

The Country Fair

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Every year there is the country fair held in August, not far from where I live. It was very popular and I had been going to it for the last few years. There was always a lot to do and plenty of displays of handicrafts, and home baked goods (which were always great) as well as veggies and flowers to be judged. Last year they had a kissing booth and the proceeds went to the community. The theme had been very interesting, the girl dressed up like a southern belle straight out of "Gone with the Wind" and it went over very well. The booth brought in a lot of much needed money for the community and there were a lot of donations. So I suspected they would be repeating that feature this year. A few days before the fair was to start, I got a phone call asking if I would be willing to volunteer my time at one of the booths. I said, "Of course I would. Just let me know ahead of time what I was expected to do." The next day there was a knock at the door, it turned out to be one of the committee people, Mrs. Brown. I said, "Come in Mrs. Brown and have a seat," which she did. She had a box with her, and set it at her side when she sat down. Mrs. Brown looked a little sheepish when she said, "Now Karina, I hope you will be a good sport about what I want you to do at the fair." I smiled and thought this sounds suspicious. She was a little nervous, which made me nervous too, but I just waited for her to tell me what my job was going to be. She said, "I may as well tell you, we want you to man the kissing booth this year. Do you think you can do that?" I thought, well that's the last job I was expecting to get, but laughed and replied, "Sure, why not?" She smiled back and said, "Well there is more, the theme this year is a Latin gypsy theme" I just looked at her. She said, "You will be expected to not only kiss the customers, but dance with them too. I have your outfit in the box here." I smiled and said, "Alright I always liked gypsies, it might even be a lot of fun." She then told me, "You will be having a partner; we thought to double our customer interest. I have all the things you need to know written down. So after I leave you can go over them and look at the costume, and if you have any questions, just give me a call, OK? I think we got your size right, at least I hope that we did." I said, "Sure, I think this should be interesting, and it is, after all, only two days of my time and for a good cause." She replied, "Thank you and have fun with being a gypsy, and oh, make us lots and lots of money!" I laughed. Then she got up and again thanked me and said, "See you tomorrow at 8:00 am sharp to help set everything up. Wear your outfit since the booth is to open at 9:00," and then she left. I looked

at the box and decided I'd better check out the outfit to make sure it fit me. But first I read the papers. It was your usual list of rules and so on, nothing out of the ordinary. But it did say bring some Spanish CD s, if you have them and I did, since that was my kind of music. Now for the costume, the black skirt was floor length, with panels running down like a candy cane. Each panel had dime sized off white dots. It was really something I would like to wear. Under the skirt I was to wear black stockings held up by a garter belt. I wondered if I should wear panties or not! I think I felt like being daring so I decided to wear my skimpy black thongs. I tried it on, and it hugged my hips and then flared out. It would be just great for dancing especially when twirling around. There was also a fringed shawl, covered in flowers. I tied it around my waist. The top was cherry red with a very low round neckline, the sleeves came off the shoulders. I had the perfect push-up strapless bra that would show off my cleavage very well, and would look great with the outfit. When I put it all on, it felt right, like it was made for me. I looked into the box to see what else was there. I found a pair of double gold hooped earrings, the inner hoops had coins attached and when I shook them they jingled merrily. For my throat there was a one inch thick gold choker with a chain attached on either side. It was long, ending in a ruby stone nesting in my cleavage. I then found some gold bands for the arms and wrists, even one for the ankle and lots, of rings for my fingers. I looked the part of a gypsy. The outfit was completed with a pair of black spiked heels. Definitely not authentic but it put some zing in the outfit. For an added touch I bent down and took the edge of the skirt and tucked it into the waistband. You could now see one leg well past my knees when I moved. Wow, what an outfit, I knew I was going to attract a lot of attention looking like this. I looked in the floor length mirror. I was dressed as a gypsy, and the funny thing was, I felt like one. Damn I looked good. The next morning I got dressed. It all fit very well, and I knew I looked great in it. My olive coloured skin was probably one of the reasons I was picked for this job. Then I looked at my hair, I usually wore it just as it was, long and curly. I had to do something with it, but what? I thought I would put it up using the silver comb I had found in the box, letting some tendrils escape and flow down onto my shoulder. When I was all done I looked at myself in the mirror again. I didn't recognize myself, I looked so different. The woman in the mirror had dark brown eyes, large and sultry with full lips of ruby red. I had an athletic body narrow at the waist with full bosom Well off I went to the fair looking like a real gypsy. When I got there I looked around, and everyone was busy setting up for the day. I asked where the kissing booth was located. As I walked to the far side of the building I could see a man standing at the booth he had on the kind of outfit that reminded me of a pirate. He wore boots up to his knees, and his pants were black and fit like a second skin. His shirt was white and it fit him loosely, and open at the throat revealing his curly black chest hair. He had broad shoulders, a narrow waist and nice round buns. When I got up close I saw he was very handsome, with dark curly hair, and smouldering eyes and very kissable lips. I could see I had a hot partner and it was going to be a very interesting two days. When I got to the booth I stopped in front of him, put my hand out and said, "Hi, it looks like you are my partner, my name is Karina." He took my hand and held it, smiled at me and said, "Pleased to meet you, I'm Nickolas." He looked me over with very approving eyes and I almost blushed. As he held my hand he moved his thumb on the palm, I looked up at him and raised my eyebrow in silent inquisition. Then Mrs. Brown

came over and said, "I see you two have now met, if you have any questions feel free to ask, otherwise have fun and bring in lots of money!" And off she went again, calling out to somebody that she needed to talk to him. Nickolas said, "I found this in my costume box, and assumed it has to be for you," he then handed me a small box. When I opened it I found a red silk rose. I laughed. "Yes it must be for me, can you put it in my hair for me?" He said, "It would be my pleasure." When he was done I asked him, "How do I look?" He smiled and said, "You make a very kissable gypsy." I winked and said, "It's nearly time to open. I'll put one of my CD's on and then let's get this show on the road." As the music started to play I felt myself falling into the role of sultry gypsy girl. I started to sway my hips back and forth, looking at my partner deeply in the eyes. Out of the corner of my vision I could see a small crowd beginning to form. They liked the music and the way we looked. Then they looked at the sign...2 dollars per kiss...4 for a dance...and 5 for the couple to dance for you. So, now we were open for business and it looked like we both were going to be busy for awhile. Both Nickolas and I got to dance with a lot of the local people, and quite a few times we had requested to dance together. The music drew a lot of people to our booth, and it looked like we were the star attraction of the fair. We danced up a storm, and I ended up showing a lot of leg when I was swirled around. We had a curtained off area against the wall, and behind it was a small table and chair and our little cash box to keep the money we were making. So as the morning progressed there was lots of kissing, dancing, and of course money for the box. But in between all of that I kept on looking at Nickolas. I was so hot for him I didn't know what to do with myself. Whenever we went behind the curtain he would brush up against me. Or put his hand on my neck, stroking it. Ha, he knew what he was doing, that was for sure. Well, two could play at that game. So I touched him whenever I got the chance, and when we danced together I looked into his eyes, smiled leaned in and brushed my nipples across his chest. He then would hold me so close I could feel his erection as we swirled around the dance floor. God, but he made me hot! I was getting pretty wet between the legs now and my thongs and thighs were soaked! At last the dance ended and I could go back behind the curtain to cool off. I was beginning to wonder how I was going to get through this day. Then I heard a step behind me and knew it was him. He came up behind and I felt his hand on my ass, squeezing and massaging. With his other hand I felt him lift up my skirt and run his hand up my thigh. Oh, wasn't he in for a surprise! When he found my so called panties he was smiling. I felt his fingers brush my thin thongs aside. When he touched my wet pussy I moaned quietly and leaned against him. Encouraged he let his fingers wander around gently stroking the outer lips. I turned around and his lips met mine. As he hungrily kissed my lips, his fingers rubbed my pussy, then slipped inside me. My whole body trembled. Oh god this was too much, I had to back away, what if someone came around the curtain and saw us? I leaned against the table breathing heavily. I looked up at him and said, "This isn't the time for this sort of thing." He said, "We are due for a break anyways, let's put up the sign and go somewhere secluded." Taking my hand he proceeded to haul me away from the booth. I was wondering where he was taking me, then I saw we were headed for the stairway where nothing was going on. I smiled in anticipation. We got to the second floor, and then he pushed me against the wall and started to kiss me again, feverishly. His hands wandered over my breasts, pushing the top down. His lips went from my mouth, down my

throat, lower and lower until they reached my hardened nipples. I moaned, just barely hanging onto him. I felt for his bulge, rubbed it hard fumbled around for the zipper. I had no luck with it and he had to help me out, freeing his hard dick for me to grasp and caress. He had a lovely large thick cock, a handful indeed. The tip was very wet and angry looking. I wanted to taste it. So I bent down and licked it long and hard, smiling, put my mouth around the head and gently sucked on him. I heard him moan and so I continued having my way with him. After a few minutes he groaned, "I can't stand it any longer, I have to take you now." He pulled me up and as I leaned against the wall he lifted up my skirt and felt that I was very wet and ready for him. He lifted my legs up, and I could feel his dick searching for my opening. He rubbed me up and down, and finally drove himself deep inside me. I gasped at the girth of him, it was a tight fit, but oh god it felt sooo good! He started moving in and out with long strokes, slowly at first. I just hung on to him, I felt his lips on mine again, and we kissed passionately, while he took me. We were connected both ways now. It went on and on, faster and faster, just building in tempo and passion. I knew I was going to make a lot of noise when I came. I moaned louder and finally cried out: "I'm going to CUM!" He groaned and put his mouth over mine, hoping to muffle my cries. We exploded at the same time. It was incredible. It felt like it was never going to stop. I guess the all morning dancing/teasing had a lot to do with what we were experiencing now. When I finally started to calm down from it, all I could do was try and catch my breath and tremble. He was having a similar experience, and when we looked at each other, we couldn't help but laugh. At the same time we both said, "That was awesome, " and we laughed again. We straightened up our costumes and headed back down to the booth to finish our day. We both knew we were going to have another hot session right after we closed up, and I was really looking forward to tomorrow as well. We went to the second floor again before leaving the fair grounds. Afterwards we went for a bite to eat and to talk about our day. Finally I told Nickolas I was exhausted, what with the long day and the hot sex. So we parted company and I said, I'm looking forward to another great day at the booth. And that's just what we did have, another great day of making lots of money, kissing, dancing and hot, hot sex. We brought in twice the money they got last year. We were a huge hit with the town committee. I may as well say it; this was the best volunteer job I ever had.