Oh my! I hadn’t bargained on feeling this way when I had gotten on the big banana. No way.

It’s just that every time the big inflatable water ride bucked and rolled over the waves it caused my fingers gripping the strap running across the top of it to kind of dig into the centre of my bikini bottom and it was making me a bit well, ‘intense’, if you know what I mean.

I had originally decided not to go on the big banana when it had first appeared at the beach that day. I figured that knowing my luck, I would do something stupid and make myself look a right twit in front of all the cute guys there at the resort I wanted to try to impress.

No, the aim of the game was to act cool and maybe a bit aloof but I figured that might be a bit hard if I was holding on for dear life and screaming my lungs out.

Then of course there was the issue of my strapless bikini top. Although it was exceptionally tight fitting once I got it on, it was brand new prior to my trip. That meant it was unproven in battle so I was wary of tempting fate by doing something that might cause it to migrate south - especially when both my hands would probably be busy holding on to the big banana thing as it crashed over the waves.

The big inflatable ride was more like a big yellow cigar or torpedo than a banana but then the resort was in Queensland, the tropical Aussie state synonymous with bananas. And then, as soon as everyone started sitting on it, the ends did begin to curl up a bit so I guess then it was more like a banana than a cigar.

At first when Rory, the resort’s events supervisor got on the loud hailer and started jokingly calling for ‘victims’ to go on the ride, no one seemed all that keen, probably due more to being hung-over from the previous night’s party rather than being afraid of death by big banana.

But then two of the guys had gone over and one of them had beckoned to one of the girls to join them and the next thing I see is Blonde Bombshell Angie bouncing her way down the beach towards them. That would be right, anything to draw attention to herself with the guys - not that she had to try too hard with her eye-popping set of 36 double-D’s.

Not surprisingly, a few more guys then volunteered, one being Damian, the hottie Melissa and I had had our eyes on since first arriving at the resort.

“C’mon, let’s go on the ride,” Melissa had said, obviously having seen Damian volunteer as well. “It’ll be fun.”

“I don’t know,” I’d replied, still worried about my untested bikini top.

“Don’t be such a stick-in-the-mud,” Melissa had retorted. “What better way to meet someone than squashed against him on a big inflatable banana!”

And so before I knew it, I was down at the shore line next to
And so before I knew it, I was down at the shore line next to this big inflatable banana thing, still not totally convinced it was such a good idea.

Damian was quite a hunk though, and that’s what had finally swayed me to go on it. He had strong, athletic shoulders I could just imagine wrapped around me as he made love to me. The only problem was I think he was more inclined to want to wrap his athletic shoulders around boob-a-licious Angie rather than me.

I knew if I was to have any chance with Damian I had to try to somehow get between Damian and Angie’s double-D’s. Now that might be dangerous! Then of course all I had to do then was to wow him with my tiny double-A’s. Simple. Now where did I put my magic wand?

Speaking of magic wands, I just happened to glance at the boardies of the cute guy lining up behind me and was that a gun in his pocket, or was he just glad to see me?

Right away any plans I had pretty much went out the window when Rory, having now dispensed with his loud hailer, said, “Okay, now this banana is the resort’s answer to The Love Boat, so I want boy, girl, boy, girl, okay? And to give yourself the best chance of staying on, you need to hold on to the strap running across the top of the banana with one had and then put your other arm around the person in front of you.”

“Yeah, but what if they fall off?” someone predictably asked.

“Well, then you fall off,” Rory said. “And then the person behind you falls off. It’s all part of the fun. It’s called togetherness!”

As soon as he said that, I saw my chance and immediately positioned myself directly behind Damian, who (surprise, surprise!) then positioned himself behind Angie. Damn! I realised then that I had made a mistake and should have put myself in front of him!

The next thing I knew, I was being helped onto the big inflatable banana thing to sit behind Damian. Even when it was in at the shore, it was bobbing and moving about as each little wave lapped at it as the speed boat it was attached to burbled and spluttered impatiently waiting to get going.

“Oh, now grip the strap,” Rory had said.

I looked down and could just see a strap running across the top of the big banana about an inch or so out from my bikini bottom. The thought crossed my mind that it was lucky that you didn’t have to grip the strap in front of the person ahead of you. Now that would be togetherness!!

I managed to position myself behind Damian without falling off and making a fool of myself and immediately I looked at his back. Oh wow, those tanned, broad muscular shoulders, leading down to two equally tanned and muscular arms. Double wow! And now I even had permission to sit right behind him and actually put my arm around him and grip at least two of his six pack. Maybe I hadn’t made such a big mistake after all. It just couldn’t get any better than this.

Well, actually it could because when I tentatively put my arm around Damian, I realised his arm was already around boob-a-licious Angie and no doubt positioned under her double-D’s to help stop them from bouncing over the waves. Well, that was probably his excuse at least.

I was just getting used to sitting with my arm around a hot guy in front of me when I felt the almost equally cute guy behind
me reach around and place his arm across my tummy just above my waist, far below my girls. Well, it wasn’t that he would have to stop anything from bouncing around once we got going because there really just wasn’t anything to bounce!

Then Melissa got on behind him and then I think there were another two after her.

“Okay, I need everyone to move forward a bit,” Rory called as he tried to fit the last person on the banana.

Everyone did as he said and suddenly I found myself pretty much sitting on top of my hand with the knuckle of my thumb wedged up the most intimate part of my anatomy. Thankfully though, a thin film of tautly stretched, Lycra bikini bottom stopped my thumb from disappearing up inside me completely.

Then we had finally set off with the speed boat’s soft burble suddenly transforming into a menacing snarl as it reached full throttle.

That big banana certainly wasn’t the easiest thing to ride and when we hit the first wave, one of the people close to the front almost fell off, which caused a ripple effect for the rest of us. Somehow, we all managed to hold on though but it wasn’t easy. Not that any of the waves coming off The Great Barrier Reef were any bigger than those coming from the speed boat, which was probably why the driver decided to double back on our path to use the boat’s own wake just to make things interesting!

I found myself having to hold on to Damian for dear life, and it was then I began to fantasise about him and me riding on motorbike through the south of France on our grand European holiday. Well, I was already planning my big trip overseas, so what would be so wrong with taking Damian along for the ride?

I could just picture us riding a motor bike from Calais down through the centre of France all the way to Marseille and then on to St Tropez and maybe even to Monaco to rub shoulders with the rich and famous. Oh yes, I could see it now.

But then just as I was about to plan out our whole trip, the big banana went over a wave with a jerk and my thumb knuckle buried itself in the crotch of my bikini bottom even more, so much so that I could actually feel the edge of my left leg elastic under the side of my knuckle.

That wasn’t good because my thumb wasn’t centred directly over my crotch, which meant that if there was another big bump, it was more than likely going to slip off the side of my bikini, push it aside and then slip straight up somewhere else – the last thing I really wanted while riding on a big banana sandwiched between two cute guys. This sort of thing wouldn’t be happening if I were on the back of the bike with Damian riding through France.

Then of course we hit another wave and hello!! The inevitable happened. Suddenly my thumb was beginning to disappear up inside me. Oh geez, not good. And here had I been worried about my bikini top working down!

There wasn’t much I could do about it though. I was virtually sitting right on top of my hand and my fingers were in between the big banana and the strap and then curled around the strap gripping it for dear life and my thumb…? Well, we all know where that was.

It wouldn’t have been so bad if it hadn’t been for the constant movement of said thumb up inside said you-know-what but of course with each wave or turn or whatever, my thumb would rub against areas that, well... do like to be stimulated - just not
whilst one is riding on a big banana in public! (Maybe riding a smaller banana in private...)

With every movement I began to become a little more aroused, partly due to the sensation of the physical touch but also partly because I knew I shouldn’t be letting this happen. At least not here in public with so many people around me. It just wasn’t the done thing.

Then, if what was happening down between my own legs wasn’t bad enough, as my weight settled back on the big banana after another big jump, I thought I could feel something kind of long and slightly hard resting against the edge of my left buttock. Oh my, was that what I thought it might be? After all, if I was becoming aroused with my hand stuck down between my legs, couldn’t the same thing be happening with the guys? After all, they had even less room to place their hands down there to grip the strap with all the other equipment they had.

Then I remembered having glanced at the boardies of the cute guy behind me and seen... well, a bit of tent action happening. Yep, I figured it was exactly what I thought it was.

Oh, that was so not good because knowing that the cute guy behind me was aroused made me even more aroused as well.

This immediately made me try to sit forward a bit more to create a gap between me and the guy behind me or rather, his not-so-little man but that resulted in my thumb being even more tightly wedged in a place where I wished it wasn’t – at least not whilst riding a big banana! It seemed I just couldn’t win.

I decided though that I preferred to deal with my thumb rather than the little man behind me so I continued to sit forward as much as I could.

But then as soon as I did, we went over another bump and when I came back down there was the little man again – only this time I think he may have been slightly longer and embarrassingly I think I sat on his head! When I realised that I quickly lifted my weight and shifted forward even more and thankfully the little man behind managed to escape the combined clutches of my left buttock and the big banana.

So from then on I sat as far forward as I could but then as soon as I started doing that, my breasts began to lightly caress Damian’s tanned, muscular back. Well actually, not so much my breasts but my nipples. They were already erect from dealing with both my thumb and the little man behind me and with each caress I could feel them getting harder and even slightly tingly.

I looked down and I was horrified at just how prominent they were through my strapless bikini top. Could things get any worse? When one is sad you think happy thoughts but when one is horny – or as I prefer to say, ‘intense’ – what are you suppose to do? I guess you could think of someone old and ugly and naked but I really didn’t want to do that. I didn’t want to spoil the moment, even though I probably should have, given just how ‘intense’ I could feel myself getting.

So, what did I do? I started imagining Damian making mad passionate love to me in a meadow in the south of France, after lunching on crusty French bread and cheese and wine – lots of wine (probably too much wine...)

 Probably not really the smartest thing to do in hindsight – especially not with one’s thumb buried half way up one’s lady-parts and a little man behind knocking on the back door.
It all suddenly started to become quite surreal and as if thinking about Damian making love to me wasn’t foolhardy enough, I then started thinking about an article I had read in a magazine about some magical G-spot somewhere up inside you. Apparently it was somewhere up inside the vagina and with just the right amount of stimulation, the experts reckoned you could even produce fireworks.

Not that that would be such a good idea given I was currently riding on a big banana. I could just imagine the headlines now: “Young Woman’s Fireworks Melt Big Banana at Queensland Resort”.

Okay, so they wouldn’t literally be fireworks, but this G-Spot thing was supposed to be quite good if you could find it.

I was adamant though I wasn’t going to find it. Not now. Not while riding on the big banana. Okay, maybe tonight back in my room if Melissa wasn’t around but definitely not now.

But then, curiosity got the better of me and before I knew it, I had unfurled my thumb so that instead of being bent up as it had been, it was now as straight as possible up inside me. I then kind of twisted my wrist as much as I could so that the front of my thumb came into contact with what I hoped from memory was maybe G-Spot territory. Then I just let the big banana do what it does best.

At first there was nothing and I was kind of relieved but at the same time disappointed but then, just as I was beginning to think this whole G-Spot thing was a fraud perpetuated by women’s magazines, the big banana went across a big bow wave and after it did, I crashed back down onto it so much that I not only felt the little man behind me once again, but also the tip of my thumb contacted whatever it was bearing against a bit harder.

Oh my! That was unexpected. Totally unexpected.

I knew I shouldn’t do it but did the little voice or reason inside of me listen? Of course not!

After that first twinge, I guess you’d call it, I was hooked - or maybe doomed might be a better word.

I couldn’t help myself. I just wanted more. I started to imagine it wasn’t my thumb doing the arousing but Damian, while he made mad passionate love to me in that meadow in the south of France. Oh yes!

Mind you, the fact he was actually sitting in front facing away from me didn’t really come into it. So, the guy was a contortionist - hey, it was my fantasy!

I could feel myself steadily getting more and more aroused but on a level far above what I had been before. I think it was a combination of the physical sensations as well as being conscious of the little man behind me squashed up against my left buttoc.

And of course, having the gorgeous Damian right in front of me starring in my south-of-France romantic fantasy certainly helped as well.

If it had just been a matter of having an orgasm, then I probably would have been more inclined to just go for it but sometimes when I had had orgasms in the past, they had well... kinda caused me to have a bit of an accident in the heat of the battle, so to speak, and there was no way I wanted to run the risk of doing that while I was riding the big banana.

My little voice of reason was just starting to finally win me back over when all of a sudden we crashed over a big wave and into the trough of another one, which caused the banana to bend even
more. This catapulted me against Damian’s back and then as the banana straightened out again, it caused my chest to drag up his back and as it did, to my horror my right nipple popped clear out of my bikini top.

I had just known that was going to happen. I really had. It seemed I couldn’t do anything involving swimming costumes without one part of it causing a problem.

Mind you, today both parts were causing problems although I had to admit, the problem I was having with the bottom half that day was a kinda nice problem to have.

The top half problem? Not so much. Now I had to try to somehow get my bikini top back up over my nipple, which was a lot easier said than done given that it was fully erect.

I guess I could have taken my other arm back from around Damian but that would have been risky because I needed to hold on to him otherwise I might fall off the big banana. And if I fell off the big banana, I also would fall off our motorbike that we were now back on riding towards St Tropez, having made passionate love in the meadow after lunch.

Besides, I was enjoying clutching his rock-hard abs so I would just have to find another way to somehow get my errant bikini top back up over my nipple.

I figured that if it had been dragged down over my nipple due to friction against Damian’s back, then it could just as well be dragged back up over it the same way. As they say, what goes up must come down – no wait, other way around. Forget the saying. I still figured it was worth a try. I just hoped that the cute guy behind me wasn’t able to see my exposed nipple down over my shoulder. That was all the more reason to squash my boob against Damian’s back.

So, I leaned forward and also kind of upwards so that my right boob in particular was squashed against Damian’s right shoulder blade. Then with it still squashed against him, I tried to drag it down his back in the hope that my bikini top would stay where it was while my boob and nipple would kinda roll back into it.

Good in theory (or possibly not). Maybe it might have worked if I didn’t have nipples as long as thimbles but given how embarrassingly long my nipples are, it really was no surprise that when I attempted to drag my boob down Damian’s back, my nipple just caught the edge of my bikini top and proceeded to just drag it down with it. Damn!

Undeterred, I figured I would give it another go and so I began to repeat my actions, only this time kind of twisting my upper torso in a vain attempt to kind of turn my nipple a bit side on to the bikini top as I did it.

Talk about bad timing. Just as I did this, we hit another wave followed by a deep trough and because my left boob was also now squashed against Damian’s back, the same thing happened to it that had just happened to my right boob during the last wave.

I couldn’t believe it. Now both my girls were out of the chicken coop!

“Oh shit!” I said under my breath. “Oh shit, shit, shit!!”

That definitely wasn’t good because I knew now that with every additional crash my bikini top would begin to work its way down to my waist.

It also meant that there was now twice the likelihood that the cute guy behind me would be able to see at least one of my nipples
down over my shoulder and there was no way I wanted that, no matter how cute he might be.

Sure enough, with every wave we crashed over, predictably the tiny white piece of Lycra vested with the job of keeping my girls covered from prying eyes began to work its way down over my stomach.

The only way to try to stop it from doing that was to press not only my boobs but as much of my stomach hard up against Damian’s back as I could. As soon as I did that though, it caused my thumb up inside me to come into contact with my firework zone once again. Oh boy, it seemed that I was now caught between a rock and a hard place or rather, a hunk and a randy place.

I could also still feel the little man behind me and that, combined with the sensations being caused by my thumb made me think once again about Damian making love to me somewhere in the south of France on our - well, my - fantasy trip.

Maybe we had stopped somewhere for a swim. Yes, that was it. We had ridden on after lunch but then we had got hot - in more ways than one. So we had stopped and taken our water bottles down to a river under some trees on a winding country road and seeing no one was around, Damian had stripped off to his underwear and had urged me to do the same.

“No, someone might see,” I had said. ‘Besides, I’m not wearing a bra under my sundress.”

“Yes I know,” he said. I took it off you after lunch…”

He had indeed and ever since, my little girls had been jiggling about unrestrained in the bodice of my sundress on the back of the motor bike - just like they were now in real life on the back of the big banana whenever they weren’t being squashed up against Damian’s back.

It was hard work keeping my boobs squashed up against him like that. My back was beginning to ache and so more and more a gap was beginning to appear between me and him.

I looked down and as expected saw my tiny, lily-white twin girls with their embarrassingly long pink noses sticking straight out. And then we’d hit a little wave and they had just as embarrassingly started to jiggle and as they did, they lightly brushed against Damian’s strong, muscular back.

Then I thought I could feel the breath of the cute guy behind me on my shoulder. Oh my gosh, he was looking down over my shoulder!

I quickly straightened my back and squashed my girls against Damian’s back to hide them but I know I was too late, because I could feel the little man behind me beginning to grow. I knew then he had seen them and I began to go bright red with embarrassment.

What was worse though was that my back was beginning to ache and I desperately needed to stop having to press my chest up against Damian’s back. As soon as I did though I knew that the cute guy behind me would look at my nipples.

I tried to keep my back as straight as I could but more and more a gap was appearing and as it did, so too did more and more of my lily-white breasts that then gave way to the rosy pink of my areolas and then the lighter pink of my nipples.

All the time I could feel the hot breath on my shoulder of the cute guy behind me. I had absolutely no doubt he was looking down over my shoulder, especially as I could feel his little man growing longer by the second.
Then we went over a big wave and suddenly I was sitting on it again. I could feel it under me. In fact I reckon that if I was to straighten one of my fingers currently gripping the big banana strap, I might be able to reach in and even feel the tip of it.

I knew I shouldn't do it but I just couldn't resist the temptation and so with the blood beating fiercely in my veins, I straighten my longest finger and then tentatively pushed my whole hand as far as I could in under me until the fingertip came against something.

Was it what I thought it was?

Then we went over another big wave and when we crashed back down, suddenly my fingertip was sandwiched between the big banana and his little man.

I let out a shriek and quickly pulled my finger away. It was then I shuddered and then all around my thumb up inside me was slippery. Very slippery.

I felt myself becoming highly aroused and I knew then that if I was to move my thumb right then and there, I'd have a massive orgasm.

I was so tempted – so very tempted but I'd had a massive piece of watermelon after breakfast and my bladder was feeling the effects of it and I knew that if I was to have an orgasm now I'd also pee a bit as I did.

So I just stayed still. Completely still. But then it seemed the big banana had other ideas because it then hit a series of five or six smaller waves in quick succession, nowhere near as big as the other waves but big enough that when combined, they caused my thumb to move quickly up and down inside me while my nipples also caressed Damien's muscular back.

For a good 10 to 20 seconds, I was on the brink of having an orgasm. I was right on the brink. And if I had done so much as to breathe either in or out, that would have been enough to set me off, right then and there on that big banana.

So I held my breath and fortunately I came back from the brink. Then we hit a wave – not even a big one – and once again I found myself back on the brink of having an orgasm.

Again I didn't even breathe and again I managed to rescue myself from the brink.

But then, just as I did we hit not one but two really big waves and the second one caught us all by surprise and the big banana finally flung us off into the water.

I again found myself on the brink of having an orgasm but I stayed as still as I could and it began to diminish.

I couldn't stay still for long though because the water was too deep to stand in and so I had to either tread water or drown – as simple as that. Or in my case, tread water and probably have an orgasm, or drown.

Now I was safely in the water, I knew what option I would take so I began to tread water.

Mind you, I could only use my feet to tread water as there was also still the urgent matter of getting my bikini top back up into its rightful position covering my girls.

So while all the other big banana refugees were all either swimming back towards it or back to the beach, one notable exception appeared to be drowning – well, at least to some of the others she did.

And so there I was frantically trying to tread water and keep
And so there I was frantically trying to tread water and keep my head above it while beneath the surface, I was frantically trying to pull my bikini top back up over my nipples. Disappointingly though, I seemed to have come away from the brink.

But then suddenly from behind me I heard, "are you okay?" Sadly it wasn't Damian, but it was the almost-equally cute guy who had been behind me on the big banana. He had seen me floundering while I was trying to pull my bikini top back up.

Without even answering him he came over and put his arm around me, while in under the water I felt his not-so-little man cradled against my upper leg and suddenly, I was not only back on the brink of having an orgasm but now rapidly tumbling over it.

And oh boy did I tumble over it! It was more intense than any orgasm I had ever had before - even the self inflicted one I had grabbed that day when no one had been home, so that was saying something!

I reckon it was so intense because firstly I was out in the open and other people were around and secondly, I was being supported in the water by a rather cute, athletic guy - oh, with a bit of help from his not-so-little man!

I felt the tension begin to build and build within me and I knew it was going to be quite something.

And it was. Unlike other orgasms in the past, with this one I felt like I was going to explode and then I did. Okay, maybe 'explode' is not the right word but there was definitely a release of tension. Not one or two but multiple ones that came in waves - tension then release, tension then release.

Unfortunately, that wasn't the only release though and as I had predicted, when the tension released each time, I felt a tiny squirt of warmth in my bikini bottom as the watermelon I had had after breakfast finally made good its escape. But hey, I didn’t care. I was in the water so no one could see. As they say, the ‘P’ (or rather, pee) is silent in swimming! I just hoped that the suspicious warm spot in front of me wasn’t able to make its way around behind me where it might be detected by the cute guy or his little man.

It was a while before things started to settle down, but even then I could even feel my toes tingling and I’m pretty sure in amongst all that I felt my nipples give a little throb or two.

Then just as I thought it was all over, the cute guy, who finally introduced himself as Kurt, began to swim both of us back to shore and I found myself just lying there floating on my back with his body under mine, supporting me while he dragged me through the water.

All I could do was savour the moment of having this cute guy rescue me like a knight in shining armour wielding a sword - except that his armour was just a pair of board shorts and his sword was actually an excited little man standing to attention.

It was one of those awesome moments when you get those tingles that go up and down your spine and dance all around your head and then suddenly, I shuddered and as soon as I did, I realised I was on the brink of having another orgasm. I knew if I made any sort of movement, it would probably tip me back over the edge.

So I figured I had better help Kurt with this swimming business and so all of a sudden, I began to kick like a prostrate frog stuck on its back. On the third kick, I knew I had toppled over the edge into another orgasmic precipice and so as we neared the beach, I reckon we may have even got a bit of assistance from...
the mini jets quietly sprouting forth through my bikini bottom. Okay, maybe not but I think I did actually see one as the lower half of my body broke through the surface of the water at one point. Oh gees, I just hope Kurt wasn’t watching at the time!

So finally we made it to the shore and I just lay there on my back, exhausted from my morning’s activities. A few people rushed over, including Rory who had seen me floundering in the water while I was trying to get my bikini top back up.

“Are you okay?” Kurt said as others rushed over, including Melissa.

“Yes, yes I’m fine,” I said, embarrassed by all the fuss but still unwilling to get up. I really didn’t want to move just at that moment because I was still feeling rather… well, you know, ‘intense’ and I felt I could very well end up on the brink of having another orgasm if I wasn’t careful. I figured though that I could at least prop myself up on my elbows and that’s just what I did.

I don’t know if that’s what did it or maybe it was having all those people looking down on me, which suddenly made me feel self conscious and also strangely aroused knowing they didn’t know what had just been happening to me.

But whatever it was, as I lay there on the sand, suddenly I realised I was once again on the brink of having another orgasm. The very brink. It was like when you take the handbrake off in the car and you think it is just on the verge of rolling but it doesn’t. But then you maybe rock the seat and you get the sensation that it is moving and then it finally start to roll. Well, that is kind of what happened to me.

I couldn’t believe it. Oh no, this can’t be happening, I thought to myself as I realised I had passed the point of no return. Not now, not here with all these people watching! I instantly held my breath. I didn’t move a muscle - oh, with one exception. I tensed my pelvic floor muscles, thinking that by doing so it would stop me going over the brink.

I tensed them hard but I think that was what may have rocked the car seat because I suddenly felt the car slowly begin to roll. I tell you, I thought the two orgasms I had had earlier had been intense but they were nothing compared to this one. I think the fact all these people were looking at me was the difference. And of course, Murphy’s Law of Orgasms states that “the probability that you will suffer an embarrassing mishap during orgasm greatly increases with the number of people watching you while you have it…”

It was like being in a car crash just before it happens. You know its going to happen but there is nothing you can do about it. As I felt the tension build in my groin, I knew what was coming.

And then it happened. Not one, not two but three little ‘cherubs’ as I call them. Three tiny squirts of - well, you know what - managing to find their way out through the thin band of material covering a certain part of your anatomy. Thankfully after the third one I managed to time the tensing of my pelvic floor muscles to coincide with the release part of my orgasmic cycle, thus preventing any more embarrassing signs of what was actually happening to me.

I was absolutely mortified. There is no doubt that everyone there saw them. Maybe they might not have seen the first or maybe
there saw them. Maybe they might not have seen the first or maybe even the second one but they would have at least caught their attention and they would have turned and seen the third one without a doubt.

Melissa did and put two and two together and realised that I had actually had a visit from The Big O right there on the beach with everyone watching on and she thought it was hilarious. Absolutely hilarious.

For me though, it wasn’t so funny. Not by a long way and from then on I decided to steer clear of the big banana.

Mind you, that afternoon a rumour did go around the resort that a girl had had an orgasm after riding on the big banana and so after that, Rory didn’t seem to have much trouble finding ‘victims’ for future rides.

Yeah, funny about that – not that I’m laughing!

The End

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