**Water Park Fun**

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**Water Park Fun Ch. 01**

Clammy metal dug into my feet as I ascended the narrow metal staircase that folded upwards on itself for seventy feet. I looked out and saw the rest of the water park spread out before me. We were almost to the top of the largest water slide in the park.

Jacob and his girlfriend were in front of our group, chatting away and flirting with each other in that gag-inducing, loving way. They couldn't keep their hands off each other. Jacob had decreed that we all go down the scariest slide. He also demanded that he be the first of us to take the plunge, which was a nearly vertical pipe that stretched to the ground and tapered off like a "j".

Brandon and his girlfriend were in the middle of our group, followed by the two stags, Ramon and me. We finally made it to the last stretch of stairs that led up to the top platform. I couldn't see the slide platform yet, only the panty-clad asses of my friend's girlfriends, which I tried not to stare at, but failed. I at least tried to hide my gaze, unlike Ramon. Like clockwork, every minute, I would hear the clack of metal as the slide's drop doors were thrown open, and then there would be a scream that faded down into the pipe.

A moment later, we rose one more step. Looking forward to the drop was unnerving, so I looked off into the distance and enjoyed the view. In any direction I looked, I could see the mountains at a distance. They were at that distance where the brown of the mountain merged with the blue of the sky on the horizon to create a perfect blending of earth and sky. The water park was located on the desert outskirts in between two cities where they hadn't yet developed enough to fully touch. I saw clouds gathering around the mountains to the east and thought they added to the skyline perfectly.

"Dude what are you doing? Trying to back out?" Ramon said. I snapped back to my immediate predicament and saw that Ramon stood at the top of the platform with several open stairs between us. I could sense the looks I was getting from all the people behind me so I hurried up to close the gap. A couple of minutes later, I watched as Jacob stepped into the tube. The worker asked if he was ready and when Jacob said yes, he pressed a button, and the bottom fell out from under him.

I watched as each of my friends disappeared, and then the young lifeguard motioned for me to step forward. My time was up. I willed my feet forward into what reminded me of those pneumatic tubes they used to send stuff back and forth in large office buildings. The plastic door revolved shut, and the lifeguard gave me the thumbs up. I went to make the gesture back, but before I could finish, he pressed the button, and the floor dropped out from under me.

Many rides scare me. I have a fear of heights, and being flipped and flung aren't my go-to ideas for fun. While I might be the target audience for terror-inducing ride designers, I had never been one to scream on a ride. I have always experienced my terror in polite silence. Not this time. I screamed the whole way down. The slide launched me down faster than I thought was possible. After about ten seconds, I slid into the curved ending. The abrupt relief at having my weight supported again was ruined when the dark tunnel opened, and I was shot out into the air. The sunlight stung my eyes like I had been in the tunnel for hours and not seconds. I flailed around briefly in the air and then smacked into the water and sank. When I finally emerged, my shaggy, dark hair clung to my face and blocked out my vision. A lifeguard had to help guide me out.

My waiting friends laughed at how I had almost drowned. This wouldn't be the first or last time I questioned my choice of friends. I was glad we had saved the slide for last and we're almost done for the day because I couldn't wait for it to be over. The girls decided to go sunbathe for a bit while we went to the snack shop to get something to eat and drink. As we walked towards the food shops I checked out the girls and women around me. Being nineteen left me open to checking out the older high school girls frolicking around and enjoy the voluptuous mothers. Like how a starved man would eat anything, I had varied tastes since I had never been with a girl. It wasn't for lack of trying, but I just wasn't good at talking to girls.

We entered the snack bar and ice-cream shop and sat down. I noticed a cute blonde girl working the ice-cream counter. Ramon followed my gaze and smiled when he saw her. "I bet I can get her number." We all encouraged him to go for it, especially me, but not because I believed he had a chance. As Ramon walked up to the cute girl, I noticed she had a light tan but still seemed too pale to be working at a water park.

He leaned over the counter to talk to her. She leaned forward on the counter and I caught a glimpse of her cleavage through her partially unbuttoned blue polo shirt. Ramon leaned forward and started to whisper in her ear. I hoped that she wouldn't fall for his dumb lines. I shook my head in disbelief when I saw a smile light up her face, and she started to whisper back to Ramon. She turned around to grab Ramon his ice cream cone and bent over into a cabinet. Ramon took this opportunity to look back at us and grab the counter and start to violently hump against it in the direction of the poor girl. He was in the middle of adding spanking to his depravity when she started to turn around; he stopped mid-thrust.

She had only been bending over to grab some ammunition because when she turned around, she started to throw handfuls of rainbow sprinkles at Ramon. "Hey girl, what's your problem!" he shouted as the sugar rainbows pelted his body. We laughed at how this may be his worse strikeout yet. Since he was still wet many of the sprinkles clung to him and left little dissolving rainbows all over his body. Ramon slumped down in his chair, trying to wipe the sprinkles off but just smearing them around his body. He muttered to himself about her horrible customer service.

Once we were done teasing Ramon about his rejection, I got up to get some food from the snack counter. There was a small line of people in front of me and I kept on glancing over to look at the cute blonde girl. The way she genuinely smiled when she helped a customer warmed my impression of her even more. I found myself smiling too, and pretending like each of her smiles were just for me. I wanted nothing more than to approach her, but my mind kept coming up with excuses not to. I doubted she would give me the time of day thanks to whatever perverted things Ramon had whispered in her ear. Also, the only thing I could think to say would be that someone who works with something so cold she sure was hot. Like that would work, I thought, but that was all I had.

I was next in line and taking the last step to the counter when the girl at the register excused herself and asked the girl at the ice cream counter to watch her register. I tried my best not to stare at the beautiful rainbow-slinging girl as she walked towards me. I failed. I tried to study the menu but couldn't help but notice the graceful way she walked to the register. I wouldn't have been surprised if she was an athlete or dancer. When she got closer I saw that her name tag said Amanda and had a heart next to it.

"Hi, what can I get for you?" Amanda said in a welcoming voice that made me think that maybe I might have a chance, but before I could say anything she added, "Hopefully, you don't want anything with sprinkles on it." Her smile took on a more mischievous look. There goes my chances. I decided to just order my food before I did something stupid and ended up being a double rainbow with Ramon.

"Look, I'm sorry about my friend and whatever he said. He is kind of like the mascot of the group." To my surprise, she laughed. Her laugh was the kind of laugh that infects you and makes you want to do whatever it takes to hear it again. She laughed in a carefree way that drew looks from some of the people around us, including my friends. Her light blue eyes that had moments ago seemed icy were now a cheery sky blue.

"I forgive you for your mascot's behavior, so what do you want?"

"Can I have a hot dog with—"

"You don't want to order a hot dog." She still had that friendly customer service smile and voice, so I was confused when she said this.

"Why not?"

"Two reasons."

I waited for her to say more but she didn't so I gave in and said, "And they are?"

"Well," she leaned slightly forward and gestured for me to do so too. "One, the hot dogs don't sell at all and the same ones have been back there all day."

"Oh gross."

"Yeah, so I couldn't let a cute guy like you get sick. I wouldn't be able to sleep tonight." My brain started to go into overdrive, did she just call me cute? I noticed she looked me over and remembered I was shirtless in front of this beautiful girl. While I wasn't the most athletic of my friends, my body was decently toned after taking weightlifting class at school and playing basketball with my friends. Her gaze lingered on my body. I felt like I was too revealed in front of her. "So, what's the other reason?" I asked.

Amanda leaned even more across the counter towards me. I knew if I looked down I would be able to see down her shirt. I wanted to look but managed to maintain eye contact instead. She gestured for me to lean forward more so I did. She placed her mouth right next to my ear and said, "Because I get a break in fifteen minutes and we could share a pizza." Her breath brushed against my ear and her words gave me goosebumps.

"Will the pizza be safe?" I joked.

"The pizzas are baked fresh and one could be ready by the time I go on break... if you wanted to eat together?" While before she had been so confident in giving me signs that even someone as oblivious as me could read that she was interested, this time she sounded timid in flat-out asking me.

"Yeah, of course, I do."

Amanda pulled herself away as her coworker returned, "That will be $13.50. Can I have your name?" she asked.

"Ryan," I said. We finished the transaction, and I walked back to my friends. They all stared at me in shock. Not only was I the only virgin in the group, but I had also never had a girlfriend, so I didn't blame them in seeing me be picked up by a girl that put all their conquests to shame. "What happened?" Ramon demanded. His brow furrowed in anger, but the look was ruined because a dissolving pink sprinkle was still stuck between his eyebrows.

I told them what had happened and they said they didn't believe me. "No fucking way," was what Brandon said. Jacob suggested that maybe she was using me as her pizza sugar daddy. After ten minutes, Amanda walked into the back room. Five minutes later my pizza was called out but she still hadn't come back yet. After another five minutes of waiting my friends started to say I lied and made up the whole story. Jacob demanded a slice of the pizza and started chanting the word pizza repeatedly. The others joined in with him and I had decided I needed to make some new friends when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I looked up and there she was.

"Sorry to interrupt," she said, looking first at my friends who were still mid-chant and then down at me, "Are you ready?"

"Yes, very." I got up and followed her towards an empty table near the front door. To my surprise, she walked past the table and held the door open for me. "We aren't eating in here?" I asked.

"And let your friends steal our pizza and stare at me?" I looked back at them with her and they pretended like they weren't just staring at her.

"Ok, anywhere is better than in here," I said.

I followed her outside. "Sorry it took so long, I ended up getting stuck working in the back."

"That's fine, I know how work can be," I said.

"Did you think I was going to stand you up?" she asked.

I had been so worried about that exact thing that I couldn't help but laugh at how perceptive she was. "Yeah, I did."

"Maybe I can make it up to you." Before I could respond, she said, "We're here." Around the side of the snack bar was a chain-link fence with a gate labeled "employees only." She pushed it open with her hip and led me inside. It was a squared garden enclosed between the two buildings and had a high wall that went along the side opposite the hedge. There were two stone tables with attached benches. Flower beds lined the sides of the garden. The scent of fresh flowers was a pleasant scent change after smelling chlorine all day.

Amanda placed the drinks down and motioned for me to sit. She went back to the gate and slid the latch so no one would enter and then sat across from me. We both grabbed a slice of pizza and started eating. The pizza had cooled down, but it was better than what I was expecting after hearing the hot dog warning.

While we ate, I snuck glances at her. Every time she got even a smudge of pizza on her face she would immediately wipe it off with a napkin. I didn't know what to say so I focused on trying not to look like a klutz and drop any of the pizza on myself. A couple of times she caught me looking at her and pretended like I was studying the plants behind her. Her golden hair, slightly bronzed but still pale skin, ice-cold eyes, and warm smile all complemented with the lush greenery and vibrant flowers growing behind her like she was a dryad. She broke the silence and asked, "So what do you think of my garden?"

Play it cool, was what I told myself, but "You're beautiful," was what I blurted out. Shit, was that too forward?

"What did you say?"

"The garden, it's beautiful. I have been coming to this water park since I was a little kid and I never knew this was here."

Nonchalantly, in between bites, she said, "I know."

"Know what?"

Now it was her turn to look away from me. "That you have been coming here for years." I started to think that maybe this beautiful girl taking too much interest in me might be too good to be true and was getting a little creepy. She looked back at me from absently looking at one of the flower beds and started to laugh. "Oh god, I sound like such a creep, don't I? My family owns part of the water park. I have been coming here my whole life and have been working here for the last two years since I turned." Our gazes met, "I have been seeing you here most of my life," she added.

I was relieved that she wasn't some crazy stalker but confused by what she was saying. "You have been seeing me, but I don't remember you."

She broke eye contact and looked towards the gate. The silence stretched between us. "To be honest, I used to be awkward-looking and overweight when I was younger. I don't blame you for not noticing me." I could hear the pain in her voice and I regretted my choice of words.

I studied the profile of her face as she continued to look away. Her light blue eyes and cute, upturned nose started to tug at my memories. "Wait, I remember you now," I said. I had frequently seen her around the park throughout the years from when we were both kids. She had been overweight as a child and because of her shortness, the weight had looked worse than it would have if it was on someone taller. "You weren't that overweight, and besides, you're beautiful now." I tried to add to make her feel better, but I felt shallow for saying it.

Amanda turned back to me and her eyes teared up. "I was fat enough for the other kids to make fun of me, call me a beached whale and clap whenever I went down a water slide and it didn't break from my weight." I remembered just how mean other kids were to her even though she always had a smile for anyone she talked to. I panicked for a moment. Did I ever take part in her torment? I racked my memories, searching for a dreaded moment, praying I wouldn't find one. "You remember what happened on the slide?" she asked.

"I remember how nice you were to everyone, even if most kids picked on you, and I remember how you disappeared one summer after what happened on the-"

"Waterslide," she finished. Tears pooled in her eyes as she relived her torments. When I thought she was about to start crying she confused me when she smiled and said, "Not everyone was mean to me."

I thought about the waterslide incident for the first time in years. I was twelve or so and waiting in line for a waterslide. There were two girls in front of me. Amanda was next to go down and between us stood Vivian, a popular girl who was a grade or two above me whose body was already starting to develop rapidly. When Amanda stepped up to the water slide, Vivian reached down with one hand pulled Amanda's bikini bottoms off and with the other pushed her forward. I could hear her cry out as she rushed down the pipe.

The echoes of her fading cry swept away all the happiness that had been building up inside me that day and I didn't know how to feel at what I just saw. It happened so fast and viciously that I didn't see Amanda's exposed bottom, and I doubted anyone else did either, but when the other kids saw Vivian holding the pair of bikini bottoms up in the air they all started talking excitedly about seeing the whale's ass, each kid trying to outdo one another in exaggerated descriptions.

Vivian smiled as she dangled the pink bikini bottoms off one finger like a trophy. The lifeguard grabbed her roughly by the arm and started to pull her towards the stairs. "Slides closed," he said, which caused kids to groan. I felt sorry for the girl; I had seen her be bullied around the park before, but I never knew what to do about it. I had always been too afraid to stand up for her. I wished I could help her. When the lifeguard and Vivian started to pass me, I knew what I had to do. I reached out and tried to grab the bikini bottom out of Vivian's hand but she curled in her finger and held on.

"Hey," Vivian yelled at me as if I was the one doing something wrong. I pulled again but she held firm so I reached down and pulled at her bikini bottoms. I didn't fully undo the knot but enough of it had come undone for her to let go of the girl's bikini bottom to focus on covering up her body. I dove headfirst into the slide and rocketed down after the girl. Thanks to the rules I had never gone down one of these slides face first. It was amazing being able to see the darkness racing away from me instead of just looking down at my feet. I felt like I was flying. Despite the severity of my mission, I started to laugh. I hit the water open-mouthed and face first.

I emerged from the pool spitting out water and looked around trying to find the girl, but today the park was crowded for the 4th of July celebration. I didn't know which way to go and was about to go in a random direction when I heard other kids laughing and the girl's cry from the direction towards the entrance to the park. I ran to catch up with her.

I made it to the park's entrance but didn't see the poor girl anywhere. I scanned the crowd and It didn't seem shocked as if they had just seen a half nude crying girl run by so she must not have made it to the entrance of the park. I doubled back and looked around, but I couldn't find her anywhere. I ran around for twenty minutes looking for her but had no luck. I leaned against the chain-link fence between the snack bar and boat rental buildings as I caught my breath. I was about to walk away when I heard a stifled cry. There was a gate in the middle of the fence and I opened it. The girl was sitting in the shadows in a corner with a raft draped across her lower body. She looked up at me and shouted between sobs, "Go away!"

I closed the gate behind me and held up her bikini bottoms. "I got these back for you." I approached her like you would a wounded animal and took a couple of small steps forward.

"It doesn't matter, they already saw me naked."

"I don't think they saw anything," I said and took another step forward.

"You're just saying that," she said.

"No, it's true. I was right behind you and I didn't see anything." I took one more step forward.

"Promise?" she asked. I had never seen a girl with pale blue eyes like hers. The way they looked when filled with tears and shimmering with the last light of the day made my heart ache even more for her pain. Why did everyone treat her so badly? Just because she was a little overweight?

I took the remaining steps between us and held her bikini bottoms out to her. I was relieved that I could honestly say, "I promise."

She reached up and took the bottoms from my hand. Her hands disappeared underneath the raft; I looked away to give her a moment of privacy. "Thank you, you can look now." She still clutched onto the raft

"You're welcome," I said and started to turn to leave when her hand shot out and grabbed mine.

"Please don't leave me alone." She clutched at me like a drowning girl would a punctured raft; I couldn't just walk away from her.

"Ok, I won't." I sat down next to her but she still didn't let go of my hand. We sat there holding hands while she calmed down. Before long the sun started to set and dipped behind the snack bar. By the time the sun was down for the night, she had calmed down. We took turns running a thumb or a finger along each other's hands. Once there was enough darkness the first firework boomed and flashed in the sky above us. She jumped at the explosion and squeezed my hand tighter. As the fireworks kept on lighting up the sky she scooted closer to me and rested her head on my shoulder. Our hands rested halfway on both of our legs, and I enjoyed the warmth of her body beside mine.

The grand finale lit up the sky as fireworks went off in quick succession. The sky was filled with sunbursts of reds, greens, and blues. The air above us was filled with smoke; the after images of the fireworks burned into my vision so every time I blinked I could still see them.

While I was so focused on the fireworks she leaned up and kissed me on the lips. She pressed her lips awkwardly against mine. This was my first kiss so I responded awkwardly. We figured it out together. As the kiss continues firework flowers bloomed inside of my brain, short-circuiting my thoughts so that all I could think about was how soft and warm her lips were. The sky was quiet and most of the smoke had cleared by the time we finally broke off the kiss. She laid against my chest. "I wish I could be beautiful when I get older," she said.

"You will be," I said as I stroked her hair.

"Like Vivian?" I could hear in her voice a mix of emotions when she said Vivian's name.

"No, even more beautiful."

"Promise?" She asked.

"I promise." I heard my parents calling me and I told her I had to go. When I made it to the gate she thanked me one last time. I smiled back at her and said, "you're welcome," as I stepped out of the gate.

"Hello? You there Ryan?" Amanda asked.

I looked around at the garden and realized just how much Amanda had changed it from when it used to be a graveyard for discarded rafts. I looked at her and realized how much she had changed physically in seven years. "Yeah. I looked for you after that night and over the next couple of summers, but I never saw you again."

"My parents got divorced a couple of days after that night. My parents got joint custody, but I ended up spending most of my summers out of state with my mom. I started working here three years ago and kept an eye out for you, but never saw you," Amanda said.

"It's been a few years since I came here," I said. "Well," I said, looking her over, "It looks like I kept my promise about you becoming beautiful," I joked.

A smile lit up her face and she laughed. "You know how much I had to jog and swim to get in shape?"

"You're welcome." She was about to say something when I reached across the table and held her hand. Holding her hand brought me even more back to that night and made me relive my first crush. I always regretted not getting her name that night and a way to keep in touch with her. I had seen her so often before, so I thought that I would run into her again. She moved to sit beside me and rested her head on my shoulder. She smelled like strawberries and cream and her body felt warm pressed against my side. I looked down questioning my luck at how just an hour ago I was hanging out with my friends and now I was sitting here with this beautiful girl.

She moved her head off my shoulder and looked up at me. Her lips slightly parted as she leaned up to me. I leaned down and our lips met. Her lips were full and soft. At first, the kiss was exploratory and not more than us gently pressing together. The kiss started to become more passionate as we got more comfortable with each other again. The kisses became more open and intense. She gently sucked on my bottom lip which felt amazing so I did it back to her. She sighed when I did it so I repeated it and lightly nibbled on her lip. She sighed even louder this time.

When I let go of her bottom lip and our lips met again I was surprised to feel her velvet-like tongue flicker across my lips. I parted my lips and our tongues met. We were both clumsy at French kissing at first, but then we found a rhythm to it. She put my hand on her thigh and squeezed it. As the kiss intensified she started to guide my hand upwards. We paused for a moment with our hands resting on her inner thigh.

She broke off the kiss and we were both looking down at our joined hands with our foreheads touching. We were both panting. I wanted this, wanted her, but I wanted to let her set the pace. We sat there motionless for some of the longest seconds of my life. I was preparing myself for when she broke off the embrace. Instead, she squeezed my hand and then started to slide it up the rest of the way. My hand reached resistance and I felt the warmth radiating from between her legs. She leaned forward and we kissed as she pressed my hand firmly against her so I started to rub her through her jeans. I fumbled around, not knowing what to do or where to focus my attention. When I stumbled on the right places she would inhale sharply.

She leaned across and placed her other hand on my knee. She started to slowly slide her hand up my thigh and inwards. Her hand was arched so that just her fingertips and the bottom pad of her hand rubbed against me. Her fingers lightly slid along the smooth fabric of my swim trunks while she pressed more firmly down with the bottom of her hand. The friction of the two feelings combined like a shock and aftershock of pleasure. I got goosebumps as her hand moved tantalizingly slow up my thigh. When her fingertips brushed along my erection, it was my turn to inhale sharply. She continued to trace her fingers along my hardness and then the rest of her hand started to press along my member.

We sat there rubbing each other; we were so focused on our hands that our kissing slowed down and became clumsier. I pulled away from her lips and started to kiss along her ear and down her jawline. I angled my kisses down, and when my lips reached her neck she whimpered, "Yes, don't stop." Happy that I found another source of pleasure for her, I alternated between kissing and sucking on her neck.

I decided to try and be the one to advance things this time. I slid my hand up and started to fumble with the button on her jeans. Her hand let go of mine, and she deftly undid the button and pulled down her zipper. I slipped my hand under the elastic of her panties. I felt her downy pubic hair as my fingers slid down. I panicked for a second when I couldn't find her opening. Once again, she guided me, leading my hand further down until I felt the warmth of her pussy without any barriers this time. Another half an inch and my hand reached the wetness that had gathered at the top of her lips causing my finger to slip down. My finger rubbed against her clit and caused her to moan so loudly that I was afraid that someone might hear us.

As my fingers explored, she pulled at the knot on my swim trunks. For a moment she fumbled at unraveling the knot. I smiled that she was having a similar problem I had, but hated that it kept her from touching me more. I was about to help her untie it when she tugged at the knot roughly and managed to undo it. She slipped her hand down inside my swim trunks. Her soft warm hand wrapped around me and started to stroke up and down. Her strokes were clumsy compared to if I was doing it myself, but the feeling of having someone else touch me felt better than I could ever match.

As she stroked me, I probed further down. My finger found her opening and I was surprised at how wet and hot she was. I inserted my finger slowly and she leaned against me, her head resting on my shoulder. I could feel her tense up as I slid my finger in up to its first digit. She arced her mouth up and started to suck and nibble on my neck. I sighed in pleasure; it was no wonder why she liked it so much when I did that to her. Once my finger was nearly halfway in I curled it in and out. Our arms intertwined as we played with each other. We kissed and took turns sucking on each other's necks.

Amanda started to hump against my hand and caused my finger to slide all the way inside of her. As she rocked into my finger faster she started to breathe in shallow breaths and kissed her way up the side of my neck to my ear. The sound of her intense breathing and sighs of pleasure made my cock twitch and strain against my swim trunks. After kissing my earlobe, she said, "I'm close." My hand picked that moment to start to cramp up in the confines of her tight pants and panties. I raised my hand to readjust, and my palm brushed against her clit. She stifled her cry by burying her head in my shoulder. Taking the hint, I reluctantly pulled my finger out of her and started to rub her clit with two fingers. Sometimes my fingers would slide to the side and I would lose the bump that was driving her crazy and I would hurry to find it again.

Amanda kissed under my chin and said, "I'm—" but that was as far as she got as she started to tremble against me. I leaned down and kissed her gently as she gasped for breath. I felt her body tense up; her grip on my dick tightened but the precum lubed it to allow for the tighter grip to feel amazing. With one last cry, I felt her muscles release and she collapsed against me.

I pulled my hand out of her panties and reached around her back to hold her tight. I had been about to cum and I was a little disappointed that I didn't get to finish but being able to just sit there and hold this beautiful girl who I just gave an orgasm felt rewarding in itself. Her hand was still wrapped around my dick.

I held her for five minutes and I was thinking we were done when she started to rub the underside of my cock head with her finger. She started stroking me and got me fully hard again. Before I knew it, I was close to cumming again. "I'm close," I told her. She went faster. It felt amazing, but the angle of her hand in my swim trunks restricted her movements and I lingered on the brink of bliss. Sensing my frustration, she pulled my cock out of my swim trunks and pressed my hand against her breast. I kneaded them through her thin shirt and bra. When I felt her nipples stiffen up underneath my touch it provided the extra stimulation I needed. My orgasm hit me stronger than any other I had ever felt before. My cum shot up in multiple thick globs. Some of it fell onto the grass, while the rest coated her hand. She continued to pump her hand up and down, which was unbearable in a good way because of how sensitive my cock was after an orgasm. She slowly stopped stroking me, milking the last of my cum and the last waves of pleasure out of me.

We sat holding each other in post-orgasmic bliss. I peeked down at her face and saw through the locks of hair that cascaded down her face that she was smiling. We both seemed content to just sit in the garden holding each other, but mother nature had other plans. I felt a large drop of water land on my shoulder. As if it was a recon unit declaring a target was found, I started to get pelted by cold raindrops. The storm clouds I had seen off at the mountains earlier had made their way above us. Thunder boomed and lightning flashed in the sudden summer storm.

Amanda shrieked when the rain hit her and pulled her hand out of my swim trunks. She turned to me and asked, "You know what this means?"

"No what?"

"During lightning storms, the water park closes early so I can be off soon." She kissed me and then said, "My Dad is out of town if you want to come over."

I quickly agreed to go home with her. She told me it would be ten minutes until she finished her last work tasks, so I walked back to my locker and opened it up. I was carrying my clothes to the changing room when I ran into my friends. "What happened? Did you embarrass yourself so badly you have to sneak away now?" teased Jacob.

"No, the opposite. We are about to go...on a date." I almost said back to her house, but I didn't want to tell my friends just how well lunch with her had gone.

Jacob seemed shocked and waited a moment for me to say that I was just kidding, when I didn't he said, "Ok, we will see you later." He seemed jealous, he was normally the one who always got the girl, even with having a girlfriend.

"Don't forget to use protection," shouted Ramon over his shoulder causing me to nearly drop my bundle of clothes and phone.

I changed quickly and then jogged through the rain back to the snack bar. It was a lot more crowded now as people sought out shelter from the storm. I mused that they must be hoping that maybe the rain would pass so they could resume getting wet. After ten minutes Amanda emerged from the back room. I saw her gaze sweep across the crowd looking for me, and when she spotted me, she smiled. I smiled back.

She handed me some plastic sheeting as we stepped out of the door together. "Here, we are going to need this." We held it above us and held hands as we ran through the pounding rain towards the parking lot. We tried our best to not get wet, but the rain beat down on us. It didn't help that she led us towards the biggest puddles and would step out from under the plastic sheet to splash in them.

Luckily her car was near the entrance, so we made it without having to splash through every puddle in the parking lot. I tried to hide my awe when she stopped in front of a BMW that was only a few years old. I rushed to open her door for her which earned me a smile and a peck on the lips. When I got inside I realized just how nice of a car it was with a well-done dashboard, comfortable leather seats, and the console was full of buttons and gages that reminded me of a spy car. "This is a nice car."

"Thanks, Dad gave me it when he upgraded." After starting the car, she got the heater going. My seat started to warm up under me and I sunk deeper into it. "I don't live too far from here, it's about a twenty-minute drive." As we drove she reached over and rested her hand on my thigh and I did the same thing to her. While she drove, we asked each other all the things I assumed you would usually ask someone before you had your hands down their pants; not that I was complaining about the reversed order.

I learned that she went to college upstate, so we were attending rival schools. Amanda asked about my major and I told her I wanted to be a graphic designer or anything involving my art. She joked how she couldn't draw a straight line even with a ruler. Amanda asked what I liked to draw, and I told her I usually did nature drawings, but that this semester I was trying to branch out and was taking a life drawing class. I had always been uncomfortable talking about my art, so I changed the subject by asking her about her major. She told me how she wanted to get a medical degree and probably go into physical therapy.

I loved to hear her talk and the more I learned about her the more perfect I thought this girl was for me. She had a wide taste in music that overlapped nicely with mine. We took turns asking each other if we had watched a favorite movie or TV show, and most of the time the answer was yes. She started to stroke my thigh as we talked. Her touch caused another part of me to warm up. I tried to focus on the conversation but she made it harder to by slowly moving her hand up. I started to stammer my answers to her questions and I could see the smirk on her face as she made me tongue-tied. I decided two could play it this game. I moved my hand up her thigh until it I was in between both of her thighs. I pressed my hand against her sex. She exhaled briefly but still maintained her composure.

I lifted my hand and started to slide it into the waistband of her jeans but they were too tight. I thought about undoing her pants and slipping my hand inside, but right when I was about to, the rain started to pour down even harder. As much as I wanted to touch her further, I would rather not distract her when the road was so slick, so I pulled my hand out of her waistband. I placed my hand back in between her thighs and continued to enjoy the warmth radiating out from there. She didn't have the same reservations I had and kept on rubbing me through my jeans. She kept me hard for the rest of the drive.

Amanda pulled into the entrance of a gated community, the ornate gates swung open without her even having to slow down. From what I could see through the downpour of rain every house had the same beige colored walls, orange shingles, and were all at least two stories tall. In even the smallest of the houses, we passed you could have probably fit four of my apartments with room to spare.

Amanda pulled into the three-car garage of one of the largest houses on the street. I tried my best at hiding how opulent the driveway and garage alone were compared to my apartment. I must not have done a good enough job at keeping my mouth closed because she said, "My Dad and Stepmom do well for themselves, but they are never home." The last part of the sentence was laced with sadness, so I took my hand out from between her thighs and squeezed her hand. Amanda smiled at me and I smiled back. As we leaned in for a kiss, thunder boomed right above us, and the power cut out.

She cried out and squeezed my hand. Trying to recover she said, "Giving you the tour is going to be a little harder now." I laughed and we both turned on the flashlights on our phones. She met me at the front of the car and held my hand after she opened the door to the house. "I have some candles up in my room."

Amanda led me through the house. I was glad it was in darkness because if I could see the house in full light I would have been gawking. We passed a living room with a giant flat-screen TV that took up a quarter of the wall. I would have walked into a pool table if she hadn't lightly tugged me out of the way. She led me to a wide staircase and started to walk up it one step ahead of me. I held my phone up to give her extra light and I stared at her ass the entire walk upstairs. Her ass looked well-toned but had enough size to it to make it more than a handful, and I could see the outline of her panties under the tight jeans. I had always been more into a girl's breasts than her ass, but looking up and seeing her muscles flex as she climbed the stairs, I was beginning to learn how to expand my tastes. As we climbed up the stairs her stride became more fluid and her hips rolled more, drawing attention to her body. I was so focused on her ass that I bumped into her when we reached the top of the stairs.

"Watch where you're going," she teased.

"You did that on purpose, didn't you?" She ignored my question and started to walk down the hallway to her room. When we stepped inside of her room I pulled her hand and turned her around to kiss her. The kiss intensified and I ran one hand along her ass and cupped it. She gasped into my mouth so I continued to knead her ass. With my other hand I unbuttoned the buttons at the top of her collared shirt. I started to slip my hand down her shirt when she broke off the kiss. We were both left gasping for air. I could tell she wanted this too, so I was confused about why she stopped me. "Look no offense, but you still smell like chlorine and the park's water, and I know how dirty that water is. Why don't you go take a shower first and I will wait for you? I could also set our clothes up to dry."

I realized that while I had gotten used to it before, I could still smell the park's water lingering on my skin and I wouldn't want to mess around with someone who smelled like that either. "Yeah ok, you have a point." She handed me a towel from her walk-in closet and led me into her bathroom. I had never been inside of a girl's room before. Seeing all the bottles of toiletries products and hairstyling devices made me realize just how much work girls had in maintaining themselves. There were some candles mixed in with the toiletries and on top of the toilet tank. She lit the candles which gave a soft warm light that was just enough to see by but still allowed for a lot of shadows and darkness.

She bent over and turned the shower on for me. I couldn't help but grab her ass again. "Down boy, you can do that soon enough." She stepped away from the shower and waited for me to undress. I was embarrassed to be seen naked by a girl for the first time. Getting the hint, she sighed and turned around while I undressed. I placed my wet clothes on the sink, jumped into the shower, and slid the opaque glass door closed all in quick succession.

As she stepped out of the bathroom she said, "I saw your ass you know."

"You did?"

"Yep, it was cute." I wanted to say some witty remark but she closed the door before I could think of anything. There were about fifteen different bottles placed in the shower caddy and on the various ledges around the shower. Since I couldn't read the bottles well by the candlelight, I grabbed one at random from the shower caddie. I opened it up and it smelled like peppermint. I squeezed it into my palm and hoped for the best as I lathered it into my hair. Next, I grabbed a bottle that was on one of the ledges hoping that maybe she organized the hair care products from the body ones by height. I squeezed the mystery liquid onto a spongy loofah and started to soap up my body.

The hot water and steam felt so good after the cold rain that I took my time running the loofa over my body. When it came time to rinse off I closed my eyes and stepped into the full spray of the hot water. As I started to rinse the shampoo out of my hair I felt a cold draft behind me. I was deep in thought at all that had happened so far today, so when I felt hands run through my hair and touch mine I jumped to the right and smacked into the wall. The sound I made may have been a little less than manly.

Amanda laughed and said, "Jeeze, you're jumpy."

"I wasn't expecting you to get into the shower with me."

"While maybe you should have invited me. You were taking forever so I decided to join you," she said.

"I was almost done."

"No, you're not, you missed your back. Hand me the loofah." She started by scrubbing my shoulders and massaging me with her free hand. Goosebumps broke out on my body as she slowly cleaned and massaged me. She did my neck next and then started to run the loofa down my back. She would go in a straight line down to my lower back while applying pressure. Once she reached my lower back she would stop and restart at the top of my back on a path next to the last.

A couple of times the loofa grazed against the top of my ass and intensified the goosebumps she was giving me. With each pass, she seemed to go lower until finally she lowered it down between my cheeks and started to lightly scrub my anus while massaging my ass cheeks. I wasn't expecting this but decided to go with it because it felt so good. Her free hand slipped around my waist and she gripped me at the base of my cock. Her hand was slippery from the soap and she squeezed firmly on my throbbing erection and slowly slid her hand up my shaft, opening and contracting her hand as she did so. When she finally reached the head, she started to rub the soap into it with the palm of her hand.

Amanda started to stroke up and down my shaft. She slowly built up the speed and amount of friction she used. Her technique was improved from earlier but there was still a trace of hesitation to her actions that made them so much sexier. I was thinking that nothing could feel better than this when she said, "Turn around."

I turned as she lowered herself and I got my first look at her tits. They had just enough size for them to be full handfuls. I thought that her lightly tanned skin was pale, but her tits were a creamy white compared to the rest of her. Her breasts were a perky conical shape and her nipples were a light shade of red. The way the candlelight flickered across them and shadows played across her chest made me want to do the same only with my tongue and fingers. I was so focused on her perfect tits that when she grabbed my dick and moved her head forward instead of continuing to jerk me off I was caught off guard. Her hair was slick with the water and cascaded down her face so I couldn't see what she was doing. The next moment I felt her soft lips rubbing against the tip of my penis. She slowly lowered her mouth and I could feel the velvet texture of her tongue as I pressed against it. When she fit my entire head into her mouth her bottom lip grazed against the bottom underside of my cock and she caused me to jump for the second time in the shower.

Amanda slowly started to bob her head up and down the top of my cock. I began to feel more of her tongue as she rubbed it against the underside of my shaft. When she got half of it in her mouth I could feel it start to touch the back of her mouth and graze her inner cheeks as she sucked me from different angles. Once she got into a comfortable rhythm she started to stroke me as well. She timed her bobs and strokes together so that she seemed to be touching all my dick at once. Sometimes she would lose the rhythm, but the occasional stop and change in speed allowed for new sensations.

She brushed the hair out of her face and looked up at me; she was simultaneously sexy and cute as she looked up at me with her wide blue eyes. The candlelight flickered through the textured glass and cast half of her face in a warm glow and the other half in shadows. I held her eye contact and noticed her other arm stretched down and in front of her. It took me a second to realize that she was fingering herself while giving me a blowjob. The sight of this put me over the edge. I may have been inexperienced when it came to sex but I knew that it was impolite, if that was the correct word, to cum in someone's mouth without warning them. I started to rock my hips back and forth and said, "I'm close."

When Amanda's next bob back took her mouth nearly off my cock she said, "Ok," and then took me back into her mouth. She sped up and wrapped her lips firmly around my dick. It felt amazing. I wished that I could have held out longer to continue to enjoy this feeling. I ran my hands through her hair and with a grunt I started to cum. Even though I came just an hour earlier I felt several large loads shoot into her mouth. She continued to slowly stroke me as she milked the last of it out and swallowed. She stood up and leaned up for a kiss. I hesitated on kissing her, not wanting to taste myself, but I figured after what she just did for me a kiss was the least I could offer her. My fear turned out to not come true because she had swallowed all my cum.

She turned off the water and we started to towel dry each other off. "That was amazing," I said.

"Thanks, I wasn't sure if I would be good enough. I've never done it before." Wait I wondered, was she a virgin too?

"If you were any better, I would have cum the second you put me in your mouth."

"Well guess it's good I wasn't because I wouldn't have been able to try out what I learned online."

"You watch porn?" The thought of this cute girl watching porn was both arousing and made me want to install parental blocks on her computer to hide the depravity of the internet from her.

"Yes, I do, but I prefer to call it video research." After we were dried off she led me into the bedroom. She had candles spread throughout the room. There was at least one on each surface casting the room in a comfortable glow. She walked ahead of me and I looked down. Her waist had a nice slight taper to it where her hips flared out. Her ass was fuller and more developed than her chest. I wondered how much bigger her tits might get if they weren't done developing. She climbed into the bed and sat against the baseboard. She had the blanket pulled up to her neck and patted the bed next to her. She turned facing away from me as I climbed into the bed. I lay in the bed beside her for a minute before Amanda said, "Aren't you going to hold me?"

"Yeah of course." I slide over and wrapped my arms around her. I wrapped my left arm under her with my left hand resting near the hollow of her neck and rested my right hand on her hip. I left a little space between us at our waists. She pressed back and closed the gap between us. My cock was nestled against her soft ass which felt amazing. We lay there holding each other, listening to the storm rage around us. After already cumming twice, I was still mostly soft, but the pressure and smooth skin were starting to make me hard again.

I started to trail my left hand from her neck down to her breasts. she sighed and pressed back against me as I started to rub the top of her breasts. My fingers followed the gentle slope and crested onto the summit of my desires. When my finger traced against her areola she gasped for breath. Finally, my finger grazed against her smooth yet firm nipple. I rolled it lightly between my thumb and fingers.

While I continued to play with her nipple, I started to slide my other hand inside her thigh. My fingers brushed against her dewy pubic hair, but from that angle it was hard to go any further down. I sat up a little so that my head rested against hers. With a little stretching, I was finally able to slip a finger along the top of her moist lips. I switched between playing with her nipples and rubbing her tits with one hand, and with the other I started to rub her clit. Amanda leaned back and kissed my neck. She would part her mouth against my neck and moan when I managed to synch up both of my hands. Her warm breath on my neck made me quiver.

Her breathing grew heavier, and she started to hump back against me. My cock ended up pressed down in between her cheeks. The pressure made this a little uncomfortable. Right when I was about to adjust so that it wouldn't hurt, she shifted as she thrust onto me and my dick slid down across the bottom of her cheeks and the tip pressed against her pussy. We both gasped together at this new sensation and paused what we were doing. I could feel her heartbeat under my hand trying to outrace my own. I listened to the rain as it beat down on the roof and gave her time to decide if this was what she wanted.

I got my answer when I felt her hand grab the tip of my dick and held it on the outside of her moist lips. She started to press back against me until the tip of my penis slipped inside of her. She was tight. Tighter than I thought this would be. If it wasn't for how wet she was, I wouldn't have been able to enter her from this angle. The warmth and wetness wrapped around my shaft made me tremble for a moment in pleasure. If it wasn't for the fact that she had already made me come twice I doubt I would have been able to last this long inside of her. She slowly thrust onto my cock, her whole body seeming to move in rhythm to extract the most pleasure from each movement. With each thrust, she pulled almost all the way off, but then with a shake of her ass would sink me back into her. The pleasure was so intense that I held still, not trusting myself to try and match her feline-like grace. I focused again on rubbing her clit and kneading her tits. With our bodies pressed tightly together I could get about a third of my seven inches inside of her. My dick slid effortlessly out because of how wet she was, but because of how tight her pussy was it took more pressure to slide back in. The rest of my dick was slick with her juices and slid easily through her firm ass cheeks.

After she took in as much as she could at this angle and rocked for a few minutes I was finally brave enough to try and hump back against her. My first couple of thrusts threw off her rhythm and I slid out of her. I was embarrassed by this but she just kissed my cheek and positioned me back outside of her entrance. I thrust forward and she pushed back to meet me. Our combined efforts led to me entering deeper than before. We started the rhythm off slowly, steadily increasing the pace until we made it back to the frantic pace she had set by herself earlier. My pelvis started to slap against her ass and she moaned as I pounded into her from behind.

I was on the verge of coming when she pulled away from me. I was confused for a moment but then she rolled onto her back and said, "Get on top." I pushed my body up and moved on top of her. I reached down and positioned myself on the outside of her lips. I stared into her beautiful eyes and she nodded. I had meant to only enter half of the way but she was so wet that my dick slid to its base into her tight hole. She closed her eyes and arched her body upwards, her mouth opening in an "O" as she moaned.

I stayed deep inside of her for a moment, enjoying the warm tightness as her pussy contracted and squeezed tighter. I placed my hands on her hips and pulled almost all the way out. I lingered for a moment at her entrance and then thrust down fully again. The next time I did this her hips rose to meet me. Our pace quickened and the sound of me thrusting into her seemed to harmonize with the constant tapping of the rain on the window and stone above us. I looked down at her pale breasts bathed in the flickering red glow of the candles. Her breasts rose and fell with her thrusts and breaths as her moans crescendoed and became screams of pleasure.

"Harder," Amanda demanded in the middle of a gasp for air. I didn't do what she said fast enough. "Fuck me harder," she shouted, in between breaths. All I could say was "ok" as I started to thrust into her with even more force. Her face contorted with pleasure. Her creamy white tits rocked back and forth with our movements. I leaned down to take one of her nipples in my mouth. Our frantic pace made this easier said than done and my lips grazed against her nipple and slid above it. I readjusted and latched onto her nipple. Because of the thrusts, I alternated between rolling my tongue along her soft nub and licking around her nipple.

"Yes," Amanda moaned. I latched on and started to suckle harder and took most of her tit in my mouth. "I'm about to cum," she said and then a moment later I felt her body start to move to its own rhythm as an orgasm pulsed through it.

Her rapid humping and pulsing pussy put me over the edge. "I'm about to cum," I panted.

I expected her to tell me to get off or to shove me away, but instead, she said, "Cum inside me." These words were the last I expected to hear and not caring about the consequences I gave in to the pleasure and started to unload inside of her. I wasn't expecting a big load after already cumming twice but I was wrong. I felt a couple of large loads shoot inside of her followed by several smaller ones. As her orgasm ebbed and mine ascended we said each other's names and then locked lips. Slowly our bodies stopped thrusting against each other. I rolled off her and we lay side by side, panting. Her hand worked its way into mine and I squeezed it. "That was amazing," she said.

"My thoughts exactly." We laid there together in the after-sex glow and I felt a fuzzy weight fall over my eyes and mind as I started to drift off to sleep. I was nearly at that point in early sleep where the random shapes of the subconscious manifest themselves from the shadows of the mind into dreams when I jolted myself awake. I was in an unfamiliar room that was lit by candles and I could hear rain flowing down off the roof.

I felt a shift on the bed beside me and I looked over at Amanda and smiled. I carefully extracted my hand from her grip and stood up. I looked down at the beautiful girl stretched out on the bed and I couldn't believe how lucky I was to have found her. I took in her beauty, still not believing that I just had sex with her. I walked around the room blowing out all the candles and then laid back in bed. She half woke up and rolled towards me. I wrapped my arms around her and planted a kiss on her strawberry scented head before I let myself drift off to sleep.