

# Hyacinth Meets an Eligible Bachelor

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*It had been a long time since she had felt a cock quite that hard between her legs.*

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This was the day for the long-awaited picnic. Hyacinth looked at herbum in the mirror.

"Not too bad for an old maid of fifty two."

Hyacinth would never admit her age to anyone.

Only her sisters knew her real age.

They both knew they would feel her shoe, if they so much as breathed a hint of her true age.

She decided to wear the loose skirt today. Comfortable was probablypreferable to sexy. Unlikely to find verymany eligible bachelors lurking under the spreading branches of the old elm trees. At least there is something older than her on the picnic grounds. even if they are trees.

She pulled up the thong tight into herbum crack. Hyacinth liked the cord deep like that. It made her feel all bound up somehow. A special feeling that kept her pussy slit constantly damp. Her breasts were little handfuls, but the nipples were a beautiful rosy red and always seemed to stick out sharply whenever therewas a man around nearby.

The first place Hyacinth would look, when she met a new man, was right into his crotch. She could almost alwaysdiscern the length and girth of thecock just by glancing at his trousers. Her Mum had rapped her knuckles more than a few times, when she was still a novice with men's cocks, for staring

at bulges and the outlines of male members, whenever she spied one.

Now, she pulled up her control top panty hose real tight into her labia. She could see in the mirror the distinct outline of a camel toe. Perhaps she would be able to contrive a peek at her pussy sometime this afternoon. Hyacinth got so wet when she felt a man's eyes on her pussy slit or her thong stuck way up her bum. She made sure her Summer blouse was open enough, so the top of her nicely curved breasts would attract any man's attention. Unless, of course, he was inclined in another direction or just plain brain-dead.

She twirled quickly in front of the mirror. Her loose skirt flew high enough to show off all the goodies without looking too much the tart.

Herman, her Brother-in-law was in front of the telly with the can of beer that seemed to always be in his hand. Hyacinth was careful not to walk too close to him. Even with her Sister right there in the kitchen, Herman would be quick to get a pinch of her bum cheek. She didn't really mind it too much, but sometimes he would leave a bruise that was difficult to explain to a possible male admirer.

Penelope had already packed the picnic basket, so all they had to do was wait for their other Sister, Regina and her stuffy husband, Oscar. Their neighbors, the Hyde-Smiths were coming as well.

The honk in the driveway drove Herman to swig down the remainder of his brew and run his stubby fingers through his disarrayed hair. That was about it for getting ready as far as Herman was concerned. Hyacinth helped Penelope with the picnic baskets. They needed two baskets as there were nine people going in the two cars.

Penelope's teenage twins, Mark and Marsha were already out in the car waiting. Those 16 year olds were quite a handful, but seemed somewhat subdued today.

Hyacinth realized there was just no room for her in Herman's tiny car.

She would have to ride with her Sister Regina. Hyacinth could feel the headache coming on at the very thought.

Oscar's car was not much bigger, but at least there were no baskets to put on one's lap. Regina waved her to the back seat and told her if she couldn't squeeze in, to sit on one of the Hyde-White's laps. Fortunately, she was on Steven Hyde-White's side of the car and she slid in awkwardly.

Her breasts seemed to brush against Steven's arms no matter which way she turned. She sat gingerly on the neighbor's lap, not wanting to cause him any harm with her well-padded bum.

When Oscar went in reverse, she rose up slightly from the middle-aged man's comfortable lap. Then, when He went forward and accelerated to keep up with Herman, Hyacinth sank back down firmly into Steven's lap.

Her loose skirt had risen somewhat and she could feel her spread open bum cheeks come to rest on each side of an aroused male penis of considerable length and girth. She had not felt a cock quite so stiff in quite a long while. Her last male friend, that nice Mr. Harry from across the street, was often so limp, she spent most of her time just getting it hard enough to fit inside her dripping, wet cunt. Then, he all too often shot his paltry load long before she was even able to get warmed up.

Hyacinth did have to admit the poor man did make a decent cup of tea.

She was so shocked at the impalement, that she was speechless. A very unusual situation for Hyacinth. Then the bouncing over the cobblestones, as they turned the corner, caused her to milk the hard rod with her soft bum cheeks. A quick glance at Mrs. Hyde-White's face told her the kindly looking lady was not completely unaware of her predicament. She smiled so ever slightly and turned to look at the passing scenery.

Hyacinth and Steven looked at each other and neither said a single word. Their acquaintance was sealed in a manner that insured a most enjoyable trip to the picnic grounds. In fact, before they even got halfway there, Hyacinth experienced a convulsive orgasm so strong, it prompted Regina to inquire as to her health.

The picnic was a great success. Penelope's chicken was delicious. The cucumber sandwiches were light and delightful. Everyone was in a good mood. Hyacinth was positively glowing. Her pussy was still trembling with those familiar sexual rumbles of anticipation and she needed to feel a man's cock inside her so bad that she was ready to drop down on all fours in front of everybody and yell out loud.

"Fuck me, somebody, please! My cunt is in need of a flood of creamy cum."

As if reading her mind, Steven suggested they take spin on the Lake in the rowboat.

When they had moved a decent interval from the shore, Hyacinth rested her head between Steven's legs and ran her fingers up and down the inside of his muscular legs. She could feel his oversized cock poking her in the back of her head. Each time he shifted to turn the oars, he slid his cock along her head and neck. Unable to restrain herself, she turned over and loosed his beautiful cock into her mouth. Her bobbing head could not be discerned from the shore, but Steven's look of utter bliss was

easy to interpret as a man receiving an enthusiastic blow job.

Hyacinth folded her body forward in the bottom of the small boat and lifted her loose skirt up to her waist. Steven hooked his fingers in the band of her control top panty hose and pulled them down below her bumcheeks.

With expert hands, he pulled her thong to the side and slid his rock hard cock into her dripping wet cunt.

They did not move very much. The rocking of the boat was all the friction they needed to consummate their copulation in an explosion of semen into Hyacinth's pulsating vagina. Each time that she grunted with the grounding of his long cock inside her prettypussy, Steven chuckled and patted her plump bumcheeks.

It was as if he was telling her she was doing a good job and please keep it up like a good little girl.

Before they returned to shore, Steven explained that Mrs. Hyde-White was his unmarried sister with whom he had taken up residence. There was, indeed, no wife hidden away anywhere. He explained his reluctance to advertise his bachelor status because of the many divorced middle-aged females in his neighborhood.

Hyacinth bounced happily on Steven's lap on the way home.

He wanted her to come to dinner on Saturday next. Then, he whispered in her ear.

"Mrs. Hyde-White doesn't care a whit, should you decide to spend the night in my bed. In fact, I am certain she will have her ear against the wall having some very nice jollies of her own."

Hyacinth astonished herself by replying,

"She can sit at the end of the bed and watch everything, so long as you keep poking me all night long."