have I seen you before?"

Heidi shrugged, pulling her knees up to cover herself. Jim groaned, pulled at her legs until they were play fighting, thrashing around crazily on the sofa. Eventually Jim had her pinned down; her arms held tightly above her head, her legs pinned down with his own. Try as she might, she could not squirm away as he bent, kissed her breasts, laughing softly.

"You can't win." He said with a grin, as she scowled at him.

He released her, pulled off his own clothes and dropped them in a heap on the floor. Damn, he was always ready for her.

“Take those off.” He said motioning at the shorts and she did, dropping them to the ground so she was as naked as him. They kissed, pressing against each other, Jim’s erection hard against her stomach until he sat on the floor. He grabbed her hips, pulled her down so she was above his cock and ran his fingers along her slit. “Damn.”

He lay down, his cock brushing her throbbing clit and was about to push into her when,

“Wait.”

Jim groaned, “What?”

“Don’t you have a condom?”

He chuckled, “It’s never bothered you before.”

Heidi frowned, “I had to go to the pharmacy for ‘morning-after’ pills at lunch the other day and it was kind of embarrassing.”

“Well, who cares if you get pregnant? Don’t you want to have kids?”

Heidi looked at him incredulously, “Yeah someday. But not now. I’m only seventeen.”

Jim looked at her, shocked, “You’re 17?!”

“Yeah, why?”

“I just thought you were older, 20 at least.”

“Wait, how old are *you*? I thought you were about 22?”

“Hardly. I’m 28 in two months time.”

Heidi groaned, “Damn! You’re an old man!”

Jim scowled. “I don’t have a condom. And yes, you’ve been hooking up with a pensioner.”

Heidi leaned down, kissed him, "I don't care. You're *my* pensioner."

Jim smirked, rolled her over on to her back, so he was above her "I am one energetic pensioner. Now are you ready?"

"Yeah."

He smiled, kissed her, pushed her legs apart and rammed his entire dick into her with a mighty thrust. Her scream of pain and moan of pleasure were mixed into the sexiest sound Jim had heard in his entire life.

"What was that?!" he said, pausing, buried deep inside her. Heidi lay there, still breathless.

"I have no idea."

Jim grinned and began thrusting in and out of her.

"Damn," he said, "You're so tight. Just like the first time."

Heidi groaned, "Yeah, I know."

She wrapped her hands around his neck, and pulled him down for a long kiss, their tongues entwining, his hands on her breasts as she moaned against his mouth.

He began to pound harder, making her hips lift from the ground to meet his. He moved his position so he was kneeling up and brought her legs up to his shoulders.

"What are you...uh....oh, that feels good." Heidi groaned as he hammered into her from this new angle, his balls smacking into her buttocks. She felt his fingers go down from her breasts to her clit and she moaned in appreciation, lifting herself to meet his fingers. He brought her close until her legs were shaking before moving his fingers down to her asshole. She jumped as he brushed against it.

"Jim! Don't! I can't!"

He remembered the first night in the shower and pulled away, "Sorry baby."

He placed his fingers back on her throbbing clit and massaged her to a slow, drawn out orgasm. She moaned loudly, fists clenched either side of her as she sweated against him, her legs bucking. He

grabbed her thighs and held them steady as he thrust into her hot cunt, feeling the inevitable clamping of her walls around his dick.

“Oh fuck.” He said, “Oh....yes.”

He slowed his pace, wanting to enjoy every last second of his orgasm as he came inside her.

“Oh, damn, Oh Heidi, FUCK!” he blasted into her for a final time as she squeezed around him, draining him, until he was sated and gasping. He rolled over next to her.

They lay there a while, didn't move.

“Oh Jim.” Heidi's voice was soft, “How do you do this to me?”

Jim turned, kissed her quivering mouth, “I don't want you to go.” He said, “Not tonight, not ever. I was going to ask you in a while but...I might as well ask now. Will you move in with me?”

Heidi's eyes flew open and she straightened up, looking at him in shock. “What?!”

Jim smiled hopefully, “Well?”

To be continued