**The Merry-Go-Round**

by Chase Shivers

Keisha, Female, 12 - Light-brown skin, 5'1, 100lbs, mid-back length black hair in a ponytail

Keisha was bored and uncomfortable.

It was her twelfth birthday and her mom had taken her to Disney World as a special treat. It should have been fun, but all morning she'd felt odd. Her stomach was unsettled and though she didn't feel sick, it still left her with a sense of discomfort. She didn't care to ride the big coasters or the ones designed for kids, so mostly, they'd walked around and checked out shops and displays. Keisha had been here once before, when she was nine, and it had been a lot of fun. This day, though, it just felt dull for some reason.

While her Mom went to use the bathroom, Keisha sat on a bench and kicked her legs slowly. Her thin leggings had ridden up between her thighs and were uncomfortably wedging her underwear into her crotch. She tried to adjust them without concern for anyone watching.

There were a lot of white people around that day. As a young mixed-race girl, Keisha was all-too aware of how her skin was different than most. All her life, her black father had told her that others might judge her for it. She'd never much noticed that, but as she got older, there were some moments where it was clear to her that white people saw her differently, even though she was half-white herself.

An older white man and woman walked near her and she caught a look of disgust on the man's face when her mom returned and took her hand. Keisha had no idea what that look was about, but it made her feel sad. It certainly did nothing to help her stomach.

Unlike some of her classmates, Keisha's breasts had yet to grow. She was slender and of average height for her age, but the soft mounds on her chest were not really any different than they'd been since she started checking herself a couple of years earlier. The girl hated that she didn't yet have breasts. It made her feel small and unattractive sometimes.

She pushed her long braid back over her shoulder, her curly black hair tightly wound into a rope running down to the middle of her back. Sometimes, it felt like a burden to keep her hair so long, but it was one of the few things about herself that she really liked. Her stomach felt raw again, and she groaned but kept walking as her mom led her past mascot ducks and mice.

“Feel like getting on the merry-go-round?” her mom asked her gently.

“Not really,” Keisha replied, not feeling like doing anything but going home.

“You sure? We came all this way and you haven't gotten on any rides yet.”

Keisha shrugged. She felt bad for feeling bad. She knew her mom had saved up to bring her to the park, and Keisha felt guilty for not enjoying her birthday. “Yeah, alright,” she said, giving in, “I'll ride it once.”

They waited in line while the merry-go-round emptied. She got one of the last horses still free, a brown and red painted one on the inside row. The girl next to her was black, as well, and that made Keisha feel a little more comfortable.

She settled into the saddle as the last few riders got on. A funny sensation was growing below her stomach. Keisha didn't know what it was, just a tingle, a flutter. It made her feel a bit light and disconnected. When she shifted forward slightly, the sensation grew stronger, and Keisha briefly considered getting down.

Before she could do so, the merry-go-round began to turn and she knew she was stuck. Her horse rose up on its pole and Keisha took the reins to hold on. That feeling began to spread, lower perhaps, somewhere between her legs. She leaned forward more, trying to make it go away, her ass pushed out and up a bit from the seat.

Instead of going away, the sensation became more intense. Each tiny movement of her body drew her focus down to her private parts. She thought maybe she needed to pee or poop, but that wasn't quite right, either.

The merry-go-round reached its full speed, the horse moving quickly up and down the pole, and Keisha started to sweat. Whatever was going on, it made her feel better instead of worse. She started to enjoy the way the tingling sensation spread out of her privates and up into her stomach, over her thighs and even into her arms and legs.

She closed her eyes, unaware of anything but her hands on the reins and the way her crotch was pressing against the faux saddle under her body. She hummed to herself for no reason. It just felt good. She forgot about the girl beside, the others behind and in front of her. Her thighs gripped the solid horse tighter, and that made the sensation more distinct, more intense.

Keisha's mouth parted as she started to breathe quicker. Her body began to rock forward and back, her rhythm matching the timing of the horse's cycle up and down the pole. Keisha pulled her hips forward and shuddered, then fell back, shuddering again. Forward and back, forward and back. She stopped thinking about the sensation and started to respond automatically to its call.

The music blared out of speakers above her ears, but Keisha barely noticed it. Sweat dripped down her face and she tasted salt on her tongue, ignoring that while her crotch grew warm and the tingling sensation reached an insistent moment. Pulses of energy radiated through her body and she hung on tight to the reins.

Her hips rocked faster, faster, the merry-go-round spinning at top speed, the horse moving up and down and up and down and up and down. She felt herself burning, the gentle sort, a warm, pleasant rush of something which felt good, which felt right. Her stomach issues long forgotten, Keisha moaned unconsciously. Her eyes were shut tight, her mouth wide, her pleasure too wonderful to ignore.

She crashed against the waves rushing out from her privates and shuddered, jerking forward and then back, her thighs spreading wide then clamping back around the horse. She moaned and trembled, uncertain what was happening but not fighting it. Keisha rode those waves as they sent intense, radiant pleasure through her thighs and legs and up to her head. She felt her body pulsing, soaking in that moment, unable to do more than hang on tight.

Only when she heard her name called did she realize the merry-go-round had stopped and she opened her eyes to see that she was the only one still seated. Reality crashed back in and Keisha felt raw and vulnerable. What had just happened? She had no idea. It had felt amazing.

Slowly, her legs feeling weak and uncertain, she stepped down from the horse and carefully picked her way off the base of the merry-go-round, wiping sweat from her forehead and trying to understand what had just occurred. As she walked, she realized the crotch of her panties and leggings felt sticky and wet against her privates. Not like sweat. She was used to that. Something different. Keisha wondered if maybe she'd peed in her pants or had a worse accident.

Her mom's face showed some concern, and Keisha looked away, full of shame and embarrassment. Instead of yelling at her, her mom took her sweaty hand and walked her quietly to a spot nearby where no others were around.

Still shaking slightly, Keisha stopped when her mom turned towards her and leaned closer, smiling warmly. “It's okay,” she told her. “It's okay. That was normal, Keisha. Tell you what,” her mom said, “let's go find somewhere more private. I think you are old enough to understand what just happened.”

Keisha should have felt dread and shame, but she still felt some warmth from her experience, and the way her mom smiled at her and held her hand, the soft tone in her voice, made her feel okay for the first time all day. Keisha nodded and smiled back. “Okay, mom.”

Her mom nodded, then led Keisha on down the path. The girl couldn't help wondering why the tingling between her legs began to grow stronger again with each step.