Sex Money - Chapter Three

By SITTING

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Jim sat on the sofa, his head pounding, jaw throbbing from where Leon had struck him. It was with an insane desire to laugh that he realised the CD player was still on and he got up, turning it off, pulling his trousers and shirt back on.

The door opened and Heidi came in, her face wet with tears.

‘He’s gone,’ she said in a choked voice, ‘Drove off.’

Jim shrugged, ‘So? What do you care, you’re better off without him.’

Heidi looked up at him in disgust.

‘Maybe you should go.’ she said. ‘There’s no point in you being here now. We’re done.’

‘I’m not going anywhere.’ Jim said, folding his arms.

Heidi gave a forced laugh.

‘Uh, that’s not your choice. This is my apartment and I want you to leave. So leave.’

‘Not going to happen.’ Jim said, ‘Not until you talk to me.’

‘I am talking to you.’ Heidi said.

‘No, I mean really. Tell me what’s going on, and tell me why you don’t want me.’

‘I can’t be bothered.’ Heidi said, sitting down, her head in her hands, refusing to look at him.

‘What are you on about?’ Jim asked. ‘You can’t be bothered?! You’re really annoying me now. Stop messing me about.’

Heidi glared at him, ‘I’m not messing you about! You’re the one who marches uninvited into my house and refuses to leave. You piss Leon off and now he’s not going to talk to me. I don’t want anything more to do with you. If I hadn’t met you, my life would be so much better. Can’t you just go as suddenly as you came?’

‘No I can’t just go.’ Jim said, ‘And it’s not as if you just bumped into me in the casino, is it? You were looking for me. You could have told me to leave you alone then, couldn’t you? Oh no, sorry you couldn’t, because your precious Leon was desperate to humiliate me, and instead of washing your hands of him, you go back to him again. What is wrong with your mind girl? Here I am, offering you a way out and you throw it all back in my face!’

They glared at each other for a moment and then Heidi spoke again, her voice trembling, ‘You don’t know what you’re talking about Jim. You think it’s so easy for me to just say no and walk away; you have no idea how deep I am in it all. You think I wouldn’t want to be with someone like you for the rest of my life? I would but I can’t because….because…Leon has been so good to me, all these years…… and he’s nice really….I can’t…..I’m sorry Jim…..I can’t.’

She buried her face in her hands, sobbing, her shoulders shaking violently. Jim stood there feeling like an utter shit. He walked over to the sofa and sat down next to her, pulling her into his arms.

‘Don’t cry, sweetheart. Please, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to upset you.’

He held tight to her shaking figure, stroking her hair, whispering soothing words until she was still. He kissed her on the head and then softly on the nape of the neck, his fingers brushing the side of her breast but she pulled away.

‘I’m so tired Jim. Please, I want to go to bed.’

He sighed, released her, watched as she walked out, heard the water in the bathroom as she cleaned her teeth. She reappeared a few minutes later with some blankets.

‘You can stay here if you want. Do you want the bed, or are you OK with the sofa?’

‘I think I’ll manage here.’ Jim said with a grin, taking the pile of blankets.

Heidi gave him a small smile before disappearing down the corridor, switching off the light in the hall. He heard her moving around for a couple more minutes and then everything was quiet.

He got up and pulled off his shoes and socks. Next his jacket and shirt. Usually he slept nude but had a feeling that it wouldn't be wise so kept his boxers on. The couch was far too small for his frame so he lay down on the floor instead, staring at the digital clock on the bookcase until his eyes closed.

He woke up at 11 the next morning. Everything was quiet. Stretching his stiff limbs he dragged himself up off the floor and into the kitchen. He washed with cold water, too lazy to dress and went down to Heidi's room. He stuck his head around the door. The curtains were drawn; it was silent apart from steady breathing and the tick of the clock on the wall.

Jim closed the door and went back down the corridor. He sighed, went to the kitchen and made some toast. He had some himself, then put a tray together and took it to Heidi's room. She was still asleep. He set the tray down on her desk as an idea formed in his head.

Dropping his boxers, he went over to the bed and pulled her pants down. Gently he parted her legs and licked her slowly, tasting her. He heard her mumble in her sleep and licked, slowly, rhythmically until she calmed down. He could see her clit, and he licked it, licked up and down her wet slit, tasting the very depths of her. He began running circles around her clit with his tongue, making it hard and swollen before pushing his rough tongue into her cunt, in and out. He could feel her moving slightly as she was about to wake up, and he held onto her hips as he sucked her clit into his mouth, one of his hands now pushing up to her cunt. He pushed a finger into her, now sucking both of her pussy lips into his hungry mouth, and squeezed another finger in. Heidi had woken up now and was moaning, trying to drag herself away from him, saying things he couldn't comprehend. He began finger fucking her now, and her hips rose up as he sucked harder, the beginnings of a monster orgasm descending on her. He sucked her hard clit into his mouth once more, and heard her whimper as her legs started to sweat. He curled his fingers inside her tight cunt, finding her spot and then she came, hard, screaming, fighting him to release her, which he did after a few more licks. She was writhing and moaning wildly in pleasure for a few more moments until it faded away and she lay, gasping for breath.

Jim lay down on the bed and pulled her round so she was straddling him, her legs spread over his hard dick. He reached down, flicked her clit a few times, positioning his rock hard cock at her entrance before pushing slowly into her. The small bed creaked as he began fucking her, she gasped, throwing her head back. He reached up, pulled her t shirt off and fondled her tits, playing with the nipples as she bounced around on his cock, her moans filling the air as he thrust deeper and deeper into her tight cunt.

‘JIM! Urrgghh! Oh god, yes!’ Heidi was screaming as Jim held fast to her hips, moving her up and down his cock, until she came, screaming, her pussy clenching around him.

Jim continued fucking her, thrusting upwards, her juices making them slide easily together. Heidi was holding onto his muscular thighs between her legs, hanging on for dear life as he fucked her mercilessly, making her orgasm again and again, until her mind was a blur.

‘JIM! Stop!’ she screamed as she clenched around his thick cock again, squeezing it hard. Jim continued fucking her, driving his cock into her again and again, her hips moving with him, her moans getting louder and higher, her nails digging into his legs.

Finally, he began moving erratically, grunting louder until he roared, delivering gush after gush of hot spunk into her tight pussy as she screamed, almost passing out.

Jim grunted as he pulled his limp cock out of her, pulling her down to lie on top of him, as they both gasped.

‘Jim. You are one hell of a guy.’ She whispered, kissing him before rolling down next to him.

‘God.’ Was all Jim could say as he dragged himself up and got the breakfast tray.

‘Here you go, sweetheart.’

Heidi looked at him in astonishment. ‘You’re so sweet.’

Jim smiled, slightly embarrassed. ‘So, what are you going to do?’

Heidi looked at him questioningly. ‘About what?’

‘Leon. Do you still want to talk to him or what?’

Heidi gasped, ‘Oh God yeah. He’s probably calmed down now. I’ll call him, apologise. That’s OK, right?’

Jim sighed, contemplating, ‘OK, fine, but bring the phone here and put it on loudspeaker.’

Heidi nodded and was back a minute later. Jim pulled her into his lap as she called the number and put the volume up.

‘Heidi?’

‘Yes Leon, it’s me.’

‘Is Jim there now?’

‘Jim? No, no, he went ages ago.’

‘Did you do anything with him?’

‘What?’

‘Did you sleep with him again?’

Heidi flushed, ‘No, no, of course not!’

‘I’m glad to hear it. Anyway why are you calling?’

‘I just wanted to say I’m really sorry Leon. I didn’t know Jim and you hated each other like that and I hope you’re not annoyed.’

‘Well, I’m not annoyed at *you* obviously but who does that dickhead think he is?’ Heidi felt Jim stiffen as he heard the insult.

‘I don’t know Leon. It doesn’t matter though, he’s gone now.’

‘Son of a bitch.’ Leon muttered and Heidi jumped as Jim made a grab for the phone. She shook her head at him furiously and he settled down, glowering.

‘…thinks he’s something special.’ Leon was saying.

‘Yeah,’ Heidi said soothingly. ‘Anyway, so we’re OK now, right?’

‘Course, sweetheart.’ Leon’s voice softened, ‘I’m sorry, really I am. I shouldn’t have yelled at you like that. You weren’t deliberately trying to hurt me. Look, don’t worry about the money, I’m just glad everything’s cool between us. Look, come over later, yeah? I’ve got something to give you.’

‘Oh uh OK. What is it?’

‘Nothing much. I just want to see you really.’

‘OK see you then.’

‘See you kid.’

The line went dead. Jim glared at her. ‘You are not going over there.’

‘Why not?’

Jim scoffed, ‘That man can’t be trusted. You can’t go there alone.’

‘For God’s sake Jim, what’s the worst he can do? He’s my friend.’

Jim looked at her sadly. ‘How can *he* be *your* friend, when you’re so different? He’s disgusting and you’re so lovely.’

Heidi shrugged, ‘He’s nice underneath.’ She said, ‘You just have to know him.’

She got up, walked out of the room and into the bathroom. After showering and dressing she dried her hair before going into the sitting room where Jim was waiting. He’d showered too and was wearing the same clothes as yesterday.

‘So, I’m going to Leon’s OK?’

‘It’s not OK but I guess you have to.’ Jim said grumpily.

Heidi smiled, kissed him on the cheek. ‘Are you staying here?’

‘Yeah, if you don’t mind. I might go out for a paper but otherwise I think I’d rather be here than at the hotel.’

‘OK, cool.’ Heidi put on her shoes and picked up her bag, ‘See you later then.’

‘Bye.’ Jim said. A moment later, the door slammed shut. He heard her going down the stairs and sat down on the sofa. It was going to be a long wait.

‘Hi Heidi.’ Leon pulled her into a tight hug as she entered his house. It was oddly quiet.

‘Hey Leon. Is anyone else here?’

‘No, I got rid of them; I didn’t want anyone disturbing us. So, are you hungry?’

‘No, not really.’ Heidi replied as she followed him to the dining room.

She sat down on one of the sofas while Leon went to the kitchen and returned with a bottle of wine.

‘Oh, no, Leon. I don’t want anything to drink.’ She said quickly, but he’d already gone back to the kitchen, returning with two glasses and a corkscrew.

He closed the door and sat next to her, opening the bottle and pouring the drinks, pushing one into her hand. They drank, Leon swallowing it all, Heidi sipping at it before setting her glass down. Leon leaned back, turning sideways so he could look at her.

‘Relax,’ he said, running his finger down the side of her face to her chin. ‘I won’t hurt you.’

Heidi smiled at him and he smiled back, ‘Leon, I’m really sorry about Jim. He shouldn’t have been there.’

Leon’s face darkened when she mentioned his name and his voice was tight as she said, ‘I don’t want to talk about him.’

‘Me neither.’ Heidi said hastily, sensing the danger in the air. ‘Anyway, Leon, anything new going on?’

‘No, not really.’ Leon was still frowning, looking down, his hand absentmindedly stroking her hair.

‘So, uh, didn’t you say you had something for me?’

Leon looked up, his distracted green eyes snapping back to reality.

‘Oh yeah, hang on.’ He got up and went out of the room. Heidi heard his feet pounding up the stairs and some clanking about upstairs. Heidi sat back and sighed. Who was this man? In the three years she’d known him, she still knew very little about his life. She looked around at the pictures on the wall, the same pictures that had hung here as long as she could remember. Leon’s moods changed so much but it was weird how his house remained the same through all the times, good and bad.

She heard Leon coming back downstairs and turned, putting a smile on her face.

He held out a rectangular cardboard box. Heidi looked at him questioningly. He sat down next to her on the sofa again.

‘Open it.’ He said and she could feel the heat and smell the wine on his breath as she turned the package between her fingers.

Filled with curiosity, she pulled off the lid. Inside was a framed photograph of Leon and her. It must have been taken without them knowing because neither of them was looking at the camera, they were both laughing, clutching at each other.

Memories came flooding back….

It had been over three years ago, Heidi had left home, sick of her step father. Since her real father had died, Pete had been on the scene, trying to control her and her little sister. Her Mom had been withdrawn, confused at how cruelly her loving husband had been ripped out of their lives and in her confusion she had made the grave mistake of marrying Pete, the first man to show her attention, the man who really wanted the money that Heidi’s dad had left behind. At the first possible opportunity, he had packed Mary, Heidi’s sister off to their grandma’s, a place she was glad to go. Better to be at her doting grandmother’s than at home, where Mommy always cried and Pete always shouted. Unfortunately, Heidi’s grandmother couldn’t afford to keep both her granddaughters with her and so Heidi was alone at home, in the middle of a dysfunctional family. Pete had been a right bastard. Always trying to act like her father, telling her to do her homework, taking away her phone, stopping her form talking to friends. Her own father had been a saint, now here was this cheap imitation, acting like he cared when the only thing he cared about was money. Heidi spent all her time rebelling against him, acting up, and hoping he would go. But he wouldn’t. He stayed, making her life a misery, until one evening she realised he would never budge. It would be her who had to leave her childhood home at just 14, finding her own way in the world and so she’d left. One rainy evening with a schoolbag full of clothes and all the money she could find. Her mother didn’t really seem to care when Heidi told her she was leaving and so she’d gone. It’d been fun at first, staying over at friends houses until it dawned on her that she couldn’t keep on doing that for ever. She got herself a paper round and made do, sleeping in bus shelters. But it was when her bag was stolen and she was on the verge of returning home that she’d met Leon. He was so kind, so funny, so warm, and so generous. He listened to why she’d run away, comforted her. And he’d let her stay with him. She hadn’t believed that there were such lovely strangers in the world until she’d met him. There were lots of people at his house. Men, women, nobody as young as her though. And he’d got her a job in a supermarket so she could save up for her own place. He was always so friendly, he gave her food; let her have a whole room in his house. All for free. Then one night she’d played cards with him and it was from then that he began to take a real interest in her. He’d take her out with him, show her casinos, and demonstrate how to play new unfamiliar games. It must have been around that time that the photo

was taken. Leon was always making rude comments about the stuck-up snobs who looked down on them or about anything that made her laugh. She could vividly remember his green eyes sparkling as he made a joke about a fat man who'd called Heidi a 'dirty street child'. She'd been shocked that people could be so rude and was about to cry when Leon muttered, 'Bloody hell, he's got more tyres than Michelin!' He could always make her laugh, always cheered her up….

Heidi felt the tears prickling in her eyes as she remembered the times gone by, the photo in her lap.

'Leon.' She whispered, 'Oh, Leon. You were so kind and so funny.'

When had it changed? Why did things have to change?

Heidi felt Leon's arm go around her shoulders and she smiled. It was exactly like the night they'd first met. She was crying in a bus shelter when his car had pulled up. He hadn't spoken just hugged her. It was the first human touch she'd had in months and although her poor, poor father had told her to never ever get into a car with a stranger that was exactly what she'd done.

'Thank you Leon.' She whispered, 'I'd forgotten how good it was.'

Leon sighed, 'It was great wasn't it? Where did I go wrong?'

Heidi shook her head, almost blinded by tears, Leon holding her close to him.

'Here, finish your wine.' he said, handing her the glass. Heidi drained the liquid as Leon watched. She put the photo into her bag too and smiled at Leon who looked down, ashamed.

'I've been so awful, haven't I? Controlling you, not letting you do anything you wanted. I've been blaming you for things like the gambling. I'm always shouting, poking my nose in, and embarrassing you, drinking.' He looked up at her. 'Why are you still here? Why did you stick with me?'

She took hold of his hands, 'Look, Leon, I forgive you, for everything. I know you're a good person really and there's no need for you to be like this.'

Leon smiled, his green eyes meeting hers.

'You're such a good, sweet girl Heidi. I don't want to lose you. I don't want you to go. Let's watch a film or something, like we used to.'

Heidi knew Jim would be waiting for her but she didn't have the heart to turn Leon down and they

settled down to a Spiderman.

Halfway through the film, Heidi could feel herself getting drowsy. The wine hadn't been such a good idea she thought to herself as she closed her eyes. She woke up to a dark room. It was warm, the TV was off and she could feel Leon next to her.

'Leon?' she asked.

'Sshh.' He whispered, and to her shock she felt him tilting her face up to his as he kissed her.

'Leon-?'

She heard him moving around and then he turned the light on. It was already 8.30pm, Heidi noticed with a jolt.

'Oh no, Leon. I should get home.'

'It's OK, love, you can stay here tonight.' Heidi felt panic coursing through her, as Leon came to kiss her again.

'Leon, please, you don't understand.'

'I don't want to understand.' He said.

Heidi suddenly noticed that the wine bottle was now empty. As were four beer bottles on the table. Oh God, oh God.

'Stay the night with me, babe.' Leon whispered, kissing her neck, his hand moving to her waist.

'Leon, I can't.'

'You can.' He kissed her on the mouth again. 'Remember how we loved each other all those years ago?'

'Not like this Leon.' Heidi said frantically, 'I loved you as a friend. The best friend in the whole world.'

'Best friend?' Leon asked, 'Can't I be best lover? Let's go to my room. Come on. It'll be so good.'

Heidi stared at him, 'Leon, I can't. I'm still sore from Jim yesterday, it'll hurt too much. You don't want

to hurt me do you?’

Leon pulled her to her feet, ‘I can be gentle.’ He whispered. ‘Gentle, so you won’t feel a thing.’

‘No Leon, I can’t. I have to go. Please.’

Leon watched as she picked up her bag.

‘You don’t want me?’

Heidi looked at him; his eyes were full of tears.

‘Leon, you’re drunk, you don’t know what you’re talking about. Listen to me. You go on up to bed and I’ll come and see you tomorrow, OK?’

Leon was standing motionless. Heidi kissed him on the cheek. ‘Go on. I’ll phone you tomorrow, first thing.’

‘Do you promise?’

‘I promise.’

Leon sighed, sadly, as Heidi walked out to the hallway.

‘You don’t hate me, do you?’ he asked quietly.

‘No, Leon, I don’t. I’ll never forget how kind you were. That’s enough to make up for anything you’ve done.’ She smiled, turned, and walked out into the night, waving as Leon slowly closed the door.

It was 9pm by the time Jim buzzed her back into her apartment. As she walked through the door, he was there, in front of her, his face a picture of concern.

‘Oh thank God, Heidi. I was so worried, so scared. I didn’t know whether to come and find you. I didn’t know where you were, what had happened. Why did you take so long? Oh God, I’m so glad you’re back.’

Heidi stood, slightly bemused as he wrapped her in a bone crunching hug; she could hear the pounding of his heart.

‘So you’re OK? What happened?’ He led her to the sitting room and they sat down on the sofa.

‘Oh, it was fine, Jim. He gave me this photo from ages ago and he was being really nice to me. I’m going to go and see him again tomorrow.’

Jim looked shocked. ‘What? Why?’

‘We both remembered all those years ago when we met and he…he’s not a bad guy really, Jim. He just drinks. He can be really nice.’

Jim let go of her hands, his eyes confused. ‘So why did you take so long?’

‘I didn’t want to make him sad. We watched a film and I kind of fell asleep. What’s wrong?’

Jim had stood up, the worry in his eyes had gone, to be replaced with something that looked like anger.

‘What’s wrong?! I’ve been sat here, worrying my ass off, while you’ve been watching movies with the guy who’s been controlling your life! You shouldn’t care about him, he’s a nasty piece of work, when are you going to get that into your head?!’

Heidi looked at him, perplexed, ‘But I told you, Jim. He’s nice deep down; he just gets angry sometimes when he drinks. Don’t be like this. He’s not a bad guy; he’s just a bit lost. He needs help.’

‘And you want to help him? Go around every day, hold his hand, and cuddle him? Well, what happens when he has a drink and hits you or worse? What are you going to do then?’

‘No, he won’t, he’s changed.’

‘Overnight? It’s all an act Heidi! You’re falling for his mind games, hook, line and sinker. Why can’t you understand? He’ll never be happy unless he has complete control over you! He’s evil!’

‘Stop it Jim! Listen to me, please. Leon isn’t like that. He’s genuine, I could tell. He was so upset…’

‘Yeah, as if! Tell you what, you might as well go and live with him, seeing as though that’s what you clearly want! Look after the poor bastard, might as well give him what his ultimate goal is. You!’

‘No, Jim, he doesn’t….’

‘Are you telling me, that for the full time you were with him today, he didn’t try it on?’

‘He was drunk….’

‘I knew it!’ Jim was red in the face, glowering down at Heidi. ‘The slimy little bastard!’

Heidi stood up, touched his arm, but he pulled away, ‘Jim, stop it. Please. You have to understand.’

‘There’s nothing to understand. I’m going. I try to help you and you just don’t care. You don’t even know how to take care of yourself. You’re pathetic, always running back to that sleazy excuse of a man! You might as well go and sleep with him seeing as though that’s the only thing you missed out today. I hope to God, I never see either of your faces again!’

Without a backward glance, he marched out of the door, slamming it behind him, the sound echoing through the flat. Heidi stood, stunned, before collapsing into the sofa, her eyes brimming with tears.

To be continued