

# Customer Service

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Published on Lush Stories on 15 Oct 2011

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*Sometimes providing good customer service has rewards way beyond expectations...*

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Customer Service Not many people would view being a parking attendant as a glamorous job. Certainly Nate didn't expect it to be the kind of job where he'd get much pussy. He expected, and got, long, lonely hours, a stupid shirt with a logo on it, a tiny booth, and no heater. So far the September nights had been kind to him, but God only knew what it would be like when the really bad weather hit. Still, the money was okay and the long quiet nights gave him time to catch up with his reading and revision. Nate figured the job was better than working in McDonald's and it was helping him get through his sophomore year in college. It also facilitated one of the most memorable sexual encounters of his life. He did a 6pm-2am shift 5 nights a week and caught up with his sleep on the weekends. The private parking lot was a standard concrete, ramped, three parking floors, away from the city center, so it catered for a day working clientele and was not busy at night. Hardly anyone started their parking during Nate's shift, so most of the customers picked up their cars, paid via the automated machine and went on their way. Nate simply dealt with the issues, and there weren't many of those. Sometimes someone's ticket couldn't be read by the machine, sometimes they'd lost their ticket and very occasionally the barrier wouldn't work after they'd paid. None of this was difficult to deal with and Nate usually spent most of his shift reading, either his college work or the porn stash the day guy kept under the desk. On the night in question, a Wednesday, Nate was leafing through a text book and making notes. It was even quieter than normal in the parking lot and not a single car had come or gone in the last hour. Now it was nearly eleven o'clock and he was caught a little off-guard when she came to the booth window and knocked for attention. Most people drove up to the window. "Hello." She started when he slid the window open. "I have a little... problem." She smiled wanly at him. The woman looked in her early fifties, very well dressed, long black hair and subtle make-up. She had a hefty black laptop bag over her shoulder and her pretty face looked a little embarrassed. "How can I help you?" Nate asked, expecting the usual stories and ready to point to the notice on the wall about lost tickets being charged at the day rate. That thought was replaced quickly

when the woman pulled out a ticket. "I'm sorry," she began uncertainly, "I don't have any cash." Nate was about to point out that the machines took credit cards and he'd take a check when she continued, "I also don't have any credit cards, or my check book. I left my purse at home this morning." He was sure the problem wasn't unique, but it had never happened on his watch, and he didn't recall any instructions on how to deal with it. Nate took the ticket she'd offered him and checked the date. It was that morning's ticket and he automatically calculated the fee should be around \$12. Not like that was ever going to break the bank or make anyone a millionaire. Always a sucker for a pretty face, Nate was about to offer to let her out of the lot if she drove up when she spoke again. "I park here every day. I can leave you my address and phone number, and I'll pay you tomorrow." This last statement confirmed his belief that she was not just pulling some kind of scam to get out of paying. Nate handed her back the ticket and smiled. "It's okay, just drive up. I'll let you through." "Oh, thank you." She beamed, "That is so kind of you. I'll be right down." And with that, she walked off briskly. Back at his book, Nate didn't notice as the minutes passed and no car had come through. Then the woman returned, once again on foot and once again looking sheepish. This time Nate saw her before she knocked on the window and opened it before she spoke. "Is everything okay?" Nate had always been aware of the dangers of women alone using the lot and wondered if something untoward had happened. "Yes, well, no." She looked a little out of breath. "I... erm... my car battery. It's dead." Nate smiled, mostly in relief. A dead battery was something he could do something about. "No problem. Let me just get the jumper and we'll get you going. He opened the small closet that backed onto his booth and pulled out the portable jump pack. Then he hung the handwritten sign that said, "Horn for service", stepped out of the booth and locked the door behind him. The woman fell into step next to him and he asked where she was parked. They walked up two flights of stairs and emerged on the correct level. There was only one car parked on that level, a large white SUV. "That's me," she confirmed as Nate started walking towards the beast. "Pop the hood," Nate instructed when they got to the car. She had to open the door with the key as there was no power to use the remote. Once in the driver's seat she opened the hood and he set about connecting up the jump pack. The SUV fired up first time and Nate unhooked his cables and closed the hood. He smiled at the woman who gave him a huge, relieved smile right back. While he wound the jump pack's cables away she got out of the car and over to him. "Thank you so much." She touched his arm affectionately. "You've been so kind. I'm so grateful." "It's no problem." He shrugged off her effusive thanks. "Drive safe." The woman suddenly looked embarrassed again. "I don't even have anything to give you." She stated the obvious. Nate's colleagues, when explaining about the jump pack, said that customers who needed help usually slipped a ten or twenty dollar tip to the on duty guy. He'd realized straight away that was not an option here. "Wait." She stopped him just as he was about to turn away. Nate turned and the woman came close to him. She was shorter than him and looked up a little to meet his eyes. It struck him that she really was attractive for her age. Her hand again took hold of his forearm. "I'd really like to say thanks. Somehow." He was about to ask, "What do you mean?" but something about the look in her eyes suggested he didn't need to bother. When her hand slipped from his forearm down to run up and down his thigh a little, left no doubt at all. A million thoughts about the logistics of anything he

hoped she had in mind ran through his brain all at once. "I..." He struggled for a meaningful response, but thankfully she realized there was none. "Why don't you get in the car and I'll thank you?" Nate placed the jump pack at the front of the car and got in the rear passenger door that she had opened for him. He felt awkward for a few minutes while she got in the other door and sat next to him. She pulled off the light coat she'd been wearing and revealed a low cut blouse that featured some impressive cleavage. "Relax," she encouraged, "relax and enjoy. I don't bite. Well, not on purpose anyway." Nate was nervous but realized he was highly aroused and already uncomfortable in his jeans. Thankfully the SUV was so big there was plenty of room around the rear seats. The woman knelt in front of him and reached out to feel the bulge he'd developed. "That's nice." she complimented as she started to pull at his belt. "You feel so big." Once she had undone his belt and zipper she fumbled around his underwear but quickly gave up and told him, "You need to help me get these down." Nate eased up from the seat and pulled his jeans and underwear down over his hips. She completed the job, pulling them down as far as she could. As soon as he had sat down again she grasped his erection firmly. "Wow." She smiled up at him. "Been a while since I've felt someone that hard. You young guys..." He opened his legs as wide as he could as she eased them apart with her hands. Once she had his cock and balls fully exposed she slid her hand up and down his shaft a few times, and then dipped her head to take him in her mouth. Nate caught his breath as the first tingles ran through him. His instinct was to close his eyes and soak up the physical sensations that her mouth radiated but he was mesmerized by the sight of her head bobbing up and down in his lap while her hands stroked his shaft and balls. There was no doubt that her intention was to make him cum as quickly as she could, repaying his kindness several times over. At nineteen years old, this wasn't Nate's first blowjob, but the difference between this woman and the teenagers he'd been with was marked. There was no hesitancy in her movements, only experience and confidence that she could bring her lover pleasure. He felt her tongue work on his shaft and over the head of his cock as she slid up and down him and in only minutes he knew that he wasn't far from blowing his load. "Is that good baby?" She paused to look up at him. "My teeth aren't hurting you, are they?" Nate shook his head. He hadn't even felt her teeth. He watched as she resumed her work, hungrily taking him back into her warm, wet mouth. He knew that she felt him close to cumming when she increased her upward pressure on his balls, squeezing a little and rubbing them upwards with her hand. Her other hand continued to stroke him while her mouth worked up and down with a relentless, constant pace that brought his climax closer with every stroke. He didn't want to explode without giving her fair warning and started to say, "I... I'm..." but she just flicked her eyes up to meet him and let him see that she knew, and was okay with the situation. As he started to cum Nate groaned and his legs tensed. The woman continued to work up and down on him even though she knew he was now into an unstoppable orgasm. The force was shattering for Nate, shaking his legs and making waves of pleasure run out from his groin along every nerve in his body. Even when his climax moved to the next phase, she remained clamped onto him and stroking his cock. Nate didn't see his cum spurt from his cock, but he felt the jerk of the force, again and again. Her mouth didn't move from him until he'd stopped spurting. He slumped in the seat and she raised her head from his cock, still holding it

tight in her hand. "Wow," she smiled, "I think you needed that. You came a lot." Nate looked for evidence of his cum in or around her mouth. There was none. For the first time in his life, someone has swallowed all of his juice. It was a lot to take in, but he realized the situation, this woman and his orgasm had made for one of the most memorable sexual moments in his life. "That was amazing." He finally managed. "You're welcome Baby." She leaned up to kiss him on the cheek. "It was a delight watching your face as you came. It's been a while since I had a young stud like you. I enjoyed saying thanks." She was all business after that, something Nate was grateful for as he didn't really know what was expected of him. It had occurred to him that he should offer some kind of reciprocation but she got out of the SUV and walked around to the driver's door before he could say anything. Nate pushed his cock away and pulled up his zipper. He opened his door and got out. Somehow he remembered that the jump pack was in front of the car, lifted it out of the way and came back to the open driver's window. A big smile greeted him. "Glad you had fun Baby," she said. "Thanks for all the help. Great customer service." She curled her finger, motioning him towards her. He moved closer and she leaned out to kiss his cheek again. "Just drive down and I'll open the barrier." He reminded her and then set off to get down the stairs while she drove around the ramps. When she'd gone through the barriers Nate watched the SUV move out into the main road and off to wherever she was going. He tried to take in what had just happened, but failed. Used to sex being such hard work getting to the act, and his experience being limited to girls who probably knew less than he did, this was all new. All good, but all new. \*\*\*\* Nate looked for the woman the next two nights. Not that he thought there might be a repeat performance, but he found himself yearning to know more about the woman who made him cum harder than anyone else ever had. She must have left the lot before his shift though, as he didn't see her either evening. He even walked the floors briefly, just to see if her SUV was parked. It wasn't and he concluded that she must have been working late Wednesday. He hadn't looked for her car on the Monday night. It had been uncharacteristically busy early and then he was trying to catch up with a book he had to read. He was deep in the book when she walked up to the window with a smile that said, "Remember me?" Nate slid his window open and gave her his friendliest, "Hi." "Hi." She seemed a little less confident than when he'd last seen her. "I just wanted to come and say... hi. Which I guess I've done. I wanted to... well, the other night was so sudden. I just wanted you to know I wasn't using you, or anything like that. Hell, you don't even know my name. My name's Becky by the way." Becky extended her hand to him. Nate shook her hand through the window. "Nate. It's okay, I don't feel used, or anything like that. It's good to know your name though." There was an awkward moment when neither of them quite knew what to say and then Nate took the initiative. "Would you like to come in? To the office, to talk. Only if you want to... and have the time." He indicated the door next to his booth. Becky smiled and said she'd like that. Nate quickly grabbed the key to office, came out of the booth and opened the door. It was hardly a palatial room and when he switched the light on he almost wished he hadn't invited Becky in. There was one desk, covered in various pieces of paperwork, a small table with boxes of tickets for the machines, a water cooler and a spare chair. There were no windows in the room. Nate indicated that Becky should take either of the chairs and he offered her some water. "No, I'm good thanks." Nate sat on the edge of the desk.

Becky looked even better than he remembered. Tonight she wore a blue blouse, not showing cleavage, but tight across her ample bust. Her black skirt was also tight, around her hips. Nate could see that she carried a few extra pounds, but she carried them well and looked great. Her face was the same, good complexion, nice teeth and a few extra lines around her eyes, but she could still turn a few heads, Nate was sure of that. "I just wanted to let you know," Becky started, "that what happened last week wasn't... normal for me. I didn't want you to think of me like that. I genuinely was thankful for your help, but I was also very... attracted to you." Nate tried to be dismissive. "It's okay, really. I didn't think of you like that, and I had a really nice time." "You did?" "Of course." Nate felt his face start to flush. "It was really good. You were... very memorable." "I'm glad then." Becky reached forward and gently grasped Nate's forearm, the same simple gesture of affection she'd used before. "It was really quite nice for me too." She caught Nate's questioning glance. "You might not think it, but giving you pleasure like that was really hot for me. I really enjoyed that." "I wondered at the time if I should... you know, do something similar for you." Becky shook her head quickly. "No, no. I really did want to say thanks and I was already very late. I had to go. But that was a nice thought you had. You really are a nice young man." Nate didn't say it, but thought that she was a horny old woman, but that wasn't a bad thing, obviously, as he had the evidence growing in his pants to prove that. He got the feeling that Becky might be there for something more than just a talk and figured that there was no loss to him if he brought up the subject. "I don't suppose you'd have time for... I mean, would you like to... like me to?" Becky's face took on a sly, knowing grin. "Are you asking if I'd like some more of that lovely hard cock of yours?" "Yes." She stood up, again taking his forearm, and closed her face to his. "That sounds like a lovely idea." Becky kissed him boldly. Nate responded quickly, enjoying the softness of Becky's mouth and the urgency of her kiss. Their tongues searched for each other hungrily, moving with the exciting, improvised sensuality that comes with a new lover. Nate wrapped his arms around her and she pressed her body tight into him, not hiding her desire to feel his erection as her thigh moved up to press against it. "God, I've not been able to think about anything since last week." She breathed when they broke the kiss. Her hand slid down to touch his hard on through his jeans. "You were so hard. I've been thinking about you inside me ever since. I've been wet for days thinking about you." Nate wasn't used to a woman being so upfront with her emotions and desires for him, but this felt like he could get used to it real quick. "I wanted to lick you." He confessed as she started kissing him again. "Still want to lick me?" Becky asked, already reaching for the rear zipper on her skirt. "You got a taste for some older pussy?" "I want to." Nate backed off and let Becky slide her skirt off to reveal a pair of white panties that had a very obvious wet patch at the front. He reached down and touched her through the panties while she kicked the skirt away. She was hot, radiating heat and sexuality. Becky didn't wait for him to pull her panties away and reached down to hitch them down and step out of them. Now her pussy was exposed to Nate's gaze. Before he could reach out to touch her Becky sat back on the edge of the desk and opened her legs, exposing herself in all of her neatly trimmed glory for him to see. Her pussy lips protruded as she shifted her ass to be comfortable and her slit opened a little, exposing a tiny amount of slick pink skin. "There you go." Becky invited. "All yours Nate." No second invitation was needed. Nate slipped down to his knees, between Becky's

legs, and got a good look at her pussy before he closed in on her and licked for the first time. Becky groaned as soon as his tongue touched her. He licked all the way up and down her opening, then along each side, lapping at her pussy lips as he went and feeling her slick juices on his tongue. Becky's hand caressed the side of his head as he continued to pleasure her, subtly guiding him to her favorite spots. She brought her other hand to the other side of his face when he plunged his tongue as deep as he could inside her. When he worked his way up to her clit and concentrated there for a few seconds Becky removed her hands and held on to the desk like it was in danger of moving out from under her. Nate loved the way she moved to his tongue, like she really enjoyed what he did. All of the girls he'd been with so far now seemed too self-conscious about letting him lick them, like they didn't know how to enjoy the act yet. Becky was different, free and ready to enjoy everything he did for her and ready to pleasure him freely also. He pushed his middle finger into her, feeling her heat and enjoying the little gasp she let out as he slid inside. He turned his hand palm upwards and curled his finger around inside her, pushing up towards her tummy, keeping up his attention on her clit while he did. Becky responded by trying to open her legs even wider for him. She came with a rush, her hands gripping the desk hard and her pussy pressing into his face as the tension mounted in her. When the climax burst she gave a shout of, "Oh God" and her body froze while the first wave of orgasm flashed through it. When her muscles recovered Nate continued to lick at her pussy, feeling the convulsions of her climax pulse through her pussy several times before she reached down and eased his head away from her groin. "That was good. Really good." She said through her panting. "Now, get your cock out and get inside me." Nate got on with his task, throwing off his shirt and pulling his jeans and underwear away in one move. By the time he returned his attention to Becky she had pulled off her blouse and was unclipping her bra. When her hands came around from behind her back and pulled away the bra her boobs escaped forwards and out of their enclosures. They were big and round with some slippage and large brown nipples that somehow still managed to point more out than down. He lifted his hands to take them, feeling their soft weight and underlying firmness. When he pushed them up in tandem and took her nipples between his fingers Becky's eyes half-closed with pleasure. He was delighted to find that her nipples stiffened to his touch, becoming large buds against their brown background. Nate watched his hands as they manipulated the largest breasts he'd ever touched and enjoyed the sensations of them against his skin. As much as his throbbing cock wanted to get on with finding its way to Becky's pussy, Nate bent and took one of the nipples in his mouth. He sucked hard and twisted the other nipple slightly between his fingers. Becky groaned and brought her hand under the breast he was sucking on, helping feed it to him. His tongue wrapped around and over the nipple as he explored urgently, wanting to experience every aspect of this new and unexpected lover. Becky had other ideas now though and grabbed his cock with the palm of her hand, sliding her hand down to encase his balls while she wrapped her thumb and forefinger around the base of his cock. "I want you," she whispered. Nate took her hint and raised his head from her nipple. Becky kissed him quickly, broke away and then started to turn. "You want me like this?" She bent over, placed her hands on the desk and presented her pussy to him. She looked over her shoulder, flicking her hair away and added, "Come on Nate, give me all that you've got. I

want all of you now.” His eyes fixed on the target of her pussy, Nate eased towards her, took his cock in his hand and pointed it down between her legs. Becky’s hand came up to meet his, her palm providing a slipway to heaven as he eased forward to touch her opening. He felt her heat even as the tip of his cock touched her. Becky’s hand kept hold of his balls and urged him to push further in. When he did he slipped easily inside, parting her swollen lips and sinking into her soaking hole. Feeling the sensations of her slick inferno for the first time, Nate barely heard Becky when she looked over her shoulder and told him, “I’m all yours Babe. Give me your best.” He loved that she was smiling and willing him on. Nate made a few slow thrusts in and out of Becky. He was feeling how easily he slid inside her but also that she still held him tight. He had heard older women weren’t as tight as girls, but Becky felt gorgeous. He watched as his cock disappeared into her, right below her ass cheeks, and tried to pull out as far as he could, then plunge in as deeply as he could. So far in his life most of his sex had been in dark spaces. Being in the office with the lights on was opening a whole new visual world of stimulation to him. “Fuck me Nate.” Becky encouraged. “Fuck me harder.” Nate thrust harder and faster at her command. No woman had ever talked to him like that and he immediately felt a tingle in his balls as she spoke to him. Becky moaned louder as he thrust harder, grunting every time he reached his limit inside her and his balls slapped around the front of her pussy. “That’s good Baby,” she almost snarled back to him, “I can feel you now. Cum for me. Give me more of your gorgeous white cum.” He took hold of her hips and kept thrusting hard. Becky’s ass started to thrust back at him every time he plunged forward. He tried to look down at his cock again but closed his eyes involuntarily as he felt the first sensations of climax start to mount inside him. That’s it Baby.” He wondered how Becky knew. Nate kept his pace as his climax got close, thrusting hard into Becky’s pussy and feeling himself grunt now as his pelvis slammed into her ass. He felt Becky’s hand reach back through her legs and find his balls, cupping them in her hand and following his movements as best she could. One more thrust and he felt his orgasm crest the dam and start to flood his nervous system. The climax was so intense that Nate stopped thrusting for a few seconds, then started again as the explosion of pleasure gave way to an intense warmth. He managed two strokes and then his cock started twitching and delivering the cream that Becky urged from him. She held his balls tight in her hand while he spurted inside her. She looked over her shoulder, straining to see the pleasure on his face as he came. As Nate’s nerves started to come back to something close to normal he stood, still inside Becky and feeling his legs continue to shake with aftershocks. He held her hips and looked at the back of her head as she held on to the desk and panted. He felt wonderful, pleased by this woman who was old enough to be his mother and in awe of the freedom she’d shown him, both her freedom to ask for what she wanted and the freedom she’d given him to pursue that pleasure. He finally slipped out of Becky and she turned to face him. She immediately took hold of his deflating cock, as though to make sure she’d wrung every ounce of pleasure from their moment, and kissed him. “You did great Babe.” She smiled at him. “You felt so good. I may have to work late more often.” Nate smiled at the thought. “Sounds like a plan.” Over the next few months Becky came to, and with, Nate often. It was an easy liaison, based on mutual pleasure and freedom, true sport fucking, but a good thing for all that. Becky made no bones about the fact that she enjoyed

his youth and energy and gave back her experience and desire to make Nate feel good. Nate learned more from Becky in those few months than in any other period of his sex life. Each of their encounters left them smiling and enjoying an unlikely but precious friendship. Nate learned the usual personal things from Becky, that she was divorced, had no children and was a lawyer, but he learned so much more. He never knew her surname and never had her phone number. He guessed that something in her life had changed when she stopped coming to see him. He was sad and often wondered where she was and what she was doing. Over the years that never changed but he was always grateful for the time they got to spend together.