

The Rent is too Damn High

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The Rent is Too Damn High

I walked in, picked up my mail off of the end table, and thumbed through it half-heartedly not really expecting any good news. It was the additional student loan bill; however, that grated against my soul like fingernails on a chalk board. I opened it and realized my payments were going to be more than I could afford. I was on the phone right away as I walked into the basement I rented from my landlady. I didn't want her to hear me going off.

The conversation took about an hour and at the end of it I was still stuck. I looked around the finished walls and tried to figure out how I was going to be able to stay there. I was tired after working overtime and talking to the dingle berries for my student aid. The door to the basement opened and I

heard Minnie call for me.

"Is everything alright?"

"Yes ma'am." sooner or later I was going to have to tell her.

"Well, I cooked extra so if you want something to eat it's in the fridge."

Minnie was like that. She was my landlady but she took care of me too. Her husband had died about 5 years ago, and instead of staying alone in the big house they had, she had rented out half of it. She was really sweet and stayed to herself so it worked out, although neither one of us really ever had company over. I was too afraid to bring a chic over and have her getting loud while we were handling what we needed to and Minnie just hadn't been interested ever since she lost her husband.

I sighed in reluctance, filled out a check because rent was due, and went upstairs to eat. I knew whatever she'd made was going to be good, besides good food always kinda brings you out of the doldrums. Minnie was always very courteous; I placed the check on the end table and went to eat. She waited for me to finish eating and as I cleaned the table, Minnie poured me a Jack and Coke. It was a little odd but I picked it up and drank half down. It hit me instantly because I don't usually drink and the warm feeling was welcome.

"I know you like whiskey. We never talked about what kind so I just got you some Jack. How is it?"

"Not bad, whiskey is whiskey if you're not paying for it." she smiled quaintly at my comment.

"Wanna sit on the sofa?"

"Sure," I had no idea what else to say. We'd never really spoken before, beyond when I first started renting a year ago. Initially it was for a six month contract but after that she had told me to stay as long as I wanted as long as I paid by the fifth.

Minnie sat down and curled her legs under her. The t-shirt she was wearing was old and saggy in the neck tempting me with a view of her beautiful cleavage but stopping far short. I imagined I could smell her pheromones through her breathable cotton pajama bottoms. I was a little uncomfortable sitting with her as I tried not to look for the outline of her bra under that old thin t-shirt.

Opposite her relaxed pose, I sat forward with my elbows on my knees preparing to hide an erection I didn't have, yet, throwing back my drink. I spied her in my peripheral vision as I emptied my glass while she sipped her wine. She got up and made me another without asking me if I wanted one. Her scent wafted up my nose and I caught another glimpse of the soft ass that I'd craved and avoided at all costs possible.

She walked by casually handing me the whiskey and sat back down.

"Hard day today?"

"Yep, hard day every day really. I've been bustin my ass to make over time."

"Is that workin for you?"

"Not really to be honest. I have student loans to pay and it's getting exorbitant."

"As I heard or overheard, rather."

"Yeah, I figured as much considering the vents in the basement and all. Sound travels through there like someone was standing right next to you. I was pretty pissed; I was trying to be quiet. Guess I didn't do a good job." I rambled nervously.

"Well you didn't have to worry about the vents hun. I knew you were angry so you probably don't realize how loud you get sometimes. So are you going to move out?"

"Sorry about that," I raised and lowered my eyebrows as I felt a momentary slight embarrassment, "I don't want to Minnie. I really like it here, but I don't know what to do right now."

"Have you ever considered working smarter not harder?"

"What?"

"It was something my husband used to say, work smarter not harder. Make things work for you. Do what you like instead of letting what's going on influence you."

I turned and looked at her contemplating her looks and her ample breasts. She seemed to be a little worked up because the skin around her neck and chin was blushed. I turned away again as I felt my cock inching harder.

"I understand, I just can't think of what to do that would help out besides strolling the corner." I smiled needing the humor to break the tension. She smiled luxuriously and sipped some more of her wine.

"Charity begins at home."

I nearly choked on the last of my drink as what she said registered in my mind and I felt the stress of trepidation burrow its fingers into my shoulder blades causing them to pull taut. Warm air flooded up my nostrils as lust danced through my mind. I was sure I could smell her now. I was positive Minnie was in heat.

"What?"

"Oh, you heard me."

"Yeah, but I can't tell if you were serious."

"I'm serious Carl, and you know it. How often do I have to prance around the house in robes half slipping off of me, short skirts and the like to get your attention? Jesus, if I didn't want to do anything I'm practically begging for you to rape me. I mean really, what woman do you know wears thigh high stockings and doesn't want to fuck?"

It dawned on me that half the times I averted my eyes; she may have thought I was uninterested. If the vents carried sound anywhere near what I thought it did when I was downstairs spanking my monkey, she knew exactly what she was doing to me. I felt stupid.

"Well, I mean you're my landlady. I didn't want to get kicked out."

"If that's the case you did a shitty job of hiding your wandering eyes hun. I gotta say overall I'm a little disappointed. I expected a young man like you to have done something by now. I know you're in your thirties, but I heard black men love to jump on a white woman like me."

I felt like a deer caught in the headlights of a sixteen wheeler.

"Look, I'm too old to play all those games anymore, so pardon my forwardness." she said catching me in her soft brown eyes over the rim of her wine glass.

"Too old? You're only 43 and you're gorgeous. So don't feed me that line. What did you expect me to do, just give this too you like it was fast food?" and with that it was her turn to be caught in the headlights. Her fair skin went scarlet with anticipation and anxiety.

"Well, I'm glad we're having this talk then."

"Me too actually. It's not that your unapproachable, it was that I didn't know how to approach you. I know we flirted here and there but I thought you were just kidding and I thought if I came out with it you would laugh me off or even worse kick me out. In fact to be honest the only reason I asked you if you were serious right now is because you smell so good it's turning me on, I've been drinking, and I figure at this point what else do I have to lose. Either that or this drink is really getting to me."

"It sounds like all of the above. I guess I might have confused you."

"No I was focused on trying to stay here too and get out of this financial quagmire. So what do you want to do about all of this?"

"Fuck you, but you need to understand some things first. A caveat if you will."

"Okay."

"To begin with this is a business relationship. We're not dating so I don't want you getting emotionally attached. You need to make yourself available as frequently as I want. I'll give you a two hour window for exceptions but in general I need to be aware of your schedule. Lastly, as you're providing me with an intimate service I will help you with your finances. Pay me whatever you can, and I will make sure this is all worth your time."

"You talk like I won't enjoy what I'm doing with you."

"I think you will, but I also want to help you."

"Okay," I replied searching her eyes trying to determine her reason for all of this and why she was taking pity on me.

"I've seen you around this house for the last year. I get so turned on with, the way you talk, the way you move, the way you smell, and in your pajama pants that I just want to grab you and have my way with you." she paused letting her eyes slide down to my pants where I sat covering up my hard pole, "I mean you can barely hide that in normal pants, but the thin fabric of the pajama pants is like a wet t-shirt contest. Yeah it's covered but it doesn't leave a lot to the imagination. Anyway, Not every guy is like you. I see someone I want to have wild lascivious sex with, but I see a person too. I'm nervous but excited at the same time. I'm expecting a lot so I'm offering a lot as long as you can keep your head."

She was sincere and sincerely horny. I vaguely wondered how much courage she had mustered to say all of that. I was used to dealing with women concerned about gaining a pound or two here or there. Minnie wasn't like that at all. She was telling me things most women wouldn't tell a guy even if he asked.

"I'm tired of all the running around to be honest," She interrupted my thoughts again answering my question before I even asked. "I know I can't have you to keep, nor would I try to keep you because of the age difference. We both have things we want to do and you still need to grow into who you are. I can fuck you though. No strings attached. You can be my renter with benefits." she giggled. I think the wine was starting to get to her.

It sounded like something she'd been thinking about and probably talked to a close friend about as she snickered like a school girl. The no strings attached didn't seal the deal. In fact, had she wanted to try something serious I might have. We weren't that far apart in age but I could see what she was saying. Okay, maybe I was just horny and a little drunk. She'd given me a lot to think about. I probably should have taken a week to consider it; however, I couldn't even remember the last time I had sex. The deal maker was when I realized how sincere she was. She wanted the sex, but she wanted to make sure we could both handle it too.

There she was, poised comfortably across from me, her hard nipples threatening to rip through her flimsy t-shirt. The scent of her body filled my mouth as thoughts of eating her out flickered across the screen in my mind. The outlines of her soft hips were just begging for me to grab a hold and ride her for all they were worth. The swollen tip of my cock, fuming with anger as it pounded against my leg, demanded to be freed. With her forthright statement she had garnered both my respect and my lust.

Hell there wasn't anything to think about; except that I knew with a woman like this it was all about approach. Right then and there she was stewing in her own juices desperately fighting to keep her legs closed despite the sensations dancing through her thighs. I swear I could taste her before I actually did.

"Well, it sounds like a good offer," I was on the verge of losing all control.

"Sooo, what do you want to do now?"

"Prep you."

"Prep me? What's that suppo..."

"It means that if you just expect me to throw my cock in you like a fast ball, your way out in left field. Think about it, if you've been looking at me then how long do you think I've been looking at you? By the way, how important is that shirt to you?"

"Not very why?"

Without saying anything, I drew up close to her and ripped her t-shirt open as I gently sucked her neck with thoughts of her hard nipples tantalizing me. I'd wanted to have a piece of this forbidden fruit for a year since I saw her and she finally released my shackles. The move shocked her and she yelped in surprise before letting out a soft low moan. I desperately wanted to look at her breasts to see her hard nipples. Instead I moved my hand down to her ass and took a handful of it. The first thought that came across my mind was gourmet meat. I was holding a prime white older woman on her ass as she gently began to rock back and forth. I had every intention of "conductin' sum biznazz." I moved my other free hand to her heavy breast and flicked her nipple with my thumb.

"Ummm..."

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Are you uncomfortable?" I moved my head so I could face her and stopped rubbing her breast all together.

"No!" she blurted and flushed again as she saw my smile.

"Oh, what is it then?"

"Nothing," she relaxed a little enjoying the feeling of my touch, "Don't stop."

"Not until you tell me why you moaned."

"Cause it feels good."

"What feels good?" I asked returning to her neck.

"Your hands rubbing all over me. On my ass, on my tits, it feels so good like you're not afraid to want all of me. You're making my head swim and you know it, so stop teasing me with silly questions. You know what you're doing."

"Yeah, I do," I commented offhandedly, "but I want to hear your voice. It tells me what's going on inside of your body. Where your thoughts are at and what your body is ready to do. That turns me on more than you could imagine."

"Okay," she whispered as I pulled her closer to me by her soft ass cheek. Her breasts were on my mind and I already knew she was ready for me to be in her, but I was enjoying overwhelming her. Drawing it out made the sex more intense. It had been so long since I heard and felt a woman cum. I wanted it to last as long as possible. I slowly slid down her chest and let her nipple slide over my chin to my lips before I began sucking on it. Her response was immediate and I felt her lean her head back and soak up the pleasure I was giving her. I paid homage to her tits with my mouth and hand for as long as I could stand before my hard cock urged me to move lower. It was hard to be patient with such a beautiful woman in front of me, so I regretfully let go of her beautiful tit to enjoy the tension I was creating in her leg. Massaging her inner thigh eased my desires only remotely but abated the need to be in her.

"Touch it, touch me please. I need you to touch my pussy so bad." her lustful intonation shocked me at first but I consented. When I let my fingers push into that soft cotton protecting her damp pussy I knew I wanted to cum. I wished I could have cum right then, but to my surprise she did it for me.

"Ummm! Oh god, oh! I think I'm gonna.... UUUUggghhh, uuuggghh!" as I milked her tit, she bucked into my hand and I felt her pajama pants get even wetter. By now we had shifted so that I had both legs on the sofa and she was spread open underneath me. The climax let her regain some lucidity and she grasped desperately at my belt undoing it with the speed of greed. She yanked purposefully until my cock flopped out in all of its erect pride. As she undid my pants, I snatched her pajamas down to her ankles before she had a chance to see me, which threw her back abruptly.

"I want you to fuck me, Carl. I want you to put all of that in me." she spat, but that wasn't my intention. With what was left of her bedtime attire wrapped around her ankles, I sank down her body and inhaled the scent of the essence of her glorious womanhood.

"Not yet," I was breathless and hadn't even been exerting myself, "Not yet I want to taste you."

"Damn you're just drawing..." she stopped as my face planted itself on her sweet clit, "this out... When you.... know I.... mmmmm! Fuck! When I want you in me!"

"Mmmm Hmmm!" I mumbled into her as I lapped at everything that tasted sweet and that had spread all over her lips. I'd almost forgotten I'd wanted to eat her out, but with the insides of her knees bouncing across my shoulders I was glad I did. My tongue was assaulted by her deep aroused state with crest after crest of her precious orgasmic fluid. It was enough to make a brotha's head spin, and it did without relent.

"Oh shit," she hissed and raked her nails across my back as another climax ripped through her. "Ah, Oh my god!" and I knew my rent would be paid as she arched her back into the sofa and pushed her seducing slit into my face until my neck hurt. "uh, uh, oh yeah, OH YEAH OH!!!" and she grabbed

my ears till I thought they bled. She jammed her pussy into my mouth until I thought all the ills of the world would be solved by eating her out; in addition to thinking that spreading my blood as an inoculation to the masses might actually be a plausible cure for humankind's ailments. She quickly pushed me away afterward.

She was panting when she said, "It's too much. You've been eating me out forever! Stop it and FUCK me!" We were both out of breathe, but I had as yet to satisfy myself in her and I knew she wanted to give me more. In an awkward movement she kicked off her cotton pants as I kissed her belly and moved to push myself in her.

"Wait!"

"Wait? Wait what? What now?"

"Move back."

"Really? What for?"

"I want to see it,"

I looked at her in disbelief, didn't she know she was about to feel it?

"I've always been curious she blushed."

"I'm really wanting to fuck you right now."

"Son of a bitch! You get to tease me for all this time when I want you to fuck me and now you won't let me see it before you fuck me you inconsiderate bastard!" she glowered at me.

Reluctantly, half cussing under my breathe, I leaned up and balanced precariously on my knees between her legs. She gawked.

"What?"

"Carl, that's not small at all."

"Well, yeah. I mean it's not too big is it?"

"It's been a while, I'm a little worried."

I reflected on that for a second. Sure I was proud she'd just worshipped my cock's length and girth but she wasn't worried about it when I was munching on her muff. I leaned forward and started rubbing the tip up and down her slick slit.

"You sure it's too big after I just stuck my tongue up your pussy?" she was starting to move a little trying to decide what to do.

"No, I'm not sure," she gave in quicker than I thought; "I mean I was just a little shocked. It's bigger than I've been with before."

"Okay, but you really got me all worked up, you know, when you were cramming your swollen pussy down my throat."

I knew I was being mannish and I reveled in it. I loved not giving her a choice and teasing her with the tip slowly moving up and down ensuring to push hard on her clit. I watched her squirm underneath me with the desire to say fuck me welling up within her as her hole massaged itself together pushing trickles of my spit and her cum out of it. The tip of my cock was glistening with her and every time I slid by that tight cesspool of pleasure I had to force myself not to just cram it down in her.

“You’re fucking cruel Carl. You’re a cunt tease. I thought you were gonna just take what you wanted but you tease me every chance you get.”

“You shoulda let me fuck you when you had the chance. You pissed me off acting like it was too big to go in you, Minnie. Now I’m gonna make you beg for every inch you get.”

From some where inside of her, she found the energy and resolve to lash out at me, although pathetically, with her hand to slap me. I caught her wrist and held her there; although, she really wasn’t struggling anyway. She had a free hand but it was too preoccupied with rubbing her firm tit as I massaged her pussy with my thick head.

“What do you want me to do?”

“Put it in me!”

“Say please.”

“Put it in me please.”

“No,” I pulled back some, “Cum first.” I let her wrist go and her hand slid between her legs. By now it was killing both of us and my cock was starting to hurt. Listening to her fingers stir what was inside of her didn’t help. It was unbelievably loud.

“Mmm,” she looked at me, “Do you like this?” she asked gyrating her hips.

“Yeah, spread it around for me. Spread your juices all over.”

Minnie drew two wet fingers from her hole covered in cream, and looked between her legs as she rubbed it all over her lips and clit.

“God! I’ve never been so wet before!”

“It’s fucking hot.” I moved down to look at her pussy in detail.

“Oh, Christ I didn’t think I’d like,” she took a deep breathe and I watched her walls shift, “Like someone watching me do this so much!” A glistening smooth pearl of pink skin started to push from under her hood. “Unngh!” Minnie’s mouth opened but no sound came out. As her walls contracted I knew what had happened. A small trickle of cream told me she’d definitely cum again.

That was all I could handle. I easily plunged in halfway. I could have put the entire length in but I was immersed in the sensation her taught womb was giving me as I swelled inside of her pushing against her contractions. Minnie threw her arms around my neck and looked at me like she was in an

alternate state. Her body glowed and responded of its own accord.

“Keep doing it! Keep fucking me!” She didn’t need to say that, I couldn’t have stopped if I wanted to. Each time I withdrew her pussy sucked at me begging me to move back in and as I did I kept inching closer to pushing all the way in. I had to push the desire down. The tension I was causing by not giving in made the air around me feel heavy.

I focused back on Minnie who was on the verge again. She contracted around me for the first time since we’d started and it was an intense sensation that drove into my spine. Her walls glided around me as she got further into it and her voice echoed in my ears. A look of amazement spread on her face as she said, “Yes! Yes! Oh god yes!”

I finally gave her what we’d both wanted mid way through her climax. She gripped me at the base and sucked the tip of my cock with the back of her cunt. A firm ridge, well lubricated slipped underneath the frenulum and I knew she was milking pre-cum into her.

“Damn you feel good baby. It’s a shame I waited so long for this. It’s a god damn shame.” I told her through a thick fog laced with sex. Minnie was barely coherent and just nodded back at me as I continued to pump into her.

Her ass was perfect for what we were doing and I rocked back and forth letting the whole length of my spear experience the lust of driving in and out of that sweet twat. Minnie loved to watch so I made sure there was enough room between us so she could get the full view of what was happening to her swollen labia as they alternated with each stroke. More than once she commented on the contrast of our skin as she was cumming.

Moving slow just wasn’t enough though. She’d been loud yeah and sure she’d cum but I had to have more of that white pussy. I wanted to hear it clap. I reared back and started pounding her with force pushing her whole body forward and by the time she started floating back down to me I’d lined her up for another shot.

Our flesh started to sound like a flat board hitting water. I’d time the ripples and, slap, hit it again. By now she was screaming all sorts of shit. Gone was the pious older woman who sat down with her legs folded under her while sipping wine. This was Minnie the slut, like each thumping thrust from my hips brought her alternate personality out and I had to ask who I was speaking to.

“Oh fuck Carl, you’re gonna make me cum!”

“What?”

“I said,” whack, whack, whack, “You’re gonna make me cum!”

“Still didn’t here ya, babe.”

“Fuck Carl! I’m Cumming! Fuck yes I’m cumming again!” but this time she bore down into me,

pushed her hands into the arm of the sofa and road my pole like she was bare back making sure I got deep in that mother fucker.

“Fuck yeah Minnie! Ride that shit, ride the fuck outa this dick!” and she screamed even louder to my accolades. That one had taken it out of both of us. I had to catch my breath but I wasn’t done with her yet. Not by a long shot.

I got up and motioned for her to follow. She stumbled up as best she could, holding onto me for support as I pushed her into position so I could enter her from behind. That’s when I realized just how long it’d been since she had a cock in her. Her cunt was like a vice grip on me and as I pushed into that sopping wet mess. I could have sworn if I moved an inch in any direction my rod would have become a detachable penis.

I started off slow so we could adjust to the new position, urging her down a little to get maximum angle. Then I grabbed her voluptuous thighs and forced forward. I think her voice was getting sore about then because she lost that sing song tone and started grunting. As I crammed tool to her the force of her grunts vibrated into her pussy like a shock wave and reverberated into my pelvis.

I felt like an animal for the way I was fucking her down. I clasped her shoulder in my mighty palm and raised my hand high in the air and brought it down with some force. “Ah!” she bucked back into me returning quickly to her growls of pleasure and I had to slap that fine white ass again. “Ah! Ah! Fuck Carl! Ahhhh, Ahhhhhhhh AhhhhhheeeeeYEAHHHH!!!!!”

That time she was done with my ass. There was a limbo between her scream as her lungs filled with air and she released an orgasm so violent it hit my entire body like I’d fallen from a plane and impacted on the ground. She forced her self into me like she was mother earth coming up to great me before I could recover. My upper lip felt like blood was streaming out and down my mouth. I was so into what I was doing I didn’t realize it was sweat. For all intents and purposes I thought she’d literally blown my mind and when I came I’d drop dead in a lifeless spent husk.

I gripped the sides of her perfect wonderful ass like I was a green monster on steroids. I got a feeling at the back of my neck like when you stick your tongue on a nine volt battery. I realized that every single muscle in my body was strained beyond its normal limit as she wailed in pleasure in front of me. I glanced up as best I could to see her white knuckles gripping the back of the sofa as she worked herself like a wild gazelle trying to outrun a predator.

“Oh Christ! For Fuck’s Sake CUM WITH ME!”

That phrase, her growling, and our bodies bent and twisted like animals as she milked my balls for divinity shot the building electric thrum at the back of my neck straight down my spine.

“MY GOD MINNIE!” No spine wrenching skull collecting monster could have done a more

efficient job than her sodden pussy did to me at that moment. Built up cum ripped my cock apart painfully as I detonated a mushroom cloud of cum all over her insides. With no inhibition my dick channeled power under her ass cheeks into that waiting cavern of lust. A thick build up of fluid inhibited the early dark pounding I was doing to her ass as I ejaculated into her replacing our earlier cavorting with a thick wet sound like running you're arm in a swimming pool. It was so intense space folded in on itself and created a worm hole.

I think I blacked out for a moment. I know she did. As I urged my body back and out of her, that demon vortex between her legs didn't want to let my spent meat loose. I pulled free with an overwhelming sense of pleasure that made me want to drop to my knees.

"Minnie," I shook her, "Minnie, are you okay?"

"Huh?" her eyelids fluttered open and she looked around wild eyed, still catching her breathe. "God almighty Carl. What did you do to me?"

"Fucked you, like you wanted." The air turned suddenly cool on all the sweat that was on my body. I turned and looked at Minnie's perfect glistening curvy ass before she shifted and smiled. She got her legs under her as best she could and straightened her back out.

"Aw, fuck!" she grumbled as she did an exhausted flop onto her back. I looked up in curiosity. Her hands were palms up in the air asking what she should do about the ample amount of cum that had slid out of her and down her leg when she shifted. With a somewhat dainty wipe of her fingers she scooped it up and held it in front of her.

She seemed to contemplate it oddly for a moment. As if to say, "That's what shot inside of me?" before dipping it on her tongue briefly. I watched her mull the taste over in her mind then swallow the rest greedily.

"First time?"

"Tonight was a lot of firsts Carl."

"Wow."

I was too tired to ask what else. Minnie curled up on me and promptly fell asleep, her breasts caressed me as she softly inhaled and exhaled. As my cock went down and I drifted off myself, I marveled at how incredibly erotic we looked when we were having sex. It wasn't just Minnie who had experienced a few firsts, it was me too. It was my first time with an older woman, and my first time with a white woman.

I woke up around midnight under a blanket. Minnie was gone to bed, true to form. She wasn't letting either of us get attached to each other. In a way it was sharp, but she'd made her point. I folded the blanket and put it on the sofa, noticing the dried spot where more of my seed had worked its way

out as she slept.

Edging my way downstairs I realized I had to work tomorrow and languished over the thought. As I crashed onto my bed and had some damn good much needed relaxed sleep, I knew that tomorrow was a new day and I'd need to be up and at 'em, and on top of my game. Even the realization that I had two jobs now didn't bother me much. I wondered briefly which one I'd work hardest at.

Nah, I'm just playin. We all know which one I'd be workin the hardest at. And with a light exhausted laugh I fell to sleep.

Richard Schwarz has been sharing his erotic thoughts and writings for several years. He tries to lace each story with a bit of truth and experience. One of his prime motivations is the positive interactions he receives from readers of his work and he has found that writing erotica gives each reader the opportunity to find out a little bit about themselves.

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