**Water Park Fun**

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**Water Park Fun Ch. 02 - The Mall**

I woke up to sunlight shining on my face and the scent of bacon cooking in the air. I rolled away from the sun and listened to the faint dripping as the leftover rainwater from last night fell from the roof to the pavement below. I thought back to the perfect night yesterday with Amanda and wondered if I had somehow dreamed it all up. Before sleep could claim me again I started to think about last night. I thought about Amanda's smile, her beautiful body in the candlelight, the sound of her laughter in the rain, and later her cries of pleasure.  
  
I wanted nothing more than to stay in bed running through all that happened yesterday but the sound of water woke up my bladder and the smell of bacon my appetite. I took in the unfamiliar room, seeing most of it for the first time. The walls were plastered wall to wall with posters and pictures from bands, athletes, and some anime posters. A bookshelf along one wall was bursting with books in double rows and stacked in the space between the top of the books and the next shelf above.  
I walked into the bathroom and relieved myself. I took extra care that my aim would be perfect so that I wouldn't ruin things by pissing on her floor. When I stepped back out of the bathroom I saw my clothes were laid out at the foot of the bed. She must have washed them for me because they felt clean and smelled like laundry detergent. I wondered how long she had been up. I walked through the hallway and down the large staircase. With each step, the smell of breakfast food cooking grew stronger like I was descending into a greasy heaven. To the left of the staircase were the front door and a sitting area. To the right was a dining table. On the wall where the dining table was perpendicular to were two archways that lead into the kitchen, one was smaller against the far wall and the other was large and connected to a tile path that led from the front door to the kitchen.  
  
I walked into the kitchen through the tiled walkway and saw Amanda cooking with her back turned towards me. I took a moment to admire her while she worked. She had an apron on and was wearing a bright pink t-shirt. I wanted to surprise her but there was a kitchen island behind her. I realized that sneaking up on someone I just spent the night with for the first time might be weird, so I decided to take a seat on one of the stools in front of the kitchen island instead. She heard the stool scrape on the tile and whirled around. "Good morning," she said brightly.  
  
"Good morning," I mumbled.  
  
"I take it you're not a morning person?" she asked me.  
  
  
"Honestly, sometimes I'm not even a noon person."  
  
"Want some coffee?"  
  
"Yes, please. What are you making? It smells amazing."  
  
"Well, I don't know about you, but last night I certainly worked up an appetite. I thought it would be nice to surprise you with some food. Unless you were in a hurry to leave?"  
  
She tried to sound nonchalant in the way she said it but I could hear the hesitation in her voice. "I am completely free today," I said.  
  
She smiled and said "Perfect, I can't eat all of this on my own." She handed me a cup of coffee and pointed out the cream and sugar to me. "I just have to finish the eggs and then we can eat."  
  
"Are you sure this is enough food?" I asked.  
  
She laughed. "I didn't know what you like. Besides I like to cook."  
  
The coffee was strong but tasted great. When I was halfway done with my first cup, Amanda announced she was done and undid her apron and placed it onto a hook inside of the pantry. She set a plate down for each of us and sat down. The plates of food were laid out in front of us so that I could reach out to grab what I wanted. I loaded my plate up with a couple of fluffy pancakes, scrambled eggs mixed with cheese, bacon, and sausage. I was surprised to see Amanda load up her plate nearly as high as mine.  
  
She gave me a quick kiss on the cheek and then we started to eat. The pancakes were fluffy and cooked perfectly. The eggs were well seasoned and the bacon was perfectly crisped. I quickly cleared my first plate and said thank you. "The food was really good."  
  
"Do you want more coffee?" she asked as I set up a second plate.  
  
"Yes, please. Thank you." Once the coffee started to kick in I finally started to wake up. I had never spent this much time with a girl before. The thought of going home away from her wasn't a good one. I felt like there was a connection building between us and if I left now I might break it before it could get stronger. "So, I was wondering, are you free today?"  
  
"Yep, today is my day off from work," Amanda said.  
  
"Would you like to go to the mall and see a movie or something?" I asked.  
  
"Are you asking me on a date?"  
  
"If I was, would you say yes?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
She didn't say anything after that. I didn't know if she was saying yes to the date or just saying she would say yes if I asked her so I clarified, "Would you go on a date with me?"  
  
"Yes, I would like that very much." We spent the next ten minutes finishing our breakfast and planning out what we were going to do for the day. She said she needed to buy some things and asked if I would mind if she dragged me through some stores. I replied how she could drag me anywhere and I wouldn't care if I was with her. It was a little dumb and sappy of a thing to say but it earned a smile from her so it was worth it.  
  
Once we were finished eating she put the leftover food away and started to do the dishes. I asked if she wanted help and she said sure. She scrubbed the dishes while I rinsed them and lined them up on the drying rack. She splashed me with soapy water so I retaliated by spraying her with the removable sink head. She shrieked and the water war was on. After a couple of minutes, we finally called a truce. I thought I would have easily won since I had the sink sprayer but she made good use of her sponges and I had to rinse the soap suds off my face.  
  
When we were done cleaning up she checked her phone for movie times at the nearest mall. We found an action movie that we both wanted to watch and she offered to buy the tickets. We had an awkward amount of time before the movie started, about an hour and a half when the drive would take twenty minutes, so we had some time to kill.  
  
Once we were back in her car She connected her phone with Bluetooth and we took turns playing songs for each other. She rested her hand on my thigh the whole drive and I held her hand. Puddles of water lingered on the streets from seldom used drainage systems not being able to handle last night's downfall.  
  
We got to the mall and had to park near the back of the parking lot. I let her lead the way and she lead us to Barnes and Noble. I was curious about what book sections she would go to. The answer was, all of them. Or it seemed like it. We managed to hit the fitness, cooking, teen fiction, romance, science fiction/ fantasy, and at least three other sections in just thirty minutes. She was like a whirlwind of shopping.  
  
As we walked towards the checkout counter I compared the three books I had against her stack of about fifteen. I had offered to carry them for her. She smiled and said she had it. "So did you just grab those at random or what?" I asked.  
  
"No, I know what books I want before I come here and then come pick them all up at once. This cookbook I picked because it looked good but other than that I knew I would be getting all of these books."  
  
"That's a little odd. What about taking the time to browse?" I asked.  
  
"I like browsing too every now and then, but it takes too much time for me. Sometimes you got to know what you want and just go get it."  
  
I leaned forward and give her a kiss over the stack of books she is carrying. "You mean like that?" I asked.  
  
"Exactly like that." We purchased our books; Amanda's stack had to be split up between three bags to be able to handle the weight. Once we were done paying I snatched up two of her bags. She started to complain but I told her again how I was just going for what I wanted which was helping her. She smiled and accepted my help.  
  
Amanda lead me deeper into the mall. There were at least three floors overall but there were multiple sub-tiers of floors reached by mini escalators that were all at different elevations so it made it hard for me to keep oriented. She lead me into a couple of clothing stores. At the first one, she bought a couple of blouses and a pair of denim shorts that I would love to see her in. While she paid she must have read my thoughts because she smiled knowingly at me over her shoulder.  
  
The second store had an almost even split between guy and girl clothes. She lead me to the guy section and asked what type of clothing I liked to wear. I'm not the most fashionable guy so I confessed that nearly every one of my shirts was a graphic-T. We went through the men's shirts and she picked out a couple. One was something I would normally wear but the other one was a little too preppy for me. She asked me to try them on. Before I could complain she was pouting at me. I couldn't hold up to her watering eyes and upturned bottom lip so I agreed to go try them on.  
  
The first shirt fit perfectly, but the second one was a little tighter then what I was used to. I took a moment to look at it in the mirror and I had to give Amanda credit because it did look good on me. There was a gentle knock at the door. "Hey let me in," Amanda whispered.  
  
I opened the door. "What are you doing? You're not supposed to be in here."  
  
"The employee watching the dressing rooms isn't good at her job." She eyed me up and down. "As long as we are fast we don't have to worry."  
  
"Fast about what?" I asked. Amanda took the single step between us and kissed me. The kiss was intense, I could feel her desire. She put her hand on my chest and pushed me back against the wall. She was taking the lead and I liked it. She broke the kiss and started to kiss my neck. She alternated between suckling, licking, and nibbling on my neck and it caused shivers of pleasure to radiate through my body.  
  
She started to lower herself down onto her knees. Her hand trailed down my torso. When she was on her knees she undid my fly and zipper and reached inside of my pants. I jumped when she started to rub my erection through my boxers, purposely avoiding the opening that would make this good feeling feel great. She started to apply more pressure. Her touch caused me to sigh and I closed my eyes. She stopped stroking me. When I opened my eyes, I saw that she was leaning forward. Amanda kissed the base of my shaft. Even through the fabric, her lips felt amazing.  
  
She maintained eye contact with me as she slowly kissed up along my shaft. It was cold in the dressing room and the feeling of her warm breath and the slight wetness left in the wake of her soft lips made my dick twitch in anticipation. I knew we didn't have a lot of time and I wanted to tell her to hurry up, both from a fear of being caught and also how the anticipation was killing me. She broke eye contact, her full attention was on the outline of my cock straining to be free from its plaid prison.  
  
Finally, she leaned forward and planted a kiss right on my head. The kiss was chaste compared to what she was doing to my neck just a moment ago. It was cute but also frustrating. She looked up at me with her big beautiful eyes and smiled mischievously. Precious seconds went by and she still kept on waiting. "Please," I begged.  
  
"Please what?" She asked.  
  
"Please suck my dick," I asked.  
  
She had her hand resting on my dick and she lightly squeezed it. "Well, since you said please." She punctuated her sentence by wrapping her lips around my head and sucking. The sensation of being inside of her mouth but with a barrier keeping her soft mouth off me fully was tormenting. She started to bob back and forth, taking the small amount of me that she could into her mouth. Her saliva started to slowly seep through the fabric. The damper my boxers got the better I could feel her lips as they slide along my head. Eventually, it almost felt like there was no barrier at all.  
  
I looked to the side and saw our reflection in the mirror against the back wall. Amanda's hair was tucked back so I could watch from a side view as she continued to bob her head. She pulled her mouth off my head and sat with her mouth half a foot away from me. Cold air blew down on from the vent above and hit the moisture on my boxers. Mentally I urged her to continue before the cold can have disastrous effects on me.  
  
I thrust my hips forward so that my dick was just an inch away from her lips. Instead of wrapping her lips around me again, she flicked her tongue along my cock, spending extra attention on the sensitive underside of my head. The focused pressure of her tongue caused me to moan. I tried to stifle it but failed. "Be quiet," she scolded me, but her smile told me that she was pleased with getting such a strong response from me.  
  
She leaned forward and took my head back into her mouth. She combined bobbing up and down on the tip of my dick with swirling her tongue around on it. I could feel my orgasm getting closer and it became hard to stay standing. I huddled inwards and placed my hands on her head for balance. I closed my eyes for a moment in pleasure. Amanda's fingers tickled my stomach as she reached inside my waistband. She tugged down. My pants and boxers fall to the ground with a sound that made me think of a ship's sail being unfurled. I opened my eyes when Amanda grabbed the base of my cock as she lowered her mouth. She was four inches away, three inches, and then her soft lips were just one inch away. Her warm breath made my cock twitch and it almost jumped up enough to touch her lips. Right when she was about to wrap her mouth around me there was a knock on the door. I jumped, causing my dick to gently slide up across her lips for a moment before resting beside her mouth.  
  
"Is everything ok in there, sir?" The changing room attendant asked.  
  
"Yes, sorry, just taking pictures to see which shirt looks best on me." It didn't even make sense and I spoke so fast that my words were all jumbled on top of each other. I wondered if she believed me.  
  
There was a brief pause before the attendant responded. "Ok, just let me know if you need any help."  
  
Amanda had been holding her breath since the knock and exhaled right onto my dick, causing me to shudder. I was so close to coming just thirty seconds before, that breath alone would have done it, but at almost being caught I could feel my erection starting to wilt. "That was close," Amanda whispered. She gave my dick a quick peck and then pulled my pants up for me. I wanted to beg and plead for her to finish but that was a narrow escape and I wouldn't be able to get back to the point of release again in time. The thought of getting caught was an added thrill, but now that it almost happened I wanted to flee. Amanda tucked my semi-hard cock back into my pants and zipped me up. I changed back into my shirt. Amanda coughed and I realized that I had put it on inside out.  
  
"I'll go first, follow a minute later," I told Amanda. We kissed and I walked out of the changing room. As I walked down the hall, I imagined that there would be police officers or security waiting for me. When I stepped from changing room hallway all I saw was just a tired looking employee. She asked if everything fit ok and I said yes as I walked away as fast as possible. A couple of minutes later Amanda emerged from the changing rooms walking confidently as if we didn't just almost get caught. She reminded me of the scenes in movies when the hero walks away from an explosion without even looking back.  
  
We started to walk towards the registers at the front of the store. "So, what did you think of shirt I picked out?" she asked.  
  
"It was a little tighter then I am used to but I thought it looked good."  
  
"I agree."  
  
"I think I looked great in it. I beat I will get all the numbers from cute girls in it." I joked.  
  
She squeezed my hand hard and hit my chest with the back of her other hand. "Jerk, you haven't even got my number yet. You can't use the shirt I picked out on other girls."  
  
I completely forgot that I didn't even have Amanda's number yet. Even though we had only spent less than twenty-four hours together, I felt like I had been with her for much longer. Realizing that I didn't even have her phone number yet made me think about just how new whatever we had growing between us was. "Can I have your phone number?" I asked.  
  
"Are you wearing the shirt," she asked.  
  
"No."  
  
"Then no," She said. She smiled and squeezed my hand again, thankfully not as hard as a few moments ago. We made it to the register and when the cashier told me the total was over sixty dollars, I paused in handing over my debit card. I was so enamored with being with Amanda I didn't even think about the price of the shirts here. I was used to spending at the most fifteen dollars for a shirt. Amanda wrapped one arm around my waist and gently bumped her hip against mine to nudge me out of the way. She had her card out and swiped it before I could protest her buying the shirts for me.  
  
When we made it out of the store I said, "Thank you, but you didn't have to buy the shirts for me."  
  
"Your welcome and I wanted to. I want you to have something to remember me by since you don't have my phone number. Who knows, this might be the last time you see me. Besides, now you can't use the shirt I bought you to seduce other girls."  
  
"I can't?"  
  
"Yep, cause you would be a huge jerk if you did. You can buy us the popcorn at the movie."  
  
"Ok deal," I said.  
  
"And also, the soda, red vines, and who knows, maybe some nachos too."  
  
"At that point, I might as well have bought the shirts myself," I mumbled.  
  
She lead me deeper into the labyrinth of clothing stores, escalators, kiosks, and the occasional pretzel shop. I didn't know if she had a set destination or if we were just wondering the mall to kill time. My arms started to burn from carrying her books around and my fingers felt raw from the plastic digging into them. No wonder she was so fit if she always bought this many books at a time and walked around with them.  
  
I was so used to her leading the way past other stores that when she pulled me into one again I went in without even thinking about it. One moment I was on the path with other shoppers, and then a few steps later I found myself in a whole new world. A secret world to me. Victoria's secret to be exact. We stepped into a vibrant world of pink with black complementing it. The words PINK were written in pink or black lettering everywhere; on the walls and on nearly every shirt I see, including the clothing that was a color other than pink, which I thought was false advertisement.  
  
Amanda led me to one of several large tables full of pairs of panties. I did my best to ignore the curvaceous lingerie-clad mannequins that stood as sentinels near the table. The fact that the mannequins were missing their limbs and head made me want to actively ignore them even more. The panties on the table were a treasure trove for the imagination. There were different colors, designs, and shapes ranging on a scale from cute to sexy and often being somewhere in between. I imagined Amanda in all of those different pairs of panties and hated that we couldn't finish what we started earlier.  
  
"Want to help me pick out a couple of pairs?" Amanda asked. At those words I almost died and went to heaven, but if I did I felt like it would look a lot like this room and situation now. There were even pictures of beautiful women in lingerie with angel wings on the walls to help confirm my theory.  
  
Amanda held up different types of panties and asked my opinions on them. Occasionally she would hold up two pairs and ask which ones I thought looked better. They all looked like they would look amazing on her so I probably wasn't the most helpful when it came to shopping advice. The first pair she chose were dark blue with a light blue frilly trim. The next pair were on the cuter side, white with red heart poke dots.

Amanda rummaged through the rows of panties to find her next pair. There were other girls around looking through the panties. Amanda moved away from me to look at the other side of the table and I felt awkward looking like I was alone looking through the panties.  
  
I glanced down at the rows, afraid to actually touch any. I looked over at one of the corners and a pair caught my eyes. I reached down hesitantly to pick them up, afraid that I was committing some kind of social taboo by touching the merchandise. I held up a pair of crimson panties with lacework along the sides, waistband, and decorating the crotch. They were a lot more revealing then the other pairs that Amanda had picked out and I hoped that she would like them. I found another pair that were similar in design but were black. I imagined Amanda's lightly tanned skin contrasting against the red or black panties. If my imagination was even half right in how sexy she would look in them then they would be more then worth the price of five dollars each. Amanda had told me she was a small size so I made sure I had the right size before walking away with my choices.  
  
When I looked up from the rows of panties I couldn't see Amanda anywhere in the PINK! room. I looked back and worth, expecting her to appear from thin air. I knew that the only way she could have gone was deeper into the store. I took a deep breath and started forward on my journey. The store was organized in several rooms that were mostly squared with display tables in the middle and lingerie on the walls.  
  
My feelings of being out of place weren't helped when I would pass a worker. I expected them to talk to me, ask me if they could help me find something or accuse me of trying to perv out in the store. Instead, to my relief, they would see me but not ask me any questions even though I saw them walk up to nearly every girl that came through their section. It seemed like I was so far removed from this world that they didn't even bother to talk to me.  
  
The way the store was laid out was very much like the products they sold. It seemed to resemble the bottom half of a person. The back section of the store was the biggest room where the registers, changing room, and displays for perfumes and lotions were kept. Jutting out from this main room like legs were the PINK! entrance that we had come in through and the other leg of the store was another series of displays. This layout forced me to have to walk down one leg of the store and past the registers. When I didn't find Amanda down the other leg of displays so I had to double back and ended up back by the registers.  
  
Even with my overactive imagination that tended to lean towards the pessimistic side, I didn't think that Amanda would have ditched me. I hoped that maybe she was in the changing room, I walked over to the lotions which would let me keep an eye on the changing room without being too close to the entrance and started to study the bottles like I was going to have a test on them. I didn't like being ditched. If I had her number then I could text her asking where she was at but since I didn't I was left staking out the changing rooms like a stalker. I did my best to be patient, but it was never one of my strengths.  
  
I was trying out the eighth or so sample of lotion from a tester bottle when Amanda finally emerged from the changing rooms. She all but skipped out of the changing area. The smile on her face when she saw me pierced through most of my brooding at having been left alone. I knew I was overreacting but sometimes knowing isn't enough to instantly change how you feel. "Why did you leave me?" I asked her when she came bouncing to me.  
  
"I had something I wanted to go look at. You were so focused on looking through the panties that I didn't want to interrupt you. It was really cute." She kissed me and grabbed the panties that I had been clutching in my hand. I completely forgot that I had been carrying them throughout the store. "These are cute," she said as she looked at them. She stuffed the panties into a black mesh bag I had seen the employees offering customers. I got a glimpse into the top of the bag. I saw the other pairs of panties I saw her chose earlier but it looked like other things were hiding under the panties.  
  
Curiosity started to replace my brooding mood. "What else do you got in there?"  
  
"Nothing really, just some surprises," she said with a smirk.  
  
"Surprises?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"Can you tell me what these surprises are?" I asked.  
  
"Nope, cause then they won't be surprises. You seem a little uncomfortable here. Why don't you go wait outside while I pay."  
  
As much as I loved imagining Amanda in all of the sexy clothing here I was more than willing to wait out front while she paid. I walked out of the store and leaned against the railing across from it. I set the bag of books down and opened and closed my hand to work out the kinks from holding the books for so long. I turned around and looked down over the railing. We had worked our way up to the highest floor of the mall. I stared down at all of the people going about their shopping.  
  
A few minutes later Amanda emerged out of the store carrying three big bags. "That looks like you got a lot more than just some panties," I said.  
  
She laughed. "I might have gone a little overboard."  
  
"Just a little?"  
  
"Hey don't be mean. I've never had a guy to show off before. Can you blame me for wanting to buy some stuff to impress you?" she asked.  
  
"Honestly you don't need to buy anything to impress me. I think you would be beautiful no matter what you wore."  
  
She seemed surprised by my compliment and for once didn't have a witty response to say. She leaned up to kiss me, an action that got more difficult with our increasing amounts of purchases. "Come on, let's go back to the movie theater. The movie starts in twenty minutes." I sighed as I picked back up her bag of books and followed her. Our hands were too full with bags to be able to hold hands, but every now and then she would go out of her way to make sure that our knuckles would graze against each others'.  
  
I had no idea where the movie theater was. If I could have I would have stopped to check one of the maps that we passed but Amanda said she knew the way. We must have backtracked at some point because the movie theater wasn't that far away. As we walked to the movie theater entrance I had to use the restroom. I decided it would be better to empty my bladder now then have to worry about getting up during the movie. I told Amanda I wanted to go to the bathroom real quick and she said she would wait with the bags.  
  
Once in the restroom, I realized I had to do more than just take a piss so it took me a few minutes longer than I thought it would. I hurried to use the restroom, I didn't know why, but I didn't want Amanda to know that I was doing more than taking a piss. When I came out of the restroom Amanda was still waiting at the bench for me. I picked my bags up and we walked into the movie theater.  
  
We hit the concession stand and found our seats. We sat munching popcorn through ten minutes of ads, trivia questions, and behind the scenes of different movies coming out. Even though we were there for a short time the ads were starting to loop back at the beginning of what we first saw when the previews finally started. The first thing that I noticed that was off was that while we were waiting for the previews to start there weren't that many more people who came into the theater. Once the previews started there were only about ten or so other people in the theater and we had the entire back two rows to ourselves.  
  
The next weird thing I noticed was that the previews didn't seem to match up with what I would expect from a summer action movie. The previews consisted of indie and foreign movies. When the movie finally opened up with a woman staring at herself in the mirror and slowly doing her makeup for five minutes instead of gunfire or explosions of any type I knew something was wrong. With the buffer between us and the other moviegoers, I probably could have almost talked at a regular voice but I still leaned over and whispered to Amanda. "I think we are in the wrong movie."  
  
Amanda leaned over and whispered right into my ear, "We aren't in the wrong movie, look at your ticket."  
  
I pulled my ticket stub out of my pocket and saw that the movie name on it wasn't what we had bought the tickets for earlier. "What happened to our tickets?"  
  
"I changed them."  
  
"What? why?"  
  
"Because the other movie would have been too crowded."  
  
"So?" I asked, still not understanding.  
  
Amanda leaned closer so that her lips were nearly right up against my ear. "So, I found another movie that isn't as popular, so that we could get some, alone time." She uttered the last part of the sentence in a tone that gave me shivers. The last time she had spoken like that was when we had made love the night before. To drive her point home even further she reached over and squeezed my upper thigh.  
  
"Oh," was all I could say in response. She kept her hand there and I waited for her to go further but she didn't. I was starting to think that she was bluffing or that she just wanted to see a less crowded movie. I placed my hand over the one she had on my thigh and settled in to watch the movie. I had been expecting to see an action movie but this movie wasn't that bad once I started to get into it. The movie was shot beautifully but it was dialogue-heavy and I was having trouble seeing what the point of the movie was.  
  
About thirty minutes in the college-aged female protagonist ended up with her best friend's older brother at a party while the friend disappeared. In every one of the scenes so far where the two had been together they had been at each other's throats. Now at the party, thanks to some alcohol the two started to get closer to one another and were flirting back and forth. Seeing the romance bloom between them I started to think I finally knew what this movie was going to be about.  
  
A couple of scenes later the two tipsy partygoers ended up going upstairs and finding a bedroom to make out in. The protagonist pushed the older brother onto the bed and straddled him while they continue to make out. The scene was done with soft lighting and the two made out for almost ten minutes, much longer than what other movies would dedicate to this. The passion on the screen was more then what I had ever seen in another movie, including porn.  
  
Amanda started to squeeze my thigh as the scene unfolded. The protagonist pulled away from the kiss, both of them were panting. So far in the movie, the protagonist had been depicted as a prude and her best friend had frequently made fun of her for being a virgin. I thought that the scene was going to be over, but to my surprise, she reached down and pulled her baggy shirt up over her head. She had worn baggy shirts the entire movie and I was surprised to see how nice her tits looked in her plain-looking bra. She reached back and started to undo her bra's clasp.  
  
The camera angle switched to the older brother's viewpoint showing the supple young woman coyishly undoing her bra. After undoing her bra, she covered her breasts with an arm while she slid the bra straps down her arm. Amanda started to slowly rub up and down my thigh, slowly inching further down with each rub. The scene lingered for a moment, as she stared down at the camera, right at the audience, and then moved her arm. Her bra dropped revealing a beautiful pair of medium-sized breasts with upturned nipples. Amanda picked this moment to commit and slid her hand down the rest of the way and cupped my hardening dick.  
  
The couple on screen continued to make out, the two writhing together as they humped against each other. The older brother reached up and started to massage her supple breasts. She arched her back like an electric current ran through her and moaned loudly. She straightened up and continued to grind against him. His arm was outstretched to be able to reach her tits.  
  
Amanda started to stroke through my pants in time with the couple on the screen. Between the scene playing out on the glorious big screen and Amanda's hand rubbing me I could feel my dick straining against my pants. On the screen, the protagonist reached down and started to undo the older brother's pants. Amanda must have either felt my cock straining to get out or wanted to match the action that was happening on the screen because she undid the button on my jeans. The sound of her pulling my zipper down seemed so loud that I thought the whole theater was going to turn around and look at us.  
  
Amanda's warm hand wrapped around my dick just as the same thing happened on the screen. It was at this moment that the drunken best friend/ sister chose to stumble into the room and interrupt the action. There was a flurry of movement as the couple on the bed tried to cover up and the best friend/ sister gasped, dropped her drink, and spun out of the room, slamming the door behind her. The protagonist said sorry to her partner and once dressed chased after her friend.  
  
The action on the screen may have been over but that didn't mean ours had to be. Amanda pulled my dick out of my pants. The movie theater air felt cold on my dick, but luckily the friction from Amanda's hand kept me warm. I leaned back and closed my eyes, enjoying the sensation of her soft hand working on me.  
  
Right, when I was really getting into it Amanda abruptly stopped and started to force my hard-on back into my pants. I opened my eyes and looked at her. I was about to ask why she stopped when she gestured with her chin towards the stairs along the seats. I looked over and saw a theater employee walking up the steps with a clipboard and was scanning the moviegoers. The employee seemed to take extra time standing up on the top landing where we were at. My heart pounded. Had she seen what we were doing? Finally, she checked something off on her clipboard and then walked back down the stairs.  
  
We settled back into watching the movie with just innocent hand-holding and touching, which was ok with me. If Amanda hadn't been keeping an eye out then we would have been caught. The movie became about the protagonist trying to fix her friendship with her best friend, who for some reason was mad about catching them hooking up. The protagonist agreed not to see the older brother and said how it was just a night of them fooling around.  
  
Later the protagonist got a text from the older brother. I couldn't help but wonder when he got her phone number. At first, the protagonist was cold to him, but he ended up charming her. There was a sort of montage that showed them both going about their days and pausing frequently to text each other. Their messages were displayed off to the side of the action so that it looked better than just showing close-ups of the phone screens.  
  
Their flirtation started to increase and they ended up going on a date. There were a few moments of them making prolonged eye contact at each other while at a nice dinner, and the next scene was them back at her apartment furiously making out in front of her door. They didn't even stop kissing while she fumbled to unlock the door. When she dropped the keys on the ground they both sighed in frustration. The protagonist quickly snatched back up her keys.  
  
Once finally inside they ended up on her couch. This time he ended up on top and didn't waste any time in sliding a hand under her shirt to feel her up. I decided to try and be the one who matched what was happening on the screen. I leaned over and kissed Amanda. She responded to my kiss quickly. I was hesitant to slide my hand under her shirt in public, but I silenced that voice so that I could focus on the here and now. Amanda jumped as my hand accidentally brushed against her flat stomach. When I started to rub her tits through her bra she grabbed my hand and pushed it tighter against her chest. I felt her nipple harden after a couple of caresses from my thumb.  
  
Onscreen they ground against each other slowly, taking their time now that they were inside and didn't have a chance of getting caught. He started to try and pull her shirt off. She lifted her body so that he could pull her shirt up, exposing her bra clad tits. When he slid his hand inside of her bra I did the same thing. It was perfect timing, Amanda and the protagonist both moaned aloud at the same time. He reached down and started to play with both of her breasts at once. This was a little harder for me to do as I leaned in towards Amanda. She turned sideways to give me more access to her chest.  
  
The protagonist started to pant and moan louder on the screen. She started to grind up harder against him. I lowered my hand down in between her legs and started to press against her mound through her pants. My touch caused her to moan inside my mouth as we continued to kiss. The protagonist started to cry out and orgasmed as she called out the older brother's name. The couple laid on the couch while she caught her breath. I was a man on a mission, I wanted to make Amanda cum and this gave me a much-needed moment to catch up to the action on the screen.  
  
I moved my hand a little higher and started to rub her clit in a circular motion while applying pressure. Amanda started to writhe under me, alternating between pushing upwards so that the pressure increased and pulling away to ease the sensations. I was getting better at using both my hands on her at once and I was able to coordinate my hands so that they were rubbing her clit and felling up her breasts in sync. Amanda started to breathe quickly and I felt her body tense up. She pressed herself back against the cushioned chair and I leaned further over to finish what I started. She started to buck against my hand and let out a mewling sound. It was loud and I didn't want us to get caught so I leaned forward and kissed her to silence her. Once her orgasm passed I felt her body relax.  
  
I was focused on Amanda so I hadn't been paying attention to the screen. When I looked the couple was cuddled up on the couch. They were talking in whispers about shared moments from when they were younger and thought of each other as the sister's annoying friend and the friend's annoying older brother. "So you thought I was annoying?" The protagonist asked him.  
  
"Hey, you just said you thought I was annoying," he tried to defend himself.  
  
She had been the little spoon in the cuddling. She pulled away and sat up. She pulled on him till he was sitting up.  
  
"What are you doing?" he asked.  
  
She started to undo his belt. "Just shut up and stop being annoying," she said. The camera switched to a view of her kneeling in front of him on the couch. When she bobbed her head down he sighed in pleasure. She slowly bobbed her head back and forth in small movements, her rhythm not very rhythmic.  
  
I looked away from the screen to look at Amanda. She seemed enthralled with what was happening on the screen. Without taking her eyes from the movie she reached over and started to feel her way towards my crotch. My fly was still undone from earlier. She reached in and pulled my dick out. I glanced over at the bottom of the stairs and was relieved to not see an employee with a clipboard.  
  
Her hand rubbing up and down my shaft without any barriers between her soft skin and my hard dick felt amazing. I stared at the screen, alternating between pretending like the beautiful girl on the screen was giving me a blowjob and imagining Amanda doing it again. I closed my eyes for a moment, recalling how she blew me in the shower. I remembered how soft her lips had been when she first kissed the head of my dick, how moist and warm her mouth was when she first took me into her mouth. I focused so hard on those memories that for a moment I thought I could actually feel her mouth and I was back in the shower. It only took me a second to realize that what I was feeling wasn't just a memory. I thought Amanda was going to just give me a handjob, but when I opened my eyes I saw she was leaning across from her seat and was blowing me.

Amanda seemed determined to get me to cum as fast as possible. With the fear of someone catching us I thought that was for the best. The thought that we might get caught at any moment helped me want to cum as fast as possible. She bobbed back and forth rapidly on the top couple of inches of my cock to get it as wet as possible. While doing this she also used her hand to stroke me and spread her saliva along the entire length of my cock. She started to slide her mouth and hand up and down together so that there was seldom a moment where some part of my dick wasn't either in her mouth or her grip.  
  
I looked back and forth from the action on the movie to what Amanda was doing. On the screen a slow and passionate blow job was happening. The blow job Amanda was giving was a lot quicker then what she did in the shower. She seemed to be more comfortable and at ease in doing this for me, even with the less than private setting. I wondered how good she would be at this if she kept on practicing her budding skill. If I had to be the person she needed to practice on then I would be more than willing to make that sacrifice for her.  
  
The protagonist on the screen started to build up her speed, so did Amanda. I wondered for a moment if maybe she was trying to race the protagonist in who could make their man cum first. Amanda stopped stroking me and started to take even more of me in her mouth. She got just past half of my hard-on inside of her mouth before she had to slow down. She would inhale and pucker her mouth so that nearly all of my dick was fondled by her moist mouth. She reached inside my pants and started to cup and massage my balls. She started to massage my balls and accidentally squeezed too tightly, causing me to jump and exhale in pain. On her next bob back off my dick she said, "Sorry babe," before sliding her mouth back down.  
  
"It's 'k" I mumbled back to her. She cupped my balls more gently this time and started to massage them. I had always ignored my balls while masturbating. I started to feel my orgasm build up in my balls, right under her fingertips, which was a new sensation. I ran my hands through her hair, enjoying the silky feel of it.  
  
I locked my fingers through locks of her hair and started to guide her to a rhythm that felt better for me. I was gentle in my guiding, not wanting to throw her off of her rhythm. She was more receptive to my guiding than I thought she would be. With my handholds in her hair I started to move her head down further on my dick and faster. She moaned around my dick. Does she like it when I take control I wondered? With me taking care of the rhythm it seemed to focus her attention on her tongue and hands. Her hand started to fondle my balls with more confidence. She used her thumb to rub against my balls and apply extra pressure. With her other hand she jerked the base of my dick whenever she had enough room. Amanda slid her tongue along my shaft as she continued to blow me at the speed I set.  
  
I switched the speed and guided her up and down slowly. She started to trail her tongue along my shaft. I had an idea. I pulled her back down and then slowly raised her head. She swirled her tongue along my shaft and puckered her mouth again so that her inner cheeks wrapped along my dick. This sensation was too much and I could feel more orgasm getting closer. I pulled her nearly of my dick. She flickered her tongue along my sensitive head. Her tongue grazed along the underside of my head and I exhaled sharply, this time in pleasure. She heard my response and focused her attention there.  
  
I could feel my orgasm building and I was faced with a dilemma of if I wanted to cum from her licking my head or from taking me into her mouth. "Keep on licking," I told her and then started to guide her head up and down my shaft. I started to thrust my hips up to meet her mouth as it lowered. I got over-eager and accidentally pulled her too far down and thrusted too far up. For a moment I felt the tip of my head reach the back of her throat. The constriction felt amazing and I almost came in her throat.  
  
My moment of pleasure was muddled when Amanda gagged and pulled back. "I'm sorry," I said.  
  
"It's ok," she said before lowering her mouth back down onto my dick. I didn't want to accidentally make her gag again so I let go of her hair and leaned back so she could take back over. With a couple of bobs of her head my orgasm was rising back up.  
  
"I'm about to cum," I warned her. She pulled her mouth off my dick and placed the tip on her outstretched tongue. She started to rapidly slide her hand up and down my shaft and rub my balls. I leaned back and exhaled. I saw on the screen the older brother was doing the same thing as the protagonist plunged up and down faster than before. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the movie employee with the clipboard appear at the bottom of the steps. I almost didn't tell Amanda that we were almost out of time, but I was able to think with the right head. However, my warning wasn't the most intelligible. "Woman, Coming, on the stairs." Was all I was able to get out.  
  
I thought Amanda might stop, but instead she started to piston her hand up and down even faster. With a gasp I started to cum. My cum was helped along by her every step of the way. It erupted from my balls, which were cradled in her hand, shot out of my dick, which was still being rapidly jerked by her, and then shot out onto her tongue. The first load hit her tongue and then splashed deeper into her mouth. The next two came out with less force and pooled on her tongue. She jerked up one last time and got a small load of cum to dribble out. She licked this up and then stuck her tongue out for me. She looked proud of herself with her tongue sticking out displaying the reward of her hard work. The contrast of the pearly white on her red tongue captivated me and I tried my best to take a mental snapshot of that image and save it for later.  
  
She closed her mouth and swallowed my cum. She tucked my deflating dick back into my pants and shifted so that she was leaning against me. I wrapped an arm around her and pulled her in closer. The employee reached the top row and looked across at us for a moment. My heart drummed inside of my chest. She scanned the rest of the theatergoers and then started to descend the steps. "That was a close one," Amanda said.  
  
"Yeah it was." I agreed.  
  
"It looks like next time I have to get you to cum faster." She said.  
  
"Next time?" I asked.  
  
She ignored my question. I asked again and she put her index finger across my lips "Shush, watch the movie." She said before cuddling up against me with her head against my upper chest. I wrapped an arm around her and rested my head against hers. The rest of the movie moved along how you would expect. There was a full-on sex scene between the protagonist and the older brother. Amanda rested her hand between my legs and gently rubbed me, not enough to get me to get fully aroused, just enough to help make watching the sex scene even better.  
  
The older brother ended up being adopted and his younger sister had always had a crush on him. She had to learn the hard way when she was rejected by him that he didn't have those feelings for her. After a near break up the protagonist and the best friend's brother ended up together. The movie ended and the lights came back on. We sat holding each other until we were the last people in the theater. Amanda squeezed and then kissed me.  
  
"Come on, let's get going," She said. We grabbed our bags and started to walk out the aisle. With her lower carry load and higher energy, she all but bounced down the steps. She swung her Victoria's Secret bags back and forth with each step. Having the bags flung about made me want to know even more what she was concealing from me. I prayed each swing might cause something in the bag to come tumbling out.  
  
For a moment on the last step one of the bags was tipped nearly completely upside down. It looked like for a moment something was going to fall out and I strained to see what it was, but with a flick she twisted the bag so that nothing came out. "Oops, almost dropped something. Wouldn't want to ruin the surprise," she said as she started walking down the hallway that led to the exit door. I followed her, hoping that I wouldn't have to wait too long to see what she had planned for me.