**Water Park Turns Sexy**

by ShareMySecret

**WORD (AND VIDEO) GETS OUT**

*After a very public display, videos circulate online.*

\*\*\*Note: This story takes place after "Public Pleasure at Amusement Park". You will probably enjoy this one more if you've read that already.

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I messed up. Bad.

In the moment, I was somehow able to ignore the camera phones and pretend that I could act like a total slut in front of a crowd of people and that it would never come back to bite met. I rode on the high from that experience for the rest of that night but woke up early the next morning in a panic. What if someone posts those videos and pictures on a porn site? What if someone I know sees them? I was pretty sure my life was over.

And yet, Monday morning I went to school and taught a normal day of class. No sideways glances, no whispering and pointing, no double-entendres from students or colleagues. Just a normal day of teaching. In fact, I had a normal week of teaching. And then another, and another. In fact, as the weeks went by, I stopped thinking so much about what an idiot I had been for "accidentally" stripping naked at an amusement park. I stopped cursing my stupidity for getting fingered on a chairlift. I even forgave myself for letting that beautiful stranger eat my pussy in front of a crowd, armed with phones and giving off lust like heat rays. Then one day, while I was looking for supplies in the storage room next to my classroom, I overheard this conversation from the hallway:

"Dude, I'm telling you, it's her."

"No way! You honestly think your science teacher is making pornos on the weekends? Come on, man, get real."

"Seriously! Just watch the video tonight. I'll snap the link later when I'm not on school WiFi. It's her, dude."

I couldn't place the voice (and didn't dare peak into the hall), but it was definitely familiar. I was pretty sure it was one of my students. I'm a 12th grade science teacher.

A few more days went by with me was constantly on edge. Someone knew -- I was sure of it. In class, I thought a few different boys might be looking at me strangely or avoiding looking at me. I couldn't be sure who it was, or it they'd all seen it (sometimes teenage boys are just weird -- it might have nothing to do with them having seen a video of their teacher having a series of squirting orgasms in public while being cheered on by a crowd ... right?)

By the end of the week, I started to suspect that some of my colleagues knew. I walked into the staff lounge only to have the conversation immediately stop and a table of male teachers all turn and give me weird looks before smiling and playing it off.

Yep, I screwed up.

That night, I decided I had to find what was out there. I'm not a frequent porn viewer, so I didn't really know where to start. I Googled "free porn" and opened the first result. I scrolled through the homepage a bit, but of course I didn't see myself there -- just a bunch of porn stars spreading their legs or getting fucked in various positions in all the thumbnails. I figured I'd have to search for it, but wasn't sure what to search for.

I tried searching my name, but nothing came up (thank goodness for small miracles, I guess). That made sense, as I didn't recognize anyone at the amusement park, and didn't remember telling anyone my name except maybe they guy I'd ridden the chair with (Adam? Andrew? Something like that), but I didn't think I'd given my last name. After all, I'd travelled to the amusement park an hour from my where I lived and worked BECAUSE I wanted to be anonymous.

I thought back to that night (not for the first time -- I'd recalled those events every night since then, alone in my bed as I worked myself over). What might the poster of the video have called the video?

I tried "amusement park", but only found a bunch of pictures and videos of girls flashing their tits for the roller coaster cameras, along with a professional-looking video where a couple had sex on a "log ride", though the log they were in never actually seemed to move anywhere. This is why I don't watch porn. Everything is so fake -- the setup, the setting, even the bodies of the actors -- I just don't find any of it arousing.

Next, I tried "amusement park finger" and "amusement park squirt" but didn't get many results and definitely didn't see myself.

Finally, on a whim (and feeling a little judgmental toward myself), I tried "chairlift slut". Bingo. The thumbnail was a shot of my pussy getting licked by the girl whose face I recognized from that night. I clicked the video and waited through the ads.

Watching myself in this video was surreal. Everything I did was so uncharacteristic that, at times, I was sure I was watching someone else. It started with a series of photos of me, bare ass on display, after I initially fell out of the chairlift and lost my bikini bottoms. Then a short video clip showing me standing up, naked from the waist down, realizing what had happened and covering myself. A few more stills of me standing in line, hands covering my pussy and ass, then moving them long enough to knock a few grabby hands away and exposing myself briefly.

Then a cut to a shot looking up at a chairlift seat from the ground, with two pairs of feet dangling down. The lighting for this shot was no good, so you couldn't make out my nakedness through the slats of the seat, or the fact that the guy next to me had his hands on my ass and crotch "to shield me from view" -- what a gentleman. I did hear a familiar-sounding male voice, faintly, saying "Your pussy is so wet. You must be horny as fuck right now," followed by my own voice answering, "I am horny as fuck right now."

The camera goes all shaky at that point, mostly pointing at the ground for a minute, then a bunch of leaves and branches. What the hell is he doing? After more rustling and shaking, the camera turns and points at the chairlift again, this time from a much higher vantage point, and with the occasional branch blowing into frame. Holy shit -- they guy climbed a tree to get this shot!

Now I can clearly see the guy pumping two, then three fingers into my dripping wet cunt. My feet are up on the chair with my legs spread wide. I stop him suddenly. As the chair gets nearer to the camera, I hear my voice again: "then show it some respect and rub my clit." Then the moaning starts. Watching this, I am absolutely horrified. I'm humiliated. I'm also getting wet. I reach under my waistband, slip a finger into my pussy to get a bit of the ample supply of lubricant I've already produced, and start rubbing my clit.

The chair passes the camera in the tree, my moaning getting louder and then fading as we go by. The video cuts to a shot from the ground, but not under the chair. Instead, the video is from more in front of the chair and is very shaky (maybe zoomed in from far away). Again, I can see my pussy getting pounded briefly with 3 fingers, then watch myself stop the guy and say something to him before he changes hand position and rubs my clit.

The chair gets closer to the camera and I start to hear my own moaning. Actually, I hear my own moaning twice: once on the video, and once from my own mouth as I watch, touching myself and feeling an orgasm build. On screen, my hips buck violently as the guy works my clit faster, and then a sudden gush of liquid erupts from me. The camera pans down to follow the first burst as it falls to the ground, landing by a small group of guys walking under the chair and looking up at me. When it pans back up, I see myself shivering through a hard orgasm in the video and feel another one approaching fast on this side of the computer screen.

On screen, I can see my hand move to my own clit and begin to rub circles. The guy reaches for my tits, squeezing them, then pinching and tugging at my nipples. My hips begin to buck again as the camera begins to shake again. The sound of footfalls drowns out my moans as the cameraman backs up to keep his view. I can see that I'm nearing a second orgasm when I hear a loud metallic click and the chair stops moving. My eyes fly open and I look around.

The shot jumps to another vantage point, from my other side. I see my eyes open again in shock. Three more cuts to different angles of me realizing I had an audience. I looked around at a crowd of faces and lenses, and the lenses looked right back at me. Some must have been no more than 10 feet away; there's no question that anyone who knows me would recognize me at this point. Between the various shots, there's a full 30 seconds of footage of that brief moment after I opened my eyes and began looking around, but before I stopped rubbing my clit and tried to cover up. For a moment, I'm indignant at the editing, since it makes it look like I just kept on masturbating as the crowd watched. I do feel a little silly about this, though, when I remember what came next. In my office chair, I have now discarded my pants and underwear and am matching the pace of my earlier performance, though without the interruption.

The guy operating the ride gives me his line about not letting us down because of a leak, my seatmate volunteers that the leak was just me squirting (nothing to be alarmed about!), and I go back to getting myself off to prove the point. With a little help (one finger in my vagina and a mouth on my nipple, in accordance with the directions I give out of range of the microphone) I am quickly squirting for my audience. As I do, I am also squirting on my desk chair. My eyes roll back before my eyelids shut tightly for a few blissful moments.

When I open my eyes again, the guy has been shoed off the chairlift and my new lady friend has her tongue buried in my pussy. The shot shifts between at least 8 different cameras, several of which must be less than 18 inches from my most private place, made so public. My benefactor's face is clearly visible, as she clearly and thoroughly enjoys her task. The detail visible in my cunt is incredible. For a moment I marvel at how good camera phones have gotten. I don't think I've ever seen this part of my anatomy so clearly, certainly not in this state or from so many angles.

The screen goes dark for a moment, then a tiny video appears in one corner of the screen as the video version of me nears her final orgasm and the real version gets going on my second. I can't understand why it's so small and in the corner until another fades into another corner, then another and another. A grid of synchronized videos of my public cunnilingus eventually fills the screen, 5 shots wide by 4 shots high -- 20 different camera angles, aimed at my stretched and sore nipples, my dazed face, my dripping pussy, the other girl's face as she licks and plays so skillfully, and even a shot of her free hand slipping under her own waistband and disappearing from view. The grid remains as her tongue reaches frantic speed, then fades to a single closeup as my pussy contracts and explodes, spraying her face and hair and shirt.

I pause to grab my vibrator, then rewind and watch this part 3 more times as I bring myself to another orgasm, watching my own explosive orgasm on the computer screen again and again.

The screen fades to black, then fades back to a single shot, the camera backing slowly as I walk, led by the hand by the most amazing creature I've ever encountered, through a sea of dazed and horny spectators. They reach out from all sides to touch and stroke my entire body. There are moments when I can't see a single square inch of skin from my knees to my neck because so many hands are on me. I am marched so slowly through the crowd, and people press in from all sides. Men and women alike squeeze my breasts and ass, rub at my clit, and insert fingers into my slick vagina. I stop for 10 seconds here, 20 seconds there, occasionally closing my eyes and raising my face to the sky, reveling in the touches. Then I am pulled a few feet along and the act is repeated with a new group of anxious hands.

Finally, we reach the control area, my goddess helps me gets dressed and presses a note into my hand, then sends me on my way toward the park entrance in case some less-than-impressed authorities are on their way.

The video fades out. All together, 24 minutes and 14 seconds of well-edited footage of my having the most incredible experience of my life, while probably ending my life as I knew it, too. 18,000 views so far with a 99% like to dislike ratio. A feel a moment of pride before I shift back to panic. This is definitely going to get around to people who know me -- my friends, my family, my colleagues -- if it hasn't already. I am definitely going to get fired.

It occurs to me that someone spent a lot of time collecting photos and videos from everyone there and editing them together. That also means that, in addition to this more polished video, there are probably another 20 or 30 people who have photos and videos of me on their phones, and who might have posted their own versions.

I ruminate on that fact for a while, a sinking feeling in my stomach. Then I flash back to the last few seconds of the video, when she handed me a note. I find the gym bag I'd taken to the amusement park and pull the note inside. It says, "call me" and gives a phone number. I'd forgotten I had it. Or maybe it was more fun to keep the memory as more of a surreal fantasy than to accept that it had actually happened -- that I had actually done those things.

Figuring that she deserves to know about the video, if she doesn't already, I start to dial. My thumb hovers over the "send" button, but I don't press it. How the hell am I going to start this conversation?

Chickening out, I decide to text her instead.

Me: Is this the girl from the chair lift a few weeks ago? I was riding when you ... helped me out.

Her: Have you seen the video?

Me: Phew - glad this is the right number. Yes, I just saw it. Pretty sure my life is over. How's your day going?

Her: I know they guy who made and posted it. A porn company contacted, wanting to buy it if they can get releases from us. If they buy it, they'll put it behind a pay wall and get it taken down from all the free sites.

Me: What?! That's great, right? Fewer people would see it? What do I need to do?

Her: They sent me a contract. The first part says that I agree they have permission to use my image, I was over 18 when the video was made, etc. In return, I get paid $5000 for my performance.

Me: We'd get paid for this, too? So less chance my dad or boss sees the video, and I make a little extra money, too? How do I sign?

Her: There's more to the contract. We have to agree to do more videos for the company. Can you meet to talk?