Adventure at the Waterslide

by glynndah Â©

It was a hot Sunday afternoon in late July. The smell of patchouli wafted

through the humid air from the incense cone burning in the corner. A

ceiling fan did its best, but there was no air conditioning in Becky's

cabin, our usual hang-out. Most of us had stripped down to the bare

minimum. The guys were in cut-offs and Becky was wearing a halter top and

a pair of short-shorts with fringe at the hem. Since I'd had to work the

Sunday brunch that day, I was in a cocktail dress, chosen by the hotel to

wring as much money as possible out of the salesmen staying there. The

slinky black top was held up by thin little spaghetti straps. It dipped

almost to my navel in front and was practically backless. The skirt was

slit to the top of my thigh. Bras were impossible. Knickers, if chosen

carefully, could be worn. Today those knickers remained in my dresser

drawer. I was just too hot.

We were a pretty quiet bunch that day. Everyone had been up late the night

before, either closing down the bar where we all worked or drinking and

listening to music until almost dawn.

"Any 'turtles' today?" Becky's chocolate chop cookies were generally so

full of marijuana they resembled those little turtles that used to be sold

at Woolworth's.

"Nope, it's too hot to bake."

"Anybody wanna beer?" Gregg wheeled himself into the kitchen. He'd been

sitting in the old-fashioned cane back convalescent's chair, his usual

seat while at Becky's.

"Any straw dogs left?" Steve asked. We'd made strawberry daiquiris earlier

that day. Most of us had used the glasses to rub on each other in a

teasing attempt to cool off before we'd actually drank them.

"Nope," Steve called over his shoulder. "How 'bout a beer?"

"I'll just share yours, sweetie," Steve said.

"No way are you sharing anything of mine, you flaming faggot! I'll get you

one of your own."

"You say the cutest things!" Steve yelled back.

Gregg rolled back into the kitchen with a couple of beers on his lap. He

rubbed one of the bottles along his zipper and handed it to Steve.

"Here you go. I got it all ready for you."

"Mmmm. Tastes so good," Steve licked the condensation from the side of the

bottle.

"Back in the closet, you queen," Gregg laughed.

"Honey, I haven't been in the closet since I came into Thanksgiving dinner

wearing pink glitter and tap dancing when I was six!"

We all laughed. Then the group settled down into a drowsy silence as the

fan blades whirred on and the music played low. The tape deck switched

over to Roberta Flack.

"Damn. That woman's sexy," Mike said from the chair. He stroked Becky's

leg as he talked, sliding closer and closer to the fringed edge of her

short-shorts.

"Yeah, she makes me wet just listening to her," Becky squirmed as Mike's

fingers disappeared into her knickers.

"Baby, that's not the only thing making you wet," Mike purred.

"Jesse come home, there's a hole in the bed where we slept," Roberta

Flack's voice poured out into the room.

"'Jesse, it's lonely. Come home," we sang quietly along as the song ended.

"Oh, she wants me bad. I've spoiled her for all other women," Gregg said.

"You say that about all your girls!"

"Nothin' but the truth. Swear to God," Gregg bragged, "polishing" his

nails against his bare chest.

"It's true," I nodded.

"Which song's the sexiest? The First Time, Killing Me Softly or Jesse?"

"Well, Killing Me Softly's not about any guy she's really been with. It's

just some dude she's crushing on. I don't think it should count unless

she's actually making it with the guy."

"That lets Jesse out, too. She's been making it with him, but now he's

gone. I'll bet she's in bed right now with her hands in her knickers,

crying for him."

"Quiet. The First Time's playing. I love this one," I said. "There's just

something about the way she sings about kissing his mouth. It's soooo

hot."

"'And then the earth moves in her hand.' What do you suppose she's

touching?" Gregg asked. He edged the tip of the beer bottle under the

strap of my dress and peeked inside.

"Very nice," he said, his thumb moving over my nipple. I leaned in closer

and enjoyed the feel of his touch on me. He was my first lover and I

reveled in his touch.

"More," I whispered. His fingers met his thumb and squeezed, rolling my

erect nipple between them.

"Oh," I said, "it's definitely his cock. It's hard and throbbing and she

loves it."

"Mmmmm....," Becky hummed in the corner. Mike's fingers were buried

between her legs. Her hips rose and fell in time with the music. He

brought his hand out and I could see Becky's dew glistening on them. Mike

put them to his lips and licked off her juices.

"Oh, yeah. That one's the winner. She's hot and creamy just listening to

it. See?"

"What song?" Becky teased and moved Mike's hand back to her knickers. "Keep

going, big guy. I'm almost there." Mike pulled Becky onto his lap and

kissed her long and hard. One hand was thrusting in and out between her

splayed legs while the other pushed her bikini top aside. Her breast was

exposed to his hand. We could see the brown tip peeking out between Mike's

fingers.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!" Becky shivered and twitched as she climaxed.

"Thank you, baby. That was lovely."

"My pleasure, Becky. You can thank me for real in here. If you'll excuse

us for a minute," he said as he pulled her to her feet and over to the

bedroom door. "I don't think it's gonna take much time. One touch of that

mouth ..." he trailed off. The door banged shut. There was a muted thud.

Mike's back against the door, perhaps?

"Suck me, girl. Fuck, fuck, fuck." Thud, thud, thud.

"Wearing knickers today, sugar?" Gregg whispered in my ear. His thumb

played back and forth across my nipples. I sucked in a breath. That felt

so good. Listening to Mike and Beck just added to the excitement. My pussy

dripped.

"That's for me to know and you to find out," I laughed.

"Was that a dare?" Gregg murmured. He pushed the skirt aside, exposing my

dark curls to his eyes. "You are so beautiful," he said, "and you've got

such a pretty little pussy." His fingers brushed curls as he talked. A

little bit more and he'd be on my clit. I slid closer.

"Touch me." I said. I felt a jolt as he complied. Teeny little circles

round and round my clit. My had moved to the waistband of his shorts. I

tucked a finger inside and felt the pre-cum on the tip.

There was a long pause from the bedroom and the door opened again. Becky

was licking her lips as Mike finished zipping up. Both were smiling

widely.

"That's better," she said. "Anybody else want to get really wet?"

"Me, me, me," Steve raised his hand, waving it wildly. "Jack's been out of

town for days and I'm primed."

"Sorry, no volunteers here. I was talking about that new water slide that

opened up. How 'bout it?"

"Yeah, cool water and lots of it sounds great. Let's go," Mike agreed.

"Guys?" he questioned, looking our way. "Wanna come, too?"

"Hell, yeah, we want to come! I was almost there before you started

talkin'" Gregg growled. "What about it, hon? A little coolin' off before

we heat it up again?"

"Sure. Only one problem. I don't have a suit with me. And I'll be holding

you to that heating up stuff later!"

"No problem. I've got a swimsuit you can borrow. Come on." I followed

Becky into the bedroom. She pulled out a bright red bikini from her

dresser. "This should fit. Try it on."

I pulled the cocktail dress over my head. I put the bra top in and turned

to Becky to tie the ribbons in back. She was slightly more curvier than I

was and preferred very skimpy little bikinis. This suit was nothing but a

couple of red triangles. I'm sure she practically spilled out of the bra.

I was a size or two smaller and I filled it out perfectly.

"Now the bottoms," she said. I stepped into the rest of the bikini and

looked down. Even though my pussy was trimmed, black curls peeked out from

between my legs.

"Becky, This isn't going to work. It looks like I'm smuggling kittens!"

"What?" She looked over and saw where I was pointing. After a quick

giggle, she said, "no problem. Shave."

"Shave? Outside of porn stars and Playboy centerfolds, does anybody really

do that?"

"I do. See," Becky said, pulling down her shorts.

"Really... And Mike's okay with that?"

"Okay? Hell, girl, he loves it!" Becky laughed. "Now get it there and get

busy. My razor's on the sink. And just think how surprised Gregg's gonna

be tonight," she giggled.

"Tonight, hell. Later this afternoon," I said, untying the ribbons and

letting the bottoms puddle around my feet. I wet a cloth with warm water

and held it against myself.

Becky handed me some lotion. "Here, use this. It's my favorite."

I applied the lotion and used the razor on my pussy curls.

"Bare or landing strip?" Becky asked.

"What?" I was concentrating on the task at hand, not really paying any

attention. Nicking myself here would not be fun!

"Bare is everything off. Landing strip is where you leave just a little

stripe down the center so he can guide it in," Becky explained, swooping

her arm in a diving motion.

"Bare, of course," she answered her own question.

"Yeah. Gregg's young. I just hope he doesn't have a heart condition. He's

gonna flip when he sees me," I quipped.

I finished shaving and gently rubbed more of Beck's lotion on my now

smooth pussy. The skin was so soft, like silk velvet.

"Wow! That feels fantastic! It's really sensitive," I said, caressing the

smooth pink lips with my fingertips. Ooohhh..."

"Just wait 'til you feel someone else's touch."

"Oh, I'll bet you're right. That is going to be so cool."

"Wanna see now?" Becky whispered.

"Now? You mean call Gregg in here?" I whispered back.

"No, keep that a surprise for later. I meant me."

"Uh. I'm really not into girls, Beck," I stammered.

"Not that much, silly. Just a little bit of petting so you can tell."

"All right then. I am curious."

"Spread your legs a little. That's better." Becky reached her slim fingers

down between my legs and lightly stroked the freshly shaved pussy lips. My

God, I'd never felt anything like that. The sensation shot straight

through into my clit. I wouldn't have been surprised to see cream dripping

out of me.

"Imagine those're Gregg's fingers....." Becky said, moving her fingers

aside.

I pulled the borrowed swimsuit back up and retied the strings at my hips.

"Imagine that's Gregg's tongue down there!" I said.

"Are you sure this suit's okay? It's a little loose," I said.

"It'll be fine. You're not going to be swimming laps. It's a waterslide."

We went back into the living room. From the whistles of the guys in the

group and the sharp intake of breath from Gregg, the males in the group

heartily approved of the bikini, a little loose and all.

We all piled into our cars and headed down the road to the water park.

Steve rode in the back seat with Gregg and I. I put my hand on Gregg's

thigh and felt the muscles move as he shifted the car into gear. Steve

popped his head over the backseat, resting his chin on his folded arms.

"Carry on, chillen. You two lovebirds just finish what you were working on

earlier. Since I'm not getting any for a while, I might as well live

vicariously through you," Steve said to us.

My hand covered Gregg's erection through his jeans. I rubbed up and down

its length. "I've got a secret and you're gonna like it," I crooned into

his ear, my teeth nipping at his earlobe. His hand covered mine and

pressed down on him. I felt his cock grow even harder.

"We're here," Steve said from the back seat. "Park over there. I can see

Mark's car."

We paid our admission and began the long wait for our turn down the

highest water slide. We all had rubber mats to slide on when we reached

the top. Becky, Mark and Steve had gotten ahead of us somehow, so Gregg

and I were alone, or at least as alone as we could be in an amusement park

line.

We spent the time exchanging long passionate kisses. Sweat slid down the

tiny silk triangles of my bikini bra and trickled down my spine. His hand

slid down the curve of my back and caressed my ass through the very brief

bikini bottom. My hands in his back pockets pulling him up close. I could

feel his erection through his jeans.

"If we hold these mats just right, I could bend you over this rail and

slide my cock right into your pussy and nobody'd know," Gregg whispered in

my ear.

"Oh, I'll bet I'd know."

"Hey, are you slidin' or are you kissin'?" A voice interrupted. "It's your

turn."

At last we were at the top of the slide. The teenager reached over and

opened the rope leading to the chute. "One at a time. Hold on to the mat

at all times. My older brother's at the bottom. He'll catch you at the

bottom and get the mat. Have a nice day," he droned, not looking up from

his comic book.

"You first," I said. "I need to fix the strings on this suit."

"Right. I'm gonna need a cold shower after that trek up the stairs with

you anyway." He sat down and flew down the water slide, carried by the

rush of the water. His ride went off without a hitch and he blew me a kiss

from the shallow pool at the bottom.

I looked down from the top of the water slide. I could see down the

serpentine chute to the pool of turquoise blue water where the teen was

standing waiting to catch me. I could also see the rest of my friends

standing on the sidelines waiting for me. Gregg mimed getting a drink and

pointed over to the refreshment stand. I nodded and waved them off. I'd

catch up with them later.

I put the mat down and wriggled around a bit. The bottom on the suit must

have shifted because I swear I could feel my bare ass against that hot

mat. The cool water rushed up my legs and across my pussy as I entered the

first turn.

"Mmmm. Feels like a shower massager. I could really like this."

I relaxed as I entered the second turn and let my legs open up a little.

"I'm so going to be ready for a hard, fast fuck when I'm done here. That

shaving was wonderful. My pussy is so sensitive. I can feel that water

even through those bottoms."

There was a tickle at my hip. I looked down and saw the end of the ribbon

disappear into the frothy foam. My bikini had come undone and was now at

my thighs, rapidly heading towards my knees!

I made a wild grab for the silky fabric, but, alas, to no avail. That tiny

triangle of nylon slid down past my knees and began a trip down my legs.

"Okay, okay, okay," I thought. "Don't panic and don't lose those bottoms.

Cross your ankles and just act cool."

"Just act cool, hell. I'm going to be flashing my pussy to the whole world

in about five seconds. And they're going to be able to see even more than

usual!" I clenched my legs together as the water chute made its last curve

and bump before the pool.

That did the trick. Between the hard rush of the water and the tensing of

my body, my clit exploded. I could feel the nubbin throbbing and sending

shivers of pleasure through me. My hands clutched at the rubber mat,

holding on for dear life. For a second or two, I just went with it, not

caring about anything else. But then I remembered my predicament! How many

feet until the end? Twenty, fifteen, ten!

I saw the kid at the bottom of the pool. At first he yawned and looked at

his watch, wondering when his break was, I'm sure. He checked the slide.

One girl, not too heavy, no biggie...

Then he noticed my apparel, or rather, the migration of part of it.

Suddenly his attention was no longer on that watch. I could see the exact

moment when he realized what he was seeing, perhaps for the first time in

his life, ten feet away and rocketing towards him on a rush of cool blue

water. His eyes grew huge, as I'm sure did other portions of his anatomy.

He was a teenager, after all. His jaw dropped and he reached out both

hands.

II flew into his arms, my ankles firmly locked around that bit of silk

that had caused all the trouble. He held me steady while I reached down

into the pool and retrieved those bikini bottoms.

His hands moved up my torso until they met the undersides of my breasts. I

felt the very tips of his fingers on my nipples. A quick little rub that

might have been unintentional once, but not the second time.

"Oooh," I thought, fastening the other side of the swimsuit. "Well, I

guess he does deserve a little something for not yelling when he saw me."

I reached up and pulled his face down towards mine. I kissed him firmly on

his open mouth, teasing my tongue along his lips. I smiled, whispered,

"Thanks," and found the stairs out of the pool. He turned towards me and

didn't say anything, his fingers playing across wide grin, as the next few

riders collided at the bottom and the mats floated all around him.