**Sally at the Fair**

by Ewong

Sally woke up ready for the day. She had been preparing her entire life for this moment. Today, she finally going to be…

“A County Fair booth jockey?” her friend Megan asked.

“Yeah. Ever since I was a little girl, my parents would take me to the fair every Autumn. The lights, games, and yummy snacks were ingrained in my mind, and I always wanted to know what it would be like to work there. To see behind the magic of it all!”

“Sally, you’re 18 years old. We’re graduating from high school in June, and instead of preparing for the SATs, you’re working at the County Fair?”

“What? I know it’s probably not as fun as I think it will be, but I’m sure colleges would like to see that I’m taking initiative and finding a job. I’ll prepare for the SATs at some point, but for the next couple months, I’m going to be part of something amazing!”

“Keep telling yourself that…”

Sally wasn’t delusional. She was just a bit of a romantic. She always looked at her childhood with a bit more nostalgia than others do. Megan was more practical, but she couldn’t deny that having Sally around does boost your spirits when you’re having a particularly bad day. Megan thought that perhaps she was judging the fair a bit too harshly. That is, until Sally put on her uniform.

“What…is THAT?”

“It’s my uniform. It’s cute, isn’t it?”

“It looks like Ronald McDonald threw up on you.” Megan said incredulously.

Sally modeled it for her friend. The uniform consisted of a bright yellow blouse, ketchup red shorts that were pulled up high thanks to the snazzy rainbow suspenders she had to wear. Not to mention the red and yellow shoes and white knee-high socks. But what completed the outfit was a multi-colored pinwheel hat. In all the mess of color, Megan was just able to find Sally’s nametag, which read “Hi! I’m SALLY! Have a “Fair” Day!!” Megan wasn’t sure if she wanted to tear off the hideous clothes or just burn them while her friend still wore them.

Sally didn’t want any more negativity on the way to her first day on the job, so she bid her friend goodbye and rode her bike to the fair’s secret entrance in the back. She hid her bike in one of the tents set up just for staff members to use. They had to lock up valuables, and personal items that would either be lost, stolen, or distract the employee from their job. This included extra clothes, cell phones, music players, and jewelry. Since Sally only had her bike, she figured it would be safe to lock it to one of the posts holding the tent up.

After securing her bike, she found that the other staff members were gathering for a pre-opening meeting. They huddled around a row of chairs, which their supervisors and the managers stood, giving out job assignments for the day. Being her first time, Sally was instructed to man the entrance gate. She basically had to take admission tickets from the attendees, make sure no one sneaks in, and that no weapons, illegal items, or other dangerous items are let inside. Not too much responsibility, but enough to warrant a job.

Sally didn’t hesitate to jump into her job with both feet. The booth was just big enough to house her and the ticket box, an inch of glass separating her from any physical contact. Attendees just slipped their tickets in the slot at the bottom of the window, and she would call to the security guard if there was any trouble.

After three hours, she was getting bored. Her by-now fake smile was hurting her face and she desperately wanted to sit down. She was surprised when she saw Megan her other friends Shelly and Judy handing her admission tickets.

“I thought you said the fair was lame. What changed your mind?” Sally asked Megan.

“Well, after you talked it up so much, I had to wonder if it was really any better than the crap hole I remember. So far, it’s not looking too good.”

Sally just waved them in, and didn’t notice their bags filled with several mischievous items. Inside the gate, Megan led the girls behind Sally’s booth. Here, she told the girls her plan.

“Okay, so I told you how awful that uniform is, and how utterly annoying she is now that she has her “dream job”. I mean seriously? Who in their right mind would think this was the best place on Earth? The rides are so old, they were probably here since the first county fair over a century ago. The staff all smell of booze and aftershave, and none of the prizes are worth over five dollars. What a hell hole.”

“Megan, don’t be such a bitch. Sally’s having a great time. Let her have her fun, and we can make fun of her after she’s done.” Judy was much more level-headed, but no one really listened to her.

“Judy, you’re such a downer. I want to have some fun now that we paid to get into this place. Why not teach Sally a lesson about high expectations?” Shelly interjected.

Megan and Shelly were often on the same page, which was to pick on Sally. Judy didn’t think it was very friendly to do that, but she goes along with their plans since Sally usually doesn’t take it too hard. Her sunny disposition made it hard for the girls to get a rise out of her, which frustrated Megan. She wanted the world to be balanced, yet every time Sally encountered adversity, she was able to overcome it with minimal effort. Megan felt cheated that Sally had everything and she had nothing. It was time to change that.

Megan pulled out her cell phone and called Ray, who she knew was Sally’s crush. They were good friends, but he wasn’t Megan’s type. He was good to use for her schemes, like right now.

“Hey, Ray. I’m at the county fair with Shelly and Judy. We’re bored. Could you come down here and make it a little more fun?” Megan asked in her sultriest tone.

“You three girls went to the fair? No wonder you’re bored. Aren’t there a bunch of families with little kids there?” Ray replied.

“Yeah, but we thought the rides might be worth it this year, but nothing’s changed. We just don’t want to leave feeling cheated out of a good time. Join us…”

“Well, since you asked nicely, okay. I’m on my way.”

Fifteen minutes later, Megan texted Ray to see if was arriving yet. He replied that he had just bought his ticket and was on his way to the admission gate. Megan opened the door to Sally’s booth as quietly as possible. There wasn’t a moment to lose as Ray approached the booth. Sally perked up and tried to start a conversation. Ray was a nice guy and talked to her for a few seconds, but he wasn’t interested in Sally. He didn’t even recognize her. Megan hid under the counter so Ray couldn’t see her and she quickly unfastened Sally’s suspenders, and ducked out as quickly as possible.

Sally was mid-sentence when she felt her suspenders loosen, and to her horror, she felt her shorts falling too! They were so baggy that they just landed on a heap around her ankles in less than a second. Luckily, the counter kept Ray from seeing anything other than her suspenders falling, but he was so disinterested that he didn’t even notice. Sally, on the other hand was frantically trying to appear normal as she talked to the boy of her dreams with only her panties on below the waist.

Megan and the girls stifled their giggles as Sally’s panty-covered behind was displayed for all to see. With the door to the booth still open, anyone glancing that way could see Sally’s predicament. Megan had a sudden urge to push forward with her plan to strip Sally, and took out a pair of scissors and superglue.

First, she crawled over to Sally’s shorts and found the suspenders. She adjusted the suspenders so that they will hang lower on Sally instead of almost giving her a wedgie. She used the superglue to make sure Sally couldn’t adjust them back to where they were. Next, she took her pair of scissors and began to snip Sally’s panties from her leg hole to the waistband on both sides. Luckily, Sally was stammering so much, Ray was concerned about her and talked to her longer.

As Megan reach the last threads of Sally’s waistband on both sides, the evil girl took a deep breath and ripped the garment from her “friend”. Sally was stunned at the sudden turn of events. She felt the air on her bare backside, but didn’t dare move, for fear of her crush discovering her now bottomless state. Megan took out her phone again and took a photo of Sally’s naked behind, and then crawled away, closing the door quietly before rejoining her friends.

“Oh my gosh, Megan! I can’t believe you did that to Sally! Too bad you couldn’t escape with a little collateral damage!” Judy gasped.

Megan looked down at herself and wondered what Judy meant. She was surprised to be looking at her bra-covered breasts! Her shirt was gone! She looked at Sally’s booth, and under the door was a shred of cloth that looked like her shirt.

“What happened?!!” Megan screeched.

“You forgot to cap the superglue before you went for her panties. When you turned on your back to do it, we saw you squish the tube under your back. We wanted to warn you, but we didn’t want to alert Sally. Then, when you got up, you were in such a hurry, it just ripped off.” Shelly explained.

“Well, I don’t have an extra blouse, do any of you have a sweater or something? I can’t walk around like this.”

Only Judy brought a jacket, but since her bust was smaller than Megan’s, the topless girl took Judy’s blouse instead. She tied the shirt tails under her breasts, showing a lot of cleavage, but mostly covered. Judy was a bit warm, but completely covered by her jacket.

Sally was finally left alone for a while, and she was able to pick up her shorts from the floor and refasten the suspenders. She was shocked to see how low they rode on her hips now. The large waist was now level with her hips! The bagginess made it easy to see her bare hips, lower back, and her lower belly. Even though it showed no more skin than low-rise jeans, Sally hadn’t worn anything this revealing before. She tried to adjust the suspenders, but it was no use. At least she was in a booth where no one can see her below the waist!

For Megan, despite her better judgment, she convinced her friends to continue her plans to embarrass Sally. For now, Ray was with them, and it became apparent that he was not exactly good company. Like any teenage boy, when the girl who invited you on an outing dresses like the proverbial farmer’s daughter (jeans and a shirt tied tight below her breasts and displaying oodles of cleavage), his mind wasn’t on the dilapidated ride they were on. He was entranced by the way the rickety-ness of the ride made her voluminous boobs jiggle as their carriage carried them through the “haunted house”. The girls all noticed how his eyes couldn’t be pulled from Megan’s assets, and were soon becoming bored with having him tagging along.

“Ray, we’re still too bored. How about we make this ride more interesting…” Megan said as she shimmied her breasts a bit.

“Uhhh…yeah. Sure, whatever…” Ray mumbled.

Megan untied her blouse, and as Ray leaned closer , she motioned to the Judy and Shelly, who were seated behind them, to go under ray’s seat and untie his shoes. The girls suppressed a giggle as they did just that. Ray was oblivious to everything but the two supple orbs encased in lace just inches from his face.

After Judy and Shelly finished their task, Megan pushed Ray onto his back. He was surprised to then have Megan unbuttoning and unzipping his pants. When she started to pull them down, he didn’t care. Not even when she removed them completely and tossed them to the back. He was thrilled when Megan started to kiss him, and was a bit unsettled when his hands were being tied to the left handle of the carriage mid-kiss. Of course, Judy and Shelly were behind this action. They secured his hands with the belt from his jeans. With this done, the fun could REALLY begin.

Megan broke the kiss and slapped Ray across the face. He was frightened at first, but then thought this was foreplay. He figured he was correct when Megan pulled his boxers off, but then came something he didn’t expect. Megan took his left sock and secured his left foot to the front of the carriage, and then took his right sock and secured his right foot to the right handle of the carriage. Now naked below the waist, and his legs spread obscenely, he was getting worried.

“Well, Ray, it’s been fun! If you’d learn that girls are more than just a body, maybe we wouldn’t have to show yours to everyone. Oh well. I hope you at lest will enjoy your moment in the spotlight. I know I will!” Megan said.

She re-tied her top and rummaged through her bag until she found a small zip-top bag with two little blue pills in it. Ray couldn’t see what they were, but the girls knew. Megan took one out and made him swallow it. After they gathered up Ray’s clothes, they simply climbed out of the slow-moving carriage and left through a service exit.

Ten minutes later, Ray emerged from the exit to cheers, cries of shock, and many camera flashes. Still securely fastened to the carriage, he couldn’t do anything but close his eyes and wait for it to be over. Sadly, that’s when he felt his penis start to engorge with blood and rise to the occasion. Now, more camera flashes and cheers erupted from the crowd, as well as laughter. Megan stuffed Ray’s shoes and pants into her bag of tricks and left the poor boy to his audience.

“I can’t believe we did that!” Shelly exclaimed as they walked away.

“I know! Did you see the look on his face when his dick started to rise? Definitely the best prank ever.” Megan laughed.

“I just don’t know. I mean, he was just a dumb guy he didn’t do anything to you.” Judy reasoned.

“You are such a wet blanket, Judy! But I guess you’re right. I forgot that we’re supposed to be dong that kind of stuff to Sally. Where is she?” Megan wondered.

Sally had her morning break and hid in the employee tents until she had to go back, but her supervisor, Ms. Clarke saw her first.

“Hey! Don’t you know how to wear that uniform?! What’s your name?” She demanded

“Um…Hi, Ms. Clarke. I’m Sally, and – ”

“Sally, those shorts are riding dangerously low. Are you new?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“I’ll let it slide today, but the next time I see you, those shorts better be squeezing against your crotch.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“You know what? According to my schedule you’ve been on ticket duty. Is that right?”

“Yes.”

“Well, since it seems you like to flaunt that body of yours, I should make it so that you wouldn’t want to show the slightest bit of skin ever again. Since I can’t legally do that, I’ll try putting you in the most public part of this place. You’re going to be a stilt walker at the front of the afternoon parade!”

“What?!”

“Yes, and you will be wearing your uniform, so the stilts will be visible. It kinda destroys the illusion of stilt walkers who wear those long pants to make it look like they have freakishly long legs. But I’ll make an exception in your case.”

Sally gulped, but not because she felt she would be over exposed, but because she had never worn stilts before, and now she was expected to walk half a mile in them, and she only had about an hour until she would have to prepare for the parade. She had her lunch break to take still, but she figured that she’d work the ticket booth until then.

Sally finished her morning at the ticket booth without incident. Megan and the other girls were trying to find a way to make Sally’s next exposure more public. When she went on her lunch break, the girls sprang into action.

Megan sat across from Sally and began idle conversation. Sally was a bit wary of her, but within a few minutes, she was relaxed enough that she didn’t notice Shelly and Judy creeping up behind her. The girls each took out a pair of scissors and began to cut through the rainbow suspenders. They left a few threads in tact so that Sally wouldn’t expect when they would give out. The girls had to suppress their giggles as they crawled away and signaled to Megan that the job was done.

Sally wasn’t sure why Megan struck up a conversation with her, but she had to get back to work. This time, she was assigned to be one of the costumed animals that greeted kids and handed out balloons. In order to get in the suit, employees had to strip to their underwear and lock their uniforms in a locker before putting on the costume. Further, to keep the illusion that they were these characters, the people inside the suit had to keep silent at al times and never respond to their own names. Sally was a bit embarrassed to be only wearing a bra under the suit, but she was assured that her clothes were safe.

For the next two hours, she had to endure kids running up to her, hugging her, and posing for pictures. Sometimes they would touch her in a sensitive area, but she rationalized that they didn’t know what they were doing. Then Megan and her cohorts snuck up behind her. They didn’t seem to know it was her, but they made it clear they didn’t think much of whoever wore this suit. She tried to hand them each a balloon, but they started to get rowdier. When she felt the zipper behind her back come down, she was afraid that they would expose her.

“Oh my gosh! I think that’s Sally in there! She’s only wearing her bra!” Shelly proclaimed.

“I think we should remedy that. Let’s take her over to that fence!” Megan ordered.

Sally wasn’t sure if she should scream or not. She clearly needed help, but she might get punished further by that bitch of a supervisor if she made a sound. She didn’t have to worry for very long as they reached the fence bordering the fair in no time.

“What should we do with her?” Shelly asked.

Megan smiled as she went behind Sally to assess the situation. Sally gulped as she felt the back of the suit open, and her nearly nude body was exposed. Thankfully her back was facing the fence, so she figured she was out of sight from everyone. She flinched as she felt Megan’s hands caress her lower back, and gasped when she felt them move toward her front.

“Being almost naked under here must turn you on. It certainly makes my mind wander.” Megan whispered in Sally’s ear.

The bully then moved her hands upward to the defenseless girl’s bra-covered breasts. Her hands moved under the garment and easily found her victim’s nipples. Sally was surprised at how sensitive they were at this point. She gave an involuntary moan when Megan tweaked them and then began to massage them.

“You like that, don’t you?” Megan taunted.

Her hands then shifted lower and slithered around her belly before running them along her inner thighs. Sally’s mind was no longer on the intrusion, but on how good this felt. Her willpower was diminishing, but she was brought back to reality when she felt Megan’s hands on her vulva.

“Oh my God! Megan, what are you doing?” she softly whispered.

“Oh, you are liking this a lot. I can tell. It seems like you may have to get this suit cleaned before returning it!”

Sally groaned as she fought against Megan’s ministrations, and was thankful when they stopped. Megan was a bit disappointed that she didn’t humiliate Sally by bringing her to orgasm in public, but she settled for something a little more fun. She unclasped Sally’s bra and re-fastened it from behind the fence, so she was duly stuck in place.

“Well, I think we’ve had our fun. So long, Sally!” Megan waved as the girls walked away.

Sally tried to pull away from the fence, but it was no use. She didn’t want to damage her bra, but she couldn’t get her arms behind her to undo it. Even if she did, her costumed hands wouldn’t be able to grasp the garment well enough to do it. She thought about taking her arms out of the suit, but with it being unzipped, it could fall down while she had her hands behind her back, exposing her nether regions to the entire fair! She slumped at the realization that she had to destroy the only piece of clothing she had on under there.

She struggled to get free, but she resigned to her fate until her supervisor would come by. The girl leaned against the fence and waited for the inevitable reprimand, but some movement caught her eye. She focused on where it was coming from, and she saw that Megan and Shelly were creeping around the employee tents. She looked around to see where Judy was, but couldn’t find her. She went back to spying on Megan, and was shocked to see her breaking into the lockers. Shelly acted as lookout as Megan pried a door open. Sally almost screamed as she saw her clothes being taken out. HER CLOTHES!!! She wanted to scream as she saw the girls take her blouse and remove all the buttons on it, but then Megan turned around and she couldn’t tell what she was doing.

Suddenly, she felt a small tug at her bra, then a gentle release. She turned around and saw Judy behind the fence holding a pair of scissors. Judy apologized, but said she was sent to make sure she got free. Sally thanked the girl and made her zip up the costume so that she wouldn’t be mooning everyone on her way back to he lockers.

Judy zipped up the costume, and Sally ran off. When she got to her locker, it was still open and her clothes were on the bench. She lifted the garments to see if they had been modified, and she noticed the suspenders. Her mouth hung agape as she thought of what Megan must have planned. She started to look for safety pins to hold the suspenders together, but that’s when her supervisor came back.

“Oh, Sally. You’re back on time. Perhaps you aren’t a worthless sack of crap. Well, you need to get into your uniform and get onto those stilts. It’s time for the parade!” Ms. Clarke ordered.

Sally nodded as she took off the giant costume head. She unzipped the back and let it fall to her ankles before stepping out of it. She then looked to see if anyone was looking before she shrugged off her useless bra and reached for her blouse. Without any buttons, it was nearly useless, but she tied the shirt tails and hoped it would be appropriate for a county fair. With only the knot holding it together, there was a lot of bare flesh to be seen by the plunging neckline the shirt provided. When she pulled the shorts on and had them hanging from the suspenders, she was reminded just how low they hung. With her blouse tied under her breasts, her entire belly was showing, and she was in danger of showing the top of her supple bottom in the back.

She stopped to think of a way to make sure her shorts stayed up, and saw her name tag. It was a plastic with a metal clasp. The kind that had a needle that poked through the garment and fastened in place. She decided that was good enough and poked the needle through the strap and then her blouse before fastening it. She hoped it would be enough to last a couple hours.

She walked carefully towards the front of the parade where a small platform was waiting for her to stand on so she could get on the stilts. She was surprised to see that the stilts were five feet tall, but she promised Ms. Clarke that she’d do it. She clamored up onto the platform and an assistant buckled her left foot onto the first stilt, and then she had to balance on it as the second one was put on. She then tried to get the hang of walking around in them. Her posture had to change in order to balance properly. She was slightly bent forward with her knees bent. She was a bit shaky at first, but by the time she had to be ready for the parade to start, she looked like a pro. She had to bend her knees slightly to keep balanced, but she was comfortable.

The time for the parade arrived sooner than Sally wanted, but she was eager to get it over with. She was handed a large baton like leaders of marching bands would walk with. I was four feet long to compliment the height of the beholder. It was a red and white spiral striped staff with a chrome knob at the top that had red, white, and yellow streamers hanging off it. The bottom of the staff had a bell attached so that whenever it was swung, it would ring.

Sally stood there, admiring the baton before the parade finally was given the green light. She started walking forward, a bit shakily, but nevertheless found her rhythm. After a few steps though, she got into the spectacle of it, relishing the feeling of being the center of attention. She was, after all, dreaming of being part of the magic of the fair. She swung her baton proudly, and heard the chime of the bell as she strutted as best she could down the main thoroughfare.

With all of her physical exertions, the straps to her shorts were beginning to fray in the back, just above the waistband. Megan saw this, admiring her handiwork, and waited for the rest of her plan to unfold. Even though Sally had used her nametag to secure her suspenders, Megan was confident that her plan would succeed.

Sally walked a few more paces before the inevitable happened. Both straps tore from the waistband, and her shorts slipped lower on her hips. Thanks to her nametag, they didn’t fall completely, but the right strap fell off her shoulder completely, exposing her right hip. The back also sagged, showing a generous portion of her backside. Sally, undeterred, kept marching while trying to hold up the back of her shorts with her free hand.

After a while, Sally’s baton arm was getting tired, and she decided to switch hands. It proved to be problematic as her hand wouldn’t let go for some reason. She tried to grasp it with her other hand to gain some leverage, but it didn’t budge.

That’s when she noticed it: superglue was coated all along the shaft of the baton. Since she had held onto it for so long, the viscous glue had cured and was now stuck fast. She had some of it on her empty hand, but it hadn’t dried enough to become sticky yet. She then tried to wipe it off on her shirt, but it chose at that moment to become stuck. Now she was in a bit of a pickle. Her right hand held the baton, and was unable to let go. Her left hand now rested on her blouse, which is all she wore apart from her shorts, shoes, and stilts. She looked a bit odd marching with her baton swinging in the air, and her other hand seemingly caressing her breast.

Then, Megan decided to intervene. She saw it would take a bit of ingenuity to finish her plan, so she behaved like an obsessed fan, and clamored up to Sally. She held up a notepad and pen, hoping for an autograph from the parade leader. Sally saw what Megan was doing. She wanted her to reach her arms out to take the items, and possibly rip her blouse while doing it. Sally was smarter than that, but Megan knew better.

Megan then began to get grabby. She grabbed onto one of the stilts and began to shake it, ever so slowly. Sally wasn’t prepared for this, but she kept her balance as best she could. Megan just shook harder. Soon, Sally realized what Megan was REALLY trying to do. She had to reach her arms out to steady herself or she would fall. Sally tried with all her might and willpower to keep that from happening. Her arm holding the baton was able to move freely, and she was just able to steady herself. Megan upped her game by grabbing both stilts and shaking them.

Sally had no choice now. The hand glued to her blouse sprang out involuntarily, and Sally looked in horror as she effectively ripped off her own blouse, baring her luscious melons to the appreciative audience. Further, since the blouse ripped so suddenly, her nametag and the remaining strap from her shorts ripped away as well. Her loose shorts then began their slow descent to the ground. Sally barely had time to register her bare chest before she felt the cool breeze on her bare crotch. She looked down, and she saw her sort pool at the bottom of the stilts, ten feet away. Megan, thinking quickly, pulled one stilt, then the other out of the shorts, and then threw them in the nearby trashcan.

Sally was barraged by a cacophony of cheers, jeers, laughs, and myriad comments as flashes went off all around her. She finally had the presence of mind to cover herself. She first held her tattered blouse in from of her breasts, but then found out that her baton hand couldn’t cover anything effectively, so she changed tactics and held her torn blouse in front of her crotch and draped her baton arm in front of her nipples.

The naked girl, now feeling a bit too exposed being up so high, looked around for a place to go. She turned back the way she came, but she spied her supervisor, who gave her a stern look and pointed toward the parade route. She expected Sally to finish the parade in her current state!

Sally, dejectedly, began marching along the parade route once again. She felt very exposed with everyone being able to look up and see her bare form. She was at least thankful that she was able to cover herself. However, the commotion and the pictures never ceased as she came upon new bystanders, who were alerted to the naked girl leading the parade.

Eventually, Sally arrived at the end of the route, and she was able to get off the infernal stilts. On her feet again, she stood cross-legged as her supervisor strode up to her.

“I don’t know what kind of a stunt that was that you pulled, but it sure made everyone’s day! Perhaps I was a bit harsh on you about your nudity earlier. It seems like it makes everyone happy, and if it increases our profit, I say why not?”

The butch woman then gave Sally a big bear hug, which took the naked girl off guard. She thanked her supervisor, and made her way back to the employee lockers, and then remembered that her clothes were destroyed now. She leaned against the lockers, wondering what to do when Shelly and Judy came up to her.

“Hey, we didn’t know Megan was planning to expose you like that. I think she may have gone too far for my liking.” Shelly explained.

“Yeah, so we brought you the solvent to remove the superglue, and the superglue as well if you want to get back at Megan.” Judy said.

They helped Sally remove the glue, but she was still naked. Shelly offered her bra, and Judy offered her panties, but before Sally could answer, Ms. Clarke appeared.

“Sally, I need you for the parade picture.” She demanded.

“Picture?” Sally questioned.

“Don’t tell me that you don’t know the tradition of photographing the crew of the parade every year?” Ms. Clarke explained.

“But I thought they were taken at the end of the fair. Today’s the first day!” Sally whined.

“Oh, but I think we’ll make your naked waltz a daily attraction this year! Not only that, we may even set up several activities for you to participate in. Since you’re of age, no one will care that you’re naked. This is a pretty liberal town, after all.”

“What kinds of activities?” Sally tentatively asked.

“Oh, a kissing booth, a photo booth, or maybe a pie throwing booth. It doesn’t matter. We’ll iron out the details later. Let’s get this photo done!”

Sally was escorted out towards the front of the tented area, where the crew was gathered for the picture. For the first few, Sally covered up, but the last couple, they were instructed to hold hands and raise their arms up in triumph, then the last photo was of them taking a deep bow. Sally wasn’t sure what to make of it, but she was nervous as hell, but once she calmed down, she felt…aroused.

Her nipples were sticking straight out, and she also felt a hint of moisture between her legs as she walked back to the lockers, but was once again stopped by Ms. Clarke.

“I realize that you’ve ruined your one and only uniform, and since we haven’t finalized your schedule to include nudity yet, I have to cover you with something. Hmm. I’ve got it! Come with me!” Ms. Clarke didn’t wait for a response and pulled the naked girl back out into the fair.

They walked past several booths and people gawked at her openly, and a few adventurous people took advantage of her vulnerable state and gave her ass a few playful slaps. Before long, they arrived at their destination.

“The face painting booth?” Sally asked her supervisor.

“Yes! But since this type of paint is good for all parts of the body, we shall paint your uniform on you!” Ms. Clarke explained.

The artist was female, fortunately, and they stepped behind the curtain before the paint was applied. Sally was painted to look like she wore her original uniform. A white t-shirt and red shorts were painted on, and a few extra brush strokes for detail, and another coat for shading made the illusion a bit more believable.

“Okay, now you can go ahead and work through your normal rotation. I believe you are supposed to be in charge of the dunking booth now.”

Sally wasn’t able to see how she looked, so she just took her supervisor’s word and headed to the dunking station. It was like any other dunk tank she’d seen: a girl wearing a swimsuit was perched above a three-foot tall, five-foot wide tank, and another girl sold people three balls for a dollar to throw and hit the target that would drop the girl into the tank. The girl selling the balls was about to go on break, so Sally took her spot.

Not many people noticed that Sally’s outfit was merely bodypaint, as they were fixated on the girl in the tank, and making her fall into the water. After awhile, the girl in the tank got tired, and had to take a break. Since no one was there to take her spot, Sally volunteered to trade places so the girl could dry off. She sat on the bench above the water and waited for someone to dunk her. Seeing the other girl before, she thought it would be easy for her to be dunked, but she sat there, as one person after another tried to dunk her, but failed.

Sally became bored, and the other girl had already fried completely, but Sally refused to change places until someone dunked her. After another half hour, she started to heckle the patrons. It was gentle ribbing at first, but as time wore on, she got meaner and meaner. The girl who Sally replaced had come back to see how everything was doing, but was appalled at her behavior. She paid the swimsuited girl for nine balls, and went about trying to teach Sally a lesson. After the first two balls missed, Sally got over-confident. She stood on the bench and wiggled her hips, taunting the girl. The next thing she knew, she was in the water.

Not knowing what to expect, she thrashed around the tank for a few seconds as she got accustomed to the water, than realized that she could stand up and still have her head above water. She reset the bench and started to pull herself back up. She was about to have a leg up on the bench when it collapsed again. It took her a couple seconds to stand up again, and she looked to see that the girl still had four balls to throw.

A bit humiliated, Sally climbed up again as a gasp was heard from the patrons. She wanted to see what they were reacting to, but she was dropped down again. As she stood back up, she thought she saw camera flashes going off around her, but by the time the water left her eyes, nothing was happening. She reset the bench and jumped up so her hips landed on it. She thought she heard cameras clicking, but was dropped into the tank before she could turn around. The same thing happened two more times, but the last one she decided to sit in the tank and surprise everyone by rising up from the tank and hopefully catching what they were taking pictures of.

She waited two seconds and leapt from the tank! She wiped her eyes as quick as she could, and looked around. Everyone had their cameras trained on her, and were now taking several pictures! Sally wondered if it was because they thought she was that attractive with wet hair, but then she looked down and saw that her bodypaint had completely washed off! She crouched in the tank, but remembered that she had to get out if she wanted to leave. She was able to reset the bench without showing anything, but she had to expose her naked backside to her audience as she climbed out.

Both the swimsuited girl and the girl who managed to dunk her six times in a row had smiles on their faces as she walked past. The girl with the throwing arm gave her a nice smack on her butt, which made her squeal before she ran back to the lockers.

Ms. Clarke was surprised to not only see Sally naked again, but also wet. She found a towel and let Sally dry herself off and then drape around herself before anyone else saw her naked body.

“Perhaps your naked body wants to be in the public eye, and it seems to be selling very well! Those parade photos we took earlier already sold out, and we had to order a couple hundred more! Since it’s almost the end of the day, we have a special surprise for you!” Her supervisor beamed.

Sally was lead to another tent, where there were a few employees as well as the photographer from earlier. Ms. Clarke brought out a small box and handed it to Sally. The naked girl opened it, and was surprised to find a diamond-encrusted silver tiara! Ms. Clarke helped her put it on, and then she was presented with a sash that read: Miss Nude County Fair, which was then draped across her body. She was then photographed from several angles and using many different poses.

“This is your uniform for the remaining days of the fair. You are to come here early every morning in your normal clothes, then change into this uniform to perform whatever duties and events we have lined up for you. Just tomorrow you will be hosting the cherry pie eating contest, leading the Miss Nude County Fair parade, signing photographs (which were just taken) in the main pavilion, and since it was so popular, you will end the day in the dunk tank!” Ms. Clarke explained.

Sally was so taken aback at this whole experience, she could only say, “Wow.”

“But now, we have a real treat. We have been selling raffle tickets for one lucky person to join you on stage tonight for the formal announcement of your title. So, you need to let us take the tiara and sash back for now and we’ll present them to you in a few minutes. Go to the stage now so you can pick the lucky person who gets to stand next to you during the presentation!” Ms. Clarke declared.

Sally was escorted to the stage, where she was expected to stand, naked, and draw a name out of a large fish bowl. She dreaded having to stand next to some pervert who would ogle her or try to grope her every chance he got. She shuddered to think of what might happen. She pushed those thoughts out of her mind and tried to focus on pulling a name that wouldn’t make her physically ill.

As she rummaged through the pile of names, she looked at the crowd of faces staring at her naked body, and many taking pictures. Off to the side, she spied Megan, who was smiling so wide, Sally was afraid she’d never be able to frown again. Gosh, she wanted to punish her so badly! Suddenly, she had an idea. Looking at Judy and Shelly she nodded to them and they disappeared. Sally took a deep breath, pulled out a piece of paper, and pretended to read it before speaking into the microphone.

“Megan Frost.” was all she said.

Megan’s face lit up. She wanted to be next to her rival, and taunt the naked girl before her appreciative audience. She took a step, but was stopped suddenly. Her blouse was caught on something. She pulled as hard as she could, but she managed to pull the blouse clean off her body. Her bra-covered breasts were exposed once again. She clutched her breasts with both hands, and tried to turn away, but then hands flew to her hips and her underwear was pulled down to her ankles. As she reached to get them back up, her bra was cut in several places, and fluttered to the ground in tatters.

Megan was aghast at what was happening. She couldn’t figure out who or what was doing this to her. She abandoned her underwear and covered her breasts again, but was shocked when her skirt disappeared into thin air. She tried looking around for any evidence of who was stripping her, or where her clothes went, but only felt hands pushing her towards the stage.

When she got to the base of the stage, the spotlight illuminated her for all to see, and a cheer went up all around her. She looked up at her rival, now her equal, as she was pulled onto the stage and stood next to Sally. Megan stood naked and covering as much as she could, and was feeling how humiliating it was to be ogled like this. She felt embarrassed, ashamed, and then, aroused. Her nipples hardened as she looked at Sally, who was now laughing at her. Tears started to well up in her eyes, but that’s when Sally hugged her. The crowd went nuts at the two girls’ naked embrace, and many camera flashes went off before the contact was broken.

Megan slowly let her hands down, and she started to wave to the audience. Her arousal beginning to peak. She suppressed it as much as she could while Sally was presented a crown and sash. Sally looked so beautiful and refined, and here she was, huddling in a corner, trying not to be seen. She walked toward her rival, feeling a bit jealous of her attention, and she wanted some too.

Sally watched as the girl lurched toward her, and began to prepare for a punch or kick, but was shocked when she went for an open-mouthed kiss. Megan seemed to be overcome with desire, and Sally wasn’t sure what to think, but she felt…strange.

The awkward lip-lock didn’t last long, but it didn’t take a genius to know that the audience ate it up. Ms. Clarke whispered to the event organizer behind the stage, and after a few moments and nodding of heads, she took to the stage to make her announcement.

“It would seem our lucky audience member also enjoys being naked. Maybe more than our crowned coquette! Perhaps, since we are already pushing the envelope with one Miss Nude County Fair, we can have two! Congratulations, Megan Frost. You get to participate in every event Sally is, and you will be wearing the same outfit she has on right now!” Ms. Clarke announced.

“W-What?!” Megan exclaimed.

“I know, it’s a bit much to process, but you will now share the same glory as your new friend, or is it girlfriend?” Ms Clarke joked.

Megan was speechless as Ms. Clarke took her hand and Sally’s and raised them up in triumph. Everyone in attendance gave a loud cheer and there were many more pictures taken. Megan then saw Shelly and Judy holding up her tattered clothes and waving them at her! She scowled at them, and hoped there was a way out of this, and possibly get all of them back (including Sally).

Sally looked at Megan with a knowing smile and a hint of satisfaction that she won’t be doing this alone. Perhaps the County Fair was magical after all.

**Sally and Megan: Miss Nude County Fair**

Both girls were in awe of all the people who had cheered and congratulated them on their position of power. Neither one really knew what was ahead of them, but Sally had an idea. Having spent most of the previous day in various states of dress that often left her body scantily clad at best, Sally hoped that the same misfortune would befall her former-friend-turned-tormentor-turned-partner. Megan was embarrassed and angry for being put on display so quickly and without any fanfare whatsoever. One second, she was dressed and looking at her prey with a satisfied smile, but the next she was naked and displayed before an audience.

Both girls had gone home after taking new photos for the autograph signing events during the fair. They posed innocently next to each other at first, but as the session went on, both girls eventually found themselves wrapped in each other’s arms. A few shots featured the girls cradling each other’s bosoms. The session ended, but the girls were beat. Ms. Clarke dropped them off at their homes that night, and thankfully neither girl had to explain her naked state or being dropped off by a woman. Both girls’ parents were long asleep by then.

The following morning, Sally woke in her bed and hoped the day before was but a dream. A thought that also occurred to Megan when she opened her eyes to find she was in her own bed. However, when both girls saw they were still naked, they realized that the day before was all too real indeed. Sally threw on a robe and went downstairs for breakfast. She was greeted by her mother, who asked how her first day at work was and why she wasn’t home until late.

“Oh, Mom. It was great. I met a lot of people, got to run a couple booths, and I did such a great job, they gave me an honorary title!” Sally embellished.

“That’s great! Maybe your father and I will go down there to see you in action!”

“No, no. That’s not necessary. Plus, with you there, you might distract me from my work.”

“Alright, Sweetie. We just wanted to support you, but if you don’t need it…”

“Thanks, but I’m fine. REALLY.”

“Okay, I won’t press you any further. If you don’t want us to see what you do, that’s your business. You’re 18 after all. You could be dancing naked for all I care. I just want you to like what you do, and that you’re safe.”

“Thanks, Mom. I didn’t expect you to be so…understanding.”

“Hey, I was young once. I know what it’s like to be a young woman. Just, have a good day and be careful.”

“I will.”

Sally ate her breakfast and went upstairs to get ready for work. Not having a uniform, she wasn’t sure what to wear. She hoped she wouldn’t have to strip naked when she arrived, but knew the chances of that were pretty slim. She threw on a dress and pulled on a pair of lacy panties before slipping on her shoes. She went outside to find her bike when she remembered it was still chained to the tent at the fair. Not sure what to do, she called Ms. Clarke.

“Hi, Sally! I was just on my way to pick you up. I have Megan here with me. I’ll tell you, it was pretty difficult to get her to come out of her room let alone get into my car, but I was able to convince her.” Ms. Clarke said.

“Oh, well, how long will you be?”

Just then, a car sped around the corner and stopped in front of Sally. Ms. Clarke rolled down the passenger side window so she could talk to Sally.

“Hey, kiddo. Hop in!”

Sally was slightly taken aback at how nice Ms. Clarke was acting, only yesterday she was reprimanding her left and right, but now it seemed all her infractions were forgotten. As Sally climbed into the front, she saw Megan was in the back seat, and she was already nude! Of course, it looked like Ms. Clarke had forcibly taken her from her room and tied her hands behind her back before depositing her in the back seat. She was lying on her stomach to minimize exposure and to conceal her face in case anyone was able to look in. The trio arrived at the fair in record time and Sally was tasked with retrieving Megan from the back seat.

“No, please! Last Night was terrible enough! You can’t expect me to walk around naked today too!” Megan whined.

“Hey, I told you why. We’ve taken nude photos of you, and some show you and Sally getting mighty fresh with each other. If you want those to stay private, you’ll be a good girl and follow Sally’s example. Speaking of which, Sally, it’s time for you to change into your uniform. You can place your clothes into the locker next to the one those thieves broke into yesterday.” Ms. Clarke ordered.

Sally undressed as Ms. Clarke untied Megan’s wrists. Megan covered her body as Sally draped her “Miss Nude County Fair” sash over her shoulder. Megan whined as MS. Clarke tried to put the sash on her, but Megan finally succumbed to Ms. Clarke’s blackmail and within minutes, both girls were standing naked with only their sashes and tiaras to cover them. Ms. Clarke marched them to the stage that was used the previous night where they were given their new “job.” It was time to open the fair, and she wanted to start things as soon as possible.

“Welcome ladies and gentlemen! Those of you who were here last night must know you’re in for a treat today! For anyone who is here for the first time, you’re in for a BIG surprise! It is my pleasure to introduce to you, two lovely ladies who will surely be our most popular attraction in years, Sally and Megan, your Miss Nude County Fair honorees!” Ms. Clarke announced.

Sally and Megan were then gestured to come on stage. Both girls were wearing robes since it was early on an autumn morning. Sally’s nipples were still poking through the thin material and Megan just wanted to keep hers on. They gave their audience a small wave as they joined Ms. Clarke onstage to enormous applause.

“Come now, girls. You’re title is Miss Nude, not Miss Covered by a Robe!” Ms. Clarke said before tugging both robes off, leaving the girls bare bodies exposed to the chill air. Not to mention the hundreds of people now taking pictures and video of the two lovelies.

Megan covered her breasts to hide her hard nipples from the many people, but Sally knew the drill at this point and forced a smile on her face and tried not to shiver. Ms. Clarke saw what Megan was doing and sighed as she knew she had her work cut out for her. She tugged Megan’s arms down to her sides and ordered the girl to keep them there. Megan was apprehensive of course, but she saw how Sally was taking to this and she didn’t want to be upstaged by the bare bimbo. She realized that as long as Sally was enjoying this, she’d have to play along, but if Sally was embarrassed more than she was, Megan could steal the show and make the best out of her situation. She just needed to bide her time.

“Okay, the first event these two will be participating in is the kissing booth. Seeing as it is a bit cold out here and our girls haven’t a stitch to speak of, we’ll be holding it by the staff tents. So, for anyone who wants to pay or watch, we’ll be heading there now.” Ms. Clarke announced and promptly grabbed Megan to make sure she followed.

The two naked girls were taken back to where the tents were and saw two separate kiosks set up. Each had a picture of the girl the kiosk was meant for. Megan was on the left, Sally on the right. Small space heaters were placed behind them so the girls wouldn’t catch cold, and the tents provided shelter from the wind. Of course, their upper bodies remained somewhat exposed to the elements, and this meant their nipples were perpetually rock hard, to the enjoyment of everyone present.

“Okay, folks! Step right up, and for the amazing low price of two dollars, you may kiss either of these lovely ladies! We only ask that you do not touch them, but they can touch you if they want. Now, please line up in an orderly fashion and pick which gal you’d like to kiss.” Explained Ms. Clarke.

In seconds, the massive amount of people separated on either side, and neither girl could see the end. Sally gulped from fear and nerves, but Megan turned beet red and sunk back a bit. As the first customers came up, each girl planted a kiss on the cheek and asked for the next person. After a few people went through, Sally saw a boy she knew from school. He was a bit of a nerd, but she had talked to him a few times. Now he was able to see her bare breasts and get a kiss from her! She took a deep breath and closed her eyes as she leaned towards his cheek. At the last second, she was surprised to feel her lips against his! The boy had turned his head at the last second and turned an innocent peck into a real kiss! She’d fallen for the oldest trick in the book! Sally pulled her head back, but it was too late. The boy cheered as he raised his arms in triumph and jogged away.

Megan saw this and laughed at her naked companion. She didn’t notice her breasts heaving, causing many in attendance to pull out their cameras and phones to record her supple flesh for posterity. The person in front of Megan was waiting for a kiss and grew impatient. Megan was engrossed in pointing and laughing at Sally that she didn’t notice the person stick their tongue in her mouth until it was too late. Megan’s eyes shot open to see who was French-Kissing her. To her utter shock and horror, she saw it was Miss Van Dyke, the Gym teacher! Megan squeaked in surprise and tried to pull away, but the woman’s teeth had Megan’s tongue trapped. Megan couldn’t stop the woman from licking her tongue and sucking on her lips. She felt so violated as she was finally let go. She was humiliated further when she saw the woman’s phone number scrawled on her naked breast. She wanted to wipe it away, but knew that would just add to the audience’s further perverted fantasies.

After an hour, the girls’ lips and tongues were getting numb and it didn’t look like the line was getting any shorter. Then they realized many of the patrons were getting back in line for another go. The found this out when Sally had to kiss Miss Van Dyke twice, but avoided her tongue both times. She told Ms. Clarke about this, but she reassured both girls that the kissing booths were only open for another half hour. As the final man approached, he gave Ms. Clarke four dollars and stated he wanted to kiss both girls. Both girls were shocked to see the man was none other than Mr. Handicoch, their principal! The forty-year-old married man greeted both Sally and Megan with a smile on his face.

“Hello, miss Shaeffer, miss Malone. It prides me to know you both have taken such an interest in our community, and I’d like to do my part to support this fair. I think I’ll take my turn with miss Malone first.”

He leaned towards Megan with his lips puckered. She wasn’t sure what she should do, the man being her principal after all. She didn’t have to kiss him on the lips if she didn’t want to, but it might reflect poorly on her permanent record. She was sure the thought occurred to Sally as well. Then, she remembered that they BOTH had to participate. If Megan went out of her comfort zone to please Mr. Handicoch, Sally would have to do the same if not more if she wanted to avoid a bad grade. Mr. Handicoch opened his eyes for a moment to see what was going on, and groaned as he pointed to his mouth to indicate what he wanted. Megan turned to Sally, then looked at Mr. Hadnicoch and leaned forward. She told herself to do what she had to and just don’t think about it. She then reached her hands out and grabbed the man’s head and pulled him in for a kiss. The man was surprised at her forwardness but went with it. Megan then forced her tongue into the man’s mouth and explored every inch before breaking it off, but she wasn’t finished. She then took hold of his head again and pushed him into her bare chest, shimmying her shoulders so her breasts jiggled under his face. After a few seconds, she finally pushed him back.

The man was stunned to say the least and stumbled a bit as he caught his breath. Ms. Clarke was surprised at the display as she held her hands in front of her mouth. Sally stared at Megan, not believing what just happened, but realized what was now expected of her. As a look of realization filled Sally’s face, Megan just looked at her with satisfaction as she knew she couldn’t do it.

“Um, ahem. Thank you, miss Malone. Ahem. Miss Shaeffer, I believe you’re next.” Mr. Handicoch murmered.

The man repeated the same pose he did with Megan: leaning forward, lips puckered. Sally looked at Megan, still stunned at what she’d done, but knew she had to outdo her. It was a small consolation, but if she was going to degrade herself, she wanted to be the most popular girl at the fair. She reached out and grabbed his hands and put them on her breasts. She then grabbed his chin and went in for the kiss. The man had no idea what to do, but let his fingers wander as Sally invaded his mouth. His fingers found her nipples, and he was surprised at how much Sally reacted when he gave them a pinch. She responded by affectionately touching his face and then kissing him on his neck. His hands stayed glued to her full bust until she moved them lower. His eyes nearly bugged out as he felt his fingers on her bare mound. She then resumed probing his mouth with her tongue as his fingers probed her bare sex. Megan couldn’t believe her eyes as Sally thrust Mr. Handicoch’s finger into her wet hole and then bring it to his mouth to suck off her juices before ending their session.

“Oh. My. God…” was all Ms. Clarke said as Mr. Handicoch walked away slumped forward with a hand in front of his crotch, concealing the tent in his trousers.

Megan’s jaw was on the floor, not believing what she just saw. Sally posed triumphantly as she knew she’d got the better of her foe.

“Okay, great job ladies. Let’s go to the next event…” Ms. Clarke said, half announcing to the attendees.

Sally and Megan were ushered toward the stage once again. However, they were perplexed when they saw a lone folding chair in the middle with no other furniture. An autograph signing would require a table, and a ceremony wouldn’t need only one chair. Their questions were answered soon enough.

“I trust that any small children are off on the rides or playing the various games at the fair, so only adults are present for these events? Yes? Okay, so our next event is a Pie Eating Contest. I’m sure you’re wondering why there aren’t any pies or even a table to eat them on, but in the spirit of things, we have created a new event of a more adult variety. I’m sure you’re aware that a common slang term for a woman’s vulva is a ‘cherry pie’, so our Pie Eating Contest will see which of our lovely honorees can make the other orgasm the quickest! And, as always, the first to finish is the winner! So, would one of you girls take a seat and the other will kneel before you to give you a licking you’ll never forget!” Ms. Clarke shouted.

Megan and Sally were beside themselves. They figured things were going to be embarrassing, but not degrading like this. Sally didn’t want to be the first one to lick, so she sat down. Megan cursed her poor reflexes and resigned to her fate. She knelt down and Sally parted her legs. Megan could smell Sally’s arousal and silently cursed the girl for getting off on her humiliation. She used her anger to push back her fear and began to lean forward. She let her tongue hang out and closed her eyes, anticipating the moment it would touch another girl’s privates. With only millimeters to go, both girls heard something that made them immediately relieved and embarrassed once again.

“GOT YOU! Hey, we can’t have anything that pornographic happen on public property! This is actually a photo booth. Anyone who wants a picture will sit in that chair, and you two just stand still and look pretty. Copies of the photos will be sold at the front shortly after you’re done. Now, please line up and no groups over four members please.” Ms. Clarke spoke.

Sally and Megan wanted to kill Ms. Clarke for that awful misdirection. Sally shot up out of the seat and stood on the left as Megan stood up and took her place on the right. So began another pointless event that made everyone stare at them, but this time it was immortalized in digital form. They sighed hopelessly as Miss Van Dyke came onstage and wrapped an arm around each girl when she had her picture taken, but they were surprised when Mr. Handicoch didn’t get a picture with them. Some of the adults made lewd gestures while others tried to fondle the girls. The boy from Sally’s class was too thrilled to have his picture taken with the two beautiful naked girls. He waited for the photographer to count down and when he was about to take the picture, his hands grabbed a breast on either side of him, so his picture showed him groping both girls with a huge smile on his face. The girls were mortified, but there was nothing they could do about it. It became a pretty big seller at the kiosk, even to people who didn’t know the boy. The rest of the crowd were respectful for the most part, and the girls were glad when it was over.

“Okay, it’s now time for the girls’ lunch break, but we’ll be back in an hour for the afternoon parade! You wouldn’t want to miss this as we’re raffling off a chance to ride the float with these two beautiful naked ladies! Winners will be chosen by your admission ticket. The number on the back of your ticket will be the one to listen for. Of course, we also ask that the winners be at least 17 years of age. We will announce the winner before the parade. Good luck to you all!”

Sally and Megan left the stage at a near-run to get back to the staff area to get something to eat, and to seek cover from everyone. While the girls ate, they finally had a chance to talk to one another without Ms. Clarke interfering.

“What the hell, Sally! You went for complete slut status back there! Why didn’t you, I don’t know, show some restraint?!”

“I had to compete with you, didn’t I? That was what you wanted, isn’t it?”

“Well, I didn’t expect you to one-up me like that. Maybe we should team up and not try to outdo each other.”

“I can do that. I wasn’t sure how far you’d push me to go during the parade. I was afraid you’d make us have a three-way with the raffle winner.”

“Oh God, no! I hope we won’t be within an arm’s length of the guy much less straddle him. Okay, so…truce?”

“Truce.”

After the girls had buried the hatchet and decided to become friends, someone had ulterior motives. Ray, who was embarrassed by Megan the previous night wanted revenge. He thought Megan’s embarrassment would be enough, but she didn’t seem embarrassed at all. Outraged, he talked Judy and Shelly into creating a plan by granting them amnesty from his vengeance. As long as the girls helped him, they wouldn’t be looking forward to a similar fate. So, it was this trio that met near the staff tents and plotted their scheme.

“Okay Judy, you’ve made a hundred copies of my ticket, and Shelly, you’ve managed to replace all the tickets in the raffle bin with the copies so there’s no way that anyone else will be riding the float with Megan and Sally?” Ray asked.

“Yes.” answered both girls in unison.

“Good. Now, let’s get ready for the big moment.”

“What will you do once you’re on the float?” asked Judy.

“I am going to make sure their rides are as embarrassing as mine was.”

“How are you going to do that?” Shelly asked.

“That is where you two come in. In this bag, you’ll find two large vibrators. I want you to install them to whatever stand or seat the girls will be using on the float. They are activated by a remote that I will have concealed so that whenever during the parade, I can give them a small buzz and perhaps end the whole thing with a bang!”

“That’s your idea of humiliation?” Shelly asked, incredulous.

“That’s just part one! After their orgasms, they’ll be too weak to stand, so we’ll have to help them off the float.”

“And?” Judy asked.

“And then we’ll take them somewhere public that doesn’t have the relaxed security this place apparently does. Perhaps we take them to a church, a school, or even the mall! The possibilities are endless, and they’ll be too weak to fight it!”

“Wow, that’s pretty diabolical, Ray.” Shelly chimed in.

“Yep. Just don’t get in my way, or you’ll be joining them on their bare-ass escapade!” Ray shot back.

The girls went to work as Ms. Clarke took the stage alongside the raffle barrel. She gave it a few hearty spis before opening the hatch on the side and reaching in. As per the plan, Ray’s name was called and he made his way onto the stage.

“Congratulations, Ray! You’ll be riding the ceremonial float with two naked girls! Give him a hand, folks!” Ms. Clarke beamed.

“Don’t I know you from somewhere? You look very familiar.” The woman whispered in Ray’s ear.

“Um, I think you have me confused with somebody else…” Ray replied.

The boy’s anxiety tipped Ms. Clarke off to the fact he was the naked boy with the large erection that was tied to the haunted house carriage the previous day. She slunk away as she contemplated using this information for her own amusement, as well as the enjoyment of the attendees!

Judy and Shelly were just able to escape before anyone saw them near the float, their mission accomplished. Ray was escorted to the lone chair in the center of the float. The “float” was really just a flatbed trailer being towed by a truck, but it was made up to look like a grassy hill and even had a fake tree behind his chair. There were two rods on either side of the chair that had what looked to be bicycle seats affixed to the tops. This was where the girls were probably going to sit. As Ray examined them, he saw the seats had been recently removed and placed back almost the same way they’d been before. He took this to mean the vibrators he’d given to Judy and Shelly were in place, and he hoped they would work.

Megan and Sally hid their trepidation as they made their way to the float. When they saw Ray was to be riding with them, they almost ran. They realized there really wasn’t anywhere to run inside the fair, so they dejectedly mounted the seats. To their surprise and horror, the seats were lifted so the girls’ toes couldn’t touch the ground.

“This is a safety feature to make sure you won’t fall off the seat while the float is in motion. We couldn’t put seatbelts on your saddles like we did for Ray’s chair, so you’ll have to make do.” Ms. Clarke explained.

As the parade began, Ray felt in his pants pocket for the remote that would trigger the vibrators. He set them on low at first to see if the girls reacted. He was able to find just the right speed as the girls sat dumbfounded at their newest obstacle. They couldn’t fight the sensation and their nipples soon became erect. Megan was the first to notice the vibrations were not caused by the engine or the ride. She suspected something, but was unable to extricate herself from the seat. With her legs dangling from either side, She had no purchase to lift or slide herself from the seat. She looked over at Sally, who was just beginning to feel something was amiss. Neither girl knew what was going on, but had to endure it for the duration.

To Sally’s credit, the parade didn’t seem as bad as the previous day where she had to walk on stilts above everyone. Here, she was seated so no one could get the more vulgar angles of her body, so she was able to enjoy herself. Of course, the vibrations seemed to dampen her confidence and as her arousal grew, so did her apprehension of being ogled by so many. Megan wanted to cover her swollen nipples with every fiber of her being, but she kept her hands frozen at her sides as she didn’t want to anger Ms. Clarke. However, halfway through the parade, Ray decided to pick things up and increased the vibrations. Sally yelped as she felt the vibrations increase in magnitude and frequency. She crossed her arms over her belly to try and fight the urge to cover herself.

Both girls started to sweat from the exertion of fighting their bodies, but they were soon consumed by an intense arousal that begged for attention. Instead of fighting to cover themselves, the girls instead fought the urge to touch themselves and gratify their sexual urges. In each passing moment, the girls got closer to orgasm and the audience began to whisper among themselves and pieced together the girls’ odd behavior. Many of the adults in attendance began filming the girls as well as taking pictures with cameras and phones alike. It seemed like everyone’s hands were holding something to capture the moment. Megan closed her eyes to try to push her embarrassment to the back of her mind, but with everyone talking and commenting about their naked bodies, she couldn’t concentrate on anything other than her public nudity. Sally wasn’t fairing much better and soon the girls began to lose control.

Sally discovered an interesting sensation when she began to kick her legs in defiance of her arousal. It increased her motion on the seat, but only increased her arousal. An involuntary moan escaped her lips and Megan began to do the same thing. The girls began to massage their breasts and pinch their erect nipples as the float lurched onward. Their seats became soaked with their arousal, and only increased the sensations being transferred to their erogenous zones. As they began to moan with more vigor, the audience became incensed and began to chant either girl’s names. Sally and Megan couldn’t believe the reaction, but were beyond caring as their arousal had peaked and soon, Megan achieved orgasm. Sally didn’t last much longer afterward, and both girls rode the waves of ecstasy while Ray enjoyed the chorus of moans the girls made around him. He was thankful, for his seated position helped hide the throbbing erection in his pants as he heard the girls finish. By the time the parade ended, both girls were spent, and Ray realized he would have to deal with an erection while stepping off the float.

Of course, Shelly and Judy realized this as soon as the naked girls began to moan. Figuring Ray couldn’t leave the float in his condition, they decided to alter the plan. They ran up to Ray, who was hoping they’d help hide his “situation,” but they did quite the opposite. Judy took the duct tape they were going to use to bind the naked girls but instead bound Ray’s hands behind the chair.

“Wait, this isn’t the plan! What are you grrliigh dohingh!!” Ray said just before his mouth was taped shut.

While Judy was making sure Ray couldn’t run away, Shelly took the opportunity to recue the girls from their vibrating seats. Sally and Megan mumbled a thank-you as they laid on the floor of the float. Judy restrained Ray’s ankles to the chair and then unbuckled his pants. The boy shouted into his gag as Judy undid the button on his jeans and slid the zipper down.

“Looks like you’re going to be on show two days in a row!” Judy cooed in Ray’s ear as she took hold of the waistband of both his jeans and boxers and gave them a hefty tug.

As Ray’s erection came into view, the crowd that was originally ogling and enjoying the naked girls were now perplexed at this new development and began to laugh. The girls in attendance suddenly had something more entertaining to look at other than the nude girls and began to point and laugh at the half naked boy. People even began taking pictures of him but didn’t hesitate to share them with friends via social networking sites and blogs, whereas they respected the girls and had been keeping whatever videos and pictures they had to themselves.

Ray couldn’t believe he was once again bound naked in front of a large audience with an erection. Even though he wished his penis would become flaccid, his erection was standing at attention for all to see. He closed his eyes and prayed for a miracle, but instead he heard Ms. Clarke announce something else.

“Well, that was an interesting end to a fabulous parade! With the girls in need of a few minutes’ rest, we’ll let our lucky raffle winner share in some of their glory! Anyone is welcome to take a picture with the lucky fellow who got to ride the float with two gorgeous naked girls. Don’t be shy, folks! It doesn’t look like HE is!” Ms. Clarke beamed.

To Ray’s horror, a large crowd descended upon him. With his hands bound, he couldn’t stop people from taking pictures of his privates, nor could he prevent any curious kids or adventurous adults from stealing a touch or two. A few drunk women even gave his member a few strokes, to the amusement to their husbands or boyfriends taking their picture. Ray’s humiliation wasn’t complete until a kid dropped his nachos in his lap and tried to wash it off by pouring his soda over his crotch. The cold beverage finally calmed his blood pressure and his penis became flaccid. Unfortunately for him, this also sparked interest from a few girls, who made fun of his “tiny penis”. Ray’s face became red with embarrassment that turned to anger with their laughter. The tipping point came when the drunk girls decided to get him erect again, but not before relieving him of his pants. One girl stroked his member until it was at full mast while the other removed the tape from his ankles and proceeded to remove his pants and underwear. When he felt his legs become unhindered as well as bare, Ray’s anger escalated until his arms broke free of their bonds. He set his legs free before ripping off the tape over his mouth and letting out a roar of outrage. The girls ran away with his clothes as he ran around the fair bottomless, and his engorged erection flopping everywhere.

Sally and Megan woke up in the staff tents, clothed in their sashes and tiaras. Ms. Clarke escorted them to the dunk tank, which was to be the next event, when Ray barreled into her. Sally and Megan rushed to her side as Ray tore through the tents. The girls tapped Ms. Clarke on the cheek to see if she was alright. Her eyes opened and let out the only thing she hoped would help.

“SECURITY!!!!!”

Two burly men in tight black t-shirts and black slacks ran after Ray and were able to end his rampage in seconds. They handcuffed him and escorted him out of the park. As he calmed down, his erection subsided and his modesty returned. He begged for something to wear, but the security guards faked an apology before releasing him and tossing him out of the fair. Ray had to run home with only his hands to cover his shame. The security guards helped Ms. Clarke to her feet and she regained her composure.

“Perhaps having naked girls at the fair wasn’t such a good idea. If this is the chaos it creates, I understand why the creators hadn’t implemented something like this before. I owe you girls an apology. Neither of you agreed to this. I coerced you into following my orders because of the mob mentality. I’m sorry, girls. I hope you’ll forgive me.” Ms. Clarke said.

Megan and Sally whispered to each other and giggled before turning back t answer Ms. Clarke.

“We’ll forgive you if you do one last thing.” Sally offered.

“Yes! Anything to make this right!”

“Okay, then…” Megan began, as she removed her tiara and placed it on Ms. Clarke’s head.

“Oh, girls. I knew you’d make me a princess!” Ms. Clarke beamed.

“Not exactly…” Sally returned.

“Wait…you don’t mean…?” Ms. Clarke asked, but the girls just gave her nod.

Ten minutes later, Megan and Sally were dressed and stood in front of the dunk tank.

“Ladies and gentlemen! Step right up, and try your luck! Dunk Ms. Nude County Fair! Only five dollars for three tries!” Sally and Megan chanted in unison.

The girls motioned to the top of the tank, where Ms. Clarke sat, wearing only a tiara and a sash. Her naked body shivered in the evening air, the woman was in her early thirties, so she was still trim and had a sexy figure. She just didn’t count on baring all today. As the crowd of on-lookers ogled her body, an attractive blush covered her body from her head to her toes. She couldn’t help but be embarrassed sitting above everyone else essentially naked. She just hoped someone would dunk her so she wouldn’t have to see everyone.

A line of people arrived quickly to try and dunk the helpless woman. Many people: men, woman, and children tried their luck, but a few got close. Ms. Clarke was getting anxious as she grew more and more paranoid of falling into the water. She anticipated it with every throw, until the fair was about to close. Sally and Megan wanted the woman to be dunked, so they each took a few balls and began to throw. On the third try, Megan’s ball connected and Ms. Clarke fell from her perch. As the naked woman spluttered as she regained her footing, Sally and Megan couldn’t help but laugh. Every time she was about to sit on the pedestal, one of the girls would throw a ball and dunk the woman again and again. When only the three of them were left, the girls let Ms. Clarke out of the tank and dry off.

“I hope this means we’re on good terms now?” The naked woman asked.

“I just think one last task ought to do it.” Megan said.

The girls escorted Ms. Clarke to a very familiar tent. She was positioned in front of a green screen and she realized what they wanted.

“Oh, come on! You didn’t say you were gonna take pictures!” Ms. Clarke whined.

“But that’s part of the duty of Ms. Nude County Fair!” Sally shot back.

The girls made her pose in the same types of pictures they had been made to do before making her take off the tiara and sash.

“Since we’ve got a green screen, let’s use it to our advantage.” Megan suggested.

The girls made Ms. Clarke pose according to whatever background they found. One was a public pool, another was in a forest, yet another was a circus, but the final one was special.

“I think we should make a special one for the three of us to have forever.” Sally said.

So, Megan and Sally removed their clothes before standing alongside Ms. Clarke. The camera’s timer clicked until all three naked girls were immortalized in an image that had them all standing naked in front of the County Fair in broad daylight, with the words “Welcome to the County Fair” scrawled above their heads.

“I’m sure we’ll treasure this experience forever.” Megan said, as she showed Ms. Clarke the picture.

“Does this mean you’re never gonna work for the fair again?” Ms. Clarke asked.

“I’m pretty sure I’m not, and for your sake, I hope you don’t either.” Sally replied.

“Yeah. None of us want more of those naked photos to show up, right?” Megan asked Ms. Clarke.

“Um, right. No naked photos floating around. Got it.” MS. Clarke replied.

Since Megan had arrived naked, she wore Ms. Clarke’s clothes and Sally wore her own. This left Ms. Clarke with a choice. She could either brave the drive home alone, naked, or she could throw her life in the mercy of the two girls. Not knowing if she could even get back into her home without being seen, she figured she’d have a better chance if she went home with one of the girls and got something to wear.

“Oh, you picked me up this morning, so it only seems fair that you drop me off as well. If you want to spend the night, you may.” Megan offered.

Ms. Clarke didn’t have much to think and quickly agreed. As Sally bid the two girls good bye, she hoped their adventures would continue even though she was sure hers was over.

The End