

Fireman's Carnival

"Mark! I'm over here!" I waved my hands wildly, trying to get my husband's attention. It was useless though; he couldn't hear me over the noise of the crowd and he hadn't noticed our booth when he walked past.

"Hey, lady. Can we get some pies here or not?" A sweaty, overweight man stood beside three sweaty, underweight kids. Each child clutched a dollar bill in their dirty little fists.

I took a last look at Mark's back, disappearing behind the Ferris Wheel. Oh, well, he'd keep looking until he found me. I'd get his attention the next time I saw him. I turned back to my customers.

"Certainly, sir," I smiled. "How can I help you?"

"What do we have to do, anyway?" the man asked as the children started playing in the dirt.

"It's very simple," I replied. See that man's head in the middle of the bullseye?" Brian Wallace's balding pate was the only part of his body you could see. The rest was completely hidden inside the tent behind him. A drawstring kept him from pulling his head back inside. "You can buy whipped cream 'pies' for a dollar apiece. You have to throw from behind the counter. If you hit him directly, you win one of the big teddy prizes. If your pie lands in one of the other rings, you win that prize. All the money goes to benefit the local animal shelter. Have some fun for a worthy cause!"

"Ok, gimme three pies. Hey! You guys were crying to do somethin'. Do you want to do this or not?" he cuffed one of the children in the back of the head.

I bent over to pull three pies from under the counter and heard him chuckle. "Maybe I should wait until it's your turn," he hooted. "I'd get two bulls-eyes instead of one. Damn big ones, too." He laughed loudly at his own joke.

I blushed. I knew what he was referring to. I'd worn this top because Mark liked seeing me in it, forgetting I'd be bending over all day. Every time I did, the scoop neck fell open and people could see all the way to my bra. I'm not small on top so that made for a pretty vulgar display. Guys had been staring at my tits all day and occasionally making remarks but this was the first pig to say something in front of his kids.

I handed him his pies and moved to the side so he could throw. It didn't matter; I loved the animal shelter but we needed money to operate and the fire-

man's carnival was one of our biggest fundraisers. If it meant letting a few jerks ogle my body, who cared? I could put up with it for a few hours.

I talked with Betty Johnson, the woman in charge of our booth, while trying to keep an eye out for Mark. Finally I saw him walking on the other side of the midway.

"Betty, I need to go talk to Mark. I'll be right back," I thrust my money apron into her hands and dashed around the end of the counter.

Betty laughed. "You've been married five years and you're still running after him? You need to get him trained!"

Mark gave me a big hug when I caught up to him. "Hi, Kathy, where've you been? I've walked the whole place three times!"

"Well, I tried to get your attention but you didn't see me. What's going on?"

"Nothing much. How long do you have to work?" Mark looked bored. "I have a softball game later."

"I'm working at the counter until one, then I have to be the target for an hour," I replied. "Then I'm done. Will that be in time for your game?"

"Sure. I'm going over to the beer tent with Jerry. This is kind of lame." He grinned. "Maybe I'll come visit you when you're in the bullseye."

"Don't you dare," I warned him. "If you hit me with a pie, I'll never forgive you!"

"Maybe I'll be aiming for another bullseye," he said slyly, as I felt his hand knead one of my cheeks, squeezing it firmly.

"Mark!" I squealed. "People can see!" I looked around but the carnival was so crowded that nobody paid much attention to us, hugging each other off on one side.

"Bye, babe. I told Jerry I'd be right over. I'll swing by every once in a while," Mark gave me a big kiss, squeezed my rear one more time and drifted off into the crowd.

The next couple of hours passed quickly. My best friend Holly came on and we had a lot of fun. Holly is a shameless flirt, although she's happily married. She loves to flash her boobs and rear end in men's faces and being around her helps me loosen up a little too. I'm not as relaxed as she is but I quit worrying about showing a little boob when I bent over or whether

my skirt lifted a little in the breeze. I even flirted back a little after I saw how much money Holly got the guys to fork over. It made the time fly and we raised a lot of money for the shelter. I saw Mark a couple of times and once he even bought a couple of pies and tossed them at Betty when she was the target.

Soon it was time for me to be the target. Believe it or not, I was looking forward to it. The tent is set back far enough so you hardly ever get hit, you don't have any real responsibility except to smile and occasionally taunt people throwing pies, and you can get off your feet and rest. Inside the tent is a padded bench. You get on all fours but the bench supports your weight and it's actually very comfortable.

After kneeling over the bench, I thrust my head out through the hole and Holly pulled the drawstring around my neck so I couldn't pop back inside if a pie came too close. I stuck my tongue out at the first customer as he laughed and took aim.

In the next fifteen minutes I was only hit twice. I saw Mark work his way through the crowd and pay for two pies. People that knew us started cheering him on. I started yelling that he better not. He laughed and handed his pies to two kids, who didn't even come close. Mark winked at me and mouthed the word 'later.' As I watched, he walked down two booths and went around the side.

A few minutes later I felt his hand on my ass, rubbing lightly. Beginning at my rear, he rubbed up my back, then back down and down over my legs. When he moved his hand back up, he flipped my skirt up over my back. I reached back with my hands and pulled it down but he pushed my hands out of the way and pulled it up again.

"Mark!" I whispered loudly. "Cut it out!"

"What?" Holly asked. "Did you need something?"

"Uh, no," I stammered. "I'm fine."

I felt his hand rubbing my pussy through my panties. He soon slipped a finger under the band and into my quickly moistening cunt. I bit my lip and tried not to moan as one finger found my clit while another dug deep inside me. My ass started rotating in circles and I didn't resist when he grasped my panties and pulled them down to my knees, then off me.

I tried to maintain a straight face as he began pushing two fingers into me while rubbing my clit with his other hand. I reached back with my hands but I could only feel one pant leg so I started caressing that. When he turned to face me, I could reach his crotch. I fumbled with one hand and managed to unzip

him and pull out his cock. It felt great- long, thick and rock hard. While he pumped my cunt with his fingers, I stroked his cock until I felt him pull away and move behind me.

Without much ceremony, his thumbs pried my cunt open and his cock pressed against me. I was so wet the first few inches sank in easily and he pulled back and buried the rest with one long stroke. I tried to keep quiet but I couldn't help moaning when I felt his balls grind into my mound.

Holly came over, concerned. "Are you ok?"

By now he was fucking me with a steady rhythm. "I'm fine," I grunted. I did my best not to wiggle around as his cock stretched my pussy wider with each pass.

"Oh, dear. Your face is all red," Holly fussed. "I think you're getting sunburned." she went over to her bag and grabbed some sunscreen. "Let me put some stuff on you."

"You don't have to do that. I'm fine." I just wanted Holly to go back to the counter before she realized what was happening. I was trying not to make noise but my body was being pushed forward with each stroke and I was starting to pant as I approached orgasm.

"Nonsense. What are friends for?" Holly began rubbing cream on my face, working it into my skin. I tried to focus on Holly, thinking I could prevent an orgasm if I ignored what was happening behind me. It had the opposite effect. The light touch of her fingers caressing my face sent my already jangled nerves spinning even further out of control. I struggled not to show any emotion on my face as she worked on me.

I barely made it until she returned to the counter before my orgasm burst over me. I managed to keep quiet and hold my head still but my ass was bucking like a bronco as I wiggled and pushed back against him. I felt a shudder, then his cock sank deep into me and hot liquid poured out into my throbbing cunt. His body collapsed over my back as he finished squirting his cum into me.

We lay together like that for several minutes. I could feel his cock slowly pull out of my pussy as he straightened up. Instead of pulling my skirt down, though, he began rubbing my pussy again. I tried to reach his hands to push them away but I couldn't stop him. Within a minute I was horny again despite my fear that we'd be caught. To my surprise, he was hard too and I felt his cock reenter me, pushing easily into my freshly fucked pussy.

This time he was rougher, pounding hard at me as I

held onto the bench and did my best not to cry out. I thought he would last even longer this time but fortunately he didn't because I he was banging me so hard I was sure everyone had to know what was going on. I felt him grasp my hips and plunge deep, then fill me with a second load of cum. When he stopped cumming, he immediately pulled out.

My mouth dropped open when I felt his cock, hard again, rubbing my now swollen outer lips. Mark had never been able to get hard three times in a row. As I lifted my head in surprise, I looked out at the counter and saw my husband, freshly changed into his softball uniform, waving back at me. My pussy opened up under the steady pressure as he called to me.

"Hi, honey. Holly says you're working another shift. I have to get going so I'll see you after the game." With a wave, he was off. I looked over at Holly in time to see a greasy looking man hand her twenty dollars and walk toward the back of the tent.

Holly grinned at me. "Great news, Kathy. We're going to raise more money for the shelter than anybody else!..."