**Amy Jackson**

by Amy Jackson  
  
Steven and I had been married for five years now and as I expect is usual the spark was not exactly burning as bright as I thought it would have. We tendered to bicker constantly over the most trivial of things and we both worked full time and had our own separate hobbies. Steven's main activity outside work was the garden, it wasn't particularly large but he was meticulous about it. However it didn't interest me in the slightest and while it was nice to look at the amount of time he spent was obsessive. On the other hand I enjoyed going to the gym and jogging and sunbathing whenever we had the weather and of course shopping and so on.  
  
A young boy called Matt who lived a couple of house's down the street would help Steven in the garden on a Saturday morning for a bit of pocket money and to coin a phrase they were soon , as think as thieves. I took them a drink out one day and overheard a conversation they were having about me. The upshot was that I was idle, surly, rude, stuck up, sarcastic and basically borderline bitch. I knew me and Steven were hardly Romeo and Juliet but I was shocked to hear just what he actually thought of me. I heard Matt agree with everything Steven said and then listened in shock when he told me that he helped his Granddad with his garden and he had very old fashioned views on a woman's place. They both laughed and said that a bit of strict discipline might well be what I needed.  
  
Over the next few weeks I couldn't get that conversation out of my mind and when Steven said he had been invited on a work's golfing trip for the weekend I said I didn't mind if he went as I was sure his precious garden to could survive a weekend without him. I began to look forward to him going away and thought it would be curious to chat with Matt, especially if I could bring the subject up of this so called discipline he mentioned. I suggested to Steven that I would help Matt with the garden only to be met with derision that I was idle and Matt wouldn't want me getting in the way. We had a few words, well in fact an argument which resulted in me virtually admitting I was more than capable of doing what ever Matt told me and would prove it. Steven had an amused expression as I said that and informed me that it was a deal and when he got back he would ask Matt if that was true.  
  
We hardly spoke for the next couple of days and on the Friday night just after Steven set off on his golfing trip I was out in the pub with Lisa knocking back the red wine and generally having a good moan about guys as you do. I ended up drinking a little more than I intended and woke up the next day with a hangover. I looked over at the clock, it was ten to nine and then I remembered my agreement and Matt was due at nine. I ran to the bathroom and then downstairs in just my bra and knickers and found Stevens old denim dungarees that he wore in the garden. Quickly I stepped into them and noticed that almost all my red bra was showing at the sides and without thinking I reached back and unclipped it and took it off. I could hardly spend all morning in the garden with Matt looking like some kind of tart.  
  
I intended to go and get a t-shirt when there was a knock on the door, god he was five minutes earlier. I tried to straighten my hair as I opened to door. I was panicking inside but tried to remain calm and ushered him into the kitchen asking if he would like a coffee or something before we got started. He looked a little annoyed and said they usually had a coffee at ten O-clock when something had actually been done. Already I had the feeling he was in charge and then gasped out loud when he reminded me of the promise I had made to Steven to do as I was told this weekend. I could feel myself having to bite my tongue and wanted to say just who the hell did he thing he was but I meekly asked if I could have a coffee while he went to the shed and got things ready.  
  
He reluctantly agreed and went out to the back garden as I grabbed the coffee and put on some white socks and tennis shoes. As I stepped outside with my coffee I felt the cool morning breeze remind me I had forgotten the t-shirt and worse of all I was braless under the loose dungaree top. I glanced down and could see that the denim front was quite high so covered all my cleavage but left very little to the imagination at the sides as well as only two thin cross over straps at the back. Matt had got the lawn mower out of the shed as well as a tub of various items and a larger green plastic tub. He looked over and shook his head as he saw me walked over sipping my coffee.  
  
“Mrs Jackson, are you sure its worth you helping.....I can spend all day on my own and get everything done you know”. He said.  
  
I explained I was sorry and had just overslept a little that was all but I was ready now. He sighed and looked me up and down then added so is it true then. I nodded yes when he said about the “Bet” I had with Steven about proving I could do as I was told. He sneered like all fourteen year old boys seem such an expert at then said before we started he had a few things as a kind of “test” and if I didn't do them, which he was sure I wouldn't then I could leave him alone the rest of the day. Without giving it any thought to what the little test was I replied that I was sure it couldn't be that difficult and I was an educated married woman, not one of his idiot friends.  
  
I looked wide eyed when he told me to walk over to the tree stump in the corner of the garden and climb on it then put my hands on my head. I could feel myself blush and was about to tell him just where he could stick his childish little game when I thought that was exactly the thing he wanted me to say. I gave a little huff in temper under my breath and as I walked past him gave him a little nudge. Then with a sneer of my own I walked to the little stump and stood on it and lifted my hands to the top of my head. I adjusted the little bobble in the top of my pony-tail and looked around thinking that at least it wasn't in the middle of the lawn where the neighbours might see me.  
  
“So is that it then.....you just wanted to embarrass me making stand like some naughty six year old” I sighed.  
  
He walked over smiling and announced that this was just the start of the “test” and then took out his phone and before I knew it he had snapped a picture of me. He laughed that Steven would never believe it and then slide the screen of his phone on to a stop watch. I knew I was giving a childish sulky looking pout as he asked me to stand on one leg and remain still for one full minute. I did as he said with a few little shakes I managed to keep my balance. Then he had me change legs and do the same again. I gave a little huff of satisfaction that I had completed his task when the time was up.  
  
“So Mrs Jackson, or is it better if I call you Amy.......why did you take your bra off just before I knocked on the door” he asked nonchalantly.  
  
I realised he must have seen me through the glass panel of the door and just mumbled that is was red and looked a bit errrrr “Tarty” and was going to put a t-shirt on but didn't have time. He looked unconvinced but seemed to accept what I was saying. I could see he was hesitating and sensed he was not sure what to say next. He placed the phone on the stump between my feet and said he had set the timer for fifteen minutes and I was to stay like that until it went off. I could hardly believe I was doing as he said like this and soon my arms began to ache as he went along cutting the edge of the lawn.  
  
I had a little itch and quickly I rubbed my shoulder while he had his back to me and as I put my hands back on my head the little catch at the end of the left strap to my dungarees slipped off. I looked down seeing the denim hanging down over my left breast but it still managed to just cover my by now hard pink nipple. I kept looking to see if he had noticed and waited for him to turn his back again so I could try and fasten it. Just then the timer went off; “BEEP” It almost made me jump and he turned and walked back to me. Of course he couldn't help but notice straight away,  
  
“Oh......what's that all about then.......trying to show off your tits now Amy” he laughed  
  
I could believe how crude he was but at the same time a naughty thrill ran through me. I explained about the itch and how it had happened and of course I hadn't done it on purpose. He tutted and shook his head and exclaimed that for moving I was going to have to do the fifteen minutes all over again. I could feel myself pulling a face in protest but before I had time to speak he had reached up and calmly unfastened the other clip on the front of dungarees. I could feel my mouth fall open in shock and my hands seemed to be fixed solid to the top of me head as I stood topless in front of him.   
  
“So Amy......fifteen minutes with your tits out might remind you to stay still this time”, he grinned as he had noticed I remained still and made attempt to cover myself.  
  
“Bet you wish you had kept your bra on now” he laughed.  
  
He set the timer again and still grinning he walked away to do some more work on the garden. Every so often he would look up and shake his head as if he couldn't believe the situation. To be honest I wasn't sure who was the most shocked at the turn of events. I had let a fourteen your old boy strip me to my waist in my own garden and make me stand like some naughty six year old. It was insane but yet I was almost desperate to see what he could think up next for me. The time dragged and I was willing the timer to go off just so I could move my aching arms. At last the relief of hearing the “BEEP” was so welcoming as I shook my hands trying to get some feeling back in them.   
  
“Oh Amy.....go on shake them little Titties” he laughed as he stood in front of me.  
  
I had always been embarrassed by my small breasts and to have him say so openly they were little made me blush even more. I tried to look as dignified as possible in this ludicrous position and let my hands fall to my sides. I gave a little shiver as I was actually a little cold standing like this for over half an hour now. Matt saw this and smile spread across his face and told me so matter of fact to get the dungarees right off. I had no idea where he got the confidence and authority but he spoke as if this kind of thing happened every day. I never even thought to disobey him now and almost eagerly pushed them down and stepped out of them. I stood in just a little pair of white knickers and the white ankle socks and pink and white tennis shoes.   
  
“Right jogging on the spot......fifteen minutes again and stay on the stump.......and I want to see those little tits bounce my girl.......have you got it”, he was almost laughing so much he could hardly speak.  
  
He set the timer again as I began to jog on the spot, my bare breasts were indeed bouncing up and down. He just stood laughing at me for a few minutes even walking behind me to see how little my knickers covered my jiggling bum cheeks. I was soon breathing hard and praying for the timer again and thinking why on earth was I doing such demeaning things so easily. At long last the welcoming “BEEP” brought a halt to the absurd spectacle I was making of myself. He had brought me out a glass of water and I gulped it down and mumbled a breathless “Thank you”. I looked at him and for reason could only let out a nervous giggle;  
  
“Oh god Matt....I hate gardening but I never imagined I would doing anything like this today”.  
  
He smiled and I am sure he could sense that I was practically enjoying all this now. I looked wide eyed as he gave me my next “task” or should I say choice of tasks. First I was told I could run down the garden, along the house and then down the drive to the front gates and back again. I could feel myself shake my head slowly at the thought of being seen like this. The next option was no easier to chose.   
  
“Two minutes of star jumps right where you are.........with your knickers off!”. He was grinning like a Cheshire cat.  
  
I knew my face was bright red as my mind raced at the two absurd options but for some reason I knew I was going to pick one. Part of me wanted the thrill and the dare element of running down to the front gates like this yet the utter shame of being seen and the lack of any credible explanation meant I only had one choice. I could feel my heart race and my tummy churn as I looked at Matt.  
  
“Please may I take my knickers off and prove that I can do anything you tell me” I asked so politely.  
  
He looked so pleased with himself as he nodded and actually gave me permission to strip myself naked apart from my socks and shoes in front of him. I pushed my knickers down blushing so much as he saw my little narrow strip of brown pubes above the top of little hairless slit. His eyes were wide as I eased them over my shoes and dropped them on top of the dungarees on the floor. I had to remind him to set the timer for two minutes this time and took a deep breath. I jumped high and flung my arms out before landing back on the tree stump. I could feel everything bounce and jiggle and wondered what a display I was making of myself.   
  
Time and time again I jumped, each time getting more out a breath and taking longer between jumps. Meanwhile he was walking around me as I tried to concentrate on jumping right up and making sure I landed back on the stump. Surly the time must be up now I prayed, then looked over at him. I was in mid jump when I realised he had the phone in his hand and was pointing it right at me. I wanted to scream as the “BEEP” made him flick his phone off. I stood still trying to imagine what I must look like performing for him like this.   
  
“Oh wow Amy.........this video is awesome...I can't wait to put it on my facebook page tonight” he laughed.