

# Good Samaritan

By MotelMILF

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*It happened to me.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/good-samaritan-1.aspx>

Hi again. Sorry for such a quick turn around, but a situation happened last night that happened to me a few years back. I wanted to write about it. This story will be shorter than most of my others. On Wednesday afternoon, I stopped into a convenience store to get milk. This store is also a gas station, and when I walked out, I saw a crying young woman rifling through her car. When I asked her what was wrong, she told me that she was almost out of gas. She was looking for her wallet with her credit card in it and realized that she had lost it. She told me that she had no cash on her and couldn't make it home. She was genuinely panic stricken, and I noticed that she had a car load of groceries. I told her to calm down and think about where it might be. We figured out that she must have left it at the grocery store. I remember when it happened to me, how panicked I was. So I gave her twenty five dollars. She asked me for my address so that she could pay me back. I told her to forget it, and went about my business. I know, first hand, how she was feeling. Some years ago, about a month after my husband and I separated, a similar situation happened to me. My life was a chaotic mess at that time. I didn't have a job, and was worried about how I was going to raise two young children alone. It was a very stressful time, and I was sad, confused and very vulnerable. One night, in late fall, I needed to run some errands. I decided to go alone and had a local high school girl, who had watched my boys before, baby sit for me. I had finished my errands, and was on my way home, when my gas light came on. I pulled in to a nearby station and had the attendant pump forty five dollars worth of gas. After he pumped, and asked for payment, I realized that I had lost my wallet, with all of my cash and credit cards in it. He got very angry and accused me of trying to rip him off. I told him that it was an accident and I'd call a friend to come pay him. He said no, and called the police. When they arrived, I was a blubbering mess. The police, though nice, were not interested in my sob story. They told me that I needed to leave my license with the attendant. I explained to them that I didn't have it. I had no way to prove my identity, so they checked my license plate and my back ground. I looked like a bum, I had on nothing except sneakers, a sweat shirt and sweat pants. My hair was a mess and I'm crying my eyes out. The owner of the gas station was being a real asshole about the entire situation, and the cops actually warned him to calm down. The police tried to convince him that it was an honest mistake, but he wanted me arrested. As the police were talking to him, this man walked up to them. They chatted for a bit, occasionally looking at me. I saw the man give the owner some money, and

then go pump his own gas. A nice police officer walked over to me and told me that I was free to go. He reminded me to, on the next day, get a new license. When I asked what happened, he told me that the strange man, paid for my gas. I pulled over to the side of the gas station and when he was starting to leave, I waved for him to come over. When he did, I thanked him. I told him my situation, and asked how I could pay him back. He told me that there was no need and was glad to help. My father always told me that , if someone does something for you, or helps you, then you return the favor. No one had ever done anything like that before, so I insisted that I pay him back. I told him that if he followed me to my house, I had money there that I could give him. Again, he refused and asked me to please not worry about it. Being vulnerable at that time, I was convinced that, had he not shown up, I would have been arrested. As far as I was concerned, he had got me out of a huge bind and I needed to do something. "Please sir, let me pay you back somehow." I asked him, "Are you married?" "No." he replied, "Why?" "I need to pay you back some how, I'll suck your cock if you want." I said. I wasn't really horny, and actually, due to the stress I was under, had no sex drive at all. I did believe however, that I needed to pay him some how. When he again told me to forget it, I got upset. I told him that I felt bad and didn't want to feel like I owed somebody something. "Please sir, let me do this," I said, "it won't take long." He replied "Only if you want to, you don't need to pay me back miss." he said. I smiled at him and said, "I do!" I asked him to follow me, though I was not even sure if he would. I knew of a dark, quiet place that was hidden from the street. He followed me there, and when we arrived, I got into his car. I don't remember what kind of car it was, I believe it may have been a Lincoln. I scanned through all of the windows as I fumbled with his belt and unzipped his fly. I stroked his cock to get him hard and told him to relax. Once it got hard, I scanned through the windows again, and began sucking. I sucked him long and deep for a few minutes. While I was sucking, I grabbed his right hand and put it on my tit. All of a sudden, after months of no sex, I was horny. I put his hand up my shirt and gave him a two handed blow job. My head bobbed up and down on his cock. He moaned loudly as I power sucked the life out of him. As I began to suck even harder, I put his hand on my head. A loud slurping sound could be heard, I hadn't sucked my husband's cock in almost ten months, and I was getting into it. There was no verbal interaction between us, just the sound of me sucking away at him. After about five minutes, I felt in stiffen up. I could feel that he was about to cum. My head bobbed faster as he let out a huge moan and shot his cum down my throat. I swallowed every drop. As soon as I was done, I looked at him. He had this relaxed look on his face. I told him that I was glad that he enjoyed it and thanked him again for helping me. I got in my car, and we went our separate ways When I got home, I had mixed feelings. A part of me was ashamed, I had never done anything like that before. He didn't ask me to blow him, I volunteered, and after he said no, I insisted. I felt like a whore. The other side of me was glad. My husband and I had no sex of any type for almost a year. I enjoy giving head, and that night, I wanted too. I enjoyed it very much. To this day, I don't know his name, but would love to thank him. Looking back on it, that night changed me. Over the few years since that incident, I've morphed into a horny, fun loving soccer mom. I love sex, I'm not ashamed to get paid for it, and I don't care what anyone thinks. Thanks again, who ever you were.