**Saturday in the Park**

by techgoddess

*Conservative Meg allows a handsome stranger to push her out of her comfort zone.*

Meghan O’Roarke led two very different lives. Every Sunday, she attended mass at St Patrick’s Cathedral with her parents and two brothers. Afterward, they would all go to Toasties on E. 51st Street for breakfast. She enjoyed this weekly ritual and her role as a loving daughter and sister.

During the week, Meg worked as an executive administrative assistant to an accounting firm's head and was looked upon as a valuable asset to the firm. Her conservative manner of dress and how she conducted herself had helped her rise up the ladder quickly. She worked 8:00 am to 6:00 pm Monday through Friday, but she didn’t mind the long hours. She enjoyed her work, and she took pride in the fact that she pulled in a nice enough salary to afford an apartment in Manhattan.

But Saturdays were her favorite day by far. She would head to Central Park and walk to North Woods, the most secluded area of the park, and relax on a bench with a good book. She’d sit there and read for hours, as long as the weather was decent, and allow the stories to take her to faraway places.

On one particularly sunny afternoon, Meghan was reading a very erotic book and found herself extremely aroused. The main character was a very promiscuous woman and enjoyed sex with her many lovers out in the open air.

Meg wondered what it would be like to feel that free. As she continued to read, she felt her panties dampen and wished very much that she were brave enough to touch herself right there on the park bench.

Just when she’d decided she should probably go home before she did anything foolish, a ridiculously handsome man plunked himself down on the opposite end of the bench. Meghan blushed and wondered if the man could sense how aroused she was.

“Lovely day we’re having, isn’t it?” he asked, nonchalantly.

Meg nodded uncomfortably.

“You look a little flush. Are you feeling okay?” he asked.

“Yes, I’m fine, just a little warm,” she lied.

“Ah, I thought maybe you were aroused because of the book you are reading. You know, if you wanted to slide your hands into your panties and take care of business, I’d be happy to be your lookout man,” he mused.

Meg felt embarrassment wash over her face and started to get up and walk away.

“Hey, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to creep you out. Please don’t leave. I made an assumption, based on the book you are reading, my deepest apologies,” he said remorsefully. “My name is Henry, by the way, and I’d love to get to know you better.”

Meg took a deep breath and contemplated walking away. But Henry was very good looking, and he did seem genuinely sorry that he’d started things off inappropriately.

“My name is Meg,” she replied. “And I guess it was a fair assumption. But I’m not like that. I don’t think I could ever masturbate out in public, as exciting as it sounds in this book.”

“It’s a great book,” he smirked. “Made me want to jerk off out in the open air.”

“Have you ever done that?” Meg asked curiously.

“Not yet, but I won’t rule it out as a possibility someday. Tell me the truth, Meg, aren’t you just a little tempted to rub one out right now?” he inquired.

“Well, of course, it’s tempting!” Meg blurted out. “But the last thing I need is to be caught acting indecently in Central Park!”

Henry grinned, “I have an idea. What if I read my favorite part of the book to you, and if it gets you hot, you can put my jacket over your lap and finger yourself to an orgasm.”

Meg shook her head, “I can’t do that.”

“Okay, well, what if you at least let me read you my favorite part?” he asked, hoping to convince her.

“I guess there’s no harm in that,” she agreed.

Henry took the book from Meg and made a note of what page she was on. Then he turned to the third chapter and began reading.

“Amelia looked at Gregory and began to shed her clothes seductively. She knew that there was no turning back now. He wanted her and was not about to take no for an answer. He undressed as well, embracing her while his swollen member pressed itself against her belly. She felt herself go damp. She realized that the idea of getting caught was only adding to her arousal.

"Without another word, she sat down on the blanket and spread her legs for him. He kneeled between her legs and rubbed his shaft against her slick, wet sex. Then he pushed himself into her and held her legs in the air. He pounded into her, giving the eager slut what she wanted. Fucking her out in this open field was wicked, indeed. It heightened both their senses, and he could tell she was close to climaxing. Her cunt felt amazing, and he knew he wouldn’t last long. But if she didn’t cum, he would have her suck him hard again, so he could repeat this delightfully lewd act. Knowing he’d be filling her with two loads made him so aroused that he couldn’t hold back. His balls tightened, almost painfully, and then let go, as his semen shot deep inside her, and he emptied himself.”

Meg felt hot and needy and whispered, “Henry, did you mean what you said? Will you keep an eye out? I need to cum so badly!”

Henry grinned, “Of course, Meg.”

And so, it began. Every Saturday, Meg would meet Henry in the park, listen to him read an excerpt from the book, and then finger her wet pussy to a delightful orgasm.

Eventually, he persuaded Meg to masturbate without the jacket over her lap. Then he pushed his luck and got her to agree to sit on the bench with her legs spread wide open while she rubbed her needy cunt until her climax rendered her breathless.

One day, Meg said, “Henry, I feel a little guilty. You always make sure I cum, sometimes even twice. But you never take care of yourself or let me take care of you.”

“It’s not a problem, Meg,” he explained. “I get such pleasure out of watching your face when you cum. I love knowing that I’m part of what’s causing that orgasm.”

“But don’t you need release?” she asked.

“Of course,” he chuckled. “Which is why I go home and jack off like a man possessed after I leave you.”

Meg blushed.

“I think about you when I do. I imagine what it would be like to slide my thick, hard cock into that pussy of yours, right here on this bench. And the imagery causes quite an eruption!” he admitted.

“You think about fucking me out here in the open?” she asked.

“Yes, I do,” he said quietly.

“Well, this spot is too public for such an adventure,” Meg said.

Henry nodded, “Of course.”

She looked at his face, sensing sadness. She could always suggest they go back to his place or her place to fuck. After all, they’d been at this little exhibition game for nearly three months. But she realized that she craved being fucked out in the open like the character, Amelia. Maybe she could find a more secluded spot for the following weekend.

The next Saturday, Meg stopped Henry before he sat down. “Hey, I thought we’d try another spot today if that’s okay.”

“Oh, sure,” Henry said, looking a little puzzled.

He followed her to another bench. He looked around and realized that, while it was still very much out in the open, it was off the beaten path and, therefore, a little more secluded.

“What did you have in mind, Meg?”

Meg looked at Henry and said, “I want you to read to me again, but I want you to forbid me to touch myself. I want you to get me so hot that I beg you to fuck me here on this bench!”

Henry’s cock twitched. “Are you sure?”

“Very sure,” she said, nearly purring.

Henry took the book from Meg’s hand quickly, before she had a chance to change her mind, and began reading.

“Amelia trembled as four sets of hands roamed the terrain of her body. She was blindfolded, so she couldn’t see which hands were doing what, and she simply didn’t care. It felt so good to be a plaything for four men. The fact that they were in the middle of a park molesting her on a blanket made it even more titillating. Some fingers pinched her hardened nipples, while others invaded her pussy and her anus. She felt the head of a penis pressed against her lips and opened her mouth like an eager, wanton slut. The man attached to the cock straddled her face and shoved himself into her throat. She gagged a little but did her best to take it all. Her body was soon manipulated so that her legs were in the air, and another dick was entering her tight wet pussy. Her hands were kept busy stroking the other two men.

"They used her like this, again and again, trading places until they had all been inside her. Then they stood over her and jerked their cocks until they came, one after the other, coating her ample breasts, stomach, and face with their sticky ropes of cum. She looked like a well-used whore and had no idea, with her blindfold still in place, that they’d drawn quite an audience.”

Meg rubbed Henry’s erection through his pants, “Oh, my God, Henry! I need you to fuck me right now!”

“Are you sure?” he asked, grinning.

“Yes, please, now!” she begged.

She stripped off her clothes, but there was a knot in her laces, so she left her tennis shoes and socks on. She looked up and saw Henry was completely naked.

“Lay on the ground, Meg, and spread your legs for me,” Henry demanded. She did as she was told, and it made her feel wicked.

He’d wanted to do this for so long, from that very first day when he convinced this pretty little redhead on a park bench to masturbate for him under his jacket. He had admitted to her that he went home and jacked off afterward every Saturday. He had been envisioning fucking her hard and fast and deep, just like this!

He sat on the bench and then pulled her close enough to it that she was perfectly positioned to take his cock. He wasn’t patient or particularly thoughtful as he plunged himself into her, and she didn’t seem to care.

“Oh, fuck, Meg, your pussy is so fucking tight!” he moaned. “Another time, I promise to go slower, but right now, I just need to pound into you!”

They were both revved and in need of release. He watched her beautiful tits bouncing as he rammed into her again and again. She was panting and crying out, “I don’t want slower right now, I want you to ravage my pussy with that big thick prick!”

He knew it would be amazing, but this was better than he’d dreamed of. Her pussy, so wet and wonderful, gripped his cock like a vise. She wasn’t a virgin, but she had the tightest pussy he’d ever fucked. He loved the way her eyes opened wide as his dick had opened her pussy.

He continued pumping into her harder and deeper. The fact that she kept begging for more was about to send him over the edge. But, damn it, he wanted to make her cum first!

He tried easing up a little, but she cried out, “Please don’t stop! I’m so fucking close!”

He reached down and spread some of her juices on her swollen clit. He rubbed the hard little nub like he’d watched her do for him so many times. He knew he couldn’t last anymore and said, “I need to pull out.”

She gripped his cock tighter and said, “No! I want to feel you cum inside me. I’m on the pill. Please, Henry, fill me with your cum!”

Her body tensed up, and her back arched as she teetered on the brink for a moment. Then Henry said, “I’m gonna shoot my seed inside your hot, tight cunt!”

That pushed her over the edge, and she came hard, squirting her juices everywhere, while his cock exploded, filling her with his load.

When they could breathe again, Henry brought Meg up onto his lap and held her. He whispered a hoarse thanks into her ear as she rested her head against his chest.

He wondered for a moment if this would be the end of their adventures together. Then he decided to take a chance, “Hey, would you want to maybe get some coffee with me after we get our clothes back on?”

Meg stopped for a moment and pondered his request. Was she crazy to accept? Would this really go anywhere?

“I don’t drink coffee,” she said quietly.

Henry’s face fell. They got dressed in silence, and he kissed her goodbye.

She felt immediate regret as she watched him walk away. However, she knew her parents would never approve of a man who wasn’t an Irish Catholic. But he looked so crestfallen at the rejection, and damn if he wasn’t hung like a horse! The sex would be exciting for a while, even if he weren’t boyfriend material. She called after him.

“But I could eat ice cream if you’re interested,” she said.

He lit up like a Christmas tree, “I’d love that.”

“There’s a Ben & Jerry’s nearby,” she said. “We can walk there.”

He held her hand while they walked, and she could sense it would be easy to fall for him. She sighed, “So do you go by Henry or Hank with your friends?”

“Well,” he said sheepishly, “actually, my friends call me Mike. Henry is my middle name. I’m Michael Henry O’Malley.”

Meg grinned, “So, you’re Irish?”

“Yeah, is that a bad thing?” he asked, frowning.

“Not at all,” she smiled. “I’m Meg O’Roarke. I’m Irish, too!”

“O’Roarke? You don’t happen to have a brother named Liam, do you?” he asked, suddenly feeling a little nauseous.

“Yeah, why?” she asked.

“Um, I work with him,” he replied.

“Fabulous! You should join us for brunch tomorrow after mass!” she said, thanking God for small miracles that he was probably not a creepy, jobless weirdo and that he might actually be acceptable to her family after all.

“Um, sure,” he said warily. He wondered now if it had been wise to tell his co-worker, Liam, about the redheaded hottie that was masturbating for him, out in the open, every Saturday in the park.