**Fair Game**

by Emma

I was 17 when the fair came to town. In fairness, it wasn’t the first time the fair had come to the small town in Somerset where I lived, but it was the first time it had visited since I’d started to be aware of boys… and my effect on them… Even though I was 17, I still looked very young… really frustrating for a young girl who wanted to sneak out to pubs and clubs. I’d had a few boyfriends but nothing serious, and I certainly wasn’t a virgin after having sex with the school janitor…… It was just that all the local boys seemed so safe and dull, and I craved excitement.

We watched the fair roll into town that summer evening, watching as they set up ready to open the next day. I was hooked!!! All those tanned young guys, bare to the waist, hard working and fit, exuding raw sex appeal, sending my hormones into overdrive. This one young lad, probably in his early 20’s really caught my eye…he looked like the typical bad boy… and I so wanted him to be bad with me! I was reluctantly dragged off home by my friends…. I could have sat and watched him work all night, given half a chance. I hardly slept that night, all I could do was think about him, bringing myself off to the images of him in my head.

The next day dragged… We were going to the fair when it opened in the evening but that seemed such a long way away! I even sneaked off down to their site, hoping for a glimpse of him… Finally the fair opened and we were able to sample it’s delights. By now there was only one delight I wanted to sample and it wasn’t the waltzer! We wandered round, trying all the sideshows, picking out the rides we’d love to go on, me all the while just searching for MY guy…. I was getting frantic by now, desperate to find him when finally, there he was! On the dodgems, jumping from car to car, collecting the money. I drove my girlfriends mad.. all I wanted to do all evening was ride the dodgems, trying desperately to catch his eye. We did exchange a few words and a smile or two… I was sure he was flirting with me, certain he wanted me as much as I wanted him…. I left with my friends, but I had plans…big plans!

When I got home I went up to bed… well that’s what my parents thought… Actually I was changing out of my sensible jeans and blouse into my very very short micro mini skirt.. The one my Mum had no idea I’d bought and a tiny little crop top…acres of flesh on show… who could resist me now?

I sneaked back out and made my way back to the fair… It’s fair to say he noticed me this time!!! My skirt rose indecently high as I climbed into the dodgem, showing him all my legs and more than a hint of what lay between them!!! I had him! He was hooked…. He spent the rest of the all too short evening chatting with me, riding the dodgems with me, getting to know me. Ray was pretty smooth and I was smitten…. And I certainly didn’t object when he took me behind the Ghost Train and started kissing me hard… Things got hot… My skirt, little more than a belt, was soon up round my waist, his thick cock hard in my hands.. Then pushing against my wet pink slit, replacing his fingers with it’s hardness… I was on the pill, but no protection, no condom ,but I wanted him inside me, knew it was wrong, but wanted him so bad… He came in me, filling me…. kissing me…My god.. it felt so good, so bad, so naughty…… He took me twice that night, lasting much longer the second time… longer and seemingly harder! It was well into the early hours of the morning when I sneaked back home and collapsed naked on my bed, exhausted and still leaking his cum…

The next couple of days flew by in a glorious whirl, days filled with anticipation, nights filled with sex! I went to the fair every evening with my friends, then sneaked out every night to go back on my own. I flirted with Ray all evening, despite my friends telling me to quit. They told me I was humiliating myself, that he was never going to bother with a kid like me, not when he could have the pick of any girl at the fair. Told me he was just smiling at me and chatting with me to be kind. One of my so called friends even went so far as to tell me she’d seen him kissing one of the girls who travelled with the fair! Lies, all lies, just to try to put me off… They were obviously jealous and wanted him for themselves… If only they knew!!! Ray told me I was the only girl for him and that we had to keep our distance when he was working… mixing with the visitors was strictly forbidden, and anyway, I was the one having sex every night behind the ghost train!

It was easily the best week of my young life. At last I felt wanted, needed, loved and lusted after. More than that, it was exciting!! Sneaking off behind my parents, and friends, backs to have sex with an older guy… and such a fit older guy… What a blast!!! The only sad thing was that I knew it couldn’t last - the fair left town on Sunday, and Saturday was it’s last night. Secretly I harboured hopes of Ray staying behind to be with me, or even begging me to run away with him, join the fair and go live with him in his trailer. Early Friday evening I was down at the fair again with my friends. It was early evening, still daylight and still fairly quiet. As usual I was scanning the fair, hoping foe a glimpse of Ray, a shared smile, a quick glance in my direction, a stolen moment or two. I was a little surprised when one of the fair people pushed a note silently into my hand, and quickly made up an excuse to slip off and read it without my friends seeing it.

‘Emma, Down by the old barn, 15 minutes …. Love, Ray’

I was overjoyed! I made my excuses to my friends and happily rushed off to the barn! We’d met there a few times in the evenings, made out there twice as well, between the hay bales, so I was really excited, hoping maybe he’d got the evening off to spend with me.

Things didn’t quite turn out as I’d planned! I rushed down to the barn, to find no sign of Ray. Maybe I was early, maybe he’d been delayed. I should have smelt a rat when I saw a group of the girls who lived and worked on the fair walking along the river bank towards the barn, but I was just worried Ray wouldn’t show up if they were there. They stopped to speak to me.

‘He’s not coming kiddo…. EVER… he’s MINE….’

That was Sherri, the girl my friends had seen Ray kissing…

‘You’re just a bit of fun to him, he’s got kids like you in every town… He thinks I don’t know, but I know about every single one of them, and I know all about you! Sluts like you think they’re better than us fair girls, and come in and just take our men… Well think again slut girl, it’s time you learnt your place in this fair…’

I didn’t know if she was telling the truth about Ray… I didn’t want to, but my friend had seem them kissing…. Plus I was in big trouble.. There were four of them, all older, stronger and tougher than me. I tried apologising, even tried begging, but Sherri, and more particularly her friends, seemed intent on making me sorry I’d ever kissed ‘their’ Ray. They surrounded me, pinning me against the barn wall.

‘STRIP bitch! Lets see what Ray see’s in you !’

I wasn’t given a choice. I hesitated and one of Sherri’s friends reached forward and ripped open the front of my blouse, buttons flying everywhere, my bra on display..

‘STRIP! Or we’ll rip your clothes off piece by piece, and we won’t be gentle about it!’

I had no option. I removed the remains of my blouse, standing there in my bra and jeans. Sherri took a step towards me, so, terrified, I reached down and undid my jeans, let them fall and stepped out or them, taking off my trainers at the same time. I was stood there in my bra and panties… my embarrassingly cute Minnie Mouse panties… but it was my bare feet that bothered me most. The feel of my toes on the damp grass and grass brought home to me just how vulnerable I actually was….

‘Undies please! And stop messing about..’

Red with shame and embarrassment I unclipped my bra and handed over my bra… trying my best to cover my small young breasts with my arms, trying to look strong while all the while wanting to curl up and die…

‘Panties too!’

My shame was complete as I removed my cute little panties and stood before the older girls as nude as the day I was born, totally humiliated.

‘Mmmm… so cute!! No wonder ray likes you!!!’ laughed Sherri….

‘Well he seems to love it plenty when I turn up to met him without any on at all!’

Not the wisest comment in the world…..

‘Seems like you won’t be needing these clothes anymore Slut.. Why don’t you get rid of them… Here, throw them in the river’

Nooooooooooo!!! Pleasssse!!! I can’t go home naked, can’t walk through town like this, please, please, let me keep my clothes, I’ll never see Ray again….

‘Do it slut or we’ll be shaving your head and tarring and feathering you… see how you like that!!!’

Again, no choice, I had to throw away my own clothes, making myself naked…. I was crying as I threw my things away… Naked, over a mile from home, and still faced with the vindictive girlfriend of Ray!

They didn’t make me walk home naked, they didn’t even make me leave the fair. They already had a punishment ready for me. They walked me back to their trailer, and yes people did se me… thankfully just other fair people, who just grinned and laughed at this naked townie been taken through their cluster of trailers. Even saw Ray… I even caught his eye, and at least he had the good grace to look embarrassed before turning away.. But it was enough to tell me Sherri was right, my friends had been right too, and that I could expect no help from him.

They took me to their trailer then applied make up to my face and body. Plenty of white to my face, but not so much to my body, just a dusting to my body, leaving my pussy embarrassingly bare.…. I was taken to the ghost train, where most of my meetings with Ray had taken place, I was strapped into a harness inside the ride… a naked ghoul, seen fleetingly by every single rider on the ghost train that night. My face heavily disguised but my tits and pussy clearly visible to every single person from my town… Did they think it was a dummy, did they realise it was a real woman? Well, judging by the comments I overheard the next day, I think they realised…. Every single hollering screaming townsperson who rode those cars saw me, my legs strapped and splayed wide apart, my pink little slit on full view , as I dangled their on my harness, unable to move , to hide, co cover myself… And even worse, it was a wet pink slit, cause, to my shame, my humiliation turned me on…..

**Still Fair Game**

by Emma

So I’m naked, face transformed with paint, my body painted white , with the notable exception of my pussy which remained in it’s bare and naked form, all designed to draw the eye of the riders on the Ghost Train to it… Oh yes, did I forget? I’m hanging naked on a harness in the Ghost Train, legs splayed wide, open sex on display, all because I had a number of sex sessions behind the Ghost Train with Ray, a worker at the fair, and more importantly, the boyfriend of Sherri…

I’d hung there all evening, lost count of how many people must have seen my open sex. I prayed that the fleeting glimpse of me and the paint meant that nobody recognised me, and even more, prayed that nobody could see how wet I was… Yes, to my shame, the humiliation had turned me on.

Finally the ride closed for the night and Sherri and her friends came to release me from the harness. They didn’t hurry… The guys were shutting down the ride, walking past me, having a nice close look, one or two touching me, running their fingers along my exposed slit, laughing when they discovered how wet I was, pushing their fingers in further, penetrating me.., laughing even more when they saw how my body responded. I’m sure if Sherri and her friends hadn’t arrived when they did, I would have been fucked where I was, disguised as a ghoul, hanging in the Ghost Train!

Sherri was so amused to find me the centre of attention when she arrived. She told me she was half tempted to go away and leave them to have me…. She was even more amused to see how wet I was!

‘Awww… The townie bitch loves it! No wonder she lead Ray astray, she’s nothing more than a cheap slut’

They got me down.. I could hardly walk, my limbs were stiff and I could hardly move my legs. I was also naked, a long walk from home and way past my curfew. I begged Sherri for something to wear home…. Something, anything… Sherri thought about it and whispered to one of her friends before sending her to find me something to wear. While they were waiting for her to return they decided to clean off my ghoul makeup…. With a hose, in the field, in front of all the other fair workers trailers. Not surprisingly they all, including Ray, came out to watch the ‘townie slut’ being hosed down, scrubbed and dried, all naked in public….. They seemed to enjoy it!

I was given my new clothes to wear. A tiny white crop top t shirt, two sizes too small, nearly see through, and so thin my pert nipples were all to clearly visible through it, my lack of underwear all too obvious. They also gave me a white skirt to wear… tiny and short, barely covering my ass cheeks. Even better, before they gave them to me they addressed the other problem I had…my arousal . Sherri used the top to wipe my wetness dry, leaving my cum stains and smell on the crop top.

I found my way home, barefoot and half naked. I sneaked into the house, praying I could get upstairs to my bedroom and change before my parents spotted me. I failed. They were waiting…

They were upset that I’d broke, hell, smashed, my curfew. Dismayed that I’d betrayed their trust… And then they realised how I was dressed, just how much flesh was on display. Their daughter was a whore! She dressed like a whore and as sure as hell smelt like a whore! I argued with them, making useless excuses, but all the time I could see the hurt in my parents eyes, the look of disgust, mixed with betrayal and sheer disbelief that their pretty sweet innocent daughter had ended up like this.

My Dad told me that if I’d been younger he’d have put me across his knee and given me a good hiding!

My Mum said that was fine if he was happy to administer it to my bare ass, cause, unless she was mistaken , I was wearing no underwear at all!

My Dad went red!

‘None?’ he said to me

I could only stare at the ground and nod, didn’t want to see the hurt and shame in my Dads eyes…

They grounded me. ALL SUMMER!! No friends, no parties, no going out at all. Bad enough, but I’d have to explain why to my friends.

Next day was Saturday, the last day of the fair. Yesterday I’d have been devastated to have missed it, today I was glad I wouldn’t be going, I would have been far too embarrassed to show my face there!

I was allowed out, but only into town to do shopping for my Mum, and certainly not to meet up with my friends. What I heard while I was out embarrassed me even more! People were talking about the naked ghoul in the ghost train… saying they knew some of the fair girls were pretty easy, but they thought even THEY had more self respect than to do that nude! A few said the girl looked sort of familiar, while all the while I was cringing red faced in the background! I was on my way home from town when I heard my name being called. Sherri!!! I tried to hurry, but weighed down as I was by shopping, she easily caught up with me. She was with just one of her friends this time, but I still felt intimidated by the older stronger, more worldly wise, fair girls.

‘Not trying to avoid me I hope, were you, townie slut?’

‘Noooo.. Didn’t hear you, that’s all..’

‘Good, cause I think you have something belonging to me!’

I looked at her wide eyed… She couldn’t possibly want, or expect those few scraps of clothing back…. Could she? Turns out she did.. Wanted them back this evening. I explained about the curfew and she just laughed… I had to have them back by the time the fair closed that evening or the whole town would find out just who had been naked in the Ghost train…. I wandered home in a daze… No way would my disappointed parents allow me out tonight, whatever excuse I came up with! I’d managed to sneak out most nights this week, but that was later in the evening, and my parents had still trusted me then! Would they look in my room, check up on me? I had no choice but to take a chance… the consequences of not turning up were too devastating even to contemplate. I left it as late as possible, but my parents were still not in bed… I quietly opened my window, slipped out into the flat roof and worked my way down the wooden trellis, before lowering myself to the ground. I made my way to the fair as quickly as possible.. I was terrified of being late. I was wearing jeans and a top, but I had the ‘borrowed’ clothes from Sherri with me. I had also realised that Sherri would be pretty unhappy if I turned up not wearing the slutty clothes she wanted back, so I’d decided to change just before I got to the fairground and hide my normal clothes so that there’d be no chance of having to go home naked this time!

I just about got there in time! I changed quickly behind a tree and hid my clothes, then went to look for Sherri. She wasn’t hard to find, surrounded by her friends. She looked almost disappointed to see me! It was as if she’d wanted everyone to find out who the naked ghoul was….

‘So the townie slut got let out did she, was able to join us… well, since you’re here perhaps you’d like to help take down the rides…’

So much for getting home quickly! I was stuck here, helping load the lorries, and in completely the wrong clothes for doing it! Barefoot and barely dressed I worked hard moving equipment. Every time I bent over my ass and pussy were on display, and I had to bend over an awful lot! It was hard and hot work, I was sweating heavily, my skin covered in a sheen of moisture and the tiny crop top was soaked, turning it even more transparent than it had been before, my hard nipples thrusting through the sodden material. It was also dirty work, a mixture of dust, oil and grime coating my skin and the few scraps of clothing I was wearing. All the while Sherri and her friends were more than happy to point out my lack of clothing, to growing interest from the young, and not so young!!, guys working alongside me.

It was inevitable I suppose, even I’d accepted it in my own brain, maybe not as a conscious decision, but I KNEW…. knew I was going to get fucked…. I suppose the biggest surprise was that they didn’t wait till the loading was finished. I was bending over to lift some metal fittings when he entered me! Not a word, or gesture… He’d just eased down his zipper, pulled out his hard cock, positioned it behind me, grabbed me round the waist, and thrust!! Straight in!!… no condom. ..no protection… my first ever bareback sex… and I didn’t even know who it was with! Yes… I was that wet!!! Working dressed the way I was had got me that way, my body betraying my feelings in the most cruel way!

He was thrusting faster and faster.. I was grinding my pussy hard into his groin, but still begging him to pull out before he came… It made no difference… He came hard, filling my puss with hot cum, flooding me with his sperm… He pulled out and I finally got to see who I’d been fucked by… a young stud? No… a middle aged fair worker with a smug smile and a huge beer belly….. He wasn’t the last that night….

It was 3am when the lorries were loaded and the fair was ready to leave… and I was free to go home. I was still wearing the now filthy, torn and cum stained scraps of clothing… Sherri kindly informed me I’d earned them!! I was so relieved I’d brought my own clean clothes to change back into!

But I wasn’t even allowed that luxury as the departing Sherri called after me..

‘Don’t go looking for these will you!!! You’ll be disappointed!!!’ She was carrying my bag with my clean clothes in it…

I had to walk home, for the second night running, barefoot, in the slutty clothes. I climbed back up to my bedroom, safe at last. Turned the handle… LOCKED!!! They knew I’d gone out.. I was so dead….