

RETAIL THERAPY

sunburycd

Teen gets a job in a thrift shop. Older woman/younger man.

Mature

4.74

10.6k words

The moment the ball came off the racket, Denise Ford knew it was a winner. Into the back court and past her opponents forearm, the ball bounced into the fence bordering the courts. "Some sore back!" Elsie Robbins remarked as she bent over to pick up the tennis ball.

Denise watched her friend bend forward, her skirt rising up to reveal her white panties. Oh God stop it Denise, she told herself. You're so horny you're ogling women now!? She waited at the net for Elsie to approach and the women leaned into one another and kissed on the cheek.

"It loosens up with activity," Denise explained her recovery.

"Another game?" Elise asked as they headed to the sidelines.

Denise took a long drink from her bottle before shaking her head. "Sorry Hon. I have to go into the shop."

Elsie wiped sweat from her chest and again the older woman noticed the alluring display before diverting her eyes and picking up her bag. You're becoming a lech! Denise told herself, her eyes travelling back to her friend. "Shower?"

The tennis club offered single cubicles but deep in conversation the women entered the group showers together. "I thought you had help on Saturdays?" Elsie asked, adjusting the water temperature to her satisfaction.

"I did!" Denise replied, enjoying the feeling as the high pressure shower head sprayed her lower back. "Krystal has moved on to greener pastures. It's a blessing really, she was lovely but dumber than a box of hammers."

"Greener pastures you say?" Elise asked, soaping her breasts and unabashed ran a hand between her legs.

Denise averted her eyes; her own sex responding to the display. Okay enough she again reprimanded herself and turned her back to the other woman. "Yes," she replied, rinsing her hair. "Found herself a sugar daddy and moved to the Hills."

"Oh to be young again," Elsie complained.

Reaching for her soap, Denise's back pain reared again causing her to wince. Elsie noticed the other woman's discomfort and moved closer. "Where does it hurt?" Elsie asked, pressing her soapy hands on her friends lower back.

To Denise the contact was a surprise but not totally unexpected with Elsie's background as a massage therapist. The fact it was occurring as they were both totally naked and sharing a shower was admittedly out of the ordinary however and led her mind back to a previous life.

"Ooh," Denise moaned as Elsie's thumbs dug into her flesh. "Just a little lower."

Elsie's fingers pressed into the area of spine above Denise's buttocks, the soap acting as a massage oil. For Denise the sensation was nothing short of pleasurable and when Elsie stopped she discovered she was wet and not from the shower. You've been too long without a man Denise, she told herself.

"Hmm," Elsie contemplated. "It's lower lumbar, possibly your sacrum. Could even be deferred pain from your hip Denise. We're of the age you know."

Denise didn't need the reminder, her 60th birthday having just passed. She turned to face Elsie again. "You make it sound so serious," she said. "I thought it was just a sore back."

"You can never be too sure," Elsie replied. "Go and see my doctor. Wesley Fuller. He's very good and dare I say it, pleasing to the eye."

Denise smiled, shaking her head. "Oh Elsie, you're as bad as me. Remember you're married."

"Oh don't remind me," Elsie laughed. "Actually that makes me think. Are you putting someone else on?"

"At the shop?" Denise asked.

"Uh huh."

"Well I'll have to," Denise replied soaping her legs. Her hand slid along her inner thigh and made contact with her vagina. My God I am wet! She smiled to herself. "It's doing well right now and I don't want to be there all hours myself. I'm not looking forward to interviewing though."

"What about Jackson?" Elsie proposed.

"Your son? He's still at school," Denise countered.

"No he's eighteen now. He's done and it seems, devoting his life to playing computer games," Elsie admitted. "Don't get me wrong Denise. He's a good boy. I just need him out of the house."

"Eighteen!" Denise replied. "My God they grow up quick."

"I'm not asking for special consideration Hon, if it doesn't work out you can let him go," Elsie reassured her. "It won't affect our friendship."

Denise was glad Elsie had brought it up. Going into a business partnership with an acquaintance was a sure way of dooming that friendship she'd learnt, the awareness of Elsie was heartening. Denise didn't have to think over the offer long. "You know what, send him in this afternoon. I'll give him a tryout and if he stacks up, he's got the job."

Elsie turned off her shower and clutched Denise's hand. "Thank you Darl. You'll love him, I promise."

"I'm sure I will," Denise smiled.

* * * * *

Elsie opened her son's door without knocking and entered. For an instant she regretted the action as her mind ran through what he may've been doing in private but she was just so excited to tell

him the news. Thankfully he was playing a game and she quickly dispelled her inappropriate thoughts.

"Mom, can you knock? Please!" Jackson yelled.

"Yes, sorry. I just wanted to tell you the news."

Jackson paused his game as his mother took a seat beside him on the bed.

"You know I was playing tennis with my friend Denise this morning?" Elsie continued as Jackson looked back blankly. "Well she owns a thrift shop and is looking to hire someone to help out. I got you a job!"

"Oh," Jackson replied without the excitement his mother was hoping for.

"What? Isn't that good?" Elsie asked.

"Um yeah, I guess," Jackson managed. "What would I do?"

"Well I don't know. Whatever you do in a shop, sell stuff," Elsie explained. "You just have to go in this afternoon and introduce yourself. She's lovely, you'll really like her I promise."

"Okay, cool," Jackson replied. "I guess."

"You guess?" Elsie questioned.

"Well, what do I wear? I've never even had a job interview before."

"Oh don't be nervous. She's really casual. Just wear your normal clothes," his mother assured him. "She'll like you as well, trust me!"

Jackson moved to the edge of the bed and seemed to be contemplating the situation. "Okay, I'll do it."

Elsie was aware that was probably going to be the limit of her son's excitement and left it at that.

"Oh by the way," she added as she left his room. "She used to be in the movies."

* * * * *

Denise did up the last of the buttons on the front of her white shirt and looked in the mirror. She was pleased with the reflection looking back; her tan pants tight on her still shapely legs; her breasts pressing out the crisp white shirt. Her eyes strayed to the movie poster behind her and she shook her head smiling as she looked back at her own feet. Maybe the boots were too much, she thought as she walked back to her walk-in to change.

The framed limited edition poster for 'Helga, Princess of the Reich' depicted her in 1978. Dressed as a Nazi camp commandant in riding pants, long boots with leather crop in hand. In her wardrobe she chose a pair of flats and after swapping them for the boots, left her room with a quick wink at her portrait.

* * * * *

Jackson drove to the store and parked in a lot behind the shopping strip. Ten minutes early he took out his phone and looked up Denise Ford in an online database. No matches, he assumed his mother had lied to him and began to slowly walk towards the shop.

His mother having mentioned it was a second hand store, Jackson was expecting a flea bitten hovel. What he found was a classy storefront with just as classy customers. In fact if he hadn't been told it was a thrift shop he would never have assumed.

The woman behind the counter was in conversation with a customer and Jackson browsed the books on display until she was finished. He glanced at her as he tried to look casual. His mother had mentioned she was older than her but from the distance he stood he couldn't discern it. What he saw was a striking mature woman. Her hair was a dark brown and she'd tied it back in a loose pony tail. The white shirt she wore was exceptionally tight around her boobs and Jackson could feel himself blush when her eyes passed over him in her conversation.

Inching closer to the counter as he noticed the customer begin to pay for a item, Jackson was shocked at how nervous he was becoming, his heart beginning to race in his chest.

"Thank you, see you again," the woman farewelled the customer and turned her eyes on Jackson.

Before he could speak, Denise smiled and greeted him. "And you must be Jackson!"

He was taken aback at her pronouncement. "I..how did you know?"

She smiled and walked around the counter to greet him formally. "Your mother didn't tell you I'm psychic? I can read everything you're thinking." Jackson's jaw dropped slightly and Denise laughed at his disposition. "Oh I'm joking, she's shown me your photos over the years," she explained. "I've actually watched you grow up! Don't worry, I can't read your thoughts...Or can I?" She laughed, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh," Jackson replied, now completely blushing and quickly wiping his sweaty palm on his jeans before shaking the woman's hand. Now closer he could see her age, yet it didn't detract from her beauty. In fact, he thought, she was hot!

"Now I don't know what your mother has told you, but the pay is \$25 an hour and that'll be after a trial period okay?"

To Jackson it sounded great. Especially compared to the nothing he was currently on! "No that's cool. And Mom said you can quote 'sack my ass' if I get out of line!"

Denise laughed and Jackson liked the dimples that formed in her cheeks when she did so. He admired the lines that appeared beside her eyes. He especially loved the beauty spot on her top lip. It looked like something a movie star would have and he wondered if his mother hadn't been lying to him after all.

"Well hopefully it won't come to that!" She smiled and motioned him to follow her further into the store. "So you've seen the register, the books," she gestured to one side of the shop. "This is obviously the clothing section. More women's than men's I'm afraid. Men seem to hold onto their clothes longer I've found. That or they wear them to death." She cast her eye's onto him. "I'm sure you're guilty of wearing underpants until they're full of holes!"

The joke caused Jackson to blush further and it delighted Denise. My God he's so young she thought. His eyes were so like his mother's and had adopted her attractive features. She all of a

sudden wondered if he had inherited her healing hands as well but quickly tried to put the thought out of her mind. "The fitting rooms," she casually swept a hand to the left. "Household goods, as you can see; furniture," she stated, running her hand over the back of an antique couch. "Vases and such; jewellery you probably saw back at the counter and back here we have dvd's and music." Completing the tour of the store they stood facing each other. "We don't sell many dvd's and cd's anymore, take up more space than they're worth. At least they're not vhs though am I right?"

The blank look on Jackson's face showed her he had no idea what she was talking about and she shook her head smiling. "Vhs? No? Cassette tapes?"

Jackson shook his head before his face lit up. "Oh I saw a Sony Walkman at the museum once. They had a special show on!" He offered and Denise felt every one of her sixty years.

Closing the shop for ten minutes, Denise continued the tour into the back area. A sorting room for going through donations, the kitchenette and a small bathroom with attached laundry facilities. For washing the clothing donated, Denise explained.

"So how long have you been doing this Ms. Ford?" Jackson asked as Denise poured out a cup of tea for each of them.

"You have to call me Denise or you simply can't work here I'm afraid," she smiled as she passed the steaming mug to the boy. "Be careful, it's hot. Um how long? Let me see, I moved back to the U.S. in '98, then L.A. in 2003, nearly fifteen years."

"Wow, I would've been three when you started," Jackson stated.

"Oh Jackson," Denise laughed. "You really know how to make me feel my age."

"Oh I'm sorry," he quickly apologised. "I didn't mean it that way, I..."

"No, no, no sweetheart, I was just joking," Denise reassured him. He was blushing again and she loved the way he wore his heart on his sleeve. Such a sensitive boy, she thought. "How's your tea?"

Jackson blew across the top and took another sip. He'd never had a cup of tea in his life but hadn't mentioned it when she'd offered. Now that he tasted it, he was surprised how much he enjoyed it. Or was it, he wondered, because it was her who provided it?

"Beautiful," Jackson complimented her and as she turned to put the tea box back in the cupboard he could have been describing her ass. The pants she wore clasped her buttocks like skin and being flesh colored gave the impression she was indeed, naked. Reaching up, her shirt untucked above her black belt and allowed Jackson to see an inch of flesh on her hip. He was thankful his legs were hidden beneath the table as nothing less would obscure the erection that grew in his pants.

* * * * *

The afternoon passed quickly. Too quickly for Jackson. By five o'clock and the doors locked he'd mastered the register and credit card system; interacted well with the customers and learned to make Denise her tea just the way she liked it. Jackson turned off the lights for the shop and the front window and joined Denise in the rear of the store as she counted the takings. "So if all your stock is from donations, that means you must make a pretty good profit," Jackson noted as he leaned against the table.

"I don't make any profit!" Denise replied, looking over the top of her horn rimmed glasses. She saw the confusion in Jackson's face and went on. "Well, I do but I donate everything after costs to charity."

Again Jackson looked perplexed. "Then how do you live? How do you pay your rent?"

Denise leaned back in her chair and took off her glasses. "Didn't Elsie tell you about me?" She asked.

Jackson shrugged his shoulders. "She made up some story you were in the movies," he admitted. "I think she said it so I'd come along."

"No, it's true," Denise began, herself beginning to blush and surprised at her reaction. "A long time ago. With what I earned I made some investments and thankfully they paid off. I do this to keep busy. It's not about the money."

"Oh okay," Jackson replied wondering why her name wasn't online. "So what charities do you donate to?" He asked, sitting down opposite the older woman.

"Are you really interested?" She smiled, looking into his eyes skeptically.

Jackson nodded his head enthusiastically and to Denise it looked genuine. Surprising, she thought. Krystal hadn't asked once in the whole time she'd been with her.

"Oh animal charities mainly. Lost dogs and cats homes. Endangered species that kind of thing. I love animals," she added.

"Me too," Jackson quickly stated. "They're so much better than people!"

Denise placed down her glasses and smiled at the boy. "Aren't they though! Jackson. I think we're going to make a pretty good team."

"Does that mean I got the job?" Jackson coyly asked.

"It's yours if you want it," she smiled and held out her hand.

Jackson took it and shook and this time his palm wasn't sweaty. "So what time tomorrow?"

Denise laughed. "Oh I don't open on Sundays." She rose from the seat and reached for a calendar on a pin board. Jackson used the opportunity to admire her ass another time. He couldn't see a panty-line and envisioned what her bottom would look like in a thong.

Denise took the calendar from the wall and placed it down in front of Jackson. Leaning down beside him she pointed at the time and days highlighted for Krystal's shifts. Jackson was aware how close her breast was to his shoulder. He could smell her perfume, hear her breathing.

"I was hoping you could just take over Krystal's shifts," she proposed. "Have a look at the times and let me know if there are any problems."

From his peripheral vision he could see how she stood, her legs together bent at the hip. If he turned his head there was the possibility he would see down her top and the thought clouded his mind. "Yeah I can do them all!" He proudly stated and Denise turned her head to face him.

Their faces only inches apart, they looked in each others eyes. Jackson noted how little makeup she wore and yet how beautiful she remained. Denise marvelled at how long his eyelashes were, how green his eyes. Eyes she could look at for hours, look up at her from between her legs. She then noticed the lack of facial hair, the boyish chin. My God Denise, he's only a child she told herself and stood back up. Her body didn't play along and the pain was sudden and severe. "Ooh," she gasped and clutched her lower back with both hands. Was it a sign, she thought? A punishment for thinking such impure thoughts.

Jackson rose from his seat, concerned for her. "Are you alright?"

Denise smiled and dismissed her suffering with a wave of the hand. "I'm okay Jackson, just my back. It comes and goes."

"You should see a doctor," he offered and was glad to see her smile.

"That's what your mother says!" She thought of Elsie's hands on her in the shower, the same care shown now by her son. Would he massage my back in the shower as well? She imagined. The pain subsiding she allowed her eyes to trail across his body. No, she thought; he was no child. The chest, arms and legs of an athlete and oh my goodness, she noted. The well packed fly of an obviously semi-erect man.

* * * * *

As fate had it, Jackson had parked close to Denise and they walked together in the setting evening light. "I just realized we don't have each others numbers," Denise stated.

"Oh yeah. Do you have Kik, WhatsApp?" Jackson asked.

"What's that?" Denise replied looking confused.

Jackson smiled and wanted to kiss her. "No problem," he replied as they stopped beside a Tesla.

Denise placed her handbag on the hood and fumbled inside (Jackson assumed) for her phone as he looked around hoping the owner wasn't nearby, before realizing his mistake when she unlocked the car. Placing her bag inside the car and phone in hand they swapped numbers, Denise taking longer than her younger companion. After an extended moment of silence between them, Denise looked up at Jackson.

"So. Be honest, did you try and look me up?" She asked out of the blue.

For a moment Jackson wondered what she meant, more focussed on the valuable car she drove. Look her up? Up her dress? She was wearing pants, he reasoned before comprehending what she asked. He was glad the light was fading and she couldn't see him blush for the umpteenth time that day. "Yeah," he admitted. "But I couldn't find you."

For Denise the news was even better than she expected. If what she supposed was true, Jackson was attracted to her before he had any idea of her past. She thought of the men who visited the store just to see their fantasy in the flesh. She was no longer the woman caught on film and often she would see the disappointment in their faces. Other times it sickened her as they ogled, undressing her with their eyes as they recalled favorite scenes. With Jackson it somehow felt different. She wanted him to see her naked. To see her at her best, captured in her prime onscreen. The sudden vision of him masturbating as he watched her sent a welcoming shudder from her crotch to her brain.

"But your mother told you my name!" She stated before realizing she must have left out a detail. "Oh," she added as she climbed into the car. "If you're curious, look up Deidra Forde. Forde with an 'E.' She smiled and closed the door, the window opening in the process. "See you Monday Jackson Robbins."

* * * * *

The IMDb search now made a lot more sense. Jackson misspelled her first name as he entered it but it came up all the same. A list of acting credits in fifty six movies, a limited photo section ranging in ages from seemingly the current day to her obviously in her teens. He looked at the list of movies and was more than a little excited at what he saw albeit not recognising any of the titles.

Back to the photos. Her hair was blond in her early years, in fact the screenshots from her career saw her hair golden in most. It was all a revelation. He looked at her ageing image and in his mind she hadn't changed. Yes, she was slightly heavier now. Of course, her face showed signs of time but if anything , knowing her in person she was more beautiful now than she'd ever been.

He didn't know where to start. Entering her name in an image search he was bombarded with photos. A 'siren' she was called. A 'sex bomb' in others. Most common however was 'scream queen.'

Youtube offered bootleg copies of her movies and after clicking on the first that came up he knew he was in for a long movie watching session.

* * * * *

Denise walked naked from the bathroom towards her bedside table and opened the drawer. Her hair only towel dried, she lay back onto her bed and gently pressed the small pink vibrator to her chest. Between her breasts she slid the toy, across her belly and into the small patch of manicured pubic hair upon her mound. Pressing the button on the end as she lay it onto her clitoris she cried out in frustration. "Fucking batteries!" She bemoaned as the vibrator failed to activate.

* * * * *

Jackson couldn't recall blinking. He didn't want to in fear he'd miss something. The horror films he didn't care for. She was beautiful, she was naked but she was in distress. Although only acting he hated to see her in fear, in pain. It was a sci-fi movie he devoured. 'Galaxy P.D.' in fact. Yes it was low budget. The sets were made of cardboard. The aliens, men in suits. But her costume. The Galaxy Police Department uniform was what glued his eyes to the small screen of his phone.

Denise/Deidra/her character; was a gun recruit from the space academy. Dressed in a silver lycra catsuit she roamed the milky way, the only one capable of taking out the Vulvium smugglers and space pirates. What was Vulvium? It didn't matter. Why was a 24 year old woman with a plastic laser blaster Earths only defence against intergalactic bandits? Who cares? What was important was she spend as much time onscreen in and out of the catsuit. Twenty four, Jackson thought as he watched her crouching behind a papier-mâché rock. She was only a few years older than I am now! I could've had a chance with her, he fathomed.

Laying on his bed he pressed his fingers into his erection, stroking his length as the younger Denise had the zipper on her uniform pulled down to her waist. Her breasts were pawed in close-up by a man with what looked like diving flippers on his hands and a fishbowl on his head. It was comical and as Jackson paused the video on a close-up shot of her face he could see in her eyes she felt the

same. He smiled at her as he pulled his cock from his pants, his hardon about as thick as he got. "I love you," he felt himself saying as his hand casually stroked his erection and wondered what she was doing at that moment.

"Knock knock!" Elsie called as she opened Jackson's door and entered his room.

"Shit, Mom!" Jackson screamed, slamming his t-shirt down over his dick and raising a knee to cover himself. "What have I told you about knocking?"

Elsie hadn't seen the flesh but his actions left her in no doubt what her son was doing and she immediately felt ashamed at her intrusion.

"Well I sort of did," she attempted to defend herself but gave up.

"What do you want?" Jackson asked having changed the screen to a game on his phone and subtly tilting it in her direction in an attempt to mask his mis-doings.

"I just wanted to hear how your first day went," Elsie explained. Her own face matching her son's red hue.

"It was good," Jackson offered, not giving much away.

"So Denise gave you the job?" She asked.

Jackson brightened at the mention of her name and tried to forgive his mother's trespass.

"Yeah, she gave me all of, who was it, Krystal's shifts?" He replied, his cock slowly softening.

"Oh that's wonderful!" Elsie applauded and made to move in and hug her son but stopped herself when she thought of his possible current disposition. "I'm so happy for you. And what do you think of my friend?"

"Yeah she's alright!" He offered.

Elsie noticed the transformation in him. The way his face lit up when she asked about Denise. His answer didn't match his demeanour and she wondered if there was more to this story but again tried to put another thing out of her mind.

"I knew you'd like her," Elsie smiled. "Anyway, I was just making your father and me a coffee. Would you like one?" She asked.

Jackson looked his mother in the eye, pausing before answering. "Actually do we have any tea?"

* * * * *

Denise looked up at Jackson when she heard his pricing gun pause. He looked away shyly having been gazing at her as she sat along side him at the register. Dipping her glasses down the bridge of her nose she placed her pen in her mouth and smiled at the boy, waiting for him to return the glance.

Finally his eyes crept back to her.

"Go on Jackson. I know you have questions!" She smiled.

Jackson didn't know where to begin. A day and a half of watching, re-watching, pausing her image, downloading photos and masturbation. Oh so much masturbation. He wanted to know everything about her, hear of the stories behind the films, how she became famous? But put on the spot he couldn't come up with one question.

"Okay," she offered. "How about this. Which one did you like the most?"

How did she know he'd watched them he wondered, maybe she WAS psychic, he thought. "Oh definitely Galaxy P.D!" He gushed. "The sets were amazing, the special effects. I know they were done cheaply but it looked cool. The aliens were hilarious." Now that he'd started he didn't want to stop. "The fights looked realistic and the space ships looked way better than the ones in Star Wars!"

He wanted to mention her and began to blush as he came around to doing it. "And the costumes," he paused as he thought of her, dressed in the catsuit, undressed. "Well, they were so hot and you're such a good actor and you looked," he again paused. "Beautiful!"

"Wow!" Denise laughed. "Sounds like you did like it. I'll let you in on a secret. It was my favorite film to shoot."

"I knew it," Jackson beamed. "There was this one scene where you were smiling and you shouldn't have been. I mean you were being..." He stopped himself when he thought about what he was about to say.

"I know what one you mean," Denise smiled. "When I was being attacked by the alien. You know that actor was my husband back then."

The word husband registered on Jackson like a knife to the stomach. Strangely he'd not once thought she was married, their conversations up until now not touching on family or even personal affairs. To think another man was touching her broke his heart.

"Is he still your husband?" Jackson sheepishly enquired.

"Oh heavens no," Denise laughed. "Thank God!" She wanted to let him know she was single and held up her left hand. "Happily unattached, as you can see."

It was welcome news and had Jackson emboldened. "Which is your real name?"

She smiled and took off her glasses, her mind no longer on the books. "Denise of course. The Deidra Forde thing was a studio idea. Why, do you think I should go back to it?"

"No not at all," Jackson was quick to assure her. "But why aren't you still acting?"

Again Denise laughed, this time not so much out of merriment. "In case you don't know there's not much call for women of my age in cinema nowadays."

"That's crazy," Jackson quickly stated. "If I was a director I'd give you a role."

"Well that's sweet of you," she grinned. "And if you made a movie I'd love to be your leading lady."

Jackson was adamant the movie he had in mind and she was definitely the star. Denise wondered if he was thinking the same as her, one camera, on her back, Jackson between her legs. She felt herself blush around the neck at how dirty her mind had become of late. A customer interrupted

their conversation and Denise made a tea drinking motion with her hands and Jackson nodded before dealing with the sale.

In the kitchenette and out of sight Denise pressed her body to the cabinet, her groin just below the bench-top. Even so the action caught the front of her panties, shifting them against her moistening pussy. With both hands on the bench she pulled herself in harder, grinding her pubic bone on the woodwork. What are you doing? She asked herself, turning and smiling, breathing heavily. You know what you're doing, the little voice inside her answered. You want to fuck your best friends son!

* * * * *

Customers in the store were thinning out when Denise checked the time on her watch. Five minutes to closing, she was surprised the day had passed so quickly. "Have you seen the time Jackson?" She asked sidling up beside him at the register. "Where has the day gone?"

"I know right?" He replied, his eyes tentatively straying across her chest. The apricot colored summer dress she wore exposed a great deal of cleavage and try as he might, he caught no sign of a bra. "Oh I finished pricing the books."

"Already? Well done," she praised him. "I was hoping we could've shelved them today but it's just gotten away from us hasn't it?"

A customer purchased some costume jewellery and Denise watched on thinking. "Actually Jackson, I was wondering."

"Oh yeah?" He replied.

"I really did want those books shelved today, how would you feel about staying back, I'd..."

"I'll do it!" Jackson was quick to answer, cutting her off.

Smiling, Denise finished what she was going to say. "I'll pay you the overtime. If we work together we'll get it done in no time I'm sure."

"Yeah for sure but don't worry about the pay, just donate it to the animals." He offered and he hoped the comment earned him brownie points.

"Jackson!" Denise smiled and placed a hand on his forearm. "Where have you been all my life?"

The final customer left the store and Denise locked the doors. "So as you can see," she began, Jackson standing alongside her. "I have the fiction organised in genre and all the comics are along the bottom shelf. If you can work on them, just put them in some kind of alphabetical order, that would be great."

Jackson looked at the two boxes of books and comics he'd priced and disappointingly agreed with her they'd be 'done in no time'. If he had his way they'd work together all through the night, just to spend more time with her. What was it about her he wondered? She was beautiful, no doubt. But he knew many attractive girls, he saw plenty of beautiful women. None had had this kind of effect on him before. Why now? Why her? And as he bent down and Denise herself climbed up on the two step foot stool he saw one of the reasons.

Surely she was aware, he thought. Her back to him, Jackson could see directly up the rear of his boss's dress. The thin material of the knee length fanned out at the hips and light easily found its way beneath, illuminating her shapely calves and thighs and yes, her panties. Jackson, mesmerised and for the moment without fear of being caught gazed upon the white lace material of Denise's french cut underwear.

Half her buttocks exposed and as she moved, rearranging a shelf, the mound of her pussy nestled between the tops of her thighs. He couldn't look away. This moment might never come again, he thought and wanted the vision seared into his brain for safekeeping. His cock equally enthused with the sight began to harden. His heart beat quicker.

Denise was positive he was looking. She could feel his eyes on her. She willed him to touch her with more, to rise up and press his lips to her. To kiss his way up her legs, to bury his face in her sex. He wouldn't do it of course. He was too polite. Too respectful. They'd without doubt flirted with each other but it was too soon, they'd both need to be sure before anything could happen. Time to ramp it up, she thought.

"Probably not smart climbing up here with these shoes on!" She proclaimed and dropped down to sit on the stool.

Jackson was quick to make it look like he'd been working and set about alphabetising in the box.

"Ah good idea," Denise commented as she raised and crossed one leg over the other, untying the buckle of her heel. "That'll save time."

Jackson lifted his head to smile back in response and again he caught the flash of her white panties, this time from the front. She's doing it on purpose, he told himself. She wants me to look up her skirt!

Denise was disappointed his eyes only fleetingly looked up her skirt. Maybe he wasn't even looking before, she thought. Both heels off she again set about shelving. Working on a lower shelf she ended up on all fours with her ass facing Jackson. Sadly she was aware her dress wouldn't ride up but the position she took surely looked attractive to the younger man.

It did. Jackson found himself first admiring her feet. Her tiny toes and smooth soles. He saw himself massaging them, caressing them for her after a long day of work. Kissing her toes, sucking them. His cock was now uncomfortably pushing out his jeans and he risked a quick adjustment just as Denise let out a pained moan.

"Are you okay?" Jackson asked immediately thinking of her back.

A hand pressing to her hip, Denise genuinely straightened with pain and allowed Jackson to help her to her feet. "Oh it's my back again."

One hand on her arm, the other comfortingly placed on her upper back, Denise was loathe to break the connection between them but his assistance made her feel her age. No, older. She wanted him as a lover not a carer but surprisingly her condition raised a possibility in her mind.

"I have some heat cream in my handbag..." She paused before going on, allowing him to think about what she may be about to ask. "I hate to ask this Jackson but would you be willing to..."

"Yes!" He replied quicker than she could get the words out.

"...rub it on me? You will?" She finished.

"Of course Denise, where is it, in the back?" He asked, eager to assist with not entirely altruistic tendencies.

"See, it comes and goes," Denise stated, twisting her body as they entered the kitchen.

Jackson looked somewhat disappointed as he assumed she would no longer need the cream but to his joy Denise made her way to her handbag and pulled out the small tube.

There was the moment they both realized what was about to happen and Denise smirked as she undid the lid. "Okay I know this might be a bit uncomfortable for you," she offered and Jackson was quick to project maturity.

"No it's cool," he replied. "I've done this for my mom before." He lied, trying to seem calm and immediately regretted it. You idiot Jackson, he scolded himself. She knows your mom!

Denise handed the tube to Jackson and looked in his eyes. "So I guess the best way is if I just..." It was what she'd wanted to do since she met the boy. Turning her back and taking her dress in her hands she lifted it slowly up her legs and over her ass. For a moment and to extend the drama she paused, her dress pulled up, her panties on display for this eighteen year old boy, before bending forward and leaning onto the table.

Jackson's breath was taken away. He was dizzy as he watched her raise the dress. Her creamy buttocks only half covered by her white boy-short lace panties, the gap between her thighs. And then bending forward. Her ass thrust in his direction. So easily it would be to pull down her panties. He wouldn't even need to do that. He could just pull them aside and his cock could be in her. Buried to the hilt. No first he'd taste her. Bury his tongue in her pussy, Jesus he thought, her ass!

Squeezing out the required amount onto his fingertips, Jackson moved closer. With a shaking hand he lifted her dress further up on the small of her back and then pressed his cream covered fingers to her spine.

"Mmmm," Denise moaned. "All around there Jackson."

His fingers kneaded her skin as his head spun. It was all unreal. Almost as if he was looking down on himself, standing behind this amazing woman massaging her back.

"A little lower," she hinted and his fingers touched the top of her panties, turning the hem over to reveal the beginning of her butt crack.

Jackson risked it and whilst one hand caressed her back, he squeezed his cock through his jeans. His hand stroked across her ass crack, allowing his thumb to tuck under her panties and again Denise moaned. "Mmmm, oh Jackson you're better at this than your mother!"

The moment she said it she regretted it. Idiot, she scolded herself. He doesn't want to start thinking about his mom!

"What?" Jackson removed both hands, one from her, the other from his erection and Denise straightened back up, slow to allow her dress to descend.

"When did Mom rub your back?" Jackson asked, the thought of her hands on Denise a revelation.

Denise scrambled to come up with an explanation. How much of the interaction between the two of them would he want to hear? She wondered.

"Oh just at the tennis club," she ventured, deciding it best to leave out the shower, the nudity.

"Huh!" Jackson expressed, surprised. He wasn't the first to lay his hands upon Denise. Maybe he was reading way too much into their interaction. Was this really just about her back, he wondered?

Denise could see she'd blown it but the mention of his mother had dawned on her the implications of her actions. Elsie was her friend. Days before they'd worried about the potential effect on their friendship just employing Jackson. What would her fucking him do to that relationship? How could she ever again look her in the eye? And what was this with Jackson? Just sexual? Her eyes travelled down his torso as he rubbed the cream from between his fingers and she could see evidence of a hard-on. Why couldn't they just come out and say it? Admit they had feelings for one another.

"You'd best wash your hands," she ventured. "You wouldn't want to touch your eye.." her own eyes lowered and he followed them to his groin. "...or something else!" She smiled and Jackson returned the pleasantries. The 'mother' thing had been their first hurdle. They both hoped it would be the last.

* * * * *

The end of her acting career it seemed was spent in Italy, making knock offs of popular Hollywood blockbusters. Prima Costrizione was her final movie made in 1994. Jackson worked out it was a Basic Instinct ripoff, translated to be First Compulsion. The copy he found on Youtube wasn't dubbed into English nor did it have subtitles but it wasn't concerning. From what he could make out it followed the same plot line as the American film with Denise/Deidra playing the role of Sharan Stone even down to the famous scene.

He watched it over and over. So similar to how she'd sat on the footstool, of course, sans panties. Her bare sex on display. So beautiful. Three days he'd known her and only dipped his toe into her back catalogue of cinema ranging from comedies resembling Police Academy to Women-in-Prison movies and horror. He lay back on his bed and thought of her, his growing obsession. Was it just that? An obsession for a movie star. Was he like the men she'd told him about? Coming into the store to live out a fantasy. It then dawned on him he'd been attracted to her before he knew. He wasn't a simple fan. He loved her for her! He sat up in bed, shocked at what he'd just told himself. He loved her. He loved her and he had to tell her.

* * * * *

Denise chose her outfit with care. The grey dress pants were as tight a pair as she owned. Her black thong and bra matched. The white satin top was see-through enough without being overt. At the register, she thought. He'll press up against me from behind. I'll feel his cock through his pants. We'll close the store and he'll fuck me in the kitchen. No in the changing room, she corrected. I'll watch him fucking me in the mirrors. She pulled up the high waisted pants and as they pressed to her pussy she was shocked at how wet she'd already become.

* * * * *

Jackson pulled out a pair of underpants and as he was about to slide into them stopped short. Noticing a hole he discarded them immediately and thought of her. If today's the day he stated. She's not seeing me in holey undies!

* * * * *

The day according to Denise was busier than usual and much to Jackson's annoyance, Denise's time in the afternoon was spent in a meeting in the back room. It wasn't until near closing time did Denise and the woman emerge and although Denise fired him an 'okay' symbol and wink, he basically considered the day wasted. He hated being apart from her. If he had his wish, they'd already be living as one.

Locking the door five minutes early when she turned and saw no customers, Denise hurried back to the register beaming. "Jackson," she smiled and he found it hard to stay miserable when he saw how happy she looked. "Have I got news for you!"

"What?" He returned her glee.

"That woman, did you recognise her? No you wouldn't, why would you? I doubt you read gossip magazines!" Denise knew she was ranting but was excited to tell Jackson her news.

"Hey," Jackson stopped her, holding up his hands which he was pleased to see Denise take a hold of and grip. "Slow down."

She took a deep breath. "Okay. Her name is Natalie Glass. She works for Lauren Brooks. You know, the plus size model?"

Jackson shook his head but she went on regardless. "She has a swimwear brand. They're just down the road. Apparently she's come in here before, I don't recall it. Surely I would've..." She stopped her rambling when she saw the expression on Jackson's face a second time. "Anyway they want to do a deal with us. We're going to get all of their surplus stock and discontinued lines Jackson. Bikini's, one-pieces, my goodness they even do lingerie. This is the best news ever!"

Jackson could see how thrilled she was and her excitement was infectious. "We have to celebrate," he enthused. "Let me see, a cup of tea?"

"Ah, how about champagne at my house!?" Denise raised the ante. "But actually now that you mention it, a cup of tea does sound nice!" She laughed and still holding onto his hand they walked towards the kitchen.

"God can you believe it?" Denise continued. "Lauren Brooks."

"I've never heard of her," Jackson countered.

"You'd also never heard of me Jackson Robbins so you'll forgive me for not being surprised!" Denise jokingly rebuked the boy.

In the kitchen Denise watched him prepare the tea. "This is my third for the afternoon," she flippantly mentioned. "I'll be weeing all night!"

She'd said it without thinking and immediately she saw the effect it had on the teenager.

Jackson felt his cheeks burning. A vision of her on the toilet entered his mind and was working its way to his penis. He tried to face away from her preparing the cups but as the water slowly heated he was finding less and less to enable it. Eventually it was Denise who came up with something to keep him occupied.

"Actually Jackson," she began. "I hate to ask this of you..."

He turned as she spoke and saw where her hands had ventured. Any annoyance at not spending the afternoon with her was forgotten as she pulled her hand from her bag, holding the tube of heat rub.

"But while the water boils, would you be a dear and do me again?"

Her choice of words this time were entirely deliberate. Calculated.

He looked at the pants she wore, hugging her crotch tight, rising high on her hips. In that moment it wasn't lost on Jackson she'd have to lower them for him to access the area of greatest need. He wondered what 'area' that actually was and the thought made him smile.

Denise noticed it and raised an eyebrow. "What's up mister?" Again her comment laden with potential double meaning.

"Nothing," just thinking about stuff is all.

"Okay," she let it go and watched as his eyes followed her hands to her belt. She took her time unbuckling before unbuttoning and unzipping her pants. Front or back, she wondered before settling on both. Taking hold of her pants she began to lower.

Jackson was becoming used to holding his breath around her. He held it the moment her thumbs crept inside the waist of her pants and she began to lower them. In his mind she had on pink panties but when the black lace waist band of her thong came into view, he wasn't disappointed. She turned as she dropped her pants, first revealing her pussy snug inside the satin and then her bare buttocks, the string of the thong disappearing between her glorious peach shaped cheeks.

She stopped when her pants reached her knees, obviously far lower than needed. Only when she assumed the position, bent forward over the table, her pussy bulge hanging between her legs did Jackson begin to breathe again. "I'm ready Jackson," Denise whispered over her shoulder.

This time his hands didn't quiver. Her shirt having slid over her back there was nothing left for him to do but massage the rub into her skin. Strong smelling, he squeezed a large amount onto his fingers and placed the tube on the table beside her. Directly behind her he took a moment to admire her ass, the back of the thong not thick enough to hide the darker area around her anus. His cock ached to be loosed but he showed restraint. She's the boss, he told himself.

Placing his hands on her lower back she repeated her performance. Letting out a moan as he began to massage in the oil. Denise closed her eyes and revelled in her position. Enjoying the humiliation, the exposure. She could smell herself over the heat rub and she hoped he could too; she could feel her thong soaking up her pussy juices. This time she made sure not to mention his mother.

He used both hands to smear the rub. From her lower back along her spine to the top of her buttocks and around her hips he kneaded. Encouraged by Denise when he happened upon an especially sensitive area. "Oh yes Jackson, right there," she moaned.

"Oh yeah?" He replied. "You like that?"

"Mmmm yes," she purred. "Just like that."

"Tell me when to stop," he offered.

"No don't stop...harder!" She begged.

"You want it harder?"

"Ooh yes..." She sighed and was shocked at how close she was coming to orgasm. The water began to boil in the background and neither of them reacted until it became unavoidable, the jug not switching off on its own.

"Oh bother," Denise ventured, rising up on an elbow from the table.

"Shit," Jackson winced, openly annoyed and Denise shared his frustration.

As Jackson switched off the boiling jug he was disappointed to see her standing up in his peripheral vision. Even more so when she spoke.

"I'll take care of the tea Jackson," she volunteered. "You'd best go and wash your hands."

Unlike Denise, his youth didn't allow him to see two moves ahead. To Jackson it was the end. To Denise, their fun had only just begun. The boiling jug had been not so much a blessing but a helpful pause. Two issues had risen in her mind. How could he touch her with the heat rub on his hands? And her admittedly true need to pee.

Jackson stood in the adjacent bathroom rinsing his hands when she walked in beside him. He'd left her in the process of lifting her pants but in the mirror they were back half way down her thighs and lowering. For an instant he was unsure of what was happening as she rushed not towards him but behind. And then it dawned, the toilet.

"I'm sorry Jackson," she giggled. "I wasn't lying when I said I'd be weeing all night!"

He turned and managed to see her lower not only her pants but her thong come down as she lifted the toilet seat. "Oh shit, I'm sorry," he managed to say, averting his eyes and reaching for the tap. "I'll go!"

Her response wasn't what he expected to hear.

"You don't have to go Jackson," Denise breathed. "I walked in on you. Not the other way around."

He allowed his eyes to again look at her in the mirror. She sat staring at him. A queen on her throne. His cock that had remained hard reminded him it was still willing and pulsed in his pants at the sight of her.

"You can turn around," she hinted. "I don't mind."

The feelings he had for her, he would do anything she ordered and drying his hands as he did so, turned to face his love.

Pants and thong around her ankles, her legs parted slightly as the sound of pee hit water. Music to his ears. Her hand raised to him and she gestured for him to advance, spreading further to allow him to see her act. And what a vision. A crystal clear stream flowing from a goddess. He'd never seen anything as beautiful; as pure; as primal. He could never repay her for such a gift.

But it seemed she wanted something in return.

"You can take it out!" Denise intimated and Jackson wasn't going to waste any more time.

As he lowered his fly he thought of the heat rub on his hands not five minutes before. He wouldn't have been able to touch it, he realized, or her. Had she planned it like this? The thought left his mind just as soon as it entered, more focussed on releasing his hard-on. To have her see it. To have her touch it.

When Denise began to pee she wondered if the first drops to hit the water were not her juice, so turned on was she. To be peeing in front of him, to be so exposed and vulnerable was an excitement she'd not felt in years. And then there it was. His cock before her. So hard, so proud, so beautiful. He brought it to her as though on a silver platter and she accepted it in her hand, joined by the other and then her lips.

Her mouth was on him. Not just any mouth, the first mouth to touch his cock. "Oh God," he whispered as her lips kissed the head. She turned her eyes up to his and he'd never seen her look so beautiful. And then so lascivious as her mouth opened, tongue out, she took him inside her. The head was bigger than she'd expected as she pulled it into herself, her tongue cradling the base. She could taste the pre-cum, sweet as it leaked from the eye and she craved to savour the main course.

Jackson lifted his hands and ran his fingers through her hair as more of his cock entered her mouth. Only now as he stood above her did he notice the grey roots yet they were merely to highlight her charm, to emphasise her experience. He massaged her scalp as his cock reached its zenith, the back of her throat taking no more and then she was drawing back. His cock sliding out of her, slick with saliva and harder than he could remember.

No more subtlety. Her head plunged back onto his cock and allowed it to slam the back of throat. Over and again she sucked him in and out. Her hand wrapped around the base, twisting like the throttle of a motorbike. The noise of her fellatio echoing around the small room as drool ran freely from her lips. "Oh fuck Denise," Jackson whispered. "That feels so good."

Her eyes looked up, her cheeks sucked in as she allowed him to fully slide out. "Oh yeah, Jackson. Do you like it?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Do you like me sucking your cock Baby?"

"Oh fuck yes!" He enthused, surprised by the words that flowed from her mouth.

She licked up the spit that ran from him and again took his dick into her, pulling off only to challenge him once more. "Are you going to cum Baby?"

"Yeah."

"Oh yeah?" She panted beating his cock next to her mouth. "Are you going to cum in my mouth?"

"Fuck yes," he groaned as she pulled his balls from his fly and cradled them.

Smooth balls, Denise rejoiced as she took them from his pants. He doesn't have pubes was her initial thought before realizing he probably shaved. Whatever the case she lowered her mouth and licked the hairless sack, pressing her lips to each plum and planting kisses. Her hand continued to masturbate her plaything and unaccustomed to the action her bicep soon began to ache. Better to use her mouth the thought. If she could take him completely she would gladly have done so. Her throat hurt, she bordered on gagging but having him in her mouth felt powerful, dominating. She

controlled his pleasure with her tongue, her lips, even her teeth. His fingers caressed her scalp and goosebumps ran down her body as he began to forewarn his orgasm.

"Oh God," Jackson sighed as she sucked the head of his cock, her hand again working overtime along his length.

"Hmm?" Denise murmured, a cock in her mouth.

"I'm gonna cum!" He confessed.

"Mmm!" Denise replied, not letting up her rhythm. A tongue and a pool of saliva swirling around the head of his cock, her hand sliding along his slick shaft.

"I'm cumming. I'm cumming. Oh God I'm cumming!" Jackson warned her as he could hold off no longer.

Denise felt his balls tighten and the sudden spurt as it travelled along his length. She expected the surge but wasn't prepared for the volume, the flow filling her mouth. Immediately she swallowed. A draught of cum and saliva before he filled her once more. This she savoured, keeping his gift in her mouth until he was spent. The last drips needing to be sucked from the tip.

Jackson's mouth was frozen in an 'o' as he looked down on his lover drawing the last of his cum from him. She took her mouth off his cock and looking up into his eyes opened her lips to reveal her bounty. Denise knew exactly what she was doing. She knew what men liked, what they wanted to see and she was delighted to offer it to Jackson. Her mouth wide she showed him the cum she'd collected, her tongue swimming in the pool of sperm before closing her mouth and swallowing.

Denise again opened her now empty mouth and her lips turned to a smile as she saw the look on Jackson's face.

"I love you!" Jackson admitted and Denise wasn't surprised to hear the post orgasm confession.

"Oh yes?" She challenged him. He was so young; she doubted she was his first but still she could see the power imbalance between them, the potential of him being confused by his emotions.

"I do!" He adamantly reiterated, hurt that she could question it though rethinking his timing in declaring it. He dropped to his knees in front of her on the toilet, their faces now level. "I love you Denise. I loved you from that first moment you looked at me."

Denise searched his eyes and there was honesty behind them. Was it possible it wasn't just the cum talking she wondered?

"I want to be with you," he continued. "I think of you every minute of the day!"

"Jackson," Denise began to counter. "I'm old enough to be your moth.." Oh God, she thought! "Your grandmother!"

He shrugged. "I don't care!"

And the way he said it she knew he meant it. His hands were on her bare thighs and it reminded her of her state. She'd pissed in front of him. She sucked him to orgasm whilst sitting on a toilet. He knew her intimately, her loves, her faults, her aches and pains and yet he said he loved her. As if to emphasise her condition, a drop of liquid fell from her pussy to the water below and it wasn't pee.

"Jackson," she whispered.

"Yes Denise?"

"I want you to fuck me!"

"Yes Denise."

He helped her to her feet and she was out of her clothes before him. Naked she took him by the hand and led him back through the kitchen. Jackson had no idea where they were going but would follow her anywhere. The shop lights were off but the sunset still illuminated the street. She led him to the antique couch in the middle of the store and lay back, spreading her legs. Jackson was still capable. His cock hadn't diminished and as he climbed upon her it homed its own way to her molten sex.

Pedestrians passed by the window as his cock entered her. He fulfilled one of her long standing fantasies as he slid fully inside. She knew she loved him when their naked bodies were one. Red and blue lights radiated around the darkened store as a cop car passed by. A woman browsed the front window display as Jackson's pale ass thrust between her legs. Denise came when his mouth met her's.

Tears ran from her eyes as she dug her nails into her lover's back. She wrapped her legs around his waist to draw him further into her body and Jackson responded by sliding his hands beneath her to grab her ass. He noticed her glassy eyes and concerned, stopped his penetration before Denise reassured him by plunging her tongue back between his lips. "I'm just happy," she breathed into his mouth as another orgasm swept over her. I'm ahead, she joked with herself and a laugh escaped from her. "Oh God, just fuck me Jackson."

Amazingly, he thought nothing would feel better than her mouth on his cock. He was glad to be proven wrong as her pussy squeezed around him. He kissed her neck; her mouth; her jaw. His hands clung to her buttocks pulling her into him as each thrust filled her vagina.

Countless lovers; two marriages; actual onscreen intercourse and here in her own shop she was having the best sex of her life. She closed her eyes again as she came, the walls of her vagina quivering, flooding his dick with fluid. His chest sealed to her's. Sweat slid her breasts against him and she giggled when he whispered in her ear.

"Can I cum?" He asked politely like a child begging for a sweet.

"Oh of course you can Baby," she allowed, kissing his forehead.

Still thrusting he elaborated. "Can I cum inside you?"

She pulled his face to look her in the eye. "I want nothing more," she confessed.

Permission given he let loose. She could feel it. Feel each surge of sperm as it sprayed her insides. She studied his orgasm face as they locked eyes. He was beautiful. She loved to see him in pleasure. She loved him.

"I love you too!" She admitted to him, to herself.

He fell onto her and they kissed. They kissed for minutes, was it hours?

They awoke and he was still inside her.

* * * * *

"Why did you laugh?" Jackson asked over the cup of tea.

The clock behind Denise read 2am. She smiled. "You'd just made me have another orgasm. I was ahead! It was humorous at the time, that's all."

Jackson looked down at the tea and Denise could see he was struggling with something. Finally he looked back to her. "That was my first time!"

"What?" Denise asked.

"You know, my first time," he repeated.

"Jackson!" Denise stated. "Really?" She rose from the chair and sat down upon his lap at the kitchen table. "I would never have known." She kissed him on the lips and he caressed her back and ass.

"What now?" He asked and Denise didn't have an answer.

"I don't know," she admitted. They both thought of their ages; their families; society. The forty two year age gap. It would be difficult they both knew all too well. "But I'm so excited to find out!" Denise added, smiling as she felt Jackson's cock harden beneath her.

The end?

Thank you for reading.