

Skinny Dipping

By C. Jade Wyton

Becky Bloom and her boyfriend Jareth Slader go for a late-night dip in Shadow Hollow Lake.

Contains explicit sexual content.

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It was a beautiful night. The stars reflected off the lake's surface like glitter, only broken by the ripples of the young couple at its edge as they slowly lowered themselves into the water; their clothes discarded in the grass behind them.

'Babe, are you sure this is a good idea?' Jareth asked, shivering as he followed his girlfriend into the chest-deep water. 'It's really cold. I don't want you to get sick.'

'It's not *that* cold,' giggled Becky, lifting her legs off the lake floor so she could float around the orc. 'C'mon, Jareth. Once you're in properly you'll get used to it. It makes the air feel warm.'

'I don't think that's possible,' Jareth retorted with humour, rubbing his arms vigorously. Then, he blushed, seemingly realising that his complaining didn't seem *tough enough* for his liking, and straightened up with a cough. 'But I mean. It's not *unbearable* or anything.'

Becky gave another giggle, and swam her way to Jareth's front so she could wrap her arms around him and press her face into his chest.

He was warm— Hot, even, compared to the icy chill of the lake. And it was nice.

*So nice.*

Jareth's arms found their way around Becky and he held her tight, pecking a kiss into her hair before lowering himself so he could float with her.

They swam out into deeper water, until their feet couldn't find the bottom, and then embraced again; their lips pressing together tighter than their arms held each other.

Then, Jareth's kiss slipped across Becky's cheek to her neck, and she let out a happy whimper.

*He was so warm.*

And his kisses were making her stomach tingle....

She wrapped her legs around his middle, pressing their hips together tight and slowly thrusting; grinding against him and making their bodies heat up even more.

His arms slipped over her sides, then, until he was holding her hips and carefully shifting her down....

She felt Jareth's dick meet her crotch, its shaft hard and erect as he thrust against her, and she tightened her grip around his shoulders and buried her face into his neck with a loud moan.

*Everything was so hot.*

Burning hot.

And when Jareth's hands ran up Becky's sides again, she couldn't help but squeak out a whimper.

*'Make that noise again, baby,'* Jareth whispered into Becky's ear.

The noise she made was much less of a squeak, but still elicited a moan from Jareth as he pulled Becky tighter against himself.

Becky lowered her legs around Jareth, angling herself forward so his shaft was rubbing against her clitoris— And let out another moan as his thrusts grew faster and harder.

*'God, yeah,'* he moaned, his hands moving over Becky's body to her thighs and pushing them down further. *'Squeeze your legs together, it feels so.... Mmm!'*

He cut off, burying his face into Becky's shoulder and dipping them both deeper into the lake.

It was an overwhelming feeling, as Jareth's hot body pressed into hers and the cold water lapped at her face, and Becky felt herself tensing as she grew closer and closer to—

A long, high moan escaped her as her entire body trembled in her orgasm. And it was only intensified as Jareth's thrusts continued; invigorated as Becky's thighs squeezed together and she instinctively moved with her boyfriend.

It didn't take long before Jareth's grip on Becky tightened and he let out a final moan of his own.

A long moment passed while the couple embraced each other, floating in the cold lake and catching their breaths.... Then, Becky slipped away from Jareth and swam away a few feet before playfully splashing water at him.

*'Becky!'* he exclaimed, shielding his face as he was assaulted with waves. He let out a laugh before lunging after Becky, who gave a squeal and hurried back towards shore.

He caught her halfway, standing up in the shallows and lifting her high above his head as she let out a joyous shriek.

Then he dropped her and she landed in the lake with another squeal; surfacing moments later to catch her breath.

*'Jareth!'* she whined. *'You're so mean!'*

Jareth just laughed, and dropped down so he could wrap his arms around her again. *'Come here,'* he cooed, pressing his lips into Becky's cheek.

*'Mm!'* Becky gave a playful whine of protest; but leant into Jareth instead of pulling away.

Another kiss, a little lower on her jaw. And another, in the curve of her neck....

*'Oi!'* cried a voice from the shore. *'Jareth! Becky! What are youse two doing?!'*

Becky felt Jareth tense, and he gave a short cough. *'Hey, Portia!'* he called back, only half-enthused. *'How.... Uh, what are you doing here?'*

*'Aw, I dunno, was just walking and I wound up here, ay!'* Portia laughed. *'Think I might have accidentally left the backyard!'*

*'Mhm,'* Jareth let out a long sigh, pulling Becky closer as Portia wandered the shore.

Then, Portia came to the spot the couple had discarded their clothes, and kicked at it curiously.

*'Aw, oi!'* she suddenly exclaimed. *'Youse going skinny dipping, ay?!'*

‘Yeah!’ Becky chirped back.

‘Fuck, can I join?’

‘No—’ Jareth started.

‘Sure!’ Becky said loudly, covering her mouth when she realised Jareth had answered differently. ‘*Oops....*’

It was too late to take it back, though; as Portia was already naked and leaping into the water.

‘More the merrier, ay!’ Portia put her arms around the couple’s shoulders. Then, she glanced down at them— And immediately averted her gaze. ‘Oo-up. Water’s real clean and clear tonight, ain’t it?’

‘*Yeah,*’ Jareth drawled, shrugging Portia off. ‘Portia, uh.... Look. Becky and I were having a... *private* moment—’

‘Aw shit! Are youse two fucking?!’ Portia exclaimed, turning to Becky. ‘Beck, I wouldn’t think you’d wanna fuck here, what with the uh, *spirit* that lives here.’

‘Spirit?’ Jareth gave Portia a quizzical look.

‘I mean, I’ve fucked in a lot of places people live,’ Becky shrugged. ‘Besides, I Googled Shady Grove and apparently it’s like. A whole thing. Like she’s down for conceptions in the lake.’

Jareth took a sharp breath, closing his eyes and raising his brow. ‘Okay. Wait,’ he lifted a hand. ‘Hold on.... Back up.... Spirit? She? Who? Please explain.’

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