**A Tease For The Landlord**

by magmaman Â©

Ever been poor? My wife at the time and I were in that classification as

this story is told. I was about 25, Sharon was 24. Sharon is a small gal,

slender, long dark hair, breasts a bit big for her tiny frame.

I ran a Gas Station, 1973 came around. Gas lines, no product, bank at my

door. The business went, the house went, Sharon and I were living in our

car in very short order.

I finally managed to find a job fixing cars for a shop, and she headed out

to find a place for us to live, camping was getting old and Fall was

coming fast.

Let's just say that Fall and Winter in Oregon will keep your socks wet if

you live outside.

Sharon came back tickled, she found a tiny little rental house at a price

we could actually pay. It wasn't much, but we were desperate. The place

was just a small living room with an alcove kitchen, but it was furnished

with basic appliances. There was a little bedroom with a curtain, and a

bathroom that appeared to be tacked on as an afterthought.

We could manage until things got better.

We moved in in short order, Sharon introduced me to the landlord, a crusty

old guy named Harold. He was about 60 or so and lived right next door in a

much bigger place.

But problems cropped up quickly, the guy apparently had little experience

with dealing with tenants. It seems his son had lived in the little house,

and finally moved away.

So he dealt with us by acting like we were going to steal something or

burn the place down, throw wild parties.

It was part of the deal for me to mow the lawn, it was small and I did.

But not often enough to suit Harold, he would meet me in the mornings and

tell me it needed doing as I headed for work, hell, it was only an inch

high.

Then if we both left he would snoop around, checking, always checking,

always watching us.

One day we had another couple over, we were sitting in the yard chatting,

having some beer, music playing.

Sure enough, he didn't like the beer, didn't like the music, didn't like

our guests. He made a point of telling us he didn't like "wild parties!"

I also noticed he spent a lot of timing peeking out the window at Sharon's

behind when she went out to work in the yard.

The situation was barely tolerable, and got worse one day when I ran home

for something, and parked my truck in the driveway sticking out a bit.

Harold came out yelling, irate. I was there maybe 5 minutes.

I came home that night, Sharon was unhappy, the guy actually wanted us to

move out. I wanted to myself, but the rent was half what we could find

anywhere else. We needed to stay right where we were for at least another

six months while I saved up a dab of cash.

The only thing to do was go talk to Harold.

It was a warm day, Sharon had on a summer dress, one with print flowers,

nice and light. She wore a pair of flipflops on her feet.

Harold was sitting out back in his yard watching our place like always, so

Sharon and I walked over there to talk to him. There were some outside

lawn chairs gathered around a firepit Harold used in the Fall, he was

sipping a cool drink, scowling at us.

Harold seemed to always scowl.

We sat down to talk, I explained we needed to stay, he was adamant that he

wanted us to leave.

"Too much going on." was his exact words.

Hell, if we lived any quieter we would be dead.

But I noticed he kept glancing at Sharon's bare legs, almost like they

were magnets for his eyes.

Sharon picked up on it, too, she slipped her flipflops off, wiggled her

toes in the cool grass. She idly hiked her dress up a couple of inches.

Harold stopped talking for a few seconds, his eyes darting right down to

the gap between her knees and the bottom of her dress.

I wasn't getting anywhere, Sharon gave me a sidelong glance, then said, "I

will go get some iced tea, be right back."

She hopped up and headed for our place, and was back in a few minutes with

a pitcher and some glasses.

She set the glasses down and leaned over Harold's way as she poured him a

drink. This let the top of her dress gap down some, it wasn't really much

from the design but enough Harold could see the tops of her breasts, I was

sure.

Again he stopped talking for a few moments. Sharon's eyes caught mine, she

had a wicked grin on her face as she poured me a glass, then her own.

She turned and sat back down in a different chair directly across from

Harold, now the three of us sat in a semi-circle. This time the hem of her

dress was a bit higher, Harold's look went right back to her bare legs, he

almost couldn't stop looking at her.

He was telling me about how he just couldn't have "improper parking",

droning on and on about it, still staring.

Sharon lifted her leg, sat it on the chair in front of her, brushing at

imaginary bits of grass on her foot. I knew this would give the old coot a

clear view of her knickers.

She took her sweet time, repeated with the other foot. Conversation came

to a stop. Then she put her feet back down on the grass.

Harold was now sounding like he was changing his mind, he mentioned

something about, "Well, maybe if you promise to not do it again."

His eyes never left Sharon's legs.

Then Sharon smiled at him, and said, "We promise, thank you!"

With that, she put her left foot back on the chair, reached for her

flipflops. This time her dress slid over her knee and down her thigh

halfway. She looked directly at Harold as she swung her left knee to the

side, reaching down to put her flipflop onto her foot.

She took her sweet time, too. Brushing at the few bits of grass, she set

her left foot back down on the ground, leaving her dress bunched halfway

up her thigh.

Harold was leaning forwards in his chair, silent, beads of sweat popped up

on his forehead. I was thinking he was going to have a Heart attack.

Then Sharon lifted her right foot, placed it carefully on the chair seat

in front of her. She looked directly at Harold, still leaning forwards in

his chair.

The dress was now bunched nearly all the way to the top of her thighs. I

realized that the evening Sunlight was shining at an angle over Harold's

shoulders, right on her.

Sharon leaned over, picked up the other flipflop. Looking directly at

Harold, she slowly moved her right knee over to the right, her left leg

pressed firmly against the armrest on the other side. He wasn't even

noticing her watching him, his eyes were wide, staring directly at

Sharon's crotch.

Her right knee finally touched the armrest of the chair, she lifted her

fanny and scooted forward a few inches to the edge of the seat, leaned her

knee over even more. Her foot came up off the chair seat in slow motion,

hovered in the air for a moment, then she swung her foot closer as she

reached down and pulled the other flipflop on.

She left it there in space for a few seconds as she idly brushed at her

foot. She turned it this way and that, inspecting it, then she set her

foot back down on the ground.

The poor old man had a bulge in his pants that must have been painful, he

was really getting off on looking at Sharon's knickers.

Sharon stood up.

"We can stay then?" she asked, with a sweet smile.

Harold managed to stammer an agreement.

"How about we come over and have tea with you some other night?"

"Sure, anytime." Harold said, his breath still coming in ragged gasps.

Sharon reached for my hand, we walked back to our little house.

Inside, I laughed, reached for her to give her a hug.

"Old Harold sure got off looking at your knickers!" I said, as I ran my

hands up Sharon's legs to her behind.

OOPS!

No knickers!

A Tease For The Landlord Ch. 02

by magmaman Â©

I related in the last story how my wife Sharon deliberately flashed our

landlord, Harold.

She was blatant as hell about it but somehow did it in such a way it

seemed to be an "accident." The only reason she did it was to try and make

sure we got to stay in our little rented house. She had noticed where the

old man's interests were, and on her own decided to try and do something

to keep us from being evicted.

The initial incident was so seemingly accidental that I didn't even

realize until we were back in the house, thinking Harold saw her knickers.

I let my hands run up over her fanny and there was nothing under there but

Sharon!

Dang.

But it was funny in a way, old Harold was harmless it seemed to me, and it

was obvious that Sharon got a bit hot at the idea of flashing her bare

beaver at the old fart. We ended up fucking each other senseless that

night.

We got our way, Harold was no longer insisting that we move out. That

would have created a real problem, the only place we had left to go was

our car and we had already done that for 3 months.

The funny part was it didn't upset me at all. Hell, Harold was a 60 year

old coot and no threat to me. Even better, he actually smiled and waved at

me as I left for work the next morning.

Well, I wasn't sure about the "better" part, it was sure out of character

for him. Made me uncomfortable somehow.

Still, inside and warm, not outside and cold, Fall was fast approaching

and no way could I rent a leanto shack for what we were paying. So I could

put up with some BS to hang on until I could get finances under control.

I do know I thought quite a bit about the idea of Harold staring at

Sharon's bare pussy for what I knew was a solid two minutes, well...I did

get a flash of jealousy.

Yes, a little struggle, I didn't really care but somehow I did? At least

it was in my mind all the time, yet I wasn't really mad about it.

I came home the next night, tired and dirty from climbing around people's

cars all damned day, opened the door and Sharon hollered out at me to take

my shoes off.

"What the fuck for?" I thought, then I looked down.

New carpet! Hell, we couldn't afford new carpet, I was trying to save

money to get me another gas station.

"What the hell is this?" I demanded, preparing to be pissed off.

"Harold came over and put it in."

"Harold?"

"Yes, he showed up about 10 minutes after you left."

"Harold?" I repeated, stupidly, just standing there.

"Why?"

"He said he wanted us to be comfortable."

He wanted another peek at my wife, is what fucking Harold wanted.

I took off my shoes, trying to remember what Sharon had been wearing as I

grabbed my thermos and headed off to work. It seemed to me it was that

pink nightie and matching knickers, but for the life of me I couldn't

remember.

Dinner was ready, so I sat down to eat. The usual beans, Potatos, a salad,

and a big T-bone steak!

T-bone? No way could we afford steaks. I had to ask, already knowing.

"Where did the steaks come from?"

"Oh, Harold brought a couple over, said he had lots of extras."

Harold.

"Just how long was he here?" I asked.

"Pretty much all day, he was doing the carpet. I fixed him lunch, so he

brought us steaks."

All day? Harold?

I ate the steak, it was a good one, too. Then I went in and turned on the

little black and white TV, watched the news.

Sharon came in and cuddled up with me on the couch, I looked around the

room at the new carpet, full of rich brown and gold colors, I had to admit

it looked good.

What the fuck, I decided to just go with the flow.

The next morning, I grabbed my thermos and headed out, glancing over at

Harold's house. No sign of anybody, so I quickly forgot him as I headed to

the shop.

It was only about 3 hours later the phone rang, It was Sharon.

"Hi. Can we use the shop truck for a couple of hours?"

"I guess, who's we?"

"Oh, Harold is getting us a new stove, it's even got a microwave up top!"

Her voice was all excited at the idea. The little kitchenette unit we used

was a bit of a mess.

"I guess." I replied, and went back to pulling the trouble codes off the

Beamer I was working on.

They showed up in 10 minutes, my work was only a few miles away. I looked

out as the white Mercedes pulled onto the lot. Sharon hopped out and came

in, my jaw almost dropped.

I had never seen the top she had on before, it was one of those

criss-cross red things that tie behind the neck. No way in hell could she

keep her tits in that thing unless she tied it so tight it would almost

strangle her. Even worse was the short pleated skirt, if she bent over her

ass was going to be pointed at the world. She called that her "sizzler"

outfit, they were intended to be worn with big matching underpants.

I didn't see any matching underpants.

I didn't say anything, got the keys to the shop truck. I gave her a hug

and a kiss, taking the opportunity to run my hand up her butt to check on

this shit. I touched some lace and that made me feel a bit better, not

much.

Sharon giggled, kissed me on the cheek and went bouncing off toward

Harold, skipping like a damn schoolgirl.

That night I got home tired again, took off my damned shoes at the door.

The new stove did look good, I had to admit that. I sat down to eat,

another nice steak.

"Harold again?" I asked, between mouthfuls.

"Yes, he gave us some more so we could try out the new stove."

I looked around, the little dump was actually starting to look good.

"Probably going to jack up the fucking rent.", popped into my head.

That night as we lay in bed, I twisted the conversation around to Harold,

wanting to know if he was trying or doing anything.

"Oh, no, Harold just looks at me, that's all."

"Looks at what?"

"You know, he peeks. It's kinda funny."

"Peeks? How?" I probed for more information.

"Oh, I catch him looking down my front and stuff like that."

"Well, he wouldn't have had to look very fucking hard!" my tone went a bit

angry.

"Oh, silly. It's just peeking, besides, he is a nice harmless old man."

Somehow I didn't think Harold was quite so fucking harmless.

The next day was Sunday, thank God. I slept in a bit, Sun was shining in

my window when I woke up. I reached over for Sharon, she wasn't there.

I checked the house which didn't take much in our little place, no Sharon.

I went over to the window, looked out. I could see Harold sitting on his

porch with a cup of something in his hand, leaning forward looking towards

the back yard with that same expression on his face I had seen that night

by the firepit.

I sneaked around the other side to check, Sharon was down on her knees

digging away at something. I looked closer, she was wearing one of my

white T-shirts. The way her boobs were hanging down and rolling back and

forth I was pretty sure that was all she had on. The bottom of the T-shirt

did reach her fanny but that was it, and her fanny was pointed right at

Harold!

I was standing right there not 10 feet away and neither one of them even

noticed me.

I walked up to Sharon.

"Morning! What the hell are you doing?"

"Oh. hi. Harold said we could plant some vegetables back here." She didn't

even look up, just kept digging with the little three tined forked thing

she was using.

I was standing almost right over her now, I looked at her behind and I

could see the curve of her bare ass cheeks. Her knees were about a foot

and a half apart.

"Do you have anything on under that?"

"No." she giggled.

"Hey, this is a bit much." I protested.

"Shhh, silly. It's nothing, this is working." she looked up at me, I could

see her eyes were smokey looking. It hit me she was getting off on this

stuff.

"Come on inside."

She got up and followed me inside, I guess I was a little bit upset. Yep,

we had an argument, something about me not liking her flashing her pussy

all day every day at Harold, she was hollering that it was a hell of a lot

better than having to go live in the fucking woods, on and on.

I was sulking in the living room, switching channels on the TV that it

suddenly hit me was bigger that it was before and had colors. Sharon came

out, she had put on some blue jeans, a button up top and bra. She sat

tight up next to me on the couch, didn't say anything.

Finally, I said, "New Tv, too?"

"Yes, Harold brought it over yesterday."

Funny I hadn't even noticed.

She leaned her head over on my shoulder.

"I'm sorry."

"Look, hon, I know why you are doing this, but..."

"He's just an old man, I let him peek and he gives us stuff."

"Hell, he might end up raping you or something."

"No, he is always nice, he just looks. Besides, he owns a jewelry store,

he is rich."

Jewelry store? Well, that explained the Mercedes and the big house.

"Well, I think it is best to cool it a little."

"OK." she snuggled up tight, I started rubbing her tits, the fight was

over.

I got curious, so I snooped around a bit. Harold did own the largest

jewelry store downtown, his son David had taken over day to day

operations, so Harold was mostly retired.

I wandered down there later the next week to take a look. There was three

young women working as clerks, all three were dressed to the hilt and sexy

as hell. I wandered around pretending to shop as they waited on customers.

Men customers, I noticed. The one that had to be David sat in the back at

a huge desk, he was a younger spitting image of our landlord, maybe 35 or

so.

Once in awhile one of the salesgirls would go back to confirm a sale,

without fail they leaned over his desk. All three of them had at least one

button too many undone, all three had short skirts. I didn't see any panty

lines on any of them, either, as much as I could tell without looking like

a holdup man or something.

I think they were used to men wandering in to look, they paid me little

attention, likely my work uniform didn't make me appear to be a hig dollar

customer.

I had it pretty much figured out, Harold's family used sex appeal to sell,

seemed to work, too. The place was damn near as much fun as the local

titty bar.

I went back to work, my head full of some of what had gone on the last few

days. Damn we needed money, I wanted to buy another business and try

again.

That night after dinner Sharon and I had a long talk. I told her to go

ahead with the garden bit if she wanted, tease Harold all she liked. Might

as well see where it led, he had already seen everything anyway.

Sharon hugged me, happy. It hit me she liked the flashing, it got her hot.

Somehow it got to me too, but I just wanted to know about it or be around.

Silly, I know. Not a feeling I can really explain. It also popped in my

head that it was probably a fucking mistake.

So Sunday morning I woke up, no Sharon in bed with me again. I got up and

peeked out the window to find Harold sitting on his porch, the surprise

was David was sitting there, too. They were both staring towards the back

yard.

I grinned, wandered around to take a look. Sharon had a tray of what

looked like Pepper plants, she was digging and setting them in place.

She had on her levi miniskirt and a very loose short top. I knew that when

she leaned over her titties would hang down, the top would hang even

farther. The miniskirt was short standing up, she was on her knees,

leaning forwards, planting one plant, then moving the dirt around it. Then

she would scoot forwards to the next one.

I watched her for maybe 5 minutes, then got an idea. I knew she would come

in sweaty and dirty and hit the shower. Our shower (If one could call it

that) faced Harold's house, there were windows upstairs in his house that

looked right in the fairly large window. We normally kept the shades

drawn, I went in and opened them wide, left them that way. I even opened

the lower window all the way to the top.

I knew Harold sometimes sat up there to watch our place, so I was curious.

I peeked out at Sharon, she was just finishing up. Harold and David were

nowhere in sight, they had to have seen me open the windows, though.

Then I hopped in my rig and drove a couple of blocks down the street. I

parked and walked back, there were some hedges around the side that would

hide me from Harold's place yet give me a clear view of our bathroom

windows.

I knew Sharon might just walk in and close the curtains, but I was

thinking she might pick up on the idea. I wanted to watch, I wanted to see

what they might see. Peeking around the corner at their upstairs windows,

I saw motion, now I knew they were up there.

It wasn't 5 minutes and the door to the bathroom opened. Sharon came in,

hesitated, went to the window. She looked out, saw me. I smiled, she

smiled. She turned and walked back to the center of the room. Reaching up,

she turned on the lights over the mirrors, even though the room was

already bright from daylight.

Then she reached down, pulled her top over her head. She posed before the

mirror, lifted her breasts, turned this way and that. Then she tripped the

belt on her miniskirt, slid it down her legs.

She was naked, as I had suspected. She lifted one leg, set it on the low

edge of the shower entrance, reached down and inspected herself. From my

vantage point, I could see her pussy lips open and close, and they began

to swell up and stick out of her as I watched. I knew Harold and David had

a spectacular view of her from their upstairs angle. Sharon put on a show

for a solid 20 minutes, then stepped into the shower, washing herself

thoroughly. She stepped out, spent another few minutes drying herself off.

Then nude, she went into the main room.

I ran back down to my rig, drove back and parked. She was waiting, naked

on the couch. I grabbed her, my erection was massive, out of control. Just

insane, crazy stuff. I was inside her in seconds, she was sloppy wet with

anticipation. I am fairly sure that Harold and David could see us through

the open door to the bathroom but I didn't even think of that.

More mistakes.

Things seemed to settle down for a few days, almost returned to normal.

Then Friday I came home, Sharon met me at the door.

"Be careful, the paint is wet."

Paint?

I looked around, most of the kitchen and the living room sported fresh

paint.

"David says he will come back tomorrow and finish the kitchen."

David?

"Oh. Where was Harold?"

"Oh, he was here for a little while, but he went down to the jewelry

store, David did the painting."

I looked Sharon up and down, she was dressed in that red crisscross thing

and a pair of tight shorts.

"David offered me a job."

"A job? Doing what?"

"At the store, a base wage plus commissions. He says the commissions can

be good."

"You don't need to work."

"But if I can make some good money, we can buy a Service Station like you

want sooner."

Well, that was true.

"You do know he wants his clerks to dress a little sexy?"

"Yes, I think that's why he asked me."

She grinned, I shrugged. What the hell.

Sharon started the next week, and she did just fair. I wasn't exactly

impressed with her first week's pay but it would help.

"David said I needed some new outfits."

"Well, I guess we can afford..."

"He wants to pick them out."

"Like what?"

"Oh, a pushup type bra since I sag just a little, and some business type

clothes."

I had a pretty good idea of what David's idea of "business" type clothes

were.

"I am not so sure..."

"It's what all the clerks wear."

I just sighed.

"Keep an eye on that guy." I told her.

Over the next few weeks I asked Sharon several times if either Harold or

David ever did anything, she always denied it, and told me they just

looked.

Then she told me they watched all of the clerks all of the time. I found

that a little odd, told her so. After all, how much time can a man spend

looking at women and still get any work done?

Sharon just shrugged, then told me that all the men customers looked, too.

I hadn't even really thought about that. But her paycheck picked up, and

we were gaining nicely. I was doing well at the garage, and had quite a

following there.

I guess things got normal for a few weeks, if anything at all around our

house was ever normal.

One morning Sharon told me we might need to be without our shower for one

day.

"Why?"

"Harold is coming over to install a new one."

Well, the metal box with a curtain was on the crude side. I just shrugged.

That night when I got home a half hour early, I opened the door to no one

in the living room. I heard the shower running, so I figured it was fixed.

I plopped down on the couch, clicked on the TV.

Harold walked out of the bathroom. He saw me, nodded.

"All done."

He flashed me a sheepish grin and left. I just sat there, the shower was

still running. Sharon walked out a couple of minutes later, a towel

wrapped around herself and rubbing her long black hair.

She spotted me, started, then smiled.

"Hi! You are home early!"

"Yea, no shit."

"What's wrong?"

"Hell, Harold was in there with you while you were showering!."

"What's the big deal, he has already seen me."

I got pissed, went out to my rig and left. I spent most of the night

sucking down beer and pouting. Trying to think. I was not liking any of

this shit.

I got home around midnight, Sharon was sitting on the couch waiting for

me. Her eyes were red, she had been crying.

Great. Now I felt guilty and upset, too.

"So I have to know. What happened with the shower?"

"They got it done early, Harold asked me if I wanted to try it out."

"They?"

"Yes, he had to helpers with him, so it went fast."

"Where did they go?"

"They left when they got done."

"I suppose you showed them everything, too?"

"No, they looked but they were just working."

"How did you end up in the shower with Harold there?"

"I told you, Harold wanted me to test it, so I did."

"You mean you undressed..right in front of him?"

"Well, yes, he has already seen me naked. Besides, he is my Boss so it's

all right."

"How does his being your Boss...?"

"That's what he told me."

I just looked at her in dismay, how could she really be this dumb?

I started for the refrigerator to get something to eat, Sharon hopped up

and moved me aside, fixing a meal in short order.

"So all he has ever done is look?"

"Yes, he is nice. He never touches me...well, David..."

"David? What did David do?"

"Oh, just the clothes, he showed me how he wanted me to wear the bra and

stuff."

"Showed you?"

"Yes, he helped me put it on, and he...well, he stuffed my boobies into

the top."

"So you are letting David feel you up now, huh?"

"No, he just helped me. He IS my Boss!"

I just looked at her.

"Next he will want into your pants."

"No, I won't do that, you know I won't."

"Fucker better goddam make it worth your while!" I almost shouted, heading

off to bed.

That was the wrong thing to say.

We had an uneventful week, Harold was running out of excuses to hang

around. I came home Saturday afternoon, Sharon was sitting on the couch

watching TV.

"How was your day?"

"Pretty good, how was yours."

"I got a fat bonus."

"Bonus, for what? How much?"

"David offered me $200 extra to..you know."

No, I didn't know.

"To what?"

"To play with his...you know." She wasn't looking at me.

"You mean he paid you to fuck him!"

"No, just with my hands, and...well, lick him a little."

"You mean you gave him a blow job?"

"No, not really..I mean..Just a little bit."

"Sharon. This shit has got to stop!"

"Well, you said if he made it worth my while..."

"That's not what I meant, oh just hell." I stomped off to the bedroom.

I was falling asleep when Sharon came in. I watched as she undressed

quietly, slid into bed next to me. She started touching me, the familar

movements designed to get me going. It worked, too.

I was up on top of her, pounding away, her voice was coming in little

gasps. I almost forgot the stuff that had been going on, I forgot to be

pissed off.

When we were done, we lay joined for a long time, Sharon always likes the

basking afterwards.

"I want to quit the store."

"OK. Fine with me."

"I want to move, too."

"Sure, I plan on that in a couple of months."

"I think we better do it sooner."

"Why?"

"Harold tried to put it in me this morning. He was kinda rough, and he

partly did it anyway even though I told him not to."

"WHAT?" I sat straight up.

Sharon was crying again.

"I got loose, I didn't mean..."

I lay awake for a long time, thinking.

The next morning, I got in my rig, drove down the street. I came back,

slipped in the other door.

It was only about 20 minutes later, our front door opened, Harold walked

in. He saw me, tried to get back outside, he was way too slow.

Later I loaded Sharon in the car, drove down to the Jewelry store. I

dragged David up out his chair by his hair and outside to the screams of

his helpers. There was an altercation in the parking lot.

We moved out that afternoon, nobody said a word, no one called the Police.

I didn't think they would.

Too fucking many accidents.