**Just a walk in the Park**

I did not leave the house till a little before midnight...even though I had to work in the morning, I can survive on a only a few hours of sleep from time to time, and I had taken a nap earlier in the day.  I found a nice summer dress, one that goes all the way down to my knees, and my put on my flip-flops.  Just two items...I figured that would be one more way of doing something more than last time, where I had worn three things.  The place I planned to go was far from my house, actually on the far side of town--a neighborhood park I had found while doing work at a group home years ago.  It straddled a fairly minor through street—Allen Blvd--, a little bit more used than the one I had walked down before.  The park was bordered on both long sides by the backs of houses (all the yards were fenced off from the park with solid wood-plank fences, and on the short end with dense woods.  The houses themselves were mostly 2-story, so people could look out their back windows into the park.  The park itself was a long rectangle of grass going north and south—dotted only occasionally with short trees or big shrubs--that ran up the side of a shallow hill.  From one end to the other ran a paved path, lined intermittently with benches or little pieces of playground equipment.  Aside from the street with cut through its center, there were no other roads going into or out of the park…the perfect place to spend a Sunday night!

It took over 20 minutes to get to the park—I must be addicted to being naked outside!  When I got there, I remembered there was no place to park the car at the park itself—Allen Blvd did not allow parking, and anyway, I didn’t want anyone to get curious about seeing a car parked right on the side of the road next to the fields…I would have to park on one of the side roads.  Pulling into the first side street, I parked about 20 yards from Allen Blvd . I turned off the gas and let silence descend on me.

I was breathing short shallow breaths now, steeling myself for what I was about to do.  I pushed my flip-flops off, feeling the soft soles of my feet on the carpet of the car floor.  Trying to be as quiet as possible, I opened the car door and planted a foot on the pavement, feeling its rough texture on my toes.  The street was lit with street lamps, but there were many shadows where trees obscured their light in places.  Straining to hear any noise of doors opening or cars coming, I stepped out of the car, my keys balled up in one hand.  As softly as possible, I locked the car and closed the door…

That familiar feeling of vulnerability began to wash over me again…With one look around, I began to casually walk toward Allen Blvd on the sidewalk, looking at the houses, trying to see if anyone was outside watching me…I began touch my sundress, smoothing my hands along its sides, one hand reaching up to toy with the row of buttons that ran down the front of the dress…

As I neared Allen Blvd, I undid the top two buttons of the dress, letting it fall open to expose the tops of my breasts.  A car drove by on Allen, and I could feel my stomach tighten just a little…soon I would be walking along Allen, completely exposed to anyone driving by—but I was still wearing a dress (though if they noticed I wasn’t wearing footwear maybe they would have thought it strange) so it was probably nothing out of the ordinary, just a girl walking home from a neighbors house…on a Sunday at midnight!

I reached Allen and looked both ways.  Though it was straight as it went through the park in one direction it curved off to the left, and the other way it dipped down, then up and disappeared over a rise…I wouldn’t see cars coming until they were almost on top of me!  The butterflies were beginning to flutter in my tummy as I began to walk along the sidewalk on Allen, heading toward the park.  Soon, I was walking along the grassy field of the south side of the park.  There was now nothing to hide behind, and as I neared the pathway in the middle of the field, I undid another two buttons…now my dress was open down to my belly button, and as I walked I could feel my breasts bounce under the fabric, threatening to pop out from under the dress!  I told myself I wouldn’t stop them if they did…I could easily hide them if I saw a car coming…even so, I slowed my pace down a little, so that the possibility of doing that wasn’t too high. 

I reached the path on the south side of Allen.  It wound away from the road, heading some 100 yards to where the trees lined the south end of the park.  I could see lights on in a few of the windows in the houses on either side of the park (which had to be little more than a football field’s width apart), but the blinds were all closed—no one could see me.

Near the beginning of the path was a bench.  Looking around once more, I went over to it and sat down.  When I did, the shoulders of my dress dropped down my arms and completely exposed my breasts!  I just sat there, letting the night soak into my breasts, feeling my nipples stiffen in the night breeze…but I did look around, keeping an eye up and down Allen Blvd, and on the houses both in front of and behind me.

Reaching towards my lap, I undid the rest of the buttons on my dress, then, slowly, pulled the halves of my dress apart, exposing my stomach, my lap, my legs…then lowered my arms to my sides.  It was delicious! The sensations of being exposed, sitting close to a city street, were indescribable.  I wanted more…

I sat on the bench, letting the moments pass by, my sundress open and crumpled around me...only my forearms and hands still covered by the dress.  The bench, due to its position along the path, faced the western stretch of the Allen Blvd--should any cars come from that direction, my naked and exposed breasts and legs would be lit up like a beacon by their headlights!  But still I just sat there, waiting, feeling my pussy begin to ache a little…feeling it getting warm…

I slowly eased my legs apart, till my knees were more than shoulder-width apart…the night air directly on my hot lips felt soothing, but did nothing to ease the yearning I had to touch myself…but I imagined my arms trapped by the folds of the sundress, unable to move, unable to cover myself…I almost wanted a car to come up over the rise of Allen Blvd and drive by.  I moved my legs farther and farther apart…

I could feel my pussy lips pulled apart by my legs’ movement, felt the air on the wetness between my lips.  I closed my eyes and kept opening my legs farther, and farther…I had to thrust my chest out a little, and slouched so that my legs could open as far as possible…till my knees touched the bench to either side of me!  I opened my eyes—my breasts shone pale and luminous under the stars, my legs, too…and between them I could see my pussy glisten…I was shaking, with excitement, with fear, with the thrill of what I was doing!

Still no cars came, so I slouched down a little more till my butt was half off the bench, my legs splayed as wide as they could, and I lifted my hands up and out of the dress and stretched my arms out to my sides and set my hands on the bench backrest…I was hiding nothing…I was getting wetter and wetter by the moment…I closed my eyes once more and began to count…1…2…3…

1...2...3...4...5...

Each second seemed to last a lifetime, and with every number I had an image of a car appearing in front of me, lighting me up.  What if a cop came by?  What if someone stopped?  I was breathing fast and hard.

I closed my eyes once more.

6...7...8...

Could I make it to 10?  I wanted desperately to touch myself, to mash my breasts, to grind my hand into my wet mound. My mind was screaming to open my eyes--I couldn't hear anything over my panting; a train could have rolled by and I probably wouldn't have heard it.

9...10!

I opened my eyes.  No cars.  No one on the streets.  God, someone could have been walking down the street; until that moment I hadn't really even thought of someone coming by on foot!  Pulling myself up, I sat up straight on the bench, my hands on my knees, partially covering me from view.  I had done it!  10 seconds!

Could I do more?

But I just didn't want to do the same thing--that would feel like going over the same dare twice, and where's the fun in that? I had been completely exposed to anyone coming from one side, with my eyes closed and my hearing blunted by my own breathing.  How could I up the ante?

I looked across the street to the path on the north side of Allen Blvd; about 10 yards from the street was a small, square playarea covered with barkchips--the only piece of equipment in the playarea were some monkey bars.  They are the kind that are just a like a horizontal ladder; you have to climb up a couple vertical rungs on either side to reach the horizontal rungs.  It was positioned parallel to Allen Blvd, and was completely exposed on all sides--no bushes, no trees, not even another piece of equipment.

Perfect!

Quickly standing up, I glanced up and down Allen, then at the houses around me--still nothing.  I took one step toward the street, then heard it--that familiar woosh of a car's wheels!  Without thinking, I turned around and ran down the pathway, away from the street.  God, oh God!  Get out of there!

I could hear it getting louder and louder behind me.  My feet were slapping loudly on the path--so loud I must surely be waking up people in their houses.  I passed a large bush and ducked behind it, looking back at the street.  A little car was already halfway through the park, its headlights lighting up the bench I had been sitting at just moments before.  It had come from the direction where it would not have gotten a frontal view of me had I still been slouched on the bench, but, with the way the bench was lit up, there was no doubt whoever was driving would have seen my legs feet and calves and the top of my head--and would have seen more had they just turned their head as they passed the bench!  The car sped along and soon disappeared around the bend in the road.

I was again alone in the park.  Looking at the houses around me, I half-expected heads to be poking out of windows or over fences...but again nothing.  The butterflies in my tummy were beating like crazy; I had to calm down, settle myself, stop feeling like I was about to hyperventilate.  Stepping back onto the pathway, I let my arms drop to my sides and continued down the path heading away from Allen Blvd, heading to the southern end of the park.

I don't know how I could have spaced it, but it wasn't until I had almost reached the southern end of the dark, open park that I realized I had left my dress on the bench!  I stopped and looked back over my shoulder.  In the mad rush to run and hide, I had just left it lying there...now I was hundreds of feet from the only thing I might wear...and it was resting on a bench next to a street which someone could conceivably walk along and find my dress!

Those intense feelings of vulnerability, of loss of control, were coming over me again.  I looked around at the houses...no one knew I was here, I could do almost anything in this park and, as long as I didn't make any noise, no one would see me.  I was free...naked and free in the night...

I made my way down to the southern end of the park; there, scattered on either side of the path, where pieces of play equipment: a swing, a little merry-go-round, those big painted truck tires they make into jungle gym stuff, and, of course, a bench! 

I spend several minutes wandered among the play equipment, just enjoying the sensation of being outside, exposed in a fairly safe way.  Giving it a little push, I climbed onto the merry-go-round and stood at its center, holding my arms out, my face pointed to the stars, letting every inch of my body feel the night air, feel the danger of being seen, shutters of delight flashing through me from head to toe. I let myself rotate round and round, imagining I was on display in some art gallery.  My hands moved to my breasts, my fingers wrapping around my mounds, pressing into them, pulling on them...closing my eyes, I pinched my nipples and pulled them up and away from my body, twisting them, feeling them crinkle and harden under my fingertips.  I ran my hands down my body, cupping my ass cheeks, pulling them apart, feeling the cool night air on my most private of spots...keeping my knees straight, I bent over, pulling my ass cheeks even further apart, feeling my rosebud pucker up then relax...I felt like I was trying to moon the moon...or invite it to lick ass, plunge its tongue...

I slid my hands forward from my ass and down my thighs to my knees, brushing my skin so lightly, sending shivers up my back.  I ran them up to my sex and, shifting my legs into a wider stance, pulled open my lips to feel the air on my clit, licking along my folds...I was getting dizzy with the sensations; I felt that if I touched myself right then and there I would cum so hard I might pass out.

But I wanted more...

I had to push myself...put myself in a position where I might get seen...

I thought about going closer to the houses on either side, but I didn't know if there were dogs, and didn't want to chance a dog barking like mad and waking up half the houses--that's more than I wanted!  But I wanted to try and dare myself to do something where there was a chance that someone might come across me.  I looked back toward Allen Blvd, over 100 yards away...there was so little on either side of it, just that bench (hopefully with my dress still on it!) and across the street that horizontal ladder I had wanted to go to.

But I didn't just want to head over to it...I had to do something, something to push myself...

Pulling my hands from my cunt lips, I climbed off the merry-go-round and got back on the trail.

Then I started to jog up the trail toward Allen Blvd...I set a good pace, and I told myself that I would not speed up or slow down...I would jog until I reached Allen Blvd, and if a car came while I was jogging, I would not hide, I would not slow down...I would let them see me, if they just but looked in my direction.  I put it in the hands of chance, blind, naked chance.