Mistress Of The House

Her thoughts raced. Do I dare test him now? He didn't seem to mind her touching his most private area, and had even sounded a little exasperated when she'd removed her hand. Anne's cold, reluctant nature had not squelched his desire for a woman's hand touching him in all the right places, allowing his body to enjoy a good, hard release.

What the hell? Enough stalling. Her hand crept slowly back down to his crotch, and this time, she threw all caution to the wind. Taking in a deep breath, she slid her hand slowly inside his pants, running her fingers over the soft pubic hair, until she'd grasped what she so desperately sought.

He let out a soft gasp, and lifted his hips a little, but said nothing. The sound from the crickets had reached full crescendo, and the light scent of lilacs perfumed the air. Thelma rested her cheek on his chest for just a moment, so she could hear the rapid beating of his heart. His breathing had grown a little faster. With eager fingers, she toyed with a plump tip on top of a stiff shaft. Thick pre-cum in his slit oozed its way out and over her fingertip. She pressed a little deeper into his soft flesh, but not so much as to cause pain. His hips shifted ever so slightly. With gliding movements, her hand ran up and down his full length. Under a blossoming cock rested a set of balls waiting for her to squeeze, which she did, gently. He let out a soft groan.

"Thelma." Her name came out of his mouth as a light whisper, but an earnest one.

She remained silent, but her fingers spoke volumes to his flesh, commanding him in ways she was certain his wife had never ventured to attempt. Stopping again seemed a cruel thing to do to a man she cared so much about. They'd never been physically intimate until now, and whether or not he'd been with other women since his wife's death, she couldn't hazard a guess.

The cock between her fingers had reached its full size, and she knew by the sound of his breathing and the intermittent moans, he didn't have much longer to go.