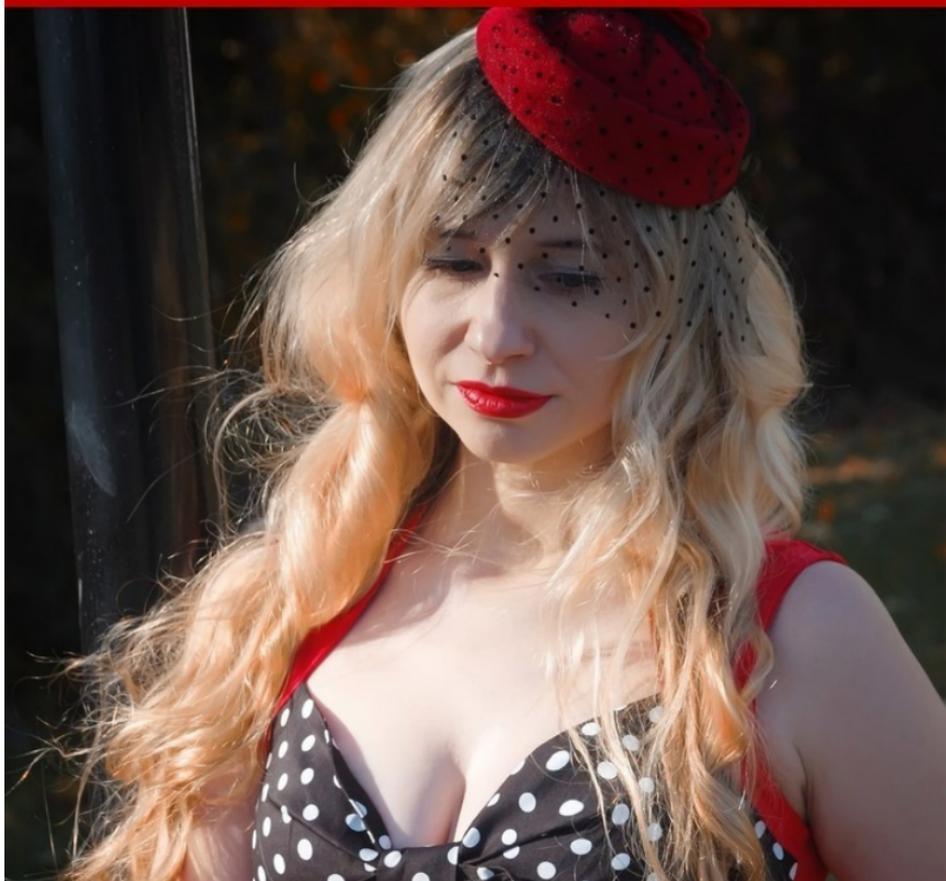


Vitaly Mushkin
Mature woman

Unintentional temptation



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Аннотация

A student settles in a rich house as a gardener for the summer. The mistress of the house, a beautiful woman from the upper world, is much older than him. The hero has a passionate feeling for the lady, which, of course, can not be realized in any way. Unexpectedly, a suitable case does not come up.

Mature woman

Unintentional temptation

Vitaly Mushkin

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In the beginning of summer, when the student holidays began, I sent my application form and a photo to the recruitment agency. A few days later I got a call. Outside the city, in an elite cottage village, there is a place for a gardener and a house worker. With meals and accommodation. I went to the meeting. The interview was conducted by the hostess of the house, Anna Avgustovna. She lived here alone with her husband. The husband is a big man, or an official, or a businessman, or both. Anna Augustovna was a beautiful woman. It can be seen that she has a good upbringing and she belongs to a higher society. Growth in the hostess is average, physique too. Not thin, but not fat. At this age, at 40—45, women's bodies are poured with juice to that pleasant roundness that emphasizes their most appetizing places. Slightly, very small, wide thighs, yet a thin waist, moderately large breasts

and lack of fat and wrinkles in all other places. In general, Anna Augustovna was a “berry again.” With luxurious white hair and a beautiful face. Her blue eyes looked carefully and probably read all my thoughts. I blushed. Dressed hostess was in a checkered white and blue dress with a short sleeve and blue pleated skirt. On her chest was a large, also blue bow. The skirt barely reached her knees, revealing her slender legs in elegant slippers. The work had to be simple. Mow the lawn, wash the pool, take care of trees and shrubs. Plus, different housework. There were no special requirements for the applicant. They took me.

The next day I met the owner of the house. More precisely, he was awarded his nod. The man was called Boris Viktorovich, he was older than his wife. In the eyes immediately rushed important manners and light disgust for others. Works on the garden and I was not interested in him. The maid, Ira, and the cook, Marina Alekseevna, still worked in the house. The maid and cook did not live here, they came to work in the morning. I was given a small summer cottage in the depths of the garden. The first working day I began with a mowing. My lawn mower was working properly, I cut out even freshly cut grassy strips on the lawn. Anna Augustovna came out of the house, she walked to the pool and sat down at a table under the awning. She put a laptop and a glass of juice on the table. The landlady was facing me. She leaned back in her chair, spread her legs slightly. A light, unbuttoned yellow dressing gown was thrown over Anna

Augustovna, from beneath which a blue bra was peeping out. On the proprietress's nose were glasses from the sun, and on their heads a straw hat. And maybe it seemed to me, but the woman was without panties. Is this true? We should go closer to see. But how to do that? After all, I do not have black glasses, she will immediately see where I'm looking. And on the most dressed glasses, through which I can not see the direction of her eyes. Either she looks at the computer, or at me. I began to slowly approach Anna Augustovna, trying to imperceptibly examine her legs under the table. Where they were connected, there certainly was something. But specifically, a strip of panties or what? Or maybe she deliberately tempts me? Maybe she liked me, like a man? When I was already lying in my bed in the evening, before my eyes Anna Augustovna appeared with her legs naked under the table.

It was a good summer weather, the sun was shining, rains were rare. I was almost always in the open air, there was enough work on the site. Anna Augustovna gave me tasks, I performed them. Today she left the house to sunbathe. Laying down on the lounge, in her black glasses and a straw hat, my mistress read. I was engaged in flowers. From time to time, I glanced at Anna Augustovna, still a beautiful body.

“Maxim, come here,” she called to me.

I went.

– Please, give me a cream cream, – Anna Augustovna looked

at me over her glasses with her attentive green-blue eyes. “Just go wash your hands first with soap and water.”

I went to wash my hands and took the cream. The lady was lying on her stomach, substituting my smooth back for my hands. The back to the touch was not only smooth, but also elastic. I applied the ointment from the tube evenly over its entire area, trying not to come close to the strip of panties and to the stomach.

– Undo the bra, he’s in the way.

I unbuttoned the buckle, massaged my mother’s back with my fingers under it. The body of Anna Augustovna was warm from the sun. The cream not only moistened the skin, but also slightly cooled it. I stopped moving, afraid to bother the mistress with my awkward movements.

– Come on, come on, massage again. You are good at it.

I continued the procedure. Now I did it with great feeling. Her fingers stroked the pleasant female skin gently and anxiously. It gave me great sensual pleasure.

“And you have tender hands,” Anna Avgustovna raised slightly on her elbows, turned her face to me. – You did not work as a massage therapist?

– No.

“All right, go, thank you.”

At the moment when the woman just stood up, my eyes opened part of her magnificent chest. It was delightful – a fragment of the white big breasts of a very sexy woman who lay almost naked in front of me. I felt myself blush.

– Well, I'll go.

– Go, go, you have a lot of work.

And I went again to deal with flowers, periodically glancing at the sunbathing woman. Lying on her belly, Anna Augustovna rolled onto her back. She did not button her bra and covered his breasts with cups from above. Belly and legs, she anointed herself with cream. But the landlady sunbathed and left. And I plunged headlong into work. There really was a lot of work. As soon as I finished one, Anna Augustovna gave me another.

The master bedroom was on the second floor of the house. Her windows looked out onto the courtyard, like the window of a bathroom adjacent to her. Boris Victorovich usually got up early, breakfasted and went to work. Anna Augustovna got up late. She went to the window, opened the curtains and went to the bathroom. The bathtub itself, its bowl, stood just opposite the window. And to get into it or get out, it is necessary to cross the window aperture. The bright head of her mistress in the window I observed in the mornings quite often. Sometimes I saw the woman's shoulders, her hands, the rest had to be guessed. And to guess its magnificent forms to me did not make, they were looming in my consciousness brightly and figuratively. I do not know if Anna Augustovna saw that I was watching her, because I tried not to advertise my views. Doing this from under the brow and as if by accident.

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