**The Tree Trimmers**

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The crew arrived early surprising Marian who had been sipping coffee and reading the paper in her back yard. Mr. Arcon, her neighbor, had mentioned he hired a crew to trim the large tree at the edge of his yard, a tree that had shrouded much of Marian's back yard in shadow the last few years. With the huge tree she had been confined to just a small corner of her deck to get any direct sunshine.  
  
Hoping to take advantage of a peaceful Sunday morning, she came out early in just her skimpy night clothes. She'd been outside enjoying the delightful weather for just a short time when she heard voices from her neighbor's yard. Not really alarmed, she felt safe with her sturdy fence and the screen the overgrown trees supplied. It wasn't until she heard the first chainsaw fire up and heard a loud "whump" as a branch hit the ground, that she became a bit concerned.  
  
Before she really figured out what was going on she heard two more loud "whumps" and noticed a splash of sunlight on her deck. Looking up into the tree she also noticed a few men with large leather belt like contraptions attached to their waist and wrapped around the tree trunk. She knew, of course, that if she could see them amid the trees foliage they obviously could see her.  
  
Well she hadn't planned it, but it looked like she gave a few of the men something to talk about. She carefully folded her paper and was about to make a dainty retreat back into her house when another idea came across her mind. Spying a scantily clad woman early one Sunday morning was a topic of a short conversation, but what if... yes, what if she gave them a bit more of a show.  
  
It had been a while since she had been with a man and she missed the way they looked at her so hungrily as she led one into her bedroom. She had no intention of leading anyone into the bedroom today, but she could enjoy the hunger in a few men's eyes.  
  
Taking a deep breath, she took one last sip of coffee, set her cup down on the table beside her and leaned back in her lounge chair. She ignored the growling of the chain saws and began working the straps down over her shoulders slowly exposing more and more of her cleavage. One of her nipples appeared from beneath the material as a breast slipped out.  
  
It was just a moment before her other breast slipped out, but in that moment she heard both saws fall suddenly silent. Acting as if she were alone inside her bedroom, she ran her hands up her sides and then let them slide over her breasts. Her palms slid over her nipples and she could feel them harden.  
  
It wasn't long before they were very large and she moved one hand away to give her audience a full view. She heard a voice and then some hissing whispers come from the trees. Alternating hands, she continued teasing her nipples, first the left one, then the right, making sure that one entire breast was always in view. There was some more noise and then hissing as she noticed movement down lower on the tree.  
  
"Ah, the whole crew is watching," she thought to herself as she ran her right hand from her breast down over her stomach and then between her legs. She never wore panties at night and had not slipped any on this morning before wandering outside, so she knew she was just a few moves from really stirring up the tree dwellers.  
  
As daintily as she could, she drew up her knees and eased her gown upward, watching as the lace hem slid up her thighs. Opening her legs, she continued pulling the gown up, letting the lace work its way up over her soft, curly hair. She felt the warmth of the sun on her as she paused, giving the men in the tree a long, starving look at her pussy.  
  
When she finally did ease her hand down through her pubic hair and then down her slit, she was surprised at how wet she was. She knew she was turned on performing for these men, but when her fingers slipped so easily inside her and she felt her juices running down her fingers she could only smile, picturing the men grasping at the tree as their own logs thickened in their pants. She eased her wet fingers up her slit, slowly working the delicate lips apart.  
  
She gasped slightly as she found her clit, her soaking wet fingers eased over the nub sending electric waves through her body. Damn, the pleasure was intense as she worked her nipple with one hand and her sensitive clit with the other. Giving into the pleasure, she focused her eyes out into the tree and gazed intently at each man, seeing each one staring at her as the wave of pleasure continued to build.  
  
One man licked his lips while another hung onto a branch with one hand while the other stroked the obvious lump in his pants. She imagined five tongues running over her, over her nipples, down her stomach, darting over her clit and then she imagined five cocks, rock hard, oozing pre-cum as each man yearned to touch her, taste her and then fuck her, fuck her, fuck her.  
  
Arching her back Marian moved her hand from her breast and plunged three fingers into herself as she continued touching her clit. The pleasure exploded inside her and she could feel her pussy pulsate over her fingers. A warm wetness ran down her ass as her fingers worked their way in and out of her. She felt her ass lift up off the lounge as she offered her pulsating pussy to the men in the trees. Moving her hands away, she once again gave them a full view of her soaking wet nirvana.  
  
"Hey, what are you men doing? You're supposed to be trimming that tree," Mr. Alcon's voice pierced the ecstatic bond she had shared with the men. She quickly pulled down snapped her legs together, slipped her breasts back into her gown and then worked the hem down over her thighs.  
  
Grabbing her newspaper and coffee cup she started heading back into her house when she hear her neighbor call out, "Oh, Marian, good morning. I hope these hooligan's didn't disturb you."  
  
"Oh no Mr. Alcon, they were no trouble," she said, seeing him standing at the fence. Feeling one last twitch deep in her pussy she finished her statement, "no trouble at all." She then slipped into her house where she grabbed a towel and dabbed up the streams of cum running down her legs.