**Proof**

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She looked around the restaurant. It wasn't packed but it wasn't empty either.

A nervous smiled played across her lips as she shifted her hips, searching for a more comfortable position as she sat in the vinyl leather booth waiting.

She watched as her server walked by. 'So young, so cute...nice butt.' She thought to herself, her inner voice trying to not sound too jealous. She was a little jealous but the girl really did have a nice butt. She started to feel a little sting of fright, she started to get a little scared.

She recalled the days past when her ass looked as good as this young waitresses, hell it looked better she smiled to herself. 'Are they even called waitresses anymore?' her mind wandered from thought to thought, until her thoughts began to stream doubts, insecurities and fears.

'I'm too old to be doing this, what in the hell was I thinking?' She began to berate herself. 'I'm a grown, mature, professional woman.' She began to lose her nerve, she started to get up to leave, to escape while she still had the chance, before he arrived.

"Hello." His voice interrupted her thoughts, interrupted her escape. He smiled at her as he slid into the booth beside her. She noticed that he still smiled with his eyes more than his mouth, she had always loved that about him. She had thought it was so sexy...back in high school, back when they were dating. But now, thirty years later, she found that it annoyed her. It annoyed her because, she still found it sexy. "Hi" She smiled as she scooted over.

"I was worried that you weren't going to show." He joked with her. She turned her eyes away from his for a moment. "I almost left." She confessed.

She felt his eyes dancing across her body as he spoke. "Well I'm glad you stayed. You looked amazing."

She wasn't sure if he actually meant the compliment, or if he just was being kind. She flashed him a nervous smile. "Thank you, you're not looking too bad yourself."

The two old friends, once lovers spent the next few moments engaged in small talk, catching up on the years that had passed between the two. They had been texting one another for years now, but they hadn't actually had the opportunity or the courage to meet up in person. Until today.

Her nervousness subsided as they eased into drinks and conversation, maybe she was just imagining it but she swore that she could still feel a connection with him, even after all the years that had passed. His flirtatious sense of humor, his charming wit, he had always known how to make her smile.

After they had finished their drinks and the conversation had lagged, she leaned into his side and stated as the young server strutted by their table. "She's got a great ass, doesn't she?"

His blue eyes glanced over at the slender twenty something girl as she sundered past, flashing him a quick wink. He smiled that crooked smile of his as he stated. "She's cute, but kinda young though, hell I've got socks older then her."

They shared a private laugh as the clueless girl refilled their drinks.

He looked at her, his eyes engulfed her. She could not only see, but also felt his desire for her, only her...he made her feel as though no one else existed in this place, except for her. His voice dropped lower, as his eyes continued to dance across her body.

"So, about our little conversation earlier...Its June 22nd." He flashed a devilish grin.

"Yes it is." She playfully remarked. She cast a glance upwards pretending to try to remember something that she may have forgotten. "National No Panties Day, if I'm not mistaken." She teased him.

"You are correct, that it is." He smiled back. "And the question was, are you participating today?" She winked at him. "Of course." Was all that she said. He leaned back a bit as if in deep thought. "Well miss, like I said earlier on the phone, I'm not one to just simply take one's word on such a subject. I'm going to need proof."

She giggled "Oh are you?" She felt him against her, as they sat out in public. "And tell me sir..." She continued to tease him "Just how do you want me to prove to you that I'm participating on this day?"

He rolled his eyes pretending to think real hard. "I don't know, perhaps a picture? They say it's worth a thousand words."

She laughed a little. "Is that what they say?" She asked. He nodded as he replied. "That's what I've heard anyway."

She paused for a moment, a brief moment then inhaled as she gathered her courage, before she chickened out, she looked across the restaurant at the other people around them, unaware of their little game. She gently took his hand into hers and guided it under the table. She parted her thighs as she led his hand under the hem of her dress and between her legs. His fingers began to caress her velvet mound. An electric shock surged through her body when she felt his fingers part her now swollen lips. She whispered "They also say actions speak louder than words."

He slowly, tenderly started making a tiny circle motion with his forefinger, tracing, trailing, teasing her moist outer folds. He could feel her heat building as he continued to probe and explore where he'd been before, but yet so long ago.

She let out a tiny gasp when she felt his fingers slip smoothly into her now wet tunnel, as her juices, her liquid heat began streaming. This embarrassed her for a brief moment, when she suddenly remembered where they were.

He didn't stop. His fingers probed further, not too deep though, he kept his attention on her outer region, as he started making a 'come to me' gesture with his fingers. He crooked his fingers in this gesture, stroking the upper area just inside her now throbbing pussy. She could hear a soft faint sloshing sound as he moved his forefinger and middle finger together at once.

He continued his gentle assault on her wet, pooling pussy, slowly increasing his thrust and probing. She was struggling to keep still and to keep quiet. His thumb started tracing circles around her now throbbing clit.

Her eyes rolled back as she fought hard against the pleasure, it had been too long since any fingers other than her own had touched these places.

She breathlessly whispered "There's people in here, you're going to get us kicked out."

He quietly laughed. "Do you want me to stop?" He started to remove his wet creamy fingers.

She tightened her thighs and held his wrist in place. "Don't you dare." She giggled in spite of herself.

He resumed his gentle prodding, his fingers returning to her outer folds, using his forefinger and middle finger he parted her wet soft pink lips as his thumb continued tracing circles around the hood of her engorged clit.

She slid slightly down into the booth, parting her legs, opening herself to him. He returned his fingers inside of her glistening wet tunnel, she could feel her liquid heat pooling down her slit, down to the back of her thighs. He increased his thrusts and his thumb started moving faster across the soft hood and the bud of her clit.

Her eyes closed as she bit her bottom lips, she was breathing through her nose, inhaling and fighting off the urge to moan out in pleasure. He continued his actions, his fingers caressing the soft inner flesh of her soaked pussy, his thumb stroking her clit, coaxing her to ecstasy.

He wouldn't stop, he couldn't stop, she screamed inside of her head 'He better not stop...not yet.'

She could feel the heat building up inside of her, deep inside of her being, her breaths were quick short and shallow. She had become lost within him, within his touch, she had forgotten where they were, and she didn't care for that matter.

His fingers continued to strum and play across her soft wet pink lips, in and out, round and round, as though he were playing a fine musical instrument. The heat continued to build and build until suddenly...

She tossed her head back, her eyes rolled back, her full lips parted as a small moan escaped her mouth. She felt her legs twitch, her spine vibrate and an electric charge course through her body, and soul as she shuddered as she felt and explosion inside her body, a gush of heat and passion, of liquid fire streaming through her.

Her hand clamped down onto his wrist as if to beg him to stop, as another powerful orgasm engulfed her. He smiled as he slowly slid his now soaked fingers out from an under her dress line.

She simply sat there enjoying the feeling, as the heat slowly drained from her body, as she waited for her breathing to return to normal.

She watched as he lifted his drenched honey coated fingers to his lips and slowly sucked her juices off of them. He flashed her that crooked grin and smiled with his eyes as he whispered "Okay, I believe you." He playfully winked.

She felt her face turn crimson as she returned to her senses and remembered exactly where they were. She looked around at the others in the restaurant expecting scornful judging looks. She found none. Apparently no one had noticed.

She scooted back up in the booth as she adjusted her dress regaining composer.

"See I tried to tell you I always participate on June 22nd." She darted her tongue across her lips as she said "Maybe next time you'll believe me."

He shook his head. "Nope, I will always want proof." He winked at her as the young server approached their table and asked. "Is everything going good here?"

She looked at him, he looked at her and they could no longer contain their amusement and began to laugh out. She smiled at the young girl and said. "Oh honey trust me everything is just great."

~ The End ~