

Shopping with Mrs Slader

By C. Jade Wyton

Becky Bloom is enjoying her time at her boyfriend Jareth's house. But he's called away to help his father with yard-work, leaving Becky alone.... Or, alone, until Jareth's mother finds her in the lounge and invites her down to the strip mall to get dinner for the family.

Contains some sexual content.

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Jareth's heartbeat echoed as a rhythmic *thu-thumping* in Becky's ear.

Despite the end of the world being on its way, Becky found herself in surprising state of calm. There was no point in worrying. Not when she wasn't actively planning for the calamity that the warlock patrons had discussed.

*She still had to introduce the erkling to her druid classmates....*

Oh, did *that* have her nervous!

What would they say about him? Would they believe he was a good person, or would they assume he was some twisted monster coming out of the woods to trick them all to their doom— Just like people assumed about the hag (who, in Becky's opinion, seemed like a perfectly nice old lady).

But she wasn't going to worry about any of that! Not until it came time to actually do it!

Right now, the only thing she was going to worry about was how much of Jareth's jacket she could sneakily peel off of him to wrap around herself.

She wasn't exactly sure how she was going to get it off his *other* arm without him saying anything, seeing as he was actively lying on it, but she was going to *try*.

Becky shuffled around in her place laying over Jareth, wrapping the loose end of his jacket tighter around herself as he slipped his arm around her hip and sniffed; barely taking his eyes off the TV as he watched his show.

It was a new episode from some series he'd been keeping up with. One that Becky never seemed to be able to follow.... But even though she couldn't follow it, she tried not to distract Jareth.

*He* hadn't seen it yet, after all. So she didn't want to make him miss anything important....

She lay her head gently down to his chest again, letting her ear pick up that beautiful *thu-thump* that made her entire body relax.

She'd had a dream about him, last night.

It wasn't unusual for her to dream about Jareth, but....

*This* dream had been unusual.

It hadn't been a raw, arousing dream that woke her up short of breath with a hot tingle between her legs like most of her dreams involving Jareth did.

It had been a tender, comfortable dream. One that left her laying in bed awake for hours just to recover from the fact it hadn't been real.

God, she wished it were real.

Becky let out a long sigh as Jareth's hand ran up her side.

She wanted to kiss him.

But not a normal kiss.

She wanted to kiss him in such a way that they stuck together like velcro dipped in super glue.

She wanted him to leave a piece of his soul behind inside her. Forever. So that she'd always have him with her and never be alone again.

She wanted to breathe him in like a flower.

To inhale his entire being into herself and become one with him.

Becky wished that when she pressed her face into his chest and took a long breath, she'd do more than just smell his sweaty, earthy scent.

She wished she could move deeper into him until they became one person.

She wished....

Fuck. She wished she'd just get *pregnant* or something.

The sudden thought shocked Becky so much that she sat upright— And her movement caught Jareth's own surprised attention.

'Uh...' Jareth murmured, his eyes darting from Becky to the side and back. 'Do I... smell... bad or something?'

Becky's cheeks went dark, dark pink in a blush.

She wanted to tell Jareth everything she was feeling, but she couldn't find the words to express it without being weird or overbearing or crazy.... So instead she leant forward and pressed her lips against his; slipping her tongue into his mouth.

Pink blossoms began to flower in her hair and petals fluttered over Jareth as he fumbled blindly for the remote to pause his show. But he was so focused on keeping his lips locked with Becky's that he simply knocked it to the floor and gave up on it, instead pulling his arm back and slipping it under Becky's skirt as she gripped his shirt so tight her knuckles hurt.

She wanted to kiss him so hard that they stopped being a couple and started being a formless mass of half-elf and orc—

'Jareth? Are you ready to help me outside— Ah,' Mr Slader entered the lounge, cutting off with an humoured scoff as he saw the couple. 'I see Becky's here.'

Jareth gave a jolt, almost knocking Becky over as he hurried to sit up and brush his hair back. 'Dad! Hey— Yes! That's right— I was going to— Beck! Uh— Sorry. I promised Dad I'd help with yard stuff today, I gotta do that. Would you be okay if I...?'

Becky shuffled, slipping off Jareth to sit next to him as he sheepishly looked between her and his father.

She wanted to say no.

Desperately.

But she didn't want to make things any more awkward for Jareth and his father (as it was definitely awkward, after Mr Slader had walked in on *that*), so she just smiled and chirped; 'I'll be fine!'

'Thanks, baby girl,' Jareth chuckled and rose to his feet, pulling his jacket off the arm it was still on so he could throw it around Becky. 'I'll only be an hour at

most.'

Mr Slader looked over Jareth's shoulder at Becky, shaking his head and mouthing "no" while holding up two fingers— Which he lowered as his son turned around to face him.

It made Becky giggle. As did the kiss Jareth planted on her nose as he picked up the remote and turned off his show.

Jareth left the room, trailing after his father, and Becky flopped over to lay back down in the pile of petals she'd left on the couch.

They scattered around her, shooting up like the glitter in a snow-globe and making her heart flutter in joy and excitement.

She loved Jareth so much....

*God she loved him so much!*

He was patient, and understanding, and honest; even when she was being crazy.

*She couldn't have asked for a better boyfriend!*

Becky felt her entire body filling with a light, happy feeling that tickled her skin like it was trying to lift her into the air and dance with her.

She couldn't sit still!

She had to move around!

So she wiggled in place, fidgeting colourful flowers out of her hands as she shifted and rolled on the couch.

Then she sniffed at the jacket Jareth had wrapped around her and felt warmth throughout her entire body, and had to sit up.

She couldn't contain it anymore— She had to get the feeling out. It was just too big and strong and intense to sit still through.

She glanced around, making sure nobody was watching what she was about to do... and then raised her hands up to shoulder height and shook them.

*It felt good.*

*God it felt good!*

Flowers fell from her fingers as she stimmed; bright yellow ones that fluttered out around her until the dull black leather cushion she sat on was almost completely coated in them.

Then, Becky's little shake of the hands slowly made its way down her wrists, and she couldn't help herself as she threw out her arms and flapped them; scattering a flurry of rainbow petals and pollen around herself.

She flapped her arms widely, rising from the couch so she had more room— And felt herself starting to bounce and spin in a joyful fervour that sent up a whirlwind of colour through the room.

Then she heard a chuckle, and quickly pulled her hands back as she turned to see Mrs Slader watching her.

'Careful how many flowers you make, Becky,' she said gently, making her way over to the girl. 'Remember that someone has to clean them up.'

'Sorry,' Becky mumbled, looking sheepishly to her feet as Mrs Slader pecked a kiss on the top of her head.

'It's alright. Big feelings today?'

Becky nodded and leant forward so she could wrap her arms around Mrs Slader. *'I love you.'*

The woman embraced Becky back, petting down her hair affectionately as she did. 'Naw,' she cooed. 'I love you too, honey.... The boys are going to be a while. Why don't you come and help me out, hm? I have to do some shopping for dinner.'

Becky pulled back from the hug, looking up at Mrs Slader as she processed the question. 'Like... go do the shopping with you?' she asked.

'Yes,' Mrs Slader confirmed. 'Come with me to the strip mall and get some meat for dinner.'

'Oh.... Sure!' Becky chirped, brushing the mass of flowers from her hair and slipping her arms properly into Jareth's jacket. She had no intention of giving it back without him giving her a *very good reason* to take it off (which would hopefully be tonight, after everyone else went to bed).

'Wonderful, go get your shoes,' Mrs Slader ordered. 'I'll meet you in the garage— Don't get distracted!'

'I won't!' Becky promised as she hurried to the hall and slipped on her heels. As she did she felt a tickle in her hair and quickly shook her head; scattering more petals through the house— Not new flowers, she didn't think. Just ones that had still clung to her from her little happy moment in the lounge.

She thought about quickly picking them up, remembering what Mrs Slader had said about *someone* having to clean up— But then she heard the woman call out her name and realised she hadn't even heard the front door open as she'd been kneeling there, one heel still unbuckled and staring at the floor.

'Becky, honey—' Mrs Slader gave a sigh as Becky looked up to her in the doorway. 'What are you looking at?'

Becky paused for a long moment before pointing rather absently at the mess she'd made. 'Flowers....'

Mrs Slader looked like she was trying not to laugh as she shook her head and motioned for Becky to follow her outside. 'Come on, Becky.'

Becky hurried out, following Mrs Slader to the wide-open garage and standing aside as the woman pulled out her bike; the sidecar now attached to it.

'Do you want to ride with the shopping or with me?' she asked with a warm smile as she climbed onto her bike and slipped on her helmet.

'You,' Becky answered.

'Right,' Mrs Slader gave a nod. 'Go get your gear.'

'Yep!'

Becky quickly retrieved her own helmet from Jareth's bike before heading back and climbing up besides Mrs Slader. She wrapped her arms around the woman— And blushed when Mrs Slader turned to fuss over her; zipping up Jareth's jacket and pushing the helmet onto Becky's head properly.

Then they were off down the street, heading in the familiar direction of the strip mall.

Mrs Slader drove faster than Jareth. Or at least, faster than Jareth drove when Becky was with him.

It made Becky's heart race— But not in the terrifying way she had been expecting.

Mrs Slader was confident. And fully in control. And there was no hesitation in her movements; Becky could *feel* the firm decisiveness of Mrs Slader's riding

through the grip she had around her middle.

And as they pulled up outside Baran's shop Becky wondered if Isa was right, and that she might be getting better with her fear of being on the road.

*After everything she'd been through, the road didn't seem so scary anymore....*

'Hi, Mr Malinka!' it came out of her mouth before she realised she was saying it, and she waved happily at the angry-looking tabaxi man behind the counter.

Baran's eye twitched in annoyance as Becky crouched down to watch him put some freshly-ground sausages into the fridge display. And his snout crinkled as Becky gently placed a hand out to help her keep balance.

'You are smudging glass,' he huffed, reaching over the counter to bat at Becky with the empty metal tray he had just moved the sausages from.

It conked her on the head with a hollow *DONG* that sounded more like it echoed out from her skull than the pan itself.

'Ow!' Becky exclaimed, standing up and rubbing at her head. 'Mr Malinka you are being *very* mean! What would Tanya say!'

'Tanya is not here,' Baran said, slow and firm. 'So I am being in charge of how to handle annoying customers.'

'And you think it's appropriate to *hit* your customers with pans?' Mrs Slader asked, putting a hand on her hip and eyeing Baran with her own annoyed frown.

'When they are being Becky Bloom? Da,' Baran answered, a rare hint of humour in his voice. 'I vill stop hitting her head vith pan vhen she stops breaking in my vindows.'

'That was *one time*,' Becky mock-sighed, putting on a loud and playful tone so Mrs Slader knew she was alright. 'And it was an *accident!* I just slipped, and got it with my knee!'

'It was being three in morning,' Baran reminded her. 'And you vere on my roof collecting nuts.'

'Yeah, cos *you* weren't gonna do it!' Becky shot back. 'You owe those squirrels, Mr Malinka. You owe them a *lot*.'

Baran just huffed again, and picked up his large knife to wipe it down. 'What do you *vant?*'

Becky glanced back to Mrs Slader, who raised a humoured brow and handed Baran a list.

Baran didn't reply. He simply began gathering up everything Mrs Slader needed (which was a *lot*, Becky noticed).

And Becky just watched on, fascinated by how skilfully the man handled his meat....

*Eugh, why'd her brain have to word it that way?*

She didn't want to think of Baran like that. Not only was he kind of old and greasy-looking, but she was pretty sure even *thinking* about him that way would completely end her friendship with Malinka.

Baran was *not* a DILF.

Not unless the F in DILF stood for *Throw Ham Slices At*.

But she was mostly sure that it *didn't*, so sadly Baran could not have that title from her.

Becky stuck her hands in her pockets, letting her thoughts drift away from

Baran and the huge rack of ribs he was wrapping up for Mrs Slader. Instead, her mind wandered back to the dream she'd had last night.

The tender, loving dream where she'd cooked Jareth dinner. And he'd washed her hair. And they'd shared a bedroom in a house that belonged to only them; with no parents or siblings to disturb them as they danced together down the halls.

'Is everything alright, Becky?' Mrs Slader's hand found Becky's shoulder, and Becky flinched back to reality. 'You're not usually this quiet.'

'I, uh... I had a dream about Jareth,' Becky explained, feeling herself blush deep pink. 'And it was... different from the sort of dream I usually have.'

'Oh?'

'Yeah,' Becky felt her blush deepen as Baran let out a scoff.

'Jareth?' Baran asked, his resting frown-like expression turning into an *actual* frown. 'Isn't this boy you were crying about in voods? You go back to him?'

'Y... yeah,' Becky rubbed the back of her neck, swallowing with embarrassment as she motioned to Mrs Slader. 'He's uh... he's....'

'My son,' Mrs Slader finished.

'Hm,' Baran's whiskers gave a twitch as he sniffed and turned away. 'Vell, as long as you are not being deer in voods again....'

Mrs Slader rolled her eyes at the man before gently petting Becky on the back. 'What kind of dream was it?'

'We... had a house,' Becky couldn't look Mrs Slader in the eye as she explained it. 'And we, like... lived in it. *Together*.'

'Oh, I see,' Mrs Slader grinned. 'What did he think of it?'

'I, uh... I didn't tell him,' Becky admitted, shifting from foot-to-foot. 'It's dumb and weird, so....'

'No, it's *sweet*,' Mrs Slader reassured. 'You should tell him, he'll think it's—'

Baran interrupted Mrs Slader with a cough, and then held out his card reader for her to pay.

'Yeah, yeah, keep your shirt on!' Mrs Slader rolled her eyes as she pulled out her card.

She paid quickly and then gathered up most of the shopping; leaving only the two smallest bags for Becky— Even though Becky *knew* Mrs Slader could have easily carried them, herself.

But Becky didn't mind at all. She knew Mrs Slader was just making sure she felt like she was being helpful and not just hanging around for no reason.

So she collected the bags Mrs Slader left for her and hurried out after the woman; a large grin on her face as she walked in pace with her back to her bike.

'I think that's the most I have *ever* heard that man say before,' Mrs Slader joked, nudging Becky as she put her shopping into the sidecar. 'Pretty sure he just said more words to you now than he's said to me in every conversation we've ever had, combined!'

'Yeah, he's not very talkative,' Becky agreed. 'But he *will* correct you if he thinks you're dumb— And like. Well. I'm *me*.'

Mrs Slader snickered at that, and pulled Becky close so she could kiss the top of her head and ruffle her hair. 'You're smarter than you think you are, honey.'

'Mm... *no*,' Becky crinkled up her nose. 'I don't agree. I'm like, *definitely* not

smart. And I'm okay with that— Not *everyone* has to be good at *everything*, I don't think. Besides, I have smart friends! If I ever need something done that needs smart people to do it, I can ask them for help and stuff.'

Another laugh from Mrs Slader, and she picked up Becky's helmet and planted it firmly over the girl's head. 'Come on. Lets get home before the meat gets warm.'

'Kay!' Becky giggled, climbing onto the bike behind Mrs Slader and holding tight as they started on their way home.

It was another smooth ride home, and by the end of it Becky was wondering if maybe she should get a new car and start driving again— Or maybe even ask Jareth to teach her how to ride a *bike*.

That could be interesting, learning to ride a motorbike.

Either way, it felt like it was time to stop mooching rides off all of her friends and start driving *herself* around again.

Ooh... maybe she could get a convertible— That way she could put the roof down when Adam wanted to go places with her!

She'd have to talk to her dad about that....

Becky almost forgot to dismount the bike until Mrs Slader gave her a nudge. She quickly clambered off and hurried after the woman, following her into the backyard as she held up the shopping bags and shouted;

'Pull out the barbecue, boys! I'm gonna teach Becky how to grill!'

—END—

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