**Teasing the Handyman**

by Icanteachu2

*just a bit of flirtation with the construction worker*

"We've painted it three times, put a few layers of a good primer on it, and it still shows through," she explained as we stood in her living room.  
  
I'm a contractor, specializing in remodeling older homes. This normally wasn't what I do, but it seemed like an easy job. Her kid had written on a section of the dining room wall using a black permanent marker. The wall was painted white, and the marker kept showing through the paint. It was a simple job of replacing half a wall of drywall and then painting the entire wall to match.  
  
"Well, she is quite an artist," I pointed out. "Your daughter did a wonderful job."  
  
She laughed and replied, "Yes, we laughed about it later that night, but when I first saw it, I was not very happy."  
  
I wrote her out an estimate and told her to let me know. It would take half a day to replace the drywall, and two more half-days to prime and do the painting. It was a small job, and I could do it myself, while my crew worked on a larger job.  
  
I got the call from her later that day. The job was mine and they were ready anytime I could do it.  
  
A few days later, I was knocking on her door at 9:30 a.m. When there was no response, I knocked again and rang the bell.  A bit annoyed and hoping my time wasn't being wasted, I turned to leave. I was headed back to my truck when the door opened.  
  
"Sorry!" I heard her voice say and it seemed she was out of breath.  I could only see her head as she called out from the open door. "Come on in! I'm upstairs with the girls. I'll be right back down."  
  
"Sure, no problem," I replied, but she had already disappeared back into the house. I grabbed my tools and headed on in.  
  
As I set things up, I could hear her messing around with her daughters upstairs. Lots of delighted screams, giggles, and splashing. She was obviously bathing her kids. I smiled to myself and began my work.  I pushed the dining room table up against the opposite wall and placed the chairs out of the way.  Then, I sized up what I needed to do on her wall.

I had just made my first cut into the drywall when I heard her behind me.  
  
"Sorry about that," she explained. "I couldn't leave the girls in the tub alone."  
  
I was on my knees and I turned slightly to reply and the words caught in my throat.  
  
She was standing there with a handful of wet towels. What took my words away was that she was wearing a pair of athletic shorts and a white t-shirt. The shirt was absolutely soaked. It was so transparent that it was clearly visible that she was not wearing a bra. I was staring at her right breast which was practically naked to my view.  I could see her nipple, hard and erect pressing against the thin, water-soaked cotton.

"Uhh," I muttered. "No, umm, problem."  
  
"Well, I'll let you get to work. As she turned to go, she dropped a towel on the floor and as she bent forward to pick it up, it offered me a nice view of her cleavage as well. When she stood back up, she absent-mindedly straightened her clothing. As she pulled her shirt tight, I got the perfect view of her wet breasts.  
  
I think she finally noticed how wet and transparent her shirt was as she pulled it tight. She looked up at me and our eyes met for a second. I could almost see the twinkle in her eyes and a slight smile came across her lips as she turned to find her girls. I got a good view of her nice ass in a pair of Nike shorts as she moved away.  They were up on her hips high enough to expose some prime ass cheek at the bottom as she walked away.  
  
I continued my work, but I was constantly distracted by the sounds coming from the back of the house. I determined they must be in the master bedroom because I could hear the occasional shout, giggle, and the blow drier coming off and on. I just kept imagining those spectacular breasts.  
  
Around 10:30 a.m. as I was on my knees in the dining room, I heard a rumbling vehicle approach. A day-school bus had pulled up in front of the house. I didn't even have time to turn to see before those kids had bolted out of the front door and ran to the bus. Their mom stood in the open doorway as they loaded onto the bus. She was wearing a long pink t-shirt but it still just barely covered her.  
  
I heard her behind me closing the door and then turning the lock.  
  
"Whew!" she exclaimed with a rush of air from her mouth. "They wear me out every morning," she said as she joined me. "Sometimes we don't make the bus in time."  
  
"Yeah, I'm glad mine are old enough to drive themselves to school. You know what they say, don't blink." I told her. I placed the drywall in place and put a few screws in.  
  
"Yeah, "she replied softly. "So, what more do you have to do?"  
  
"I just need to get these in place, then tape and float them," I replied.  
  
"Okay. I'm going to make some coffee, would you like a cup?" she asked.  
  
"That would be nice," I said as I turned to thank her.  
  
Well, it was meant to thank her, but my throat clogged up when I was talking because at that point she had turned around to leave the room. The pink t-shirt she was wearing rose up with the action of her hips and I was given a shot of her lower ass cheeks! Amazing! In just that brief second I took it all in. Flawless, soft, and smooth. I couldn't tell if she was wearing a thong or nothing at all, but damn, it was a sight to see!  
  
I wanted to follow her into the kitchen and watch as she made the coffee, but I kept to my business and finished hanging drywall. All the while I was imagining her bending over and looking through cabinets, stretching up on her tiptoes to reach a mug. You get the picture.  
  
Finally, the drywall was in place. All I needed to do now was start spackling, papering, and smoothing out the joints. I was putting all of this together when she returned.  
  
"Here ya go!" she said as she set the coffee on the dining room table. The shirt didn't gap open any as she leaned over, but I swear I could see a bit of jiggle as her breasts moved. I felt myself getting hard.  
  
She sat down in a dining chair that I'd moved out of the way. She pulled one leg up and put a foot in the chair. Her foot and leg blocked her crotch, but I could see her bare lower thigh completely!  
  
"So," I stammered, "um, what do you do during the day with the kids gone?"  
  
She smiled. "This is my free time! I can do anything I want. This is my time to be me and not mommy or the wife."  
  
"Does that include teasing the repairman," I asked her with raised eyebrows and then glanced down towards her crotch.  
  
"Whaaaat?" she drawled out with a smile. "Little ole me? Would I do that? Excuse me sir, but I am a lady!"  
  
"A very sexy lady that I can tell loves to tease the repairmen," I taunted back.  
  
"I have been falsely accused," she responded. "We don't know yet if I'm going to tease you or not. Besides, this is my time now and you're not usually here."  
  
"Oh?" I shot back. "So if I wasn't here..." I left that thought open.  
  
"If you weren't here right now," she began. "Let's see... I know! Let me just go about my normal routine and we'll see if I'm a tease or not."  
  
"Okay," I replied. "I'll just try and keep working."  
  
We both laughed at that.  
  
She met my eyes and smiled. I could see a ton of mischievousness in those eyes. She reached over and put her coffee cup on the table and stood up.  
  
"Normally, I lose what I'm wearing as soon as the girls are on the bus," she said with a smirk. "One day, my parents were visiting and I completely forgot they were upstairs. As soon as I closed the front door, I did this out of habit."  
  
She quickly reached down and grabbed the bottom of the shirt and pulled it over her head. Totally naked, she tossed it onto the table.  
  
She was amazing. Totally nude. Luscious skin, a bit pale from winter. Shaved pussy. Breasts just large enough to want to bury my face in. Light pink nipples just aching for my lips.  
  
"So what happened?" I asked as I unconsciously rubbed the growing lump in my jeans.  
  
"I did what I always do," she responded. "I went straight for my vibrator and laptop."  
  
Now, please picture the scene in your head. The woman is totally nude and standing in front of me just carrying on a conversation. Her nipples are growing stiff and her breasts are rising and falling as her breathing increases.  
  
"So, there I was," she said softly and slowly, baiting me to listen, "naked on the sofa. I had one leg up on the pillows, the other spread wide and toes touching the floor. I was watching some nasty videos and pinching my nipples. Just as the scene changed where the man's huge cock splits her pussy lips to enter her, and just as I'm about to hit my clit for a quick one, I heard my dad talking upstairs!"  
  
"Oh, wow! Your dad caught you?" I asked with a bit of longing to the question. Perhaps I was hoping to hear it?  
  
She put the tip of her finger to her lower lip and grinned, "Oh, you'd have liked for that to happen?"  
  
"Well..." I replied.  
  
She glanced down at my crotch. "You're hard now, aren't you? Is this getting to you?"  
  
"Hell, yeah!" I growled. "You're fucking gorgeous, naked, and telling me a naughty story."  
  
"Well, daddy didn't catch me," she said. "I froze for a moment, but when I heard his footsteps going the other direction...I finished the job. I came so fucking hard that I'm surprised they didn't hear me moaning!"  
  
"Damn, woman," I told her. "You're killing me."  
  
"No, I'm not," she giggled. "I'm teasing you. Now get back to work. I'll be back in a few minutes to check on you."  
  
"Shit," I said to myself.

I adjusted my cock through my pants, giving it a hard squeeze to relieve a bit of the pressure. She ended up being gone for about twenty minutes, enough for me to do most of the work on the wall. When I finally stepped back to look everything over, I heard her behind me.  
  
"That looks good!" she said. "What happens next?"  
  
I turned to reply and had to stop my sentence before it came out again. She was wearing a pink babydoll type nightie that was almost completely see-through.  
  
"You like?" she asked while doing a little curtsy. "Sometimes it's sexier not to be naked."  
  
"I like it," I told her. I swallowed hard and had to once again adjust my hardening cock. I nodded toward the wall. "It needs to set for a day or two. Three would be better. Then I'll come back and prime it. Then it just needs a coat or two of paint."  
  
"Great!" she said with a big grin. "So you'll come back at least two more times?"  
  
"Hell, yeah!" I told her. "I might have to stretch this job out for a few weeks!"  
  
She reached over and patted me on the arm, the movement making her breasts jiggle.  
  
"Oh, don't be silly! But maybe I'll find some other work for you," she said. "Now, go ahead and pack up and then come into the den. I'm going to let you watch me masturbate before you leave.  Does that sound okay?"  
  
Dumbfounded. Speechless. A total loss for words.  
  
She grinned at me. "C'mon now, get busy. If there's time, I might even let you pull that stiff cock from your pants and stroke it until you come on my tits."  
  
Trust me, you have never seen a man move as fast as I did as I cleaned up the room and loaded my truck.  
  
When I came back inside, she spoke up from the other room asking me to lock the door. I walked around the corner into the den. She was sitting in a recliner with her legs spread wide. Her knees were on each arm of the chair. She was sitting on a towel.  
  
Seeing my questioning look, she responded, "Sometimes I get a bit wet."  
  
I nodded in understanding. She motioned me to come closer. I was about four feet away from her.  
  
She met my eyes and said huskily, "Watch me. Watch me cum."  
  
I watched her for about three minutes as her hands roamed all over her body. I so wanted to just jump on her and feel my own hands as they moved across her silky softness. Finally, she pushed a finger deep inside of her pussy and moved it around. As she slowly pulled it out, it was glistening with her juices. She motioned me over and asked, "Taste?"  
  
I rushed to her. She leaned upward and ran her fingertips across my lips. As I tried to suck in her finger, she pulled it away. She smiled at me and went back to her pussy. I could smell her arousal and I could feel the heat coming from her body. She used her left hand to pinch and roll her right nipple while her right hand began to move across her pussy.  
  
Suddenly, she began to rapidly move her index finger across her clit. In hardly any time at all, she closed her eyes and grunted, "Coming now!"  
  
I stood there in amazement as her body shivered and spasmed.  
  
As she calmed down, I said, "Wow, that was..."  
  
"Let me see your cock!" she yelled at me. Loud enough for me to look around concerned as I rushed to comply.  
  
As I rapidly undid my belt, buttons, and zipper, she urged me on. "Hurry up! Let me see it! I always come quick. That was a small one. Now let me see what you're packing so I can have a big one!"  
  
I reached in and pulled my thick cock out. I was already oozing precum. I wrapped my hand around the head and stroked it down the shaft, making sure all of it was there for her to see.  
  
"That's a nice one!" she moaned and began stroking her clit again with her left hand. "Are you going to cum for me?"  
  
"Yeah, I am!" I grunted as I stood next to her stroking away at my cock.  
  
"Are you going to shoot that hot cum all over my tits?" she growled.  
  
"Oh, hell yeah!" I growled back, my hand going faster and faster. I could feel my balls tightening.  
  
"Yes! Yes! Do it!" she urged me. She brought her right hand up for a second and touched the tip of my cock, smearing my juice across the head and making me tremble. When she brought her finger to her lips and tasted me, I nearly lost it.  
  
"I'm going to cum!" I warned her.  
  
"Yes! Do it! On my tits!" She pulled her nightie up to her neck and used her hands to squeeze her breast together and holding them up for me.  
  
I shot my first jet of cum onto her tits and she moaned. When the next spurt hit the top of her cleavage and her neck, she practically screamed.  
  
"Ohhhhh, yeahhhh!" she grunted really low. As I continued to dribble my cum onto her tits and belly, she reached down and fingered her clit rapidly.  
  
"You came on me!" she accused me with a smile. "Look at all of this cum all over me!"  
  
I was done. Exhausted. But she kept it going.  
  
"You are a nasty man, squirting your stuff all over me like that!" she giggled. Then she got serious. Her hand began a steady, rapid thrumming of her stiff clit.  
  
"Oh! Yes, yes. That's it. That's it. That's it!" she screamed out, hunched her body forward, and then came with such fierceness I surprised she didn't hurt herself.  
  
"Unnnnhhhh! Ohhhh! Unh! Unh!" she grunted. I stared in amazement as hot fluid shot from her pussy.  It only went a few inches but it was my first ever experience. Her breath came in big whooshes of air as she rode the tremors.  
  
I stood there with my softening cock hanging out of my jeans, watching as she rode out the waves of pleasure. She finally calmed down enough and looked over at me.  
  
"That was nice," she said with a soft smile.  
  
"Nice?" I replied. "That was out of this world!"  
  
She slid up into a sitting position in the chair and then slid to her knees on the floor in front of me. She took my cock into her mouth and swirled her tongue around the head a few times. Then she backed away and gently tucked me into my underwear.  
  
"I'll let you do the zipper," she laughed. She stood up and walked softly down the hall.  
  
When she came back a few minutes later, she was wearing a thick and long white robe.  
  
"So, I'll see you on Wednesday?" she asked. "Around 10:30 after the girls leave?"  
  
"Sounds good," I replied and headed for the door. I stopped with my hand on the handle and looked back at her. "Uhh, ...I, well..."  
  
"Have a secret that you will tell no one," she completed the sentence I was stammering with.  
  
"Yes! Exactly!" I said with a smile.  
  
She blew me a kiss and shut the door behind me.