

**SLIGHTLY AWKWARD  
ADVENTURES**

*Pool Party Run*

*By Larry Tanner*

Most people I know call me LT. I was named Larry after the character Larry Dallas from the television show *Threes a Company*. My girlfriend Jennifer calls me lucky, but luck and I rarely are on the same side. Here are some of my stories warts and all.

I stopped the car about a block away from her house. Jennifer unbuckled her seatbelt and slid over to me, and we kissed. She said, “*you might want to try and make a run for it before my father finds you.*” She was dressed in my gym clothes from my bag. A pair of blue basketball shorts and a gray tee shirt. I was in a pair of boxers and a football jersey. I am going to kill Greg when I find him. She started to get out, but I stopped her and drove her the rest of the way. In the distance, we could see flashing blue and red lights. The police were in front of her house with her red-faced father. If I hit the gas, who would catch me first the cops or her father?

We went out for some ice-cream. It was dusk and the weekend. Jennifer’s father hasn’t yet gotten past our little drive in the park, but he has reluctantly allowed us to see each other again without an armed guard. We met up with Greg and Jordan. I think her name is Jordan? We went to Jerry’s softy for some frozen custard. It was sweet and cold with the hint of something more. From there we started to go to a local miniature golf course. I say started because we didn’t actually make it there. Jordan or is it Jessica said she had the key to the pool at her apartment building. I couldn’t help but think something was up. Jordan and Jennifer almost did a knowing wink like this was all planned.

We made it there and inside. Greg said, “*we don’t have suits.*” That was a good point and shut up Greg. Jordan slipped off her shoes and stuck her big toe in the water. She turned around and asked, “*do we really need suits?*” The question hung in the air. Jordan yes, I am just going to call her that for now on pulled her shirt up and over her head revealing a pale pink bra. I looked over at Jennifer who was doing the same thing revealing a white bra. I took off my shirt then Greg did the same. That is, he took his own shirt off. It seemed like they meant for us to swim in our underwear. I kicked off my shoes and slipped out of my jeans. Jennifer did the same while Jordan unzipped and dropped her skirt. Eventually, Greg parted with his jeans.

Greg went to jump into the water when Jordan stopped him then said, “*we aren’t done yet. It isn’t skinny dipping if you have on underwear.*” Jordan has an olive complexion with long curly black hair. She unhooked and slipped out of her bra. Her nipples were darker than I thought they would be. She slipped out of her panties and just like that she was naked. And well, the carpet matches the drapes. Jennifer turned my head away from Jordan with two fingers on my chin. She stood close to me. Her bra had a clasp in the front. Deja vu. She undid it and was free from the offending garment. She was perfection. Jennifer looked over at the others just as a frustrated Jordan grabbed and pulled Greg’s boxers down. I ran my hands through the elastic band of my boxers then slid them off. It had been a while since I was naked in front of her. From the look on her face somethings have changed since that day at another pool. She slipped off her panties and turned her back to me. I put my hand on her shoulder, and she bolted to the pool and jumped in.

We swam around for a little. Somehow the idea we were all naked slowly slipped away. It was like just another day in a pool with your friends. Jordan climbed out of the pool then sat down with her legs just inside it. Her nudity brought it all back. We were in uncharted territory for us. Yes, we had skinny dipped before, and I think Jordan was there? The air was thick with intent, motive, and chlorine. Somehow it became clear this was all set up to play out some scenario the girls devised. Greg got out and sat next to Jordan with one leg in the pool and one leg behind her, so his junk was up against her. Jordan reached down and took him by the man-handle. Jordan said to no one in particular, “*we will be right back.*” They got up and went into the changing room.

Jennifer got out of the water and sat down on a bench. She had no carpet to match the drapes. She later said how she tried to shave it into a V, but something went wrong and decided to just go all the way. I got out and joined her. I straddled the bench exposing myself to her all up close. She spun around and faced me, and we kissed. My hands went from her sides to her breasts. She put her arms up under mine and pulled me closer. As she did, we slowly went down

until she was on her back. And there it was. Years of dreaming, months of attempting and a flashlight. A beam of light found us in the pool room. A voice said, *“hey you two kids what do you think you are doing.”*

We bolted. I found my shoes but nothing else. Greg or Jorden took our clothes. I dropped the keys in my left shoe, so we had a ride but no clothing. Outside we could hear the man fight with a set of keys. With no better option, we ran to the back door and the car. We left as the man came running out yelling, *“I’m calling the cops.”* We went for two blocks then pulled over. I had my gym bag in the back, and the car had a passthrough to the trunk. We climbed into the back and unlatched the back of the seat. She stared at me, and I stared back. In that opening between the trunk and the backseat, we lost our virginities together. It wasn’t like I thought it would be. It was brief and awkward. She said, *“with us, it couldn’t have been any other way.”* We put on what clothes I had in the bag, and I took her home. We were very late and nearly naked.

I pulled up, and she got out. The police didn’t say anything, and she didn’t kiss me. She didn’t want her father to see just how little I was wearing. The next day I got the what was what on the events of that night. The pool had security cameras, and the guard was a friend of Jennifer’s mother. Jorden and Greg saw the light and bolted in the process grabbing all the clothes. Jennifer’s mother was a little more sympathetic to our dating. She didn’t even see anything wrong with what almost happened on camera, but her father will never see the footage. He won’t be told about the pool. As far as he knows we were mini golfing and she fell into a water trap. Jennifer showed me something from her purse. Her mother gave her a couple of condoms and said, *“I can’t stop you, but I don’t want to be a grandmother anytime soon.”*