**Wet and wild at the water park.**

By Natalie

With all the distractions that have taken me away from the wonderful world of the web I felt that I owed it to my friends to cut loose and have at least one big summer adventure. I am not sure if this qualifies as payback for all my neglect or not, but I am sure that it qualifies me for a strait jacket. Haha

This whole adventure started when Chris told me that his parents had given him two tickets to “The Beach” and he wanted me to go with him. For those of you who do not know about The Beach check it out at:

<http://www.thebeachwaterpark.com/>

I had not been to a water park for years. I was really looking forward to doing something fun before summer rolls into fall. It seems I have almost missed summer with moving and all the crap going on in my personal life. I needed a blow out and the offer to play in the sun was too good to pass up.

I didn’t know much about the park, so when we got there I was a little taken by surprise. There are a lot of rides or slides in the place. I was thinking of the small park I went to years ago. This place was much bigger then I has thought it would or could be. There were also a lot more people there then I could imagine.

Last weekend I had a chat with Oz Lens about my future trip. He and I had not talked for a good while and we spent most of the chat catching up. One thing that did come out of that chat was what I was to wear to the park on that Wednesday. I told him that I was going to wear my black one-piece swimsuit, because it would be sure to stay in place on the rides.

Could you guess that Oz didn’t like that choice? He wanted to know what other suits I had handy and I told him that I also have a red one that is more like a sports bra and short shorts. He thought that was better, but still he was sure I could do better then that. I let it slip that I did have a silver string bikini that I use to tan in outdoors. I told him that it was not a good choice for the water park because it was hard enough to keep in place while I was standing still, let alone playing in the water or sliding down a slide.

I tried to talk him out of making me wear it, but he was sure I owed it to all the friends at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/natalienat69/> who I promised a great summer of dares to. I really wanted to live up to my bad reputation, but as you all know I am a be of a wimp some times and the thought of wearing that suit to the park had my heart racing.

I am just glad that I didn’t tell Oz about the other suit I have. Haha I ordered one from that crazy <http://bikinishop.wickedweasel.com> bikini company.

I ordered one to tan in when I go to the tanning bed. I had to mess with all the shipping and in the end the thing ended up costing more then I thought it would. So, I guess I should have worn it just to get my monies worth. Haha It s white and looks just like the one in the picture on <http://wicked1.wickedweasel.com/images/bikinis/449lattice.jpg> But, I have to say that I don’t think it looks that good on me. I have a little tan going for me right now, but it makes me look too white. I wish I could have gotten a different one now. But, I spent so much to get it here, that I would hate to send it back. Haha At any rate it is not a suit to wear outside. So, I am sure Oz will not mind me not telling him about it. One thing I can say for it is it came from his native land. Haha

I want to give you and idea of what my silver suit looks like. I don’t have a picture of it. I got it at the mall, but imagine this… <http://www.geocities.com/web_girlsspace/bikini18.html> with my flat chest in it. Haha.

Needless to say it covers more of me then it does of the girl in the picture.

Mine looks a little different. Mine has more of a link in the middle of the chest. Or maybe that is just because my boobs don’t stretch the material that much. Haha

Now that I have given you a picture of what I could have worn and what I ended up being asked to wear, maybe I can get on with the part of the story you really wanted to read about. I am sure that you all are about to fall asleep as I ramble on about shopping for swimsuits and my reasons for buying suits I never wear. Just don’t get me started on shoes. I cold talk about shoe sales all day and night.

I had not told Chris about my choice of suits. He does not know about my daring side and has no idea I have so many friends on the web. I often wonder what he would say if he found out. You never know how some people are going to take it. You all remember my friend Stef who freaked out on me after doing a dare with me. It is hard for me to do some of the things I have done before. I guess that is what makes it so much fun for me. I like the fear that comes along with game. It gives me suck a charge to push myself. There are still some things that I can’t bring myself to do or share, but if you would have asked me if I would be going to the water park in this little bikini a year ago, I would have told you that you were the crazy one.

Once we got to the parking lot Chris said we should stow anything we didn’t want to take in with us. I told him I would strip down to my swimsuit and just leave my jean shots and in his car. I left my t-shirt on just in case I needed it later. As soon as I pulled my shorts down… and nearly my bottoms too… Chris was like… Wow! I laughed myself. I know what he must have been thinking. “Why would this girl wear a suit like that to a water park?” If that was indeed what he was thinking… he would be right to think it.

We walked in and went trough the gate. They checked my bag and the boy gave me a once over. I had a wicked thought. It was really just a fantasy or a daydream really. One of my favorite sites to visit is <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/strip-searched/> and I have to say that the way that boy looked at me made me flash a few strip search fantasies through my head. They were looking for food or drinks, none of which they could have found on me. So, I was safe in that respect. Still it was a fun thought to play with while they shook my gym bag.

We looked at a map of the park and tried to get an idea of where we needed to go first. It was already 12:45 and the park closes at 7:00. I wanted to get a lot of fun in and the day was already getting shorter. The first order of business was getting something to eat. I was starved.

Here is a note if you go to The Beach. They have a few nice places to eat, but like all parks they area a little high for what you get. We ate at a place called the Captain’s Cook or something like that. It was good food, but just pricy. Our next stop was really more for Chris. He said the food made him thirsty and he needed a drink. We walked past a lot of cool stuff on the way to this place called the Kove, where they serve beer. It was a little early for me to start drinking, but Chris had no problem putting away about 4 while I sat there not playing in the water! Needless to say I was getting a little pissed off.

I told Chris that I really wanted to try some of the slide and that he could stay there if he liked. He told me that was not a problem and told me that he would watch my stuff. I peeled off my t-shirt and stuffed it in my bag. Chris was already a little buzzed and yelled out a little loud “That suit is never going to stay on!” which turned every head in the place.

I left Chris sitting there with his beer and headed off to try one of the slides. We had been in the park for two hours and not gotten wet in the least. I was more then ready to have some fun. My dear friend’s day at the bar was not really what I had planned on and it had me so mad that I forgot for a few minutes that my suit was in such danger of staying on.

Wet and wild at the water park. (Part 2)

The first ride I got in line for was called Typhoon Twist, but the line was moving slow. I think it must be one of the better ones because the line was long all day for that one. I then walked to the next attraction. On the way there I ran into a couple of guys that were very interested in everything I did. They followed me all the way to the next ride asking me questions like, “Where you from?” and “What grade are you going into?” Questions which I tried to ignore. They must have been in about 9th or 10th grade. They kept telling me that they were in the 12th… as if that number would do the trick.

I thought about just walking back over to where Chris was sure to still be… but I wanted to get one ride in at least before I did that. That is why when I got to the Hidden Rapids I let dealt with the fact that they were waiting right behind me. It finally broke down and talked with them a little. I am sure their little egos were growing faster then the tents in their pants.

When we got to the boarding area I was glad that I was able to get away from them. They were starting to make me nervous. I really didn’t need to spend the day making wet dreams for a couple of 15 year olds. Things didn’t really improve because the guy at the ride told me that I might want to tie my suit in a double not to keep it on… right in front of some woman in a swimming moo moo that gave me a mean look. I did as I was asked and boarded the tube to start the ride.

It was some trip to the bottom. There were even a few times I nearly fell out of my top just because of the bumps. I managed to make it to the bottom with out any real embarrassment. Which I will say made me kind of sad. There were a couple of times when other riders would bump up next to me on the way down. I wondered what it would have been like to let something show… as if I didn’t know. But, wimping out I didn’t dare do it, at least not yet.

It got wet, but not in the ways that OZ had in mind. I thought about what I was going to attempt to bring myself to do that day. On my way back to collect Chris who was sure to be wasted by now… I thought about what it would be like to let my top slip off on the way down a slide. I started to get excited. My heart started to race and my brain started to get fuzzy. Maybe it was just the heat. Or maybe it was the one beer I had shared with Chris before I left him to empty more beer bottles.

When I found Chris he had finished off two more beers and was talking with some guys about soccer. When I walked up the guys stopped talking and started gawking. Chris didn’t even notice. I took the time to flirt a little and tease the guys. After I got bored with that I talked Chris into going on some of the rides with me.

We tried the Riptide and another ride that was really a lot like it. Chris made it through about three trips and then got sick. I guess it must have been the booze, the sun, and the water. He wanted to go home right then. Which sucked! I had got so worked up thinking about exposing myself in at least some little way all week. Now Chris was wanting to leave after we had only been at the park for 5 hours! I didn’t want him to get any sicker, but I also wanted to do that which I had come to do… at least what I had told all of you I had come to do.

I begged Chris to let me at least try one more side before we took off. He said he thought he would live that long, so I had at least one more chance. The nearest ride was called the Banzai. It is two slides side by side that drop you super fast. On the way down you “Race” the person in the other shoot. They even time you to see how fast you go. Sound cool? Well, just think of what speeding trough all that water could do to a string bikini!

When I got to the line it was quite long. I was standing in a group of guys, all about 22-25. One of the guys looked like a guy in one of my classes at UC, but I couldn’t be sure. The fact that he didn’t ask me if he knew me… and you know how memorable I am… haha would lead me to believe that he never met me before. Haha

The line moved pretty fast. Faster then many of the others I had been in that day. My suit bottoms were still tied in a double not on each side. There was no way I could really undo them with out every one around me seeing me do it. Can you seem me untying my bottoms right there in line? I pulled on them while trying to look like I was not paying attention to what my hand was doing.

The more I tugged on the string the tighter the knot seemed to get. My bottoms slid out of place and I nearly pulled them off on one tug. I couldn’t get the knot to come undone. And I knew that I had better stop trying before I get made myself look like a total idiot. I think the guys around me were starting to wonder what I was doing.

Giving up on the bottoms I stepped up to the top of the slide. It wouldn’t be long before I was shooting down the tube with this little bikini my only cover. As I agreed to do… I was not going to try to cover up on the way down. I got into place and with a swoosh and a speedy drop I was on my way!

Wet and wild at the water park. (Part 3) — Natalie, Sat Aug 17 00:31

Flying down the shoot like a bat out of hell I soon found it hard not to cover my chest with my arms. Not because I was being shy, but because you go down so damn fast it pushes your arms up. And, yes my arms were not the only things to go up. Before I ever hit the second drip my top was on its way north. My boobs were free of their shelters and I was getting wet… and I don’t mean just from the gallons of water rushing against me. The thought of who might see me was almost too much to stand.

I did instinctively try to pull the top back into place. I was going down so fast that I couldn’t get hold of it. With in no time it was around my neck. There I was tits bouncing sliding on my back with water shooting all around me. The third bump sent me forward and then back hard onto my back. The hit pulled the ties on the back of my suit loose.

Now the only thing holding my top on was the tie around my neck. I was not sure how long it would hold itself. A few seconds later where my top was wouldn’t matter. I hit the pool and in that short fly through the air I am sure quite a few people got a quick peek at me as I hit the water.

Once in the water I played off a panic and quickly pulled my top back into place as I traded water. Chris had missed it all. From where he sat he was unable to get the same view the others at poolside surly got. It was exhilarating. That quick exposure was enough to make me so horny I could have ripped my whole suit off right then and there. Something I knew I couldn’t do. But, that gave me all the more reason to want to try another ride.

I collected myself and went to look for Chris. He was not where I left him and I had to look around for him. In that time I ran into a few people who pointed and laughed. I could only guess it had to do with my little topless splash down. Chris was nowhere to be seen which started to make me nervous.

I started to think I would have to walk all over the park to find him. Lucky for him I found him sitting about a ride over drinking some pop. He said that he went for pop, but forgot what ride I had gone on. I could have kicked him strait in the ass for that stupid stunt. The pop had made him feel a little better which was the only thing that saved him from my wrath.

I asked him to go on another slide with me. He said that he didn’t want to go on another ride, but I was welcome to. That was kind of a piss poor way to be, but at least he would let me play some more. This could have been my chance to expose myself that day, so I was not going to mess it up this time. I went to the ladies room to work on my suit a little. I finally got my bottoms untied and loosened all the knots the best I could with out just letting the suit just fall off.

I made my way to the wave pool when I notice a huge ride called the Cliff. It looked like a nice drop and seemed to throw people through the air and into the pool. This could be the ride for me. And the map I had said that it was not for the faint of heart. This ride was sure to be a thrill with or with out the chance of exposure. Toss in my loose knots and you have the making for the most thrilling trip of the day. I was getting hot just thinking about the possibilities.

Wet and wild at the water park. (Part 4) — Natalie, Sat Aug 17 00:32

This ride… the Cliff… is about as tall as a 4 story building. It was really, really tall. I started to get a little weak in the knees as I followed the line up to the top. To slide down they suggest you put your hand behind your head so as not to bounce your head off the slide on the way down. In this position you can guess what I would look like. Worse yet, you can guess what my bikini would be subjected to. I would be unable to keep a single item in place and after loosening the knots so much, I was sure that the whole suit would fly off me before I ever got to the bottom.

Thinking of what was now sure to happen I started to feel a tingle all over my body. I had never exposed myself like this before. Sure I had just given a ton of people a quick flash of my tits, but now it was all on the line. I would be bare to the world… or at least those who showed up at the water park that day. Haha I was getting nervous and horny all at once.

I made my way to the start of the slide and I looked down at my suit, which had a surprise for me already. Apparently, I didn’t get it on just right, or the loose knot gave it too much play. As I looked down I notice that I had been walking around the park for god knows how long with half my nipple showing! Embarrassed that I had been standing in line talking to those around me… men, women, and children! With my nipple peeking out at them! Oh god how humiliating! I think that noticing that was worse then the slide flash just moments before.

I pulled the top back into place and continued toward the ride, red faced and heart pounding. By the time I was at the top of the slide I was almost out of my mind with thoughts of the thrills yet to come. I kind of half listened to what the girl at the top had to say about going down. I figured I was an expert on going down on things… Let me put that a different way… I figured that I could go down without a problem… ok, how do I say this with out it coming out like a reference to giving head?

Something I should share with you. Mainly because OZ just sent me an e-mail reminding me that I had to mention it, I feel I should. One part of the dare, or quest, was that I had to be devoid of body hair from the head down. That as you can guess means that I am bare as can be. I shaved myself that morning to make sure I was smooth before I ever left the house. I am embarrassed to have o tell you all of this, but I fear what OZ will tell or share with you if I do not! Haha

Being as I had to be bare, I would not have any cover at all should my bottoms come loose. I could hardly stand as the thoughts of my pending exposure hit me. Getting into place I was glad to be sitting down. Sliding down that first little bit was the time I could have even attempted to save my suit.

This drop sent me ripping down the slide like a bullet. It was like going down a coaster but on your ass! I slid down and my bottoms slid up. Talk about a wedge! I couldn’t have picked it out if I could have tried. I soon felt that familiar feeling that my top rolling… not sliding… rolling over and over up toward my neck.

I just laid back and let my clothes get ripped from me. It was a great feeling… until the fear of being seen, or thrown out of the park kicked in. I then noticed that both sides of my bottoms had come undone. I had to hold my legs together as tight as I could to hold the small fabric between my thighs. My top was now up to my chin and I had gone too fare to stop what was going to happen next.

The water wanted to part my legs and it was all I could do to not let them open. I really wanted to keep the suit with me. The top was now starting to come loose again in the back and I needed it to be sure not to let it get away from me. As you can see I had a lot on my mind. My body was soon to be flying through space half naked. I really wanted to have something to cover up with when I hit that pool at the bottom. Chris had already proven that he wouldn’t be there with the rest of my clothes. So, it was all up to me.

I was starting to think I had things almost under control. Well, as in control as I could at that point given all that I was dealing with. Then came the end of the ride. Flying down the slide at like 100 MPH! I flew off the slide toward the pool. When I did, my legs parted and went for two different time zones! Let me remind you that this is not a ride for children! This is a fast drop with a big toss off at the end. I was in the air for what seemed like forever, before I fell to the water.

How I didn’t lose my top in all of this, I have no idea. I just wish that the same could have been said for the whole suit. When I hit the air and my legs parted… my bottoms vanished! They fucking vanished! I hit the water and about died trying to cover my crotch and doggy paddle out of the way… and away from my bottoms. Had I known that I wouldn’t have paddled away as fast as I did. When I saw them I had to go back and almost go drilled by the guy coming down the slide after me.

Mind you I had not had time to fix my top yet, so this guy comes slamming into me while I am bottomless and my top is way out of place. I grabbed my bottoms and tried to make to the side to climb out as the few people that had noticed what had really happened started to cheer. Had I not almost got hit, I may have got away with the whole stunt with out being seen by many, but the near crash brought staff and people near to yell at me and “Help” me. As they ordered me to get out of the pool, I fought with my suit. I finally got the bottoms on… backwards at first… and climbed out. I was worried that I was about getting tossed out, but lucky for me they were more worried that I was hurt. I was not, so I got out of the whole thing with out anything more then total humiliation!

Well, that was the meat of my story. After that I asked Chris to take me home.

He was ready to go anyway. I threw my T-shirt on and we headed out to the car. I had to drive back, and being horny… humiliated… and wet… I was not in the mood to drive, but Chris was too wasted to drive. We started to drive home and I was sure my adventure was over. It was not however.

On the way home we were running low on gas. And I found out that Chris “Borrowed” some… or all of the money in my purse to buy a few more beers while I was in the slide line. So, we had to stop at the gas station and go through the car seats to pay for the gas. I was thinking we were going to be stranded for sure.

Finally I got home and was able to reflect on what had happened that day. I was really in a strange mood. I started to feel guilt for exposing myself like that. It was a strange thing. Maybe I was just kind of upset because of the whole gas station thing, but I started to feel down in the dumps. Then started to think back to the big drop and I had to head off for some private time.

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Well, that is my report. I hope that makes up for my lack of posts this summer. I know that it sure was enough adventure for me to for a while! haha