

Fuck me? Noooo - fuck him..., actually her

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Karma strikes an unsavory contractor

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Awhile back a friend called asking if I had some work for her neighbor, Jason, a general contractor. She told me his electricity had been shut off for nonpayment and he needed \$1,800 to get it reconnected. My friend was concerned because she was friends with the guy's wife and her children often played with this guy's kids. I had met Jason and his wife, Wendy once before at a community social and they seemed like a nice couple in their late thirties with three young kids. Wendy is a petite blonde with pretty features. She's not a knockout but girl-next-door attractive with a slim figure, an ample bosom and legs that looked good even in sneakers. I own an investment property that is rented out and although nothing was desperately needed at the place there were items that deserved repair, some plaster repairs a new side door and garage door, vinyl flooring in the kitchen, some minor electrical work and a bit of carpentry. All totaled, enough to give the guy \$1,800 in labor, the job would cost just over \$3,000.00. Against my better judgment, I gave Jason a check up-front which he immediately cashed the following morning. The first three parts of the job he tackled were done so poorly done that the materials I'd bought were ruined. The electrical job he performed not only didn't work properly but had several safety code violations. Then, he stopped showing up altogether and kept giving me conflicting stories about the door he claimed he ordered. After a year of Jason's excuses and unreturned phone calls, I hired another contractor and had the work completed but because Jason's work was botched so badly it cost me more than \$4,500 to have it torn out and done correctly. By then I'd learned that Jason had a drinking problem and his work reputation had become so checkered that no one who knew him would hire or recommend him. I filed a claim against Jason in small claims court where he failed to appear. I followed through on the many legal steps that followed and he ignored the subpoenas. Finally a warrant was sworn out for his arrest for contempt of court, but in these dismal financial times the courts are overwhelmed with such cases. I imagine someday he'll get pulled over for a traffic violation and end up in handcuffs for the outstanding bench warrant. Somewhere along the way in the legal process, I noticed that Jason's home was up for a sheriff's sale and just for spite I went to the sale. As it happened, the bank's representative also had had dealings with Jason, who screwed him on a patio deck. I offered the bank \$40,000 for Jason's

home and they accepted. The home was worth five times that and I gave them a certified check for a deposit that day and the balance two weeks later at settlement. Now, I owned that asshole's house. The following week I went to the home. Jason wasn't there but I showed Wendy the deed and papers and she let me into the home. While there I photographed every room from several angles. I was respectful towards Wendy, but businesslike and told her I'd have the place appraised and let her know in a week or so what their rent would be. Later, I learned through my friend that Jason had roughed Wendy up when he learned that she'd let me into the house and so I went to see him and let the bastard know in no uncertain terms that if ever I learned that he hit her again I'd personally pull whatever strings necessary to have the cops out there. With one outstanding bench warrant against him, it was very likely that he'd spend the next couple nights in a cell "entertaining" a cellmate. I also let him know in the harshest of terms that if there was any significant damage done to the home, I had dated photos to show what the place looked like when I bought it and would treat the matter as a criminal action and a civil one. Jason told me to fuck off but I could see in his bloodshot, rheumy eyes that his false bravado was all rooted in arrogance and he was scared. I've been on the planet long enough to know that arrogance is born of fear. A week or so later, I dropped by and gave Wendy a lease to sign and set their rent at \$975.00 which was a good \$200 less than other homes in that development were getting. I made certain that Wendy know that the discount was a kindness extended to her because she was a friend of my friend's and because I felt bad that she was stuck with a drunk of a husband. Still though, she had a deer-in-the-headlights look about her and she said the rent was close to what their mortgage had been when they defaulted on it and she didn't know if they could pay that much. I told her to discuss the matter with her husband and sign the lease and return it with a security deposit and the first month's rent. As I left, I pitied Wendy. She looked defeated and with her petite frame, she had a waifish appearance and was reminiscent of a gawky twelve year old. Driving away, I felt like Simon Legree and although fucking over that deadbeat bastard Jason made me feel good, the collateral damage to Wendy and the kids weighed heavily on me. Days later, I received a call from Wendy asking if she could meet with me to discuss the situation. We set a time and when I arrived, it was just her and me at the house. Wendy's kids were at their grandmothers for the afternoon. Feeling a little uncomfortable discussing matters there in her home, I opted for neutral turf and took Wendy to lunch at a quiet bistro over in the next town. Over wine and salads, Wendy told me that she'd found part time work as a bookkeeper and some as a substitute teacher's aid and had a deal worked out with her mother for babysitting. She confided that, for nearly a year now, Jason would leave home – allegedly for work – but at least half the time he was sitting in a parking lot drinking, or over his friend's house drinking. Wendy promised me she'd do the best she could with the rent but honestly it was more than she could pay and she didn't want her kids to have to transfer out of the school they were in. Wendy asked if there was some other arrangement we could agree upon to reduce her rent to no more than \$600 a month. That sum was less than half the going rate for a three bedroom home in that township. There was something in the look in Wendy's eye and the way her voice quivered when she chose the word "arrangement" that left me wondering what she meant. Frankly, I thought my dirty mind was coloring my perceptions. "Arr-ange-

ment?" I replied with an arched eyebrow articulating the word in deliberately separate syllables. Wendy's eyes misted and her voice choked. "Please don't make me spell it out for you, Mike. "I have kids to house. With any luck I'll be rid of my useless, alcoholic husband in six months or so, but I need help, and am willing to earn it." Score one for my dirty mind. The situation reminded me of a time when I was seventeen and working after school in an auto repair shop that specialized in speedometers and dashboard instruments. A woman had offered sex in return for fixing her speedometer. The problem was a broken speedometer cable that would have taken all of fifteen minutes to replace but the woman appeared so crass and nasty that I declined her offer. Wendy, on the other hand seemed, sweet, frightened and earnest. As a practical matter, her body was all the poor woman had to offer. As I pondered how to respond to her offer, I looked at Wendy's hands, I could see that they were trembling. "I'm not a whore Mike, at least I've not been until now," Wendy began to cry softly and I damned-near cried with her. I took her trembling hands in mine and they were ice cold. I pulled her to me and cradled her. "I don't think you're a whore Wendy, or anything of that sort and if I accept this arrangement I want you to know that you will be treated with respect; it's Jason for whom I have no respect ." Wendy sobbed and I cradled her in my arms. I noticed our waitress walking towards us and she did an about face when she saw me cradling the sobbing woman. "Wendy, you're a desirable woman and your husband is a jerk for not being the husband and provider for whom you signed on. Whatever you do about your marriage is none of my business and I'll give you as much advance notice as I can for "dates" with you." We left the restaurant and sat in my car for nearly an hour before leaving. Wendy slowly decompressed and went from crying softly to becoming giddy and then nervous and finally calm. I took her home and asked if she'd be my lunch guest on Thursday. "See you then, Mike; and thank you." On Thursday, we met at a restaurant two towns away. Wendy looked nervous but pretty in a sundress and three inch white pumps. Over lunch I noticed the outline of a lacey black bra under her sundress and I was getting hard just sitting there with her. Fortunately, no one was seated near us so we could speak freely – if in whispers. "I've been with other men before, Mike," she confided, "but not since the day I became engaged, ten years ago. Please don't expect too much of me." "I'm sure you'll be fine, Wendy; I'm just glad you didn't state the obvious and say you've never been with a geezer before." Wendy blushed and said, "Oh I wouldn't call you a geezer, Mike..." she let the sentence hang, unsure of how to finish it. Near the Inn was a lake with rental cottages and she followed me there in her car. I took her hand as we entered the cottage and again it was cold. "I need to warm you up, Girl" and with that flipped a switch and the gas fireplace lit up and cast it's glow into the room. We sat on the sofa and I held Wendy for several minutes without speaking. Turning my face towards her, I kissed her lightly on the cheek and she returned the kiss. For the next several minutes we exchanged light, soft, tentative kisses, all of them between her neckline and eyebrows. We were nervous. "You have a nice way of kissing Wendy" I said softly. "I'm happy that you're not rushing me Mike, but I'm nervous enough that it might be better if you did rush me this first time. " "Oh", I teased, with an arched eyebrow? "You want me to just take you?" "Yes Mike – take me." " I wish this didn't sound like, 'hey, let's get this over with' Mike, but for this first time that's exactly what I need in order to be able to go through with this. We're here to have

sex so let's do it." I took her cheeks between my hands and kissed Wendy's mouth. It tasted of tears mixed with the wine we'd had at lunch. She kissed back with equal pressure and soon our mouths were mashing each other. "Mike, it's been almost two months since I've 'been' with my husband and there's a need in me right now." It had been nearly that long for me as things at my home aren't all that good and so I felt pangs of neediness inside me too. We began kissing with intensity and my hands began roaming over Wendy's body as she moaned softly. I reached around and unzipped Wendy's sundress and she helped me pull it over her head. Now she wore a black demi-bra and matching panties and white pumps. Her breasts weren't huge but nicely presented in that bra and I kissed her cleavage. Wendy began pulling at my golf shirt as I reached around the back to unclasp her bra. "It's in the front", Wendy said softly as the shirt came up over my head. Freeing her breasts, there was a little sag to them but not much. "You're beautiful." I said, in genuine admiration. "No I'm not," she replied. "Well you're beautiful to me!" I reasserted and ended all conversation with a deep tongue kiss and my hands on those pretty breasts. I was stunned that Wendy's passion ramped up as quickly as mine. She wasn't acting like a woman who owed me sex in some housing arrangement. Wendy clearly was a woman who might've started out that way but in this moment of time she needed sex. I kissed her breasts, suckling the nipples and areolas while Wendy's hands began tugging at my belt. I slipped her panties down over perfect legs and the sight and scent of her vagina nearly blew me away. She was indeed a natural blonde and her pubis was nicely trimmed. God I wanted my tongue inside her and without much more in the way of foreplay I was eating her pussy like a madman as she gasped for breath and humped my face. Wendy's legs were rubbing my back as she lifted her hips and she came after something less than three minutes. I wanted Wendy to suck my cock but as I began to move upwards from her pussy, Wendy cried out, "Now Mike, fuck me this instant before I lose my nerve." So much for a blowjob, I parted her thighs and jammed my cock balls-deep into her as Wendy gasped. I felt like I'd cum in ten seconds flat if I didn't slow down so I leaned up and let my throbbing cock just soak-in the warm, humid feel of her beautiful vagina. "God this feels good Wendy, you are so desirable." Wendy simply smiled at me and I began to rock to and fro, sinking my meat in and out of her as Wendy began to respond to me. Her legs came up and wrapped behind mine pulling me into her with each stroke. We did not last long. In no time, I was fucking like the hammers of hell and Wendy was begging me to fuck her harder. I felt the tingle start in my lower back and in my balls and was about to back off lest I cum too soon but Wendy went off in a violent orgasm and I fired off jets of ropey cum into the condom I'd almost forgotten to use. Lying next to Wendy, I kissed her at least a dozen times and she began to cry softly. "Please don't feel ashamed, Wendy" I began. "Ashamed? Oh Mike, I'm not ashamed, although I probably should be. It's been a long time – years – since a man made love to me so completely." About a half- hour later we made love again and for the next five years, once or twice a month we'd meet for a meal and a lovemaking session. Early in our arrangement, although I rarely ever saw Jason in my travels, I wanted to spite the bastard, like maybe bump into him and just stare him down and let him know that I was pleased with myself for fucking his wife. I loathed the man and he reminded me of men I'd seen in Thailand who pimped out their wives. "Meng-dah" was the word Thais used to describe those men. Literally,

the word meant 'Rice Bug', a large ugly flying insect that looked like an overgrown cock-roach and fed on rice. Meng-dah was a good name for Jason. I'll bet he's like to kill me, I thought, but then my heirs would sell the property and he'd be out. Eventually, Wendy would tell me that she never told Jason about our arrangement; she simply kicked him out a couple of months later. In time, Wendy got back on her feet. I helped with part of her tuition to finish college and called on friends with influence in her college to obtain financial aid for the rest. Wendy worked hard and got her schooling behind her and she made a success of herself. Our last time together was as fulfilling as our first but by then she'd met a man whom she was serious about and she wanted to be his alone. She and her kids were moving in with him. I'm grateful for what we had and am amazed that it all came from my desire to spite her useless husband. Funny, while Wendy and I were together, I lost all interest in rubbing Jason's nose in our arrangement. The powerful loving feelings I had with her drained the anger and spitefulness right out of me and at some level I pitied Jason a little. His drinking cost him his wife, children and career. On the other hand, he brought it upon himself. Karma bit Jason on his useless ass as I nibbled Wendy's fine one.