

A walk in the park

Kaitlyn leaned against the tree's thick trunk, her eyes closed, feeling the silent strength behind the soft bark of the blossoming dogwood. She took a deep relaxing breath and released all of her negativity as the calm breeze caressed her skin.

Her shoulder-length auburn hair bobbed gently in between the smooth gusts. The heavenly rays of the beaming sun danced atop the beautiful white blossoms of the park's inhabitants.

She placed her jacket on the ground beneath her and sat down at the base of the tree, holding the bottom of her white, boho dress against the back of her thighs as she descended. She leaned against the tree, folding her legs together. Kaitlyn was so excited to have a day off finally.

Kitchen work could be so demanding and being understaffed during the busy season made it harder to find time for herself. She leaned her head against the back of her makeshift seat, smiling brightly as her eyes drank in the delicious view around her. She was so happy that it was such a beautiful day out.

Her eyes fell upon a stout, raven-haired man who was in the process of capturing the vivid scene in his carefully placed strokes. His back was to her, and she could only see his broad shoulders and the out-of-place, outdoorsy, rustic hiking outfit he had chosen to wear. Past him, however, standing a little to the side, sat a big canvas on a cheap plastic easel. The legs of the easel seemed to bend under the weight of the canvas, threatening to buckle with each stroke the man took. He didn't seem to mind, though. In fact, it looked as though he had adjusted to the unsteady warbling of an object that held his absolute trust. She could see the beautiful progress he had been making, immortalizing the park's essence with his wide array of colors.

There was something about a man who could express himself through the arts that called out to her. She continued to watch him, not caring what he looked like as she caressed her bare thighs. She felt the arousal building within her as she watched his masterpiece form, stroke by stroke. She could feel her kitty moistening as his unintentional flirtations penetrated her soul. Kaitlyn hoped the unsuspecting source of her infatuation never turned around, longing to drift in the cloud of anonymity that shrouded the one-sided affair a little longer. She quickly scanned the park again to see if there was anyone else close by. To her excitement, the few other patrons, that had decided to leave their couches, were too far away to even notice her.

The young woman spread her legs, her breath quickening with the illicit exhilaration that coursed through her veins. She exposed her glistening pussy to the open air and began to rub sensually with her left hand. The horny woman used her right hand to pull down the front of her dress, tucking the hem of the light fabric to just below her succulent breasts. Her nipples stiffened as she began to play with them. Kaitlyn rubbed them gently with her fingertip, forming small circles as she teased her purring kitty. She closed her eyes, massaging her breast gently as the fingertips of her left hand moved to her swollen clit.

She teased her pulsing pussy for a few moments, pleasuring her clit as she continued to watch the scene form before her eyes. His hands, visibly strong and weathered from life's journeys, held

his brush in a purposeful, yet gentle, embrace. Each dip of the brush bristles into the glistening, oily colors sent a shiver through her pussy. Each tantalizingly deliberate stroke spreads its purpose across the willing canvas, adding to the life growing thereon.

She spit on the end of her fingers and rubbed the gratuitous saliva all over her already moist pussy lips before sliding her middle finger inside. The enthralled vixen spat down on her soft, juicy breasts, using her right hand to guide the sensuous juices to her waiting nipples. The wind responded blissfully to her valiant efforts, picking up speed and blowing harder, caressing her soft skin with its magical touch.

Kaitlyn spit on her hard nipples again, this time arching her back to expose them to the breeze more. The saliva added a cool effect to the already tantalizing caress of Mother Nature's gentle breath. The breeze danced across her wet tits and dripping lips, sending a chilling pleasure coursing through the fiery erogenous zones. The relaxing, sensual sensations emanating from the heat colliding with the tickling bite of the sloppy chill, resulted in increased pleasure and arousal from head to toe.

She began to rub her fingers in circles, stimulating her yearning yoni as she stifled her moans. Kaitlyn grew more aroused at the need to not be caught, catching her breath as to not alert her source of eros. She did not want to see his face, only what his strong hands produced. She slid her fingers deep inside of her, slowly feeding her hungry kitten. She did not want him to see her as she pleased herself to the public display of his artistic talent. She slid her fingers in and out of her pussy, spreading them as they slid out, massaging her soft juices into her shiny clit and dripping labia. Kaitlyn continued for a short while, gently massaging her purring pussy closer and closer to climax.

She slowed herself, however, choosing to revel in a different pleasurable sensation. The horny young woman pulled her fingers free and began to flick her clit with her finger, squeezing her nipple tightly to double her erotic ecstasy. Kaitlyn then slid them into her drooling mouth. Her eyes rolled at the taste of her pussy, and she quickly removed her right hand from her breast and slid its fingers inside of her. A soft moan was allowed to escape as she felt her pussy clamp down in elated satisfaction.

Crunch! She heard from behind, the unexpected noise snapping her from her erotic trance.

She quickly closed her legs on her hand with it still inserted and sat up alert, her free arm covering her exposed breasts. She thought she had heard someone nearby and was now scanning the area for passersby.

To her relief the few others she had seen before had all but disappeared. The source of the noise was just a squirrel foraging a nut.

We have that in common, she mused to herself, *I'm just trying to get a nut too.*

She chuckled as she turned back to the sexy painter and was doubly relieved to find that he had not noticed the exchange. She continued to finger her pussy with the fingers that had never left it,

leaning back against her tree as she continued watching him blend colors. Her back arched and her legs spread unashamed for her muse as her toes curled into the cool grass. She fingered her tight, creamy hole harder and harder, the thrill of playing so unashamed in public adding electricity to the already tantric waves rushing through her body.

Kaitlyn bit down on her lip hard as she felt her pussy beginning to quiver. Suddenly the gates that held back the heavenly waves of eroticism broke loose, and she felt as her yoni muscles contracted and constricted on her fingers, tightening as she orgasmed hard on herself. Her hand quickly flew to her mouth to silence the moans that were escaping uncontrollably as her body seized and writhed under the overwhelming waves of self-love. She moved both her hands to her perky tits and squeezed her nipples, intensifying the dissipating waves of pleasure while fighting the increased urge to call out audibly. She did not want to alert her sexy painter, quelling the fire of creation with the dousing juices of her erotic experience. She opened her eyes, stopping them from their unending roll to the back of her head.

She felt the waves beginning to disperse as her pussy calmed down. The young woman looked around quickly as she sucked her fingers, making sure to consume every drop of her delicious juices. No one noticed what she had done, not even her unsuspecting audience. She shook her titties at him as she stood up. She covered her bare chest once again and straightened out her dress.

Kaitlyn grabbed her belongings, and, smiling up into the sunlight, continued her walk in the park.