**A Farewell to Summer**

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She stepped from the train, and hurried to the station's bathroom. Checking herself in the mirror, she took some deep breaths, and tried to tidy her wild hair.

"You can do this!" she told her reflection. She left the train station and made her way to a nearby park, full of nervous excitement.

That morning she had woken with the urge to do something different, something that would take her out of her comfort zone. For many years the fantasy had been only in her mind. Why she had decided that today she would pursue it more, she did not know. Her confidence had been high in the previous weeks, and with it her inclination to push her own limits had also seen a rise.

Although she was naturally a shy, nervous, woman, she had found that she would go through phases where the urge to misbehave became overwhelming. It would build up inside her, until she took steps to address it, like a pressure valve demanding release. On previous occasions she had found a release with similar methods, always first travelling to a different town, where nobody knew her, where she could be anyone she wanted to be, where it didn't matter if she made a fool of herself or strayed from societal acceptance.

The leaves on the trees were beginning to show their autumn colours. Summer had almost left for the year, and clouds filled the sky, threatening to let go of their rain. She wandered the paths of the park, taking in the scents, sights and sounds of the surrounding nature. She felt even more self-conscious about her appearance than usual. That morning she had dressed in clothes she would not usually contemplate wearing, a short striped skirt, with sandals, and a low cut white blouse, with a thin jacket covering. She had tried to restrain her long, dark brown hair in a ponytail on the top of her head, but the strong breeze had helped strands escape and these fell to outline her face. All of this was very far removed from the tendency she had to be a tomboy.

On the grass, beneath a tree, a benched table stood in the shade. At one of the benches sat a man, his eyes glued to the open book in his hands. The woman kept her distance, passing by on the nearby path twice, as she wrestled with her conscience. She would not usually dare to approach anyone in public, for anything, least of all a complete stranger with the intentions she had. Repeating her mantra to herself in her head, 'You can do this, you CAN do this!', she finally took a deep breath, bit back her nerves, and approached the bench.

She sat opposite him, took a drink from her bag, and sipped at the bottle. His eyes did not move from the page he was engrossed in. She tried to sneak looks at him, without being seen. He was not her usual type of man. She estimated he was probably younger than her, and definitely taller, but could not really tell for sure with her surreptitious glances.

She checked her posture and made sure to sit up straight, her breasts pushing against the material of the blouse, and took another deep breath.

"Hi," she smiled across the table. "Do you mind if I sit here under your tree, it looks like it might rain?"

The man looked up from his book, noticing her presence for the first time. She watched his eyes go directly to her breasts before he looked up and answered.

"Not at all," he smiled in return. "Though technically, I don't think this is my tree."

"You found it first," she pointed out. "So, until I know any better, it's your tree."

"Thanks," he replied. "I don't think I ever owned a tree before."

"It's a good tree, you should be proud," she looked up at the branches above them. "It looks like it'd be great to climb, though not in these clothes, obviously."

"Oh, I don't know," he laughed, his eyes returning to her cleavage showing through the open buttons of her blouse.. "You go right ahead, really, I wouldn't mind one bit." He closed his book, removed his glasses, and placed both on the table in front of him.

"May I ask a favour?" She arched her back a little, pushing her breasts further forward, and removed her jacket.

"Depends what it is," he answered. "Try me." He noticed her hard nipples pressing at her blouse.

"Can I take a photo of you?" she asked, her nerves showing as her voice gained speed. "I know, weird request, right? Only, I'm really shy, and I've been trying to combat that, and just saying hi to you here was a pretty big deal for me, so I'd kinda like the keepsake, if that's okay. And, ya know, I like taking photos."

"Okay, I guess," he paused. "On one condition though, you get my new tree in the shot too."

"Oh, nice idea!" She took the camera from her bag, and stood up, stepping back a few paces. He watched the bare skin of her legs as she stood before him, and noticed her hips sway as she moved. "Thank you," she returned to the table, walking around to his side, and sliding onto the bench close beside him, her thigh touching his. "You both look so proud!" she showed him the screen of the camera.

"Well, you know," he leaned in to look. "Not everyone has such a great tree." He placed his hands on his legs, the tip of one little finger brushed against her thigh, and he kept it there, tracing tiny patterns on her skin.

She enjoyed the contact as she put the camera down, and took something from the zipped front of her bag. "Okay," she hesitated. She fixed her gaze upwards to the tree branches. "There's something else I need to ask you."

"Go on." he urged. Beneath the table, he moved his whole hand gradually onto her thigh, adding light pressure to the fingertips pressed on her skin, his eyes looking down at the gap between her breasts.

"Take this," she handed him the black keyring. "There's a button on there, it turns me on and off. Would you please turn me on?" He took the gadget from her, and turned it over in his hand, looking confused. With a nod she urged him to press the button. He cautiously placed his thumb on the square button, watching her reaction. "Please." she said quietly.

He pushed his thumbnail into the plastic. It clicked into place, and a small, green light appeared on it. Her head fell back, her shoulders relaxing as she let out a sigh. She moved her hand beneath the table, took hold of his hand on her thigh, and moved it up her leg, pushing her skirt up ahead of it. She placed his hand between her legs, on her panties, looked him in the eye and smiled.

He pressed his hand to the soft cotton of her underwear, and was surprised to feel vibrations against his palm. He looked down at the remote control in his hand, pressed again and felt the vibrations stop. He glanced around at their surroundings where people continued their walks in the park, smiled back at her, and turned the remote device on again.

He ran his thumb over the gadget he was holding, feeling another button beside the first. He could not resist pressing on it, to see what would happen. The vibrations coming from inside his new companion quickened, and her breathing sped up with it. He continued pressing at the second button, going through all of the remote vibrator's different cycles, noticing the effect the changes were having on her as her panties grew damp against his palm.

Moving his hand back to her thighs, he pushed first against the inside of one, then the other, to spread her legs wider. She gave no resistance to the movement, and moved her hips forward to the edge of the wooden seat. He pushed her short skirt up, and reached his other hand across, unclasping two more buttons of her blouse, relieving some of the strain of her breasts against the material.

Slipping his hands under her thigh, he lifted her leg, and placed it across one of his own thighs, leaving her foot hanging between his legs. He held it against him with one hand, pressing his hand and the remote control to her skin. His fingertips ran lightly up and down her inner thigh, as he watched her mouth fall open.

"Hey," he brought a hand to her face and turned it towards him. "Look at me." She fixed her gaze on his eyes, and watched as he looked her up and down. She felt his palm return to her mound, one finger probing at her lips through the damp cotton. She edged herself forward until she was barely balancing on the seat, and the stroke of his finger ran methodically from her clit to her ass, and back again, over and over.

She bit her teeth down gently on her bottom lip, and let out a small moan, then another a little louder on his next stroke. "shhh." he whispered, staring into her eyes. Abruptly she felt the rhythm of the toy inside her change, and gather speed again. She clenched her muscles tight around the vibrations. He leaned in further, and pushed the tip of his middle finger against her clit. She felt the soft cotton graze against her as he tapped his finger onto her moisture.

"Fuck, yes," she sighed heavily, pushing her pelvis forward into his touch, keeping his rhythm.

"Yeah, fuck." he let out a small laugh. She chuckled along with him. The speed of the toy changed again, sending sensations through her body faster than before. He began to tuck his finger under the crotch of her panties, but she stopped him with a hand, and shook her head.

"I don't deserve to be touched." she told him, replacing his hand back outside her underwear, on her slit. He changed the setting on the remote, and the toy fell silent and still. The rhythm of his single stroking finger increased, spreading her moisture out over her lips, until she felt the dampness of her panties on both of her thighs. Soon another finger joined the first, and she felt each fingertip stroke along each side of her clit, before pushing firmly on top. She rocked her hips against his hand, her intensity growing with every move.

His eyes continued to look her over, watching the expressions on her face, her breasts pushing forward as her back arched more and more, and his hand between her legs, stroking feverishly at her wet pussy. Turning the vibrator back on, he pressed the second button against her thigh, and she felt the button click into place on her skin repeatedly as the toy cycled through all of its variations.

Her excitement was nearing a peak, and she was no longer aware of people in the park wandering around nearby. He looked into her eyes, with a smirk. "You know there's two guys across the way who have watched you do this entire thing, right?"

"Fuck," she cried again, not bothering to look who he was talking about, as the waves of pleasure began to take over her body. "Fuck I wanna cum, tell me. Tell me to cum for you." she pleaded. She had not even finished the sentence before the toy inside her settled on its fastest rhythm, and the man's fingers pushed hard on her clit, rubbing and slapping gently.

She held onto his leg with one hand, and braced herself with the other on the table in front of them, grasping tightly with both. Her head began to fall back, but she fought it to continue gazing into his stare as the orgasm took over her body. He felt the juices pour from her pussy, soak straight through the material, and soak his fingers. She rode it out as quietly as she could manage, gasps and small moans still managing to make themselves heard above the noises of summer.

Switching off the vibrator with the remote button, he took his hand from her panties and put it to her mouth. She sucked on his fingers hungrily, tasting her own excitement. "Thank you." she smiled, as his finger slid from her lips.

"Well," he sat back and relaxed. "The forecast did say there was a chance of showers today." She laughed, and straightened her clothing, leaving the blouse buttons open as he had left them. "I suppose you want this back now?" he passed her the remote control. She took it from him and placed it back into her bag, zipping it closed.

He checked the time on his wristwatch. "Sorry," he began to say.

"No, don't be, you gotta go," she shrugged. "Me too," She stood up from the bench, straightened her skirt, and picked up her bag. "It was great meeting you," she told him. "Bye now."

She walked away in the direction she had come from, her hips swaying, and an extra spring in her step.