**Water Park Turns Sexy**

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My interest in showing off my body started at a water park several years ago. During my last summer at college, a bunch of us decided to go to the water park in our town. It seemed like a great way to relax and beat the heat. I'd never been especially prudish about my body, so I went in a little black bikini that showed the results of my frequent runs and Tae Bo workouts. I was in great shape in college, and didn't mind the idea of showing off the body I was proud of. I'm a trim 130 pound, 5'8" tall brunette with 32 C breasts and a long legs. The bikini I was wearing wasn't overly revealing, but did emphasize my tan legs, tight butt, and smooth tummy.

That day at the water park wasn't anything special for the most part. We did the slides, the lazy river, and the wave pool. We paid way too much for sub-par park food. We laid out in the sun and BSed together. It was all pretty normal water park stuff. Toward the end of the day, we were starting to get a bit bored, and were talking about heading out. We decided to look over the map of the park and make sure we hadn't missed anything we wanted to do. Sure enough, there was a few slides bundled together that we had missed.

We walked over to the new group of slides. There were three tall, steep slides right next to each other, evidently meant for racing. We watched a few groups come down at staggering speeds, then hit the water pooled at the long flat part at the bottom of the slide. The guys we saw coming down hit the water going incredibly fast. Their swim trunks, when they met with the increased resistance of the deeper water, slowed down, but the guys kept going. This resulted in what looked like painful wedgies for everyone involved.

The guys in our group were all gung ho about racing, but the other girls and I weren't too keen on it. Those slides were tall and scary! At one point, it looked like the slides went completely vertical! Eventually, the guys whined and begged enough that we agreed to all go down once, and we started climbing the stairs to the slides. From the stairs, we watched more groups race down, then extract their swimsuits from their butts and walk away either sheepishly or hooting and hollering with the adrenaline rush. We saw a few girls go down as well, and it looked like their swimsuits weren't behaving any better.

The line for these slides was long, so we stood on the stairs and watched people go down for a long time. As we neared the top, a girl about my age and build went down the slide in a bikini not too different from my own. When she hit the water, it ripped the bikini top right up to her neck, exposing her breasts to everyone who cared to look. Guys all around (including the ones from my group) whistled and hooted at her, as she blushed deeply and pulled her top back into place.

Seeing this, we girls felt a renewed sense of hesitancy at going down the slides. When one girl said she didn't feel like going down the guys immediately started working on her, trying to convince her that she could just hold her arms over the suit so it wouldn't move. She still wasn't convinced, so they started talking about how embarrassing it would be to chicken out and have to walk all the way down these long stairs, pushing past people who would look at her and know what a wuss she was. That seemed to be reason enough for her to just suck it up and go down the slide.

I kept quiet during this conversation. I had noticed that, despite her red face and hasty rearranging of her top, the girl who had exposed herself had a big grin on her face the whole time. Images flashed through my head of what it would be like to be in her position, down at the bottom with a crowd of hooting guys staring at my bare tits. I started feeling a tingle at the idea.

The line inched forward, and I remained lost in thought. The thought of being exposed and helpless with all those onlookers simply would not leave my head. I started imagining my bottoms coming off, and being totally naked in front of all these gawkers. I imagined them staring at my bare, shaven pussy. By the time we neared the top, I was wet and my heart was pounding.

We finally got to the top platform, and began dividing into racing groups. Three of the guys in our group wanted to race for a case of beer from the two losers, and so they went first. We watched as they sped down the slide and hit the water. The winner jumped up, pulled his trunks out of his crack, and began jumping around and celebrating his win. The other guy and two girls lined up next. I noticed both girls crossing their arms tightly over their chests as they got into position. They whooshed out of sight for a moment then reappeared at the bottom of the slide.

The only ones left from our group were me and two other girls. We all sat at the edge of the slides. The guy running the slides asked if we were ready. I asked him to wait a minute while I tightened up my top. I reached behind my back and found my bikini's tie straps, and my fantasies flooded back into my mind. Feeling my heart beating in my chest, and my pulse pounding in my pussy, I untied and retied the straps. Instead of making them tighter, though, I left them much, much looser.

I felt out of control, as though someone else was controlling my hands as they left the strings ties so loosely that they threatened to fall apart before I even went down the slide. I hesitated a moment longer, wondering what had come over me, then looked to the slide operator and told him I was ready.

He gave us a countdown from three and then we all pushed off and fell down the slide.

It was TERRIFYING!

I really think that the slide must have gone completely vertical for about 50 feet. At that point, it didn't even feel like I was riding on the slide, more like I was falling through the air right next to the slide. In those moments, all thoughts of exposure and my arousal left me and pure shock and terror filled me.

After what seemed like a very long fall, the slide began to level out. I slowed down gradually at first, then hit to pool of water at the bottom of the slide and came to a stop very rapidly. Relieved to be alive and eager to be off that damn slide, I jumped out of the water and ran over to my friends. I was filled with adrenaline and began jumping around shouting, "Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!"

It was about 10 seconds before I noticed the whistles. In an instant it all came rushing back to me, and I looked down at my body just as all of my friends were doing.

My idea of loosening my top had certainly done the trick. The thing had come off completely when I hit the pool at the bottom, leaving me breasts completely exposed to the quickly growing number of onlookers. I gasped sharply and crossed my arms over my chest, then rushed back to the bottom of my slide to retrieve my top. I got more whistles and catcalls as I took my arms off my chest to replace my bikini top. Through all this, my friends stared and joined in with the whistlers and hooters.

With all the adrenaline from the fall and now my exposure, I felt more turned on than I ever had before. I called my friends jerks for staring and not helping, but I was really just trying to hide my arousal. I began replaying the whole thing in my head, thinking of how I must have looked when I was jumping around and the ground with my tits bouncing for all to see.

My friends (and many others) continued to stare at me. One of my girl friends said my name, and tried to tell me discretely that I hadn't quite covered everything up. I looked down and saw that my top was securely fastened and hiding my breasts, and looked back up to her with a confused look. One of the guys said (much more loudly than he needed to for me to hear him) that my pussy was hanging out.

I looked down and, sure enough, the force of the water had jammed my suit up and to the side, so that most the crotch part of the bikini had been pushed over to the side and my smooth cunt was out for everyone's viewing pleasure. I adjusted the bikini to cover myself again. As I did, the feeling of the material sliding over my pussy was electric. I nearly came right then and there in front of them all.

They all gave me shit about flashing at the water park for a long time. Of course, none of them realized I really had meant to do it, albeit maybe not to the extent I had. Again, I played at being mad and embarrassed whenever someone mentioned it, but all I really felt was horniness.

We ended up leaving the water park shortly after that, and piled into the two SUV's we'd driven. I sat in the back row of one by myself. As we drove the 45 minutes back to campus, I silently slid my bikini bottoms to the side and rubbed my clit until I came, right there in the car with 4 other people. Nobody noticed what I was doing, as far as I know, but fantasies of someone noticing and watching (or even lending a hand) provided masturbation material for me for a long time after that.