**Teasing a Young Man**

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Summer in the southeast is brutal. High heat and high humidity make outside activity in the middle of the day close to impossible unless your sport involves water. My husband Brian and I live in a gated community with wooded lots on three sides and a large grove of cedars blocking the only house adjacent to ours. We have a pool and a hot tub in the back yard and we spend a lot of our free time in the summer, spring, and fall enjoying the pool or cooking out on the patio that surrounds.  
  
Last summer was typically steamy and Brian had outsourced the mowing and edging of our yard. He chose a young man from our neighborhood who advertised his summer yard service through our homeowners association. Jim is a nice looking but shy young man and from conversations with him he was obviously a serious student. He was on his summer break from college and was mowing yards and waiting tables to make money for a semester abroad. We have a certain type of grass in our yard that requires a mower with a high rotor speed so my husband Brian required that Jim would use our mower when he mowed our yard. My husband explained all this to him the first time we met and it was agreed that he would call us prior to coming over so we could make sure the mower was left outside of the garage for him. Jim is a few inches taller than me, around 5'11", and very fit. He has a nice mop of dark curly hair and a cute smile. I would later learn that he had a girlfriend at the time this took place. He was always polite and I felt comfortable with him when my husband was not home. He was extremely polite and even refused my offer to call me Terry, always referring to me as Mrs. Miller.  
  
Over the first few weeks of Jim taking care of our yard he did a fantastic job. We would leave the mower outside the garage and when we returned from work our yard would be immaculately mowed, edged, and blown. I work a four day week and usually lay out by our pool on Fridays to relax for the weekend. Jim mowed our yard one Friday in early June and I was tanning when he made his way to the back yard. Jim turned off the mower and politely asked if it would bother me if he mowed while I was in the backyard.  
  
"Not at all. Just don't spray me with grass." I jokingly responded.   
  
"I will make sure it shoots out away from you." Jim said seriously.   
  
I could see he was uncomfortable speaking with me even though I was wearing a fairly modest two piece bathing suit. I offered him a drink but he declined saying he had water in his truck and he went about mowing the yard. He was done mowing in twenty minutes and he returned to the back yard with his weed eater. I was lying on my back when he was mowing but I rolled on to my stomach and was reading a magazine as he operated the weed eater. I could see him discreetly looking at me through a reflection in our pool house French doors. It felt good to be noticed by someone twenty years younger but it did not surprise me. I am in good shape for being in my early forties and I have nice skin and a strong and curvy body. My husband taught me years ago that men cannot help but look at attractive women and Jim appeared to be just like the rest of them. Regardless, I enjoyed knowing he was at least interested enough to look.  
  
When Jim had finished I went inside to get his money and I did not wear my cover up. I wanted him to see me walk in and out. I brought him a glass of water knowing he would be obligated to drink it.  
  
"How is your summer going?" I asked.  
  
"Fine and thank you for the water." He responded shyly.  
  
"We appreciate your work." I told him. "Since we have to use our mower it is nice to have someone local that we can trust."  
  
"I am happy to have the job. I am trying to make money for my semester in Spain and every little bit helps." He said.  
  
"I will check with Brian to see if we need anything else done around here if you are looking for more work." I told him, knowing we always had plenty of odd jobs.  
  
"Thank you Mrs. Miller. That would be great." Jim responded with a smile. I could tell he was still uncomfortable speaking with me and I was not sure if it was just because I was older or because I was wearing a sport bikini.  
  
I decided to let him go. "Well good, I will check with Brian and one of us will give you a call."  
  
That evening I told Brian about Jim checking me out and how cute and discreet he was in trying to hide his interest. Brian loves my exhibitionist streak and knows it is almost always innocent. Brian told me to take it easy on the young man because he thought he was probably very inexperienced. Brian also suggested that I ask Jim if he would help with our dogs. We have three Boykin Spaniels that always need grooming and often need to be cared for when we are out of town.  
  
I called Jim mid week and told him that I could use his help with our dogs and he readily agreed. We arranged for him to mow and help me with the dogs on Friday. I decided with the blessing of my husband that I would have a little fun with Jim. Brian knows that it is all in good fun and he gets really aroused when he sees or hears of another man getting turned on from watching me.  
  
That Friday I chose a white bikini. It is one of my favorites because it is sexy but functional. It is a simple bikini cut bottom with a traditional top. It has always been one of my favorites because I like to surf and it is one of the few bikinis I have owned that would not fall off or gap in waves. The bottoms are snug so I made sure and trimmed the outside edges of my bush so that I would be presentable. When I come out of the water my dark hair and nipples are slightly visible underneath the material and Brian loves to see the stares when I wear it at the beach. I met Jim when he arrived and he went to work mowing the front and then the back yard. I made sure I was sprawled out and fresh out of the pool when he did his work in the back yard. I knew he was staring and even caught sight of him as I was pretending to have my eyes closed under my sun glasses. When he edged he had to come fairly close to me so I made sure I had my top pulled nearly to the edge of my nipples and my legs slightly spread to maximize the tease.  
  
When he had finished the yard I went inside and put running shorts over my bikini so we could work together to shear our oldest Boykin Elsie. I left my bikini top on so Jim could see my perky C-cups as we did our work. Shearing one of my dogs is physical work. None of them like to have their hair cut so it is a definitely a two person job. We did the cutting in the grass because it requires a lot of time kneeling and crouching in order to get in position to cut. Jim held the dog while I used the electric clippers. I was sure that Jim was sneaking glances at both my breasts and at my shorts as I worked the clippers. I regretted not having a looser fitting top because he could not see my nipples except through the bikini. My shorts were fairly open when I crouched so he was getting at least glimpses up the leg. What made the situation truly arousing was how close we were to each other. I am sure he could smell me and while I could not tell if he was getting a hard on I knew that he was on edge. When I had finished the clipping, Jim held the dog while I retrieved the metal tub for the bath and filled it with water from the hose. By the time we had finished giving Elsie her bath we were both soaked, soapy, and covered in glass clippings. I jumped straight in the pool but Jim, ever the shy professional, chose to rinse from the hose. I removed my running shorts in the water so that my walk to the house to get his money was as revealing as possible. I could tell by how he was fidgeting that he was enjoying my teasing as much as I was.  
  
When Brian came home that evening I recounted the afternoon over a couple of drinks and he loved it.   
  
"If I had a hot woman showing off for me when I was in college it would have absolutely wrecked me." He said with a grin. "Was he hard?"  
  
"I honestly couldn't tell with his baggy shorts but he was definitely finding every opportunity to steal a look." I responded.   
  
"So when do you do it all again?" Brian asked expectantly.  
  
"I told him I would call him but probably next Friday." I replied thinking that was my next day off.  
  
"Why not tomorrow?" Brian said as he slid my phone toward me. "I am playing golf at eleven am and won't be home until around five. Call him and let's see how quickly he comes running."  
  
I dialed Jim's number and he picked up on the second ring. After a brief conversation I put the phone back down at the table.  
  
With a sly grin I said, "Jim will be here at noon to help me cut Brewster (one of our dogs). He is delaying his trip to the lake with his buddies to make a few extra dollars."  
  
Brian guffawed. "He is coming here for one reason only. His eyes are popping out of his head just thinking about getting another up close and personal look at you. I don't blame him. Does it turn you on knowing he is ogling you?"  
  
"You know it does honey. Should I lose the shorts and just wear a bikini or would that be too obvious?" I asked knowing the answer already.  
  
"Too obvious for sure. I think you should wear panties." Brian said with a straight face.  
  
This time it was my turn to laugh but Brian is a clever man and his plan was a good one. He suggested I arrive home from the grocery store a couple of minutes after Jim and simply don't change before we trim the dog and give him a bath.  
  
"Just be modest at first and then as the task becomes more physical you can give him the thrill of his young life." Brian explained.  
  
We agreed on the plan and Brian led me back in the house so he could choose my outfit. Brian claims he knows what will arouse a guy the most and he is always right. For a dress, he chose a beige linen smock that was sleeveless and had buttons down the front. It was very loose and lightweight and came down to about mid thigh. The smock also looked like an everyday outfit and even had a paint stain near the hem so it was the kind of thing I would wear if I was not worried about getting a little dirty. I knew exactly which panties he would choose. Brian pulled out a white nylon pair of bikini cut panties that I had owned for a decade. The front panel had strips of lace up the side but my pussy would be covered by a thin and well worn patch of nylon that were somewhat see through.   
  
"I can't wear those." I said incredulously. "He will know what I am doing."  
  
"If you play this right he won't know a thing and who cares if he does." Brian responded. "If you want to see a reaction these are the ones to wear."  
  
I agreed and Brian picked out a loose low cut bra as well. If my dress opened up at the top he would definitely be able to get glimpses of my nipples. Picking out the outfit led to a passionate love making session. I was both aroused but a little nervous thinking about the next day.  
  
Saturday arrived hot and humid and Brian gave me a big kiss on the way out and told me he wished he could stay home and watch. I left a little before noon and when I pulled back in the driveway Jim's truck was parked out front. I made my way to the backyard wearing everything Brian had picked out. I was anxious but excited. Jim was in the backyard rinsing out the metal wash tub. He did not see me as I walked over to him and jumped a little as I shouted out my apology for making him wait.  
  
"Sorry I am late getting back. I know you have a lake party to go to today." I said.  
  
"No problem Mrs. Miller. The party will be going on all day and probably most of the night." He replied.  
  
"Well, I am sorry anyway." I responded. "Let me get the gear and we can get started on Brewster. He is a bear so get ready for a wrestling match."  
  
As I walked to the house to get the shears, dog comb, and a couple of stools I was both nervous and aroused. I was honestly not sure how far I was willing to take this but the thought of this nice looking young man appreciating my body had me feeling absolutely electric.  
  
I returned with the shears and a couple of foot stools and Jim was petting Brewster. I sat down in a very lady-like fashion on the stool opposite Jim and pulled Brewster in for his combing. At this point, all Jim could possibly see was a little bit of bra and cleavage. My legs were together but I was bending over the dog to run the comb through his thick hair. I could feel the sweat start to bead on me as the bright sun bore down on us.   
  
"It must be ninety degrees already." I said to Jim.  
  
Jim delivered the full weather report in reply. "High of ninety-six today with a chance of afternoon thunder showers. It is going to be a scorcher."  
  
I told Jim to hold Brewster tight as I tried to get some of the matted hair loose with the comb. Brewster did not like it and I had one hand on his collar while Jim held him tight with his hands. I used the struggle to reposition by dropping my left knee. My right knee was up and I was sure Jim was getting an eyeful of thigh but my dress hung loosely over my legs so he could not see much more. Jim was wearing a t-shirt and surf shorts. His shorts were loose fitting but I could tell that if he were to get aroused it was going to be difficult for him to hide it. I bent further over and with my top buttons undone my dress hung open at the top. I knew Jim could see my breasts nestled in my bra because I could look down and see them as well. Jim was wearing sunglasses so I could not see his eyes but I was sure he was enjoying the view. Sweat trickled down his face and arms and his glistening tan skin was arousing me even more. We continued to struggle with Brewster and by the time I was finished with the comb I was drenched.  
  
"How about some water before we start the clipping?" I asked in mock exhaustion.  
  
"That sounds good." Jim responded.  
  
As I stood up I brought my left knee up but kept my legs open. Jim had a clear but brief view of my panties before I stood up and told him he could let go of Brewster. Jim followed me to the back porch and I went inside. I visited the powder room to take one last look at what I was about to put on display for Jim. I pulled the hem of my skirt up and my panties were even more revealing because of my perspiration. I considered but decided against changing. I knew Brian wanted me to wear this pair and I was sure Jim had already seen them. He would surely know my intent if I changed underwear.  
  
I brought out two waters and asked Jim if he wanted a beer. He declined but I decided to get one out of the porch fridge. I needed to calm my nerves and hopefully lose a little inhibition. We sat on the back porch and enjoyed our drinks and I learned that Jim had a girlfriend at college and that he was an economics major. He seemed to relax around me for the first time and I enjoyed our little conversation. We were both still sweating when I gestured it was time to get back to work.  
  
"We have to shear and wash the little rascal." I said with a sigh. "And he does not like to do either."  
  
"I think we can handle him." Jim said as we walked back in the yard.   
  
Jim brought Brewster over to me as I sat on the stool and started up the electric shears. As soon as Brewster heard the noise he began to scramble.   
  
"I told you he is a bear." I said as Jim knelt and struggled to hold him in front of me. "I will do my best to make this quick."  
  
I grabbed Brewster's collar with one hand and began the trimming. Brewster bucked and nearly escaped before we pulled him back into position. I really had no choice but to position myself in a crouch on the edge of my stool and now Jim had a full and unobstructed view of my panties. I could actually see them as well as my skirt bunched at my waist. The very distinct outline of my dark hair was clearly visible through the thin nylon and I resisted the urge to slam my legs together. Jim had Brewster wrapped up and he knew I could not see his eyes with our heads down over the dog. I continued to cut and relaxed a little as I ran the shears over Brewster's body. I could also see that I was having an effect on Jim. He was crouched on his knees and I could see for the first time the outline of his cock as it pointed down his right leg. The sight of it and the knowledge that I was the reason was incredibly arousing. For twenty long and beautiful minutes I sat with my legs open and only a thin piece of nylon kept Jim from seeing my most private area. It was wonderful and I thought of how much fun I was going to have telling Brian.  
  
Finally we were done with the cutting and I collapsed to my knees ending the show for poor Jim.   
  
"You can let him go." I said. "He is the worst of the three and I am a fool for not taking him to a professional for this."  
  
Jim's response surprised me. "He wasn't that bad." He said. "Once we got him in place I was never going to let him go. I think we did pretty well."  
  
"Well I am soaking wet." I replied without even thinking of the double meaning. "And we still have to bath him. I will get some more water and you feel free to take a dip in the pool."  
  
Jim waited for me to get up first and I am sure it was because he was hiding an erection. I walked to the porch and returned to Jim in the pool with a bottle of water and a beer for myself. I walked down the pool steps until I was thigh deep and handed Jim his water. He looked great with his shirt off.  
  
For the first time since I had known him Jim initiated the conversation. "It feels great doesn't it?"  
  
"Absolutely, this is why we built a pool for days like this." I responded while I moved my legs through the water. "In this heat it is the only way to be outside for any length of time. I should go put my suit on."  
  
"It does feel incredible." Jim said as he lowered himself neck deep in the water.  
  
I could not resist it. "I am going to get soaked when we wash Brewster so I might as well cool off now." I said as I walked deeper and lowered myself in to the water.  
  
I had to hold the hem of my dress down so it would not float up to my chest. The water felt incredible and I retreated to the steps and sat on the edge of the pool. Jim and I continued to chat and I resisted the urge to open my legs so as not to give myself away. He was getting plenty to look at as my wet smock clung to my body. I finished my beer as he told me about the lake party he was going to that afternoon. I wondered if he would tell any of his friends about me but I sensed that he would keep it to himself.  
  
I finally stood up and went to fill the metal tub with water. Jim coaxed Brewster over and picked him up and placed him in the tub. As usual, Brewster was refusing to cooperate as I squirted in the soap. My smock was still soaking wet from my dip in the pool so there was no use being dainty. As Jim knelt beside the tub and held the dog firmly with two hands I pulled up the stool and began washing him. I began with my legs together which caused my shins to push against the metal edge and required that I bend very unnaturally at the waist. It was very uncomfortable but the only other option was to completely spread my legs to either side of the tub and leave no doubt that I was intentionally teasing Jim. I thought of my husband and the story I would tell him and the fun we would have that evening. I think my two beers in the sweltering heat helped with my decision and I decided to go for it. I smoothed it over with a little explanation.  
  
"This is terribly uncomfortable." I said with exasperation while rubbing my shins. "My back and shins are taking a beating like this."

"Would it help if I push him closer?" Jim asked.  
  
"I don't think so." I replied. "I apologize but I think I am going to have to sit in a very un-lady like way in order to make this work." With that I placed my feet on either side of the tub and began scrubbing Brewster.  
  
Jim's mumbled response was as feeble as it was priceless. "I don't mind."  
  
"There is no use dirtying another outfit." I said, acting as if I was completely into the job.  
  
The hem of my skirt was bunched at my waist and I was sitting on the edge of a stool in wet see through panties less than two feet from a young man half my age. The absurdity of it humored me but Jim's visible response brought me back to the task at hand. As he knelt on the other side of the tub he tried to squat down to hide but his erection was clearly outlined underneath his swim trunks. I could feel his eyes on me and it was really turning me on. Over the years I had often given unsuspecting men a show but this situation was different. My undies were just about transparent and my dark bush was almost in plain sight. My position also caused my pussy to bulge out into the cotton strip that covers my most private part. There was little to the imagination and Jim was growing right in front of me. I knew the rules with my husband Brian and I knew that this was as far as it would go but I did not want it to end. I had the feeling that Jim would hang on to that dog for as long as I sat spread eagled in front of him. It was all so delicious.  
  
Finally, I ended it. I leaned back in exhaustion and gave Jim one last look before I stood up and allowed my smock to fall back down over my panties. Jim held his position with Brewster as I rinsed him with the hose and I walked to the house to get Jim the money I owed him. Within minutes he was driving away from my house and I was texting my husband.  
  
"Mission accomplished." I wrote. "Eyes and other things were bulging J"  
  
Within seconds I had a response from Brian. "Put on something sexy and I will see you in 2 hours – wait for me J"  
  
I made my way to the shower thinking of the evening ahead.