

Lawn Care

"That would be fifty dollars, Mr. Hayden."

"Excuse me?" he responded as if he hadn't heard it correctly.

"Fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that seems a little high. Can you give me a better price on that?"

"No, sir. That would be my best price for your lawn."

"Now, wait just a minute. I had a career as a computer professional for over twenty five years. I have a bachelor's degree. I was a computer programmer/analyst and then systems administrator. It took a lot of years of experience to get any good at the work I did. It was complex. There was technical knowledge. There was knowledge of the business applications. There was a lot of detail, and a lot of responsibility. Do you know *anything* about UNIX? Now you're telling me that you're going to charge me fifty dollars to cut my grass? That's gonna take you less than half an hour to do. That would be over a hundred dollars and hour!" He just stared at the young man. Then he nearly exploded, "It ain't rocket science and it ain't brain surgery! I worked for over twenty-five years as a professional in computers, made a good salary, but I never made a hundred dollars an hour! Now, I'll get somebody else to do it for a reasonable dollar amount, or I'll do it myself, or I'll sell the fuckin' place and move into a condo! But I ain't paying a hundred dollars an hour for somebody to cut my fuckin' grass!"

And with that he turned around, walked back into his house and slammed the door.

Martin just stood there with a blank expression on his face. He wasn't sure if he was supposed to be upset, disgraced, angry, or what. But it was a terribly unpleasant interaction. That much he was certain of. He finally turned and started walking down the stairs. About that time a car pulled into the driveway and a woman got out. She appeared to be in her early forties, and was wearing some type of yoga outfit with leggings. Martin was so distracted that he barely noticed her. She bent over to get something out from the other side of her car when he discovered that she had a really great looking bottom.

She spoke as he was passing, "Hi. Are you going to be taking care of our lawn?"

"No Ma'am."

She turned to face him, "Oh, why not?"

"Well, Mr. Hayden didn't like the price. He seemed pretty angry about it."

"Mr. Hayden can be a little grumpy at times." She paused, looking Martin up and down. With a certain smile she finally said, "Why don't you come over first thing tomorrow. Ten in the morning?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Martin appeared back at the door of the Hayden's house at precisely ten a.m. as requested. The car that Mrs. Hayden arrived in yesterday was in the driveway. The other car was not. He rang the doorbell and waited for about a minute. The door opened and she stood with a smile, again wearing a yoga outfit, with black leggings.

"Mrs. Hayden?" he inquired.

"Please, call me Linda. Take your shoes off and come in."

He did as requested, leaving his shoes on the front porch and walking into the house.

"And you are?" she asked.

"Uh, Martin. My name is Martin."

"Can I get you something to drink, Martin?"

"No, thank you, Ma'am."

He followed her into the large airy kitchen as she went about fixing herself something to drink. She bent over looking into the refrigerator with her back arched and her shapely bottom clearly revealed in the leggings she was wearing. She wore no underpants, and the leggings were sheer enough that her skin was just visible as the fabric was stretched across the cheeks of her ass. She retrieved a bottle of juice and glanced at his face as she turned around. She caught his eyes move suddenly away. Yes, she thought.

She took him in with her eyes as she leaned back on the kitchen counter taking a long drink from the bottle. He looked fresh, and apparently had not been working outside this morning. He was tall, but not too, and cute. She loved his curly blonde hair, and his roman nose. It was prominent, but beautifully

shaped, and well-proportioned with his strong jawline. He looked to be nineteen, maybe twenty. He was starting to look a little antsy as she deliberately continued staring at him. She lowered her eyes to take in his broad shoulders, full chest, and long legs, finally looking back up into his face.

He finally stammered, "Will I be cutting your grass after all, then?"

"I don't care about the grass," she responded. "Unbutton your shirt."

"Excuse me?" he replied nervously.

"You heard me."

"Well, no. I can't do that. I'm here about your lawn."

"Okay, then, you heard me the first time."

"Yes Ma'am, but I don't think I should be here with a married woman."

"Don't worry about my marriage. That's between Mr. Hayden and me, and you got nothing to do about it, or say about it." She paused still looking him in the eye. "Right now, it's just you and me."

And she took another drink still staring. She just stood leaning back on the counter, staring, and waiting. He looked nervous, and she wondered if he might just turn and walk out, but he didn't. He was captivated despite his nervousness. She knew she had him. She raised her eyebrows slightly, looked down at his chest, and then looked him back in the eye. He finally complied, slowly unbuttoning his shirt.

She waited until he had finished undoing his shirt and said, "You're a virgin."

"Well, I don't have to answer that."

"It's not a question. It's an observation."

He did not respond verbally, but looked as though he had been insulted.

"It's okay," she said in a softer tone, trying to comfort his wound. "I love that you are. This is going to be the best time of your life."

He stood silently as his face relaxed. She wanted to take her time. In the back of her mind she knew the challenge, to have her way with him before he came. She wanted to prolong his arousal as long as she could. And she wanted to come all over his hard dick the moment he was inside of her because she knew he wouldn't last a minute.

"What do you like?" she asked, but he didn't respond. "What do you fantasize about?"

"Oh, I don't know," he stammered.

"Yes you do. Don't be shy." She paused. "I like men's chests. That's why I wanted you to unbutton your shirt. You have a beautiful chest."

She walked over to him, placed the palm of her left hand in the middle of his chest, and lay her head on his shoulder. She started fondling the fine blonde hair on his chest. Then she started moving her hand, feeling his pecs, being careful not to touch his nipples. Not yet. She started kissing his jaw and his neck. Glancing down she noticed the bulge in his jeans. She put her right hand on his lower back. She took her other hand from his chest, reached down, unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans. Then

she moved backwards, and leaned back up against the counter with the heels of her hands on either side.

"Show me," she said.

He just looked at her, still not believing that any of this was happening, that he was here with this beautiful woman.

"Please, just show me," she said.

He finally started pushing his jeans and underwear down.

He had them almost to his knees when she spoke, "Stop. Oh, that's good right there." Staring at his dick she asked again, "what do you like? I like looking at your dick."

His penis became fully erect when she said that, and a soft smile came upon her face.

"I, I've never seen a real woman's pussy," he finally responded.

She smiled and asked him enthusiastically, "Would you like to see my pussy?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to see it up close?"

"Yes."

Softly she spoke, "Take your pants off and get on your knees."

He did as instructed.

"Come a little closer," she said.

He shuffled forward a couple of steps on his knees, and now he was less than a foot away from her, looking up into her face.

"Look at my pussy," she said, and he lowered his face staring into her groin. She slowly started lowering her leggings, and stopped just before reaching her pubic hair. The soft skin of her well-toned lower abdomen was right there in his face. Then she pushed her leggings down just a little more exposing the top of her pubic hair. She had dark, thick curly hair that she kept trimmed just well enough so that it didn't protrude when she wore a swim suit. She pushed further exposing all of her triangle and the crack between the tops of her thighs. She leaned back putting the heels of her hands on the counter.

"Take them off," she said.

He reached out and pulled her leggings down to her ankles and then off of her feet. He was practically drooling as he stared at her, the bare skin of her legs and hips, and her pubic hair right in front of his face. She pushed herself up and put her bottom on the counter top. She eased herself back on the counter top, and pulled her knees up to her chest with the heels of her feet on the edge of the counter. He stayed there in front of her mesmerized by it all, taking in the sight of her legs, the shape of the back of her thighs and the curve of her bottom on the countertop. Then she leaned back and spread her knees apart finally exposing herself to him. She was aroused, the lips of her pussy were full. She reached both hands between her legs and spread herself open for him.

"Can you see my pussy?" she asked as he stared at her labia and the opening of her vagina.

"It's beautiful."

"Would you like to kiss it?"

"Yes."

"Very gently."

He got on his feet and leaned downward with his hands on the counter. He began kissing her pussy and she felt his tongue sliding inside her. She pulled herself apart a little more near the top, exposing her engorged clit.

"Lick me there," she implored.

And he began licking her clit.

"Oh," she whispered. "Just a little softer. Yes."

And she felt herself becoming more aroused as she placed one of her hands on the back of his head, fondled his hair, and he continued to lick her.

She was getting very close, on the edge of her arousal when she spoke, "Come with me."

He stood up as she eased herself off of the counter. She turned her back to him and slowly leaned over so he could see her backside as she picked up her leggings and his pants. Then she grabbed him by the hand, and they walked out of the kitchen to a large curved staircase. She jogged up the stairs still holding his hand, as he followed right behind her. They went into a large bedroom.

She patted the edge of the bed, "Please, sit right here."

He did as instructed, his dick still erect.

She stood in front of him and asked, "Would you like to see my breasts?"

"Oh, yes," he whispered.

She pulled her top off exposing a pair of firm medium sized breasts. She stepped a little closer, her tits right in front of his face. She saw him looking back and forth taking them both in.

He was practically crying, "They're so beautiful."

She began fondling his chest hair again with both hands as he stared at her tits. She looked down at his dick, long, straight, pointing almost straight up. She continued rubbing her fingertips on his chest, brushing his nipples in the process.

"Kiss me right there," she whispered as she took a hand lifting one of her breasts and exposing the crease on the underside where the flesh of her breast met her torso.

He put his face right there and began moaning as he kissed her. She put her hand back on his chest. Now she was softly rubbing both of his nipples with the tips of her index fingers.

Next, she grabbed one of his hands and placed it on her other tit, "Feel my nipple, feel my nipple. Kiss my other nipple!"

Now he was feeling one nipple with his hand and kissing her other nipple. She had both of her hands back on his chest feeling his nipples as he started to groan. She shuddered, gyrating her hips as she felt herself getting closer and closer to an orgasm.

They both remained, stimulating each other, lost in the moment until she finally yelled at him, "Get up on the bed!"

Now it was urgent. He scooted back onto the bed and she pushed his chest. He fell back, lying flat across the bed with his hard dick standing straight up. She climbed onto the bed and

straddled him with her wet pussy right over top of his hard dick about to fuck him when they both heard someone coming into the front door.

Her husband hollered, "Hey Linda, whose shoes are these on the front porch?"