Fooling Around on the Ferris Wheel

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I'll never forget that one ride on the Ferris wheel...

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It’s a surprisingly warm night for fall, probably one of the last nice ones we'll have until next spring.We're out on a rare “date night;” rare because raising a rambunctious toddler doesn't leave you much time (or money) to enjoy each other like we used to pre-baby. So we're out strolling amongst families and kids at the last night of the state fair. The leaves are just beginning to change, pops of color catching the last rays of the sun as it sets behind picturesque blue, smoky mountains. A tingle of electric energy shocks through my system, as if the sun is sending me a zap of solar power before it leaves for the day. Except that almost electric shock isn't organic; it’s from the bullet vibe nestled between my already soaked nether lips.

I glance back at him, my loving and devious boyfriend of almost five years. I remember agreeing with him about wishing we could go somewhere sans baby for a night, arranging the babysitting at my parents’ and getting dressed. He stopped me earlier, before I finished getting ready, insisting I wear a short, black cotton dress, only a lacy black thong underneath. While sitting on our bed, strapping on my wedge heels and grabbing a light sweater, he put a beautifully wrapped package beside me.

Looking up at him wearing that damn smirk I hate, he told me to open it and no matter what I thought once I did, I was to wear it. Slightly confused I stripped the present of the ribbon, paper and just as I open the box a glint of silver catches my view, my eyes roaming the rest of the object, covered in hot pink silicone. A gasp escapes from my perfectly glossed and parted lips, my fingers run over the smooth surface, plucking the bullet vibe from its velvet case. He grabs the remote, subtly pressing the ‘on’ switch as I feel the oh-so-quiet *bzzzz* and vibration of my new toy; the very same toy vibrating my mind and thoughts back to the present.

I give a strangled moan, quickly realizing where we are and wondering why he chose to activate it at this moment.We're in a slow moving group of people, some Bible-preaching, God-fearing, youth group from a local church. It’s the line at the gate to enter the fairgrounds. I hear some kids joking and laughing, but my vision is so blurry from the glorious ecstasy rolling off my body. I barely notice a group of boys in front of us, snickering and jabbing each other, not-so-casually gesturing back at me. He chuckles at me, nods knowingly at the teenagers, making them turn around flustered, backs

straight, embarrassed at getting caught. Me, too boys—me, too!

We're finally through the queue, and into the main grounds. Neon lights from food vendors, booth games, and other attractions light my vision now. Clutching at his arm, he fingers the pants pocket where that glorious little remote is hidden, flipping the vibe through various stages of intensity before turning it off. I don't know if he did that on purpose or what, but it definitely reminded me that I wasn't even into the hardcore settings. Isn't it funny you don’t expect something so little to pack such a big punch? I know I was asking myself that on the drive over as well…

After lovingly putting the cute pink invader in my pussy, fitting the thong over my bare mound, and patting me on the ass, my boyfriend whisked me out the door into his car. Explaining on the drive over how tonight was going to work, that the fair is the start of a new chapter in our relationship. My mind wandered, chewing on my fingers like I usually do when I’m thinking. He looked over to me, reprimanding me for the worst of my slew of bad habits and simultaneously flipping the bullet on the highest speed.

My pussy gushed and clenched, so much arousal all at once and just as fast as he surprised me, he flicked it back off, quieting the small vibe and making me moan for more. Protesting and pleading does nothing but make him wear that damned smirk again, but it did keep me from biting my nails.

He continued, explaining that my blatant refusal to stop all these bad habits coupled with watching porn all day, made him realize I needed a firm hand to keep me in check. At first, it sounded like he just wanted to spice up our sex, adding in a toy, but now it seems like he wants to dominate me—something I’ve been craving since we first met.

He mentioned browsing my Internet history, gawking at the abundance of bondage and dominance sites, videos, and pictures. At the numerous chat sites I visit when he’s at work and the sex toy browsing history, mainly ones I've bookmarked as my favorites. That’s why I was so pleasantly surprised to see the only bullet vibe on my wish list, the only one I've ever considered buying. Instead of being furious about the violation of privacy, I felt relieved that he discovered my need, my craving without me having to plead with him to be this new person for me…

A whisper in my ear jerks my thoughts back to the present. He warns me that if I don’t stop biting my lip, he’s going to have to find a quiet, secluded area on the fairgrounds to show me exactly how he'd like to see my lips at this moment.

I blush, smiling coyly and purposefully bite my lip, giggling at the darkened expression that crosses his face. Apparently, I've underestimated his threat, because he drags me into a dark corner of the nearest livestock barn. Horses, goats, sheep, and chickens are all asleep until he shoves me against

the door of an empty stall. With a hand around my mouth to muffle my moans and the other yanks down the dress exposing my nipples to the cool mountain air.

Nearly growling at me, he sucks my left nipple into his mouth, fingering and pinching the right one, all the while grinding his apparent hardness into my crotch. Quickly taking his hand from my breast, he uses the remote to switch on that little devil of a vibrator. Squealing turns into gasping, whispered moans wake some of the nearest farm animals, and thus sending a security guard’s flashlight to stream in from the other end.

I heard him curse, pulling the dress back up over my exposed nipples, in time to apologize profusely to the aging guard. My head is swimming up in the clouds and thankfully he makes our excuses and pulls me back into the busy crowds of the fair.

With the vibe still buzzing happily away on the highest setting, I try to walk normally on my five-inch wedges, but end up stumbling and tripping on invisible rocks. Some people laugh and roll their eyes, thinking I've drunk way too much hard cider. At least he has some sense to pull me into a line for the Ferris wheel, which isn't that long since the sun has set.

He chuckles, mumbling softly that I should pull myself from soaring in the clouds because I look quite silly. I reply that it'd be easier to do if I wasn't teetering on the edge of a massive orgasm. I think he’s finally realized that the vibe is still set on “high as fuck” (what I've called it now after only 5 minutes of straight vibration), and he turns it down back low but not off, apologizing to my poor abused pussy. Just wait, he says, for a ride on the Ferris wheel will never forget.

Handing tickets for two to the scruffy-bearded, beer gut of a ride operator, he holds the bar up as I clamber onto the rickety, swinging seat. He sits down, snug beside me, a hand resting high up on my thigh already pushing my dress hem up further than I'd usually like. The operator nods, grinning big and casually adjusts the growing bulge in his greasy overalls. My boyfriend tosses a twenty at him, winking and asks for a “loss of activity” for about ten minutes when we're at the top.

He knows I’m afraid of heights but right now I could care less if people see me having possibly the best orgasm of my life up there—hopefully,they'll think I'm just hysterical about being stuck. A turn and a half later, and the wheel jerked to a stop. If I had the courage to look down, I’m sure I would see the operator sneaking off to take a smoke break while bystanders figure out why the Ferris wheel has stopped. But all that’s on my mind now is getting my release while sitting at the top of the ride, a leg slung over his lap, my soaked lace thong pulled to the side, his fingers deftly working my poor little clit over in time with the vibrations of my new pink bullet.

My hand strokes him through his slacks, unzipping him enough to pull him out from his boxers, my

other fingers pulling and twisting a freed nipple. My head is leaning on his shoulder, whispering dirty words and phrases in his ear, asking to cum as we're suspended nearly fifty feet in the air at the mountain state fair.

Huskily, he growls at me to cum, pinching my clit and making the vibe throb at a lower level before flipping it up high. My mind explodes in ecstasy, biting my lip to keep from screaming out the pleasure flowing through my body, radiating out from my very warm and very wet core. I'm doing my best to keep from shaking the car too much, but every tiny movement rocks it back and forth, squeaking very loudly to my dismay.

Finally, he spurts his load all over my hand and wrist and we feel the ride shudder to life. Our ten minutes are up, sending us scrambling to get decent again. Bringing my hand to my lips, I look at him as I lick and suck his boat load of cum off, getting wetter once again when I see lust flicker in his golden eyes. As the ground gets closer he reaches over to smooth my dress down, bringing a hand to caress my cheek and he leans over kissing my forehead, whispering that he loves me. I wonder in the back of my mind how many lucky locals saw our show at the top of the world tonight.

Our car reaches the ground and we're decent, but I merely register the twinkle in the ride operator's eye as he motions to the corner of my lips—apparently I missed a drop of errant cum from our hurried redressing. Grinning at the operator, I slide my tongue out to the corner of my mouth, and moan as I taste him on my tongue once again. Let him enjoy that memory on his end tonight!

Sliding my hand back in my boyfriend's arm, we saunter off, no longer eager to spend time at the fair; no,we're hurrying to get back to the car to explore the new side of our relationship together. All I know is, every time I look at the Ferris wheel now, I shiver and cream my panties a bit—and we fucking love our hot pink bullet vibe!