Wisconsin Dells Mayhem

by Sandra

Wisconsin Dells, such a wonderful place of waterparks and fun. Yeah, right. Depends on who you are.

We had been looking forward to this trip for months, our first college spring break. My best friend Beth, her boyfriend Daniel, and his friend Ricky were all ready for a week long trip of fun. (One of those isn't his real name; it is too recognizable for the internet.)

I packed two bikinis for the trip a precaution. Always pack something extra, my daddy says, even if you can't think of a specific reason why. Next time I know exactly why I should pack at least ten.

So first off we're enjoying ourselves immensely, water slides and wave pools. Right near the entrance of one of the parks are two open waterslides, one heading straight down. At the end of the first day we wrap things up by taking one last drop. The boys went first, followed by Beth, leaving me to go last. Less than halfway down I lifted my arms in giddy recklessness and felt the full power of the drop. At the bottom the other three started laughing at me.

I'm sure you know what happened ... my top came off. It didn't just ride up and tangle around my neck ... it actually flew off and landed ... somewhere. I blushed and covered up my girls while I noticed that Ricky wasn't actually laughing. Awkwardly he offered me a towel to cover up with which I immediately moved foward to grab. The lifeguard said he couldn't find the top, but they'd call at the hotel if it turned up. They never did, which makes me think he kept a souverneir.

Despite being exposed to my friends like that, I decided to carry on with my second bikini set of a totally different color than the last. Four days went on and nothing much happened apart from Beth having her turn, flashing her boobs at thirteen year old boys before readjusting her top. Daniel, her boyfriend, and I started flirting behind her back. It was bad, she was my best friend, but I had a crush on him before they started dating and it hadn't abated. On the fifth night Beth and Ricky left the hotel room to go eat. Daniel pretended to be slightly sick and I had already eaten, so we were left to ourselves for at least an hour.

Yeah, we had sex ... incredible sex that made it clear why Beth had held on to him for so long. But we were caught. Beth and Ricky, thinking that it would be rude to stay out to long, decided on fast food and came back just as I was ready. Ricky averted his eyes while Beth's flashed.

Realizing this was going to be bad, I calmed myself down and donned my top again. Before Beth had a chance to say anything I grabbed my bottoms too ... only to find them ripped by the force of Daniel's arm when he took them off me. Beth started laughing suddenly and told me to keep them off.

Before I could ask what she meant she came forward and kissed me. Now understand I'm completely straight. I have no problem with lesbians, but I myself don't do that. At that moment my mind was too stunned to resist.

After she was done Beth laughed again and jumped on her boyfriend, still naked and ready to come on the bed. He ripped off her clothes as well and finished what he started on me in her. I slowly began recovering from the revelation that my best friend was bi and noticed that Ricky had disappeared.

Of course he was Catholic. Sex before marriage was bad to him, not to mention multipul sex partners and gay activies. I didn't expect him to feel comfortable around us ever again.

The next day I felt like I should be going home. I had to mix matched halves of a bikini, had sex with my best friend's boyfriend, found out said friend was bi, and traumatized another friend. I doubted much fun could be gained from the last two days.

Ricky, to my surprise, asked my early in the morning to go the parks with him, just the two of them. Beth and Daniel were still asleep, but he thought we'd spend time alone. Confused, but pleasantly surprised, I accepted. I even went in my mix matched bikini.

Naturally things got worse. For the first half of the day we enjoyed ourselves and I felt the shy Ricky grow closer and closer to kissing me. But after a midday meal we decided to go to Posiden's Revenge. As luck would have it my top was taken off again, this time by the force of the wave. I spend ten minutes looking for the thing, ricky helping me and dozens of people laughing and catching glimpses when I dug my arms in the water because I though I saw it. Finally I noticed Beth laying in one of the chairs, trying to look as if she were there for a while but dripping wet.

Suspecting her I marched up and demanded my top back. Beth grin micheviously and told me I'd get it back if I lowered by arms from my chest, leaned over, and kissed her full on the mouth.

Like I said, I have no interest in other girls.

Ricky was trying to convince me not to do it, and Beth said that I didn't kiss her then I'd have to remove my bottoms for a moment. Although afraid of security, not to mention the dozens of eyes staring at me, I began to comply, despite Ricky's protesting. As soon as I pulled them off (Ricky looking away again) Daniel seemed to pop out of nowhere to take pictures. I stupidly covered up with my arms and took a step back ... out of my bottoms. Beth jumped to her feet and grabbed them. Both of them ran off and disappeared in the park crowd.

Once again being the gentleman, Ricky grabbed a towel for me. I was told by park security (took them long enough to arrive) that I couldn't stay in the park like that (like I would). Ricky took me back to the hotel and as soon as I had gotten dressed in normal clothes I started packing, forgetting that Beth drove me here and I couldn't use her car. To my surprise, Ricky packed too and offered to drive me in his car back to college. Beth could drive Daniel and they could cover the hotel bill as they left.

I was grateful, but once Beth and Daniel returned too college was no longer a safe haven. Ricky became my boyfriend but within a month of spring break he was the only one in school who \*hadn't\* a good look of me naked. Also Beth developed a horny facination with me, trying to catch me in the shower, taking pictures of my naked, stripping me intentionally in public, or simply trying to seduce me by slipping into my bed naked in the middle of the night (we were roommates, obviously). Some of these worked, others, namely the seduction, didn't. After two months of this, without finishing my second year of college, I dropped out and started working.

Daniel was in his final year despite being a year younger than me(!) so he finished his year, got a good job, and married me after my conversion. So this story does have a happy ending. I sinned, was humiliated, and discovered my best friend could be really creepy, but I got a husband who lead me to the Church. God certainly is strange sometimes.